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RESTORATION LITERATURE

RESTORATION LITERATURE

POETRY and PROSE

1660 – 1700

With Editorial Comments, Literary and
Critical Notes, and Bibliographies

Prepared by *The EDITOR*

CECIL A. MOORE

The First Edition



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PREFACE

I have attempted in the following pages to present specimens of the most representative non-dramatic poetry and prose produced in England between 1660 and 1700, and also the best—with the notable exception of Milton's three great poems. The strict observance of these dates has resulted, perhaps, in giving a somewhat unjust representation of some of the poets included. Waller, for example, would appear to better advantage in some of the lyrics he published before 1660 than in the best of his work during the reign of Charles II. Aside, however, from the argument of limited space, which always confronts an anthologist, the plan I have adopted—of admitting only those pieces which were published during the forty years following the Restoration or which were written then and published later—results in giving the reader a reliable impression of England during the Restoration, an age more nearly unique than any other in the history of the English people.

The texts are the most authentic I could procure, although I should explain that I have not made a fetish of best editions to the point of slavishly copying an obvious error from an approved text when it might be corrected by reference to another. In the case of Pepys, I deliberately chose Lord Braybrooke's edition in preference to the fuller text given by A. B. Wheatley because it enabled me to present more of Pepys himself in the allotted space. I acknowledge my gratitude to Mr. P. J. Dobell for permission to use Bertram Dobell's edition of Thomas Fraherne's prose and poetry. It is hardly necessary to say that all of the texts have been modernized, especially in matters of capitalization and punctuation. I should like to think that the changes have been made upon a consistent plan, but I fear that this is a counsel of editorial perfection.

The notes following the text consist of a biographical sketch for each author, a selected list of the most important editions and critical studies of his works, and such explanations of the text itself as may be needed by readers who are not familiar with the historical references and allusions. In addition, there is a Bibliography including the most important general studies of the period.

C. A. M.

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
MINNEAPOLIS

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RESTORATION LITERATURE

JOHN DRYDEN (1631–1700)

ASTRÆA REDUX

A POEM ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN OF HIS SACRED
MAJESTY CHARLES THE SECOND

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.—VIRGIL.

[1660].

Now with a gen'ral peace the world was blest,
While ours, a world divided from the rest,
A dreadful quiet felt, and wors'er far
Than arms, a sullen interval of war.
Thus, when black clouds draw down the lab'ring skies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
An horrid stillness first invades the ear
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
Th' ambitious Swede like restless billows toss'd,
10 On this hand gaining what on that he lost,
Though in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
To his now guideless kingdom peace bequeath'd;
And Heav'n, that seem'd regardless of our fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create,
Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace
As nature bred and int'rest did increase.
We sigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
Must grow a lily to the Lily's side;
While our cross stars denied us Charles his bed
20 Whom our first flames and virgin love did wed.
For his long absence Church and State did groan;
Madness the pulpit, faction seiz'd the throne.
Experienc'd age in deep despair was lost
To see the rebel thrive, the loyal cross'd:
Youth that with joys had unacquainted been
Envied gray hairs that once good days had seen:
We thought our sires, not with their own content,
Had, ere we came to age, our portion spent.
Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
30 Who ruin'd crowns would coronets exempt:
For when, by their designing leaders taught
To strike at pow'r which for themselves they sought,
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd,
Their blood to action by the prize was warm'd;
The sacred *purple* then and *scarlet* gown,
Like sanguine dye to elephants, was shown.
Thus, when the bold Typhœus scal'd the sky
And forc'd great Jove from his own heav'n to fly,

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(What king, what crown from treason's reach is free,
 40 If Jove and Heav'n can violated be?)
 The lesser gods that shar'd his prosp'rous state
 All suffer'd in the exil'd Thund'rer's fate.
 The rabble now such freedom did enjoy
 As winds at sea, that use it to destroy:
 Blind as the Cyclops and as wild as he,
 They own'd a lawless savage liberty,
 Like that our painted ancestors so priz'd,
 Ere empire's arts their breasts had civiliz'd.
 How great were then our Charles his woes, who thus
 50 Was forc'd to suffer for himself and us!
 He, toss'd by fate and hurried up and down,
 Heir to his father's sorrows, with his crown,
 Could taste no sweets of youth's desired age,
 But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
 Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn estate,
 His manly courage overcame his fate.
 His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,
 Which by his virtue were with laurels dress'd.
 As souls reach Heav'n while yet in bodies pent,
 60 So did he live above his banishment.
 That sun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
 Within the water, mov'd along the skies.
 How easy 'tis, when Destiny proves kind,
 With full-spread sails to run before the wind!
 But those that 'gainst stiff gales lavec'ring go
 Must be at once resolv'd and skillful too.
 He would not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,
 But stay'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent.
 These virtues Galba in a stranger sought,
 70 And Piso to adopted empire brought.
 How shall I then my doubtful thoughts express
 That must his suff'rings both regret and bless!
 For when his early valor Heav'n had cross'd,
 And all at Worc'ster but the honor lost,
 Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,
 He made all countries where he came his own,
 And, viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,
 A royal factor for their kingdoms lay.
 Thus banish'd David spent abroad his time,
 80 When to be God's anointed was his crime,
 And, when restor'd, made his proud neighbors rue
 Those choice remarks he from his travels drew.
 Nor is he only by afflictions shown
 To conquer others' realms, but rule his own;
 Recov'ring hardly what he lost before,
 His right endears it much, his purchase more.
 Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,
 No rash procedure will his actions stain.
 To bus'ness ripen'd by digestive thought,
 90 His future rule is into method brought,
 As they who first proportion understand

With easy practice reach a master's hand.
 Well might the ancient poets then confer
 On Night the honor'd name of Counselor;
 Since, struck with rays of prosp'rous fortune blind,
 We light alone in dark afflictions find.
 In such adversities to scepters train'd,
 The name of Great his famous grandsire gain'd:
 Who, yet a king alone in name and right,
 100 With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;
 Shock'd by a Covenanting League's vast pow'rs,
 As holy and as catholic as ours:
 Till Fortune's fruitless spite had made it known
 Her blows not shook but riveted his throne.
 Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,
 No action leave to busy chronicles:
 Such, whose supine felicity but makes
 In story *chasms*, in *epochs* mistakes,
 O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of down,
 110 Till with his silent sickle they are mown.
 Such is not Charles his too too active age,
 Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
 Of some black star infecting all the skies,
 Made him at his own cost, like Adam, wise.
 Tremble, ye nations who, secure before,
 Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we bore;
 Rous'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
 Our Lion now will foreign foes assail.
 With *alga* who the sacred altar strows?
 120 To all the sea-gods Charles an off'ring owes;
 A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,
 A lamb to you, the tempests of the main.
 For those loud storms that did against him roar
 Have cast his shipwrack'd vessel on the shore.
 Yet, as wise artists mix their colors so
 That by degrees they from each other go,
 Black steals unheeded from the neighb'ring white
 Without offending the well-cozen'd sight,
 So on us stole our blessed change, while we
 130 Th' effect did feel but scarce the manner see.
 Frosts that constrain the ground and birth deny
 To flow'rs that in its womb expecting lie
 Do seldom their usurping pow'r withdraw,
 But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.
 Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
 But lost in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
 Heav'n would no bargain for its blessings drive,
 But what we could not pay for, freely give.
 The Prince of Peace would, like himself, confer
 140 A gift unhop'd without the price of war:
 Yet, as He knew His blessing's worth, took care
 That we should know it by repeated pray'r,
 Which storm'd the skies and ravish'd Charles from thence,
 As Heav'n itself is took by violence.

Booth's forward valor only serv'd to show
 He durst that duty pay we all did owe;
 Th' attempt was fair, but Heav'n's prefixed hour
 Not come: so, like the watchful travelour
 That by the moon's mistaken light did rise,
 150 Lay down again and clos'd his weary eyes.
 'Twas Monk, whom Providence design'd to loose
 Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
 The blessed saints that watch'd this turning scene
 Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean
 To see small clues draw vastest weights along,
 Not in their bulk but in their order strong.
 Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
 Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
 With ease such fond chimeras we pursue
 160 As fancy frames for fancy to subdue;
 But when ourselves to action we betake,
 It shuns the mint, like gold that chemists make.
 How hard was then his task, at once to be
 What in the body natural we see;
 Man's architect distinctly did ordain
 The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
 Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense,
 The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
 'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
 170 But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
 He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
 Would let them play a while upon the hook.
 Our healthful food the stomach labors thus,
 At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
 Wise leeches will not vain receipts obtrude,
 While growing pains pronounce the humors crude:
 Deaf to complaints, they wait upon the ill,
 Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.
 Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear
 180 To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
 And guard with caution that polluted nest
 Whence Legion twice before was dispossess'd:
 Once sacred house, which when they enter'd in,
 They thought the place could sanctify a sin;
 Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n would wink,
 While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.
 And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
 To part, before they taste forbidden bowls,
 So these, when their black crimes they went about,
 190 First timely charm'd their useless conscience out.
 Religion's name against itself was made;
 The shadow serv'd the substance to invade.
 Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
 Of souls in show, but made the gold their end.
 Th' incens'd pow'rs beheld with scorn from high
 An heaven so far distant from the sky,
 Which durst with horses' hoofs that beat the ground

And martial brass belie the thunder's sound.
 'Twas hence at length just vengeance thought it fit
 200 To speed their ruin by their impious wit ;
 Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
 Lost by his wiles the pow'r his wit did gain.
 Henceforth their fogue must spend at lesser rate
 Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
 Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots set,
 A virtuous shame within us to beget ;
 For by example most we sinn'd before,
 And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
 But since, reform'd by what we did amiss,
 210 We by our suff'rings learn to prize our bliss ;
 Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
 Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
 When once they find their jealousies were vain,
 With double heat renew their fires again.
 'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurried o'er
 Such swarms of English to the neighb'ring shore
 To fetch that prize by which Batavia made
 So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.
 Oh, had you seen from Scheveline's barren shore,
 220 Crowded with troops and barren now no more,
 Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
 True sorrow, Holland to regret a king,
 While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
 And willing winds to their lower'd sails denied ;
 The wav'ring streamers, flags, and standard out,
 The merry seamen's rude but cheerful shout,
 And last, the cannons' voice that shook the skies,
 And, as it fares in sudden ecstasies,
 At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
 230 The *Naseby*, now no longer England's shame,
 But better to be lost in Charles his name,
 Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets,
 Receives her lord ; the joyful *London* meets
 The princely York, himself alone a freight ;
 The *Swiftsure* groans beneath great Gloc'ster's weight :
 Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with these
 He that was born to drown might cross the seas.
 Heav'n could not own a Providence, and take
 The wealth three nations ventur'd at a stake.
 240 The same indulgence Charles his voyage bless'd
 Which in his right had miracles confess'd.
 The winds that never moderation knew,
 Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew ;
 Or out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
 Their straighten'd lungs, or conscious of their charge.
 The British Amphitrite, smooth and clear,
 In richer azure never did appear,
 Proud her returning Prince to entertain
 With the submitted fasces of the main.
 250 And welcome now, great Monarch, to your own !

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Behold th' approaching cliffs of Albion,
 It is no longer motion cheats your view;
 As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
 The land returns, and in the white it wears
 The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
 But you, whose goodness your descent doth shew,
 Your heav'nly parentage and earthly too;
 By that same mildness which your father's crown
 Before did ravish, shall secure your own.

260 Not tied to rules of policy, you find
 Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
 Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moses give
 A sight of all he could behold and live,
 A voice before His entry did proclaim
 Long-suff'ring, goodness, mercy, in His name.
 Your pow'r to justice doth submit your cause,
 Your goodness only is above the laws,
 Whose rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
 Is softer made. So winds, that tempests brew,

270 When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
 Made wanton with rich odors, lose their spite.
 And as those lees that trouble it refine
 The agitated soul of gen'rous wine,
 So tears of joy, for your returning spilt,
 Work out and expiate our former guilt.
 Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,
 Who in their haste to welcome you to land
 Chok'd up the beach with their still growing store
 And made a wilder torrent on the shore :

280 While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past delight,
 Those who had seen you court a second sight,
 Preventing still your steps and making haste
 To meet you often, wheresoe'er you pass'd.
 How shall I speak of that triumphant day
 When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May!
 A month that owns an int'rest in your name;
 You and the flow'rs are its peculiar claim.
 That star that at your birth shone out so bright
 It stain'd the duller sun's meridian light,

290 Did once again its potent fires renew,
 Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.
 And now Time's whiter series is begun,
 Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run;
 Those clouds that overcast your morn shall fly,
 Dispell'd to farthest corners of the sky.
 Our nation, with united int'rest blest,
 Not now content to poise, shall sway the rest.
 Abroad your empire shall no limits know,
 But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow;

300 Your much-lov'd fleet shall with a wide command
 Besiege the petty monarchs of the land;
 And as old Time his offspring swallow'd down,
 Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.

Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
 Our merchants shall no more advent'urers be;
 Nor in the farthest East those dangers fear
 Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
 Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes,
 For what the pow'rful takes not he bestows;
 310 And France that did an exile's presence fear
 May justly apprehend you still too near.
 At home the hateful names of parties cease,
 And factious souls are wearied into peace.
 The discontented now are only they
 Whose crimes before did your just cause betray:
 Of those your edicts some reclaim from sins,
 But most your life and blest example wins.
 O happy Prince, whom Heav'n hath taught the way
 By paying vows to have more vows to pay!
 320 O happy age! O times like those alone
 By fate reserv'd for great Augustus' throne,
 When the joint growth of arms and arts foreshew
 The world a monarch, and that monarch you!

TO MY HONOR'D FRIEND DR. CHARLETON,
 ON HIS LEARNED AND USEFUL WORKS, AND MORE PARTICULARLY THIS
 OF STONEHENGE, BY HIM RESTOR'D TO THE TRUE FOUNDERS
 [1663].

The longest tyranny that ever sway'd
 Was that wherein our ancestors betray'd
 Their free-born reason to the Stagirite,
 And made his torch their universal light.
 So, truth, while only one supplied the state,
 Grew scarce and dear, and yet sophisticate;
 Until 'twas bought, like emp'ric wares, or charms,
 Hard words seal'd up with Aristotle's arms.
 Columbus was the first that shook his throne,
 10 And found a temp'rate in a torrid zone,
 The fev'rish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
 The fruitful vales set round with shady trees,
 And guiltless men, who danc'd away their time,
 Fresh as their groves and happy as their clime.
 Had we still paid that homage to a name
 Which only God and Nature justly claim,
 The western seas had been our utmost bound,
 Where poets still might dream the sun was drown'd,
 And all the stars that shine in southern skies
 20 Had been admir'd by none but savage eyes.
 Among th' asserters of free reason's claim,
 Th' English are not the least in worth or fame.
 The world to Bacon does not only owe
 Its present knowledge, but its future too.
 Gilbert shall live, till loadstones cease to draw,

Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe,
 And noble Boyle, not less in nature seen,
 Than his great brother, read in states and men.
 The circling streams, once thought but pools, of blood
 30 (Whether life's fuel or the body's food)
 From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save;
 While Ent keeps all the honor that he gave.
 Nor are *you*, learned friend, the least renown'd;
 Whose fame, not circumscrib'd with English ground,
 Flies like the nimble journeys of the light,
 And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.
 Whatever truths have been by art or chance
 Redeem'd from error or from ignorance,
 Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
 40 Your works unite, and still discover more.
 Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
 To perfect cures on books as well as men.
 Nor is this work the least: you well may give
 To men new vigor, who make stones to live.
 Through you the Danes, their short dominion lost,
 A longer conquest than the Saxons boast.
 Stonehenge, once thought a temple, you have found
 A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were crown'd;
 Where by their wond'ring subjects they were seen,
 50 Joy'd with their stature and their princely mien.
 Our sov'reign here above the rest might stand,
 And here be chose again to sway the land.
 These ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,
 Then when from Worc'ster's fatal field he fled;
 Watch'd by the genius of this royal place,
 And mighty visions of the Danish race,
 His refuge then was for a temple shown:
 But, he restor'd, 'tis now become a throne.

ANNUS MIRABILIS

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, MDCLXVI

[1667].

.
 And now four days the sun had seen our woes;
 1110 Four nights the moon beheld th' incessant fire:
 It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose,
 And farther from the fev'rish north retire.

In th' empyrean heav'n (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.

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,
 1120 And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

An hollow crystal pyramid He takes,
 In firmamental waters dipp'd above;
 Of it a broad extinguisher He makes
 And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove.

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from ev'ry place,
 Or, full with feeding, sink into a sleep:
 Each household genius shows again his face,
 And from the hearths the little Lares creep.

Our king this more than natural change beholds;
 1130 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.

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:

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew
 In ev'ry heart which fear had froze before;
 The standing streets with so much joy they view,
 1140 That with less grief the perish'd they deplore.

The father of the people open'd wide
 His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
 Thus God's anointed God's own place supplied,
 And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

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.

But so may he live long, that town to sway,
 1150 Which by his auspice they will nobler make,
 As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,
 And not their humble ruins now forsake.

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.

Not with more constancy the Jews of old,
 By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
 Their royal city did in dust behold,
 1160 Or with more vigor to rebuild it went.

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.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
 And high-rai's'd Jove, from his dark prison freed,
 (Those weights took off that on his planet hung),
 Will gloriously the new-laid works succeed.

Methinks already, from this chemic flame,
 1170 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.

Already, lab'ring with a mighty fate,
 She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
 And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
 Which Heav'n will to the death of time allow.

More great than human, now, and more *august*,
 New-deified she from her fires does rise:
 Her wid'ning streets on new foundations trust,
 1180 And, op'ning, into larger parts she flies.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
 Who sate to bathe her by a river's side;
 Not answer'ing to her fame, but rude and low,
 Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold
 From her high turrets, hourly suitors come:
 The East with incense, and the West with gold,
 Will stand, like suppliants, to receive her doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
 1190 Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
 And often wind (as of his mistress proud)
 With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
 The glory of their towns no more shall boast;
 And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,
 Shall find her luster stain'd, and traffic lost.

The vent'rous merchant, who design'd more far,
 And touches on our hospitable shore,
 Charm'd with the splendor of this northern star,
 1200 Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

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.

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 pirates on our wealthy coast.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
 1210 And the less dang'rous part is left behind;
 Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
 And not so great to vanquish as to find.

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.

SONG

[1668].

You charm'd me not with that fair face
 Though it was all divine:
 To be another's is the grace
 That makes me wish you mine.
 The gods and Fortune take their part
 Who like young monarchs fight;
 And boldly dare invade that heart
 Which is another's right.
 First mad with hope we undertake
 10 To pull up ev'ry bar;
 But once possess'd, we faintly make
 A dull defensive war.
 Now ev'ry friend is turn'd a foe
 In hope to get our store:
 And passion makes us cowards grow,
 Which made us brave before.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SECOND PART OF "THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA"

[1672].

They who have best succeeded on the stage
 Have still conform'd their genius to their age.
 Thus *Jonson* did mechanic humor show,
 When men were dull, and conversation low.
 Then, *Comedy* was faultless, but 'twas coarse:
Cobb's tankard was a jest, and *Otter's* horse.
 And, as their *Comedy*, their love was mean;
 Except, by chance, in some one labor'd scene,
 Which must atone for an ill-written play:
 10 They rose, but at their height could seldom stay.

Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped;
 And they have kept it since, by being dead.
 But, were they now to write, when critics weigh
 Each line, and ev'ry word, throughout a play,
 None of them, no, not *Jonson* in his height,
 Could pass, without allowing grains for weight.
 Think it not envy, that these truths are told;
 Our poet's not malicious, though he's bold.
 'Tis not to brand 'em that their faults are shown,
 20 But, by their errors, to excuse his own.
 If *Love* and *Honor* now are higher rais'd,
 'Tis not the poet, but the age is prais'd.
 Wit's now arriv'd to a more high degree;
 Our native language more refin'd and free.
 Our ladies and our men now speak more wit
 In conversation, than those poets writ.
 Then, one of these is, consequently, true;
 That what this poet writes comes short of you,
 And imitates you ill (which most he fears),
 30 Or else his writing is not worse than theirs.
 Yet, though you judge (as sure the critics will)
 That some before him writ with greater skill,
 In this one praise he has their fame surpass'd,
 To please an age more gallant than the last.

DEFENSE OF THE EPILOGUE;
 OR,
 AN ESSAY ON THE DRAMATIC POETRY OF THE LAST AGE
 [1672].

The promises of authors, that they will write again, are, in effect, a threatening of their readers with some new impertinence; and they who perform not what they promise will have their pardon on easy terms. It is from this consideration that I could be glad to spare you the trouble, which I am now giving you, of a post-script, if I were not obliged, by many reasons, to write somewhat concerning our present plays, and those of our predecessors on the English stage. The truth is, I have so far engaged myself in a bold *Epilogue* to this play, wherein I have somewhat taxed the former writing, that it was necessary for me either not to print it, or to show that I could defend it. Yet I would so maintain my opinion of the present age as not to be wanting in my veneration for the past: I would ascribe 20 to dead authors their just praises in those

things wherein they have excelled us; and in those wherein we contend with them for the pre-eminence, I would acknowledge our advantages to the age, and claim no victory from our wit. This being what I have proposed to myself, I hope I shall not be thought arrogant when I inquire into their errors. For we live in an age so sceptical that, as it determines little, so it takes nothing from antiquity on trust; and I profess to have no other ambition in this *Essay* than that poetry may not go backward, when all other arts and sciences are advancing. Whoever censures me for this inquiry, let him hear his character from Horace:

*Ingeniis non ille favet, plauditque sepultis,
 Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque lividus
 odit.*

He favors not dead wits, but hates the living.

It was upbraided to that excellent poet, that he was an enemy to the writings of his predecessor Lucilius, because he had said, *Lucilium lutulentum fuere*, that he ran muddy; and that he ought to have retrenched from his satires many unnecessary verses. But Horace makes Lucilius himself to justify him from the imputation of envy, by telling you that he would have done the same, had he lived in an age which was more refined:

*Si foret hoc nostrum fato delapsus in ævum,
Detereret sibi multa, recideret omne quod
ultra
Perfectum traheretur, etc.*

And, both in the whole course of that satire, and in his most admirable *Epistle to Augustus*, he makes it his business to prove that antiquity alone is no plea for the excellency of a poem; but that, one age learning from another, the last (if we can suppose an equality of wit in the writers) has the advantage of knowing more and better than the former. And this, I think, is the state of the question in dispute. It is therefore my part to make it clear that the language, wit, and conversation of our age are improved and refined above the last; and then it will not be difficult to infer that our plays have received some part of those advantages.

In the first place, therefore, it will be necessary to state, in general, what this refinement is, of which we treat; and that, I think, will not be defined amiss: *An improvement of our Wit, Language, and Conversation; or, an alteration in them for the better.*

To begin with Language. That an alteration is lately made in ours, or since the writers of the last age (in which I comprehend Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Jonson), is manifest. Any man who reads those excellent poets, and compares their language with what is now written, will see it almost in every line; but that this is an improvement of the language, or an alteration for the better, will not so easily be granted. For many are of a contrary opinion, that the English tongue was then in the height of its perfection; that from Jonson's time to ours it has been in a con-

tinual declination, like that of the Romans from the age of Virgil to Statius, and so downward to Claudian; of which, not only Petronius, but Quintilian himself so much complains, under the person of Secundus, in his famous dialogue *de Causis corruptæ Eloquentiæ*.

But, to show that our language is improved, and that those people have not a just value for the age in which they live, let us consider in what the refinement of a language principally consists: that is, either in rejecting such old words, or phrases, which are ill sounding, or improper; or in admitting new, which are more proper, more sounding, and more significant.

The reader will easily take notice that, when I speak of rejecting improper words and phrases, I mention not such as are antiquated by custom only, and, as I may say, without any fault of theirs. For in this case the refinement can be but accidental; that is, when the words and phrases which are rejected happen to be improper. Neither would I be understood, when I speak of impropriety of language, either wholly to accuse the last age, or to excuse the present, and least of all myself; for all writers have their imperfections and failings: but I may safely conclude, in the general, that our improprieties are less frequent and less gross than theirs. One testimony of this is undeniable, that we are the first who have observed them; and, certainly, to observe errors is a great step to the correcting of them. But, malice and partiality set apart, let any man who understands English read diligently the works of Shakespeare and Fletcher, and I dare undertake that he will find in every page either some solecism of speech, or some notorious flaw in sense; and yet these men are revered, when we are not forgiven. That their wit is great, and many times their expressions noble, envy itself cannot deny:

*Neque ego illis detrahere ausim
Hærentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.*

But the times were ignorant in which they lived. Poetry was then, if not in its infancy among us, at least not arrived to its

vigor and maturity: witness the lameness of their plots; many of which, especially those which they writ first (for even that age refined itself in some measure), were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, nor the historical plays of Shakespeare: besides many of the rest, as *The Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment. If I would expatiate on this subject, I could easily demonstrate that our admired Fletcher, who writ after him, neither understood correct plotting, nor that which they call the *decorum of the stage*. I would not search in his worst plays for examples: he who will consider his *Philaster*, his *Humorous Lieutenant*, his *Faithful Shepherdess*, and many others which I could name, will find them much below the applause which is now given them. He will see *Philaster* wounding his mistress, and afterwards his boy, to save himself; not to mention the Clown, who enters immediately, and not only has the advantage of the combat against the hero, but diverts you from your serious concernment with his ridiculous and absurd railery. In his *Humorous Lieutenant*, you find his *Demetrius* and *Leontius* staying in the midst of a routed army, to hear the cold mirth of the *Lieutenant*; and *Demetrius* afterwards appearing with a pistol in his hand, in the next age to *Alexander the Great*. And for his *Shepherd*, he falls twice into the former indecency of wounding women. But these absurdities which those poets committed may more properly be called the age's fault than theirs: for, besides the want of education and learning (which was their particular unhappiness), they wanted the benefit of converse: but of that I shall speak hereafter, in a place more proper for it. Their audiences knew no better; and therefore were satisfied with what they brought. Those who call theirs the *Golden Age of Poetry* have only this reason for it, that they were then

content with acorns before they knew the use of bread, or that *ἄλις ὄρνυς* was become a proverb. They had many who admired them, and few who blamed them; and certainly a severe critic is the greatest help to a good wit: he does the office of a friend, while he designs that of an enemy; and his malice keeps a poet within those bounds which the luxuriancy of his fancy would tempt him to overleap.

But it is not their plots which I meant principally to tax; I was speaking of their sense and language; and I dare almost challenge any man to show me a page together which is correct in both. As for *Ben Jonson*, I am loth to name him, because he is a most judicious writer; yet he very often falls into these errors: and I once more beg the reader's pardon for accusing him of them. Only let him consider that I live in an age where my least faults are severely censured; and that I have no way left to extenuate my failings but by showing as great in those whom we admire:

Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.

I cast my eyes but by chance on *Catiline*; and in the three or four last pages found enough to conclude that *Jonson* writ not correctly:—

Let the long-hid seeds
Of treason, in thee, now shoot forth in deeds
Ranker than horror.

In reading some bombast speeches of *Macbeth*, which are not to be understood, he used to say that it was horror; and I am much afraid that this is so.

Thy parricide late on thy only son,
After his mother, to make empty way
For thy last wicked nuptials, worse than they
That blaze that act of thy incestuous life,
Which gained thee at once a daughter and a wife.

The sense is here extremely perplexed; and I doubt the word *they* is false grammar.

And be free
Not Heaven itself from thy impiety.

A *synchysis*, or ill-placing of words, of which Tully so much complains in oratory.

The waves and dens of beasts could not receive

The bodies that those souls were frighted from.

The preposition in the end of the sentence; a common fault with him, and which I have but lately observed in my own writings.

What all the several ills, that visit earth,
Plague, famine, fire, could not reach unto,
The sword, nor surfeits, let thy fury do.

Here are both the former faults: for, besides that the preposition *unto* is placed last in the verse, and at the half period, and is redundant, there is the former *synchysis* in the words *the sword, nor surfeits*, which in construction ought to have been placed before the other.

Catiline says of Cethegus that for his sake he would

Go on upon the Gods, kiss lightning, wrest
The engine from the Cyclops, and give fire
At face of a full cloud, and stand his ire.

To *go on upon* is only to go on twice. To *give fire at face of a full cloud* was not understood in his own time; and *stand his ire*, besides the antiquated word *ire*, there is the article *his*, which makes false construction: and *giving fire at the face of a cloud* is a perfect image of shooting, however it came to be known in those days to Catiline.

Others there are,

Whom envy to the state draws and pulls on,
For contumelies received; and such are sure ones.

Ones, in the plural number: but that is frequent with him; for he says, not long after,

Cæsar and Crassus, if they be ill men,
Are mighty ones—
Such men, they do not succor more the cause, etc.

They redundant.

Though Heaven should speak with all his
wrath at once,
We should stand upright and unfeard.

His is ill syntax with *Heaven*; and by *unfeared* he means *unafraid*: words of quite a contrary signification.

The ports are open.

He perpetually uses *ports* for *gates*; which is an affected error in him, to introduce Latin by the loss of the English idiom; as in the translation of Tully's speeches he usually does.

Well-placing of words, for the sweetness of pronunciation, was not known till Mr. Waller introduced it; and, therefore, it is not to be wondered if Ben Jonson has many such lines as these:

But being bred up in his father's needy fortunes; brought up in's sister's prostitution, etc.

But meanness of expression one would think not to be his error in a tragedy, which ought to be more high and sounding than any other kind of poetry; and yet, amongst others in *Catiline*, I find these four lines together:

So Asia, thou art cruelly even
With us, for all the blows thee given;
When we, whose virtues conquered thee,
Thus by thy vices ruin'd be.

Be there is false English for *are*; though the rhyme hides it.

But I am willing to close the book, partly out of veneration to the author, partly out of weariness to pursue an argument which is so fruitful, in so small a compass. And what correctness, after this, can be expected from Shakespeare or from Fletcher, who wanted that learning and care which Jonson had? I will, therefore, spare my own trouble of inquiring into their faults; who, had they lived now, had doubtless written more correctly. I suppose it will be enough for me to affirm (as I think I safely may) that these, and the like errors, which I taxed in the most correct of the last age are such into which we do not ordinarily fall. I think few of our present writers would have left behind them such a line as this:

Contain your spirit in more stricter bounds.

But that gross way of two comparatives was then ordinary; and, therefore, more pardonable in Jonson.

As for the other part of refining, which consists in receiving new words and phrases, I shall not insist much on it. It is obvious that we have admitted many, some of which we wanted, and therefore our language is the richer for them, as it would be by importation of bullion: others are rather ornamental than necessary; yet by their admission, the language is become more courtly, and our thoughts are better dressed. These are to be found scattered in the writers of our age, and it is not my business to collect them. They who have lately written with most care have, I believe, taken the rule of Horace for their guide; that is, not to be too hasty in receiving of words, but rather to stay till custom has made them familiar to us:

Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.

For I cannot approve of their way of refining who corrupt our English idiom by mixing it too much with French: that is a sophistication of language, not an improvement of it; a turning English into French rather than a refining of English by French. We meet daily with those fops who value themselves on their traveling, and pretend they cannot express their meaning in English, because they would put off to us some French phrase of the last edition; without considering that, for aught they know, we have a better of our own. But these are not the men who are to refine us; their talent is to prescribe fashions, not words: at best, they are only serviceable to a writer so as Ennius was to Virgil. He may *aurum ex stercore colligere*: for 'tis hard if, amongst many insignificant phrases, there happen not something worth preserving; though they themselves, like Indians, know not the value of their own commodity.

There is yet another way of improving language, which poets especially have practised in all ages; that is, by applying received words to a new signification; and this, I believe, is meant by Horace, in that precept which is so variously construed by expositors:

*Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.*

And, in this way, he himself had a particular happiness; using all the tropes, and particular metaphors, with that grace which is observable in his *Odes*, where the beauty of expression is often greater than that of thought; as, in that one example, amongst an infinite number of others, *Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici*.

And therefore, though he innovated little, he may justly be called a great refiner of the Roman tongue. This choice of words, and heightening of their natural signification, was observed in him by the writers of the following ages; for Petronius says of him, *et Horatii curiosa felicitas*. By this grafting, as I may call it, on old words, has our tongue been beautified by the three fore-mentioned poets, Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Jonson, whose excellencies I can never enough admire; and in this they have been followed, especially by Sir John Suckling and Mr. Waller, who refined upon them. Neither have they who succeeded them been wanting in their endeavors to adorn our mother tongue: but 'tis not so lawful for me to praise my living contemporaries as to admire my dead predecessors.

I should now speak of the refinement of Wit; but I have been so large on the former subject that I am forced to contract myself in this. I will therefore only observe to you that the wit of the last age was yet more incorrect than their language. Shakespeare, who many times has written better than any poet, in any language, is yet so far from writing wit always, or expressing that wit according to the dignity of the subject, that he writes, in many places, below the dullest writer of ours, or any precedent age. Never did any author precipitate himself from such height of thought to so low expressions as he often does. He is the very Janus of poets; he wears almost everywhere two faces; and you have scarce begun to admire the one ere you despise the other. Neither is the luxuriance of Fletcher (which his friends have taxed in him) a less fault than the carelessness of Shakespeare. He does not well always; and, when he does, he is a true Englishman; he knows not when to give

over. If he wakes in one scene, he commonly slumbers in another; and, if he pleases you in the first three acts, he is frequently so tired with his labor that he goes heavily in the fourth, and sinks under his burden in the fifth.

For Ben Jonson, the most judicious of poets, he always writ properly, and as the character required; and I will not contest farther with my friends who call that wit: it being very certain that even folly itself, well represented, is wit in a larger signification; and that there is fancy, as well as judgment, in it, though not so much or noble: because all poetry being imitation, that of folly is a lower exercise of fancy, though perhaps as difficult as the other; for 'tis a kind of looking downward in the poet, and representing that part of mankind which is below him.

In these low characters of vice and folly lay the excellency of that inimitable writer; who, when at any time he aimed at wit in the stricter sense, that is, sharpness of conceit, was forced either to borrow from the ancients, as to my knowledge he did very much from Plautus; or, when he trusted himself alone, often fell into meanness of expression. Nay, he was not free from the lowest and most groveling kind of wit, which we call clenches, of which *Every Man in his Humor* is infinitely full; and, which is worse, the wittiest persons in the drama speak them. His other comedies are not exempt from them. Will you give me leave to name some few? Asper, in which character he personates himself (and he neither was nor thought himself a fool), exclaiming against the ignorant judges of the age, speaks thus:

How monstrous and detested is't, to see
A fellow, that has neither art nor brain,
Sit like an *Aristarchus*, or *stark-ass*,
Taking men's lines, with a *tobacco face*,
In *snuff*, etc.

And presently after: *I mar'le whose wit 'twas to put a prologue in yond Sackbut's mouth. They might well think he would be out of tune, and yet you'd play upon him too.*—Will you have another of the same

stamp? *O, I cannot abide these limbs of satin, or rather Satan.*

But, it may be, you will object that this was Asper, Macilente, or Carlo Buffone: you shall, therefore, hear him speak in his own person, and that in the two last lines or sting of an epigram. 'Tis inscribed to *Fine Grand*, who, he says, was indebted to him for many things which he reckons there; and concludes thus:

Forty things more, dear *Grand*, which you know true,
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.

This was then the mode of wit, the vice of the age, and not Ben Jonson's; for you see, a little before him, that admirable wit, Sir Philip Sidney, perpetually playing with his words. In his time, I believe, it ascended first into the pulpit, where (if you will give me leave to clench too) it yet finds the benefit of its clergy; for they are commonly the first corrupters of eloquence, and the last reformed from vicious oratory; as a famous Italian has observed before me, in his *Treatise of the Corruption of the Italian Tongue*; which he principally ascribes to priests and preaching friars.

But, to conclude with what brevity I can, I will only add this, in defense of our present writers, that, if they reach not some excellencies of Ben Jonson (which no age, I am confident, ever shall), yet, at least, they are above that meanness of thought which I have taxed, and which is frequent in him.

That the wit of this age is much more courtly may easily be proved by viewing the characters of gentlemen which were written in the last. First, for Jonson:—Truewit, in *The Silent Woman*, was his masterpiece; and Truewit was a scholar-like kind of man, a gentleman with an alloy of pedantry, a man who seems mortified to the world by much reading. The best of his discourse is drawn, not from the knowledge of the town, but books; and, in short, he would be a fine gentleman in an university. Shakespeare showed the best of his skill in his *Mercutio*; and he said himself that he was forced to kill him in the third act to prevent being

killed by him. But, for my part, I cannot find he was so dangerous a person: I see nothing in him but what was so exceeding harmless that he might have lived to the end of the play, and died in his bed, without offense to any man.

Fletcher's Don John is our only bugbear; and yet I may affirm, without suspicion of flattery, that he now speaks better, and that his character is maintained with much more vigor in the fourth and fifth acts, than it was by Fletcher in the three former. I have always acknowledged the wit of our predecessors, with all the veneration which becomes me; but, I am sure, their wit was not that of gentlemen; there was ever somewhat that was illbred and clownish in it, and which confessed the conversation of the authors.

And this leads me to the last and greatest advantage of our writing, which proceeds from *conversation*. In the age wherein those poets lived, there was less of gallantry than in ours; neither did they keep the best company of theirs. Their fortune has been much like that of Epicurus, in the retirement of his gardens; to live almost unknown, and to be celebrated after their decease. I cannot find that any of them had been conversant in courts, except Ben Jonson; and his genius lay not so much that way as to make an improvement by it. Greatness was not then so easy of access, nor conversation so free, as now it is. I cannot, therefore, conceive it any insolence to affirm that, by the knowledge and pattern of their wit who writ before us, and by the advantage of our own conversation, the discourse and raillery of our comedies excel what has been written by them. And this will be denied by none but some few old fellows who value themselves on their acquaintance with the Black Friars; who, because they saw their plays, would pretend a right to judge ours. The memory of these grave gentlemen is their only plea for being wits. They can tell a story of Ben Jonson, and, perhaps, have had fancy enough to give a supper in the Apollo, that they might be called his sons; and, because they were drawn in to be laughed at in those times, they think them-

selves now sufficiently entitled to laugh at ours. Learning I never saw in any of them; and wit no more than they could remember. In short, they were unlucky to have been bred in an unpolished age, and more unlucky to live to a refined one. They have lasted beyond their own, and are cast behind ours; and, not contented to have known little at the age of twenty, they boast of their ignorance at threescore.

Now, if they ask me whence it is that our conversation is so much refined, I must freely, and without flattery, ascribe it to the Court; and, in it, particularly to the King, whose example gives a law to it. His own misfortunes, and the nation's, afforded him an opportunity, which is rarely allowed to sovereign princes, I mean of traveling, and being conversant in the most polished courts of Europe; and, thereby, of cultivating a spirit which was formed by nature to receive the impressions of a gallant and generous education. At his return, he found a nation lost as much in barbarism as in rebellion; and, as the excellency of his nature forgave the one, so the excellency of his manners reformed the other. The desire of imitating so great a pattern first awakened the dull and heavy spirits of the English from their natural reservedness; loosened them from their stiff forms of conversation, and made them easy and pliant to each other in discourse. Thus, insensibly, our way of living became more free; and the fire of the English wit, which was before stifled under a constrained, melancholy way of breeding, began first to display its force, by mixing the solidity of our nation with the air and gaiety of our neighbors. This being granted to be true, it would be a wonder if the poets, whose work is imitation, should be the only persons in three kingdoms who should not receive advantage by it; or, if they should not more easily imitate the wit and conversation of the present age than of the past.

Let us therefore admire the beauties and the heights of Shakespeare, without falling after him into a carelessness and, as I may call it, a lethargy of thought, for whole scenes together. Let us imitate, as

we are able, the quickness and easiness of Fletcher, without proposing him as a pattern to us, either in the redundancy of his matter or the incorrectness of his language. Let us admire his wit and sharpness of conceit; but let us at the same time acknowledge that it was seldom so fixed, and made proper to his character, as that the same things might not be spoken by any person in the play. Let us applaud his scenes of love; but let us confess that he understood not either greatness or perfect honor in the parts of any of his women. In fine, let us allow that he had so much fancy as when he pleased he could write wit; but that he wanted so much judgment as seldom to have written humor, or described a pleasant folly. Let us ascribe to Jonson the height and accuracy of judgment in the ordering of his plots, his choice of characters, and maintaining what he had chosen to the end. But let us not think him a perfect pattern of imitation, except it be in humor; for love, which is the foundation of all comedies in other languages, is scarcely mentioned in any of his plays; and for humor itself, the poets of this age will be more wary than to imitate the meanness of his persons. Gentlemen will now be entertained with the follies of each other; and, though they allow Cobb and Tib to speak properly, yet they are not much pleased with their tankard or with their rags. And surely their conversation can be no jest to them on the theater when they would avoid it in the street.

To conclude all, let us render to our predecessors what is their due, without confining ourselves to a servile imitation of all they writ; and, without assuming to ourselves the title of better poets, let us ascribe to the gallantry and civility of our age the advantage which we have above them, and to our knowledge of the customs and manner of it the happiness we have to please beyond them.

SONG

[1673].

Why should a foolish marriage vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now
When passion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we could,
Till our love was lov'd out in us both:
But our marriage is dead, when the pleasure is fled:
'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

If I have pleasures for a friend,
10 And farther love in store,
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who could give no more?
'Tis a madness that he should be jealous of me,
Or that I should bar him of another:
For all that we can gain, is to give ourselves pain,
When either can hinder the other.

SONG

[1681].

Farewell, ungrateful traitor!
Farewell, my perjur'd swain!

RESTORATION LITERATURE

Let never injur'd creature
 Believe a man again.
 The pleasure of possessing
 Surpasses all expressing,
 But 'tis too short a blessing,
 And love too long a pain.

'Tis easy to deceive us
 10 In pity of your pain,
 But when we love, you leave us
 To rail at you in vain.
 Before we have descried it,
 There is no bliss beside it,
 But she, that once has tried it,
 Will never love again.

The passion you pretended,
 Was only to obtain;
 But when the charm is ended,
 20 The charmer you disdain.
 Your love by ours we measure
 Till we have lost our treasure,
 But dying is a pleasure
 When living is a pain.

ABSALOM AND ACHIITOPHEL

A POEM

*Si propius stes
 Te capiet magis.*

[1681].

TO THE READER

'Tis not my intention to make an apology for my poem: some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design, I am sure, is honest; but he who draws his pen for one party must expect to make enemies of the other. For Wit and Fool are consequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There's a treasury of merits in the Fanatic church as well as in the Papist, and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads; but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against 20 me. Yet if a poem have a genius, it will

force its own reception in the world; for there's a sweetness in good verse, which tickles even while it hurts; and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms: if I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party and, in all probability, of the best judges; for the least concerned are commonly the least corrupt. And, I confess, I have laid in for those, by rebating the satire (where justice would allow it) from carrying too sharp an edge. They who can criticize so weakly as to imagine I have done my worst may be convinced at their own cost that I can write severely with more ease than I can gently. I have but laughed at some men's follies, when I

could have declaimed against their vices; and other men's virtues I have commended as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am. But if men are not to be judged by their professions, God forgive you Commonwealth's-men for professing so plausibly for the government. You cannot ¹⁰ be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing of my name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing, (though 'tis hard for an author to judge against himself); but more probably 'tis in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The ²⁰ violent on both sides will condemn the character of Absalom, as either too favorably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and, to confess freely, I have endeavored to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himself could not be more ³⁰ tender of the young man's life than I would be of his reputation. But since the most excellent natures are always the most easy, and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory, it is no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclu- ⁴⁰

sion of the story I purposely forbore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to show Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waist; and if the draught be so far true, it is as much as I designed.

Were I the inventor, who am only the historian, I should certainly conclude the piece with the reconciliation of Absalom to David. And who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the story: there seems yet to be room left for a composition; hereafter there may only be for pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel, but am content to be accused of a good-natured error, and to hope with Origen that the Devil himself may at last be saved. For which reason, in this poem, he is neither brought to set his house in order, nor to dispose of his person afterwards as he in wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and His vicegerent is only not so because he is not infinite.

The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he who writes honestly is no more an enemy to the offender than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease; for those are only in order to prevent the surgeon's work of an *ense rescindendum*, which I wish not to my very enemies. To conclude all; if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment an act of oblivion were as necessary in a hot distempered state as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
 Before polygamy was made a sin,
 When man on many multiplied his kind,
 Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd,
 When nature prompted and no law denied
 Promiscuous use of concubine and bride,
 Then Israel's monarch after Heav'n's own heart
 His vig'rous warmth did variously impart
 To wives and slaves, and, wide as his command,

- 10 Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land.
 Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear,
 A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care ;
 Not so the rest ; for sev'ral mothers bore
 To godlike David sev'ral sons before.
 But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,
 No true succession could their seed attend.
 Of all this num'rous progeny was none
 So beautiful, so brave, as Absalon :
 Whether, inspir'd by some diviner lust,
 20 His father got him with a greater gust,
 Or that his conscious destiny made way
 By manly beauty to imperial sway.
 Early in foreign fields he won renown,
 With kings and states allied to Israel's crown ;
 In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
 And seem'd as he were only born for love.
 Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
 In him alone 'twas natural to please ;
 His motions all accompanied with grace,
 30 And Paradise was open'd in his face.
 With secret joy indulgent David view'd
 His youthful image in his son renew'd ;
 To all his wishes nothing he denied ;
 And made the charming Annabel his bride.
 What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
 His father could not, or he would not see.
 Some warm excesses, which the law forbore,
 Were construed youth that purg'd by boiling o'er ;
 And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
 40 Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
 Thus prais'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
 While David undisturb'd, in Sion reign'd.
 But life can never be sincerely blest ;
 Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best.
 The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmur'ing race,
 As ever tried th' extent and stretch of grace ;
 God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,
 No king could govern, nor no God could please ;
 (Gods they had tried of ev'ry shape and size
 50 That godsmiths could produce or priests devise ;)
 These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
 Began to dream they wanted liberty ;
 And when no rule, no precedent was found
 Of men by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,
 They led their wild desires to woods and caves
 And thought that all but savages were slaves.
 They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow
 Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego ;
 Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
 60 And with a gen'ral shout proclaim'd him King ;
 Those very Jews, who, at their very best,
 Their humor more than loyalty express'd,

Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
 An idol monarch which their hands had made;
 Thought they might ruin him they could create
 Or melt him to that golden calf, a State.
 But these were random bolts; no form'd design
 Nor int'rest made the factious crowd to join:
 The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
 70 Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
 And, looking backward with a wise affright,
 Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight,
 In contemplation of whose ugly scars
 They curs'd the memory of civil wars.
 The mod'rate sort of men, thus qualified,
 Incl'in'd the balance to the better side;
 And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
 The bad found no occasion to rebel.
 But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,
 80 The careful Devil is still at hand with means,
 And providently pimps for ill desires:
 The Good Old Cause, reviv'd, a plot requires:
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
 To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
 Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem
 Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them,
 And theirs the native right.
 But when the chosen people grew more strong,
 The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
 90 And ev'ry loss the men of Jebus bore,
 They still were thought God's enemies the more.
 Thus worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
 Submit they must to David's government:
 Impov'rish'd and depriv'd of all command,
 Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
 And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
 Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.
 This set the heathen priesthood in a flame,
 For priests of all religions are the same:
 100 Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
 Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
 In his defense his servants are as bold,
 As if he had been born of beaten gold.
 The Jewish Rabbins, though their enemies,
 In this conclude them honest men and wise:
 For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
 T' espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
 From hence began that Plot, the nation's curse,
 Bad in itself, but represented worse,
 110 Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decried,
 With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows denied,
 Not weigh'd or winnow'd by the multitude,
 But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
 Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies,
 To please the fools and puzzle all the wise:

Succeeding times did equal folly call
 Believing nothing or believing all.
 Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd,
 Where gods were recommended by their taste ;
 120 Such sav'ry deities must needs be good
 As serv'd at once for worship and for food.
 By force they could not introduce these gods,
 For ten to one in former days was odds :
 So fraud was us'd (the sacrificer's trade) ;
 Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
 Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews
 And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and stews :
 Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
 Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
 130 Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
 By guns, invented since full many a day :
 Our author swears it not ; but who can know
 How far the Devil and Jebusites may go ?
 This Plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
 Had yet a deep and dang'rous consequence ;
 For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
 The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
 And ev'ry hostile humor which before
 Slept quiet in its channels bubbles o'er ;
 140 So sev'ral factions from this first ferment
 Work up to foam, and threat the government.
 Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
 Oppos'd the pow'r to which they could not rise.
 Some had in courts been great and, thrown from thence,
 Like fiends were harden'd in impenitence.
 Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
 From pardon'd rebels, kinsmen to the throne,
 Were rais'd in pow'r and public office high ;
 Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
 150 Of these the false Achitophel was first,
 A name to all succeeding ages curst :
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
 In pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace ;
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity,
 160 Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high,
 He sought the storms ; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
 Else, why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
 Punish a body which he could not please,
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?

And all to leave what with his toil he won
 170 To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son,
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the State ;
 To compass this the triple bond he broke,
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke ;
 Then, seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
 180 So easy still it proves in factious times
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will !
 Where crowds can wink and no offense be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own !
 Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge ;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
 With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,
 190 Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress ;
 Swift of dispatch and easy of access.
 Oh ! had he been content to serve the crown
 With virtues only proper to the gown,
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cockle that oppress'd the noble seed,
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung
 And Heav'n had wanted one immortal song.
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
 200 Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
 Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
 Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
 He stood at bold defiance with his prince,
 Held up the buckler of the people's cause
 Against the crown, and skulk'd behind the laws.
 The wish'd occasion of the Plot he takes ;
 Some circumstances finds, but more he makes ;
 210 By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
 Of list'ning crowds with jealousies and fears
 Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
 And proves the King himself a Jebusite.
 Weak arguments ! which yet he knew full well
 Were strong with people easy to rebel.
 For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
 Tread the same track when she the prime renews :
 And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
 By natural instinct they change their lord.
 220 Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
 Was found so fit as warlike Absalon.

Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
 (For politicians neither love nor hate):
 But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
 Would keep him still depending on the crowd,
 That kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.

Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
 And sheds his venom in such words as these:

- 230 "Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
 Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky,
 Thy longing country's darling and desire,
 Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire,
 Their second Moses, whose extended wand
 Divides the seas and shows the promis'd land,
 Whose dawning day in ev'ry distant age
 Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage,
 The people's pray'r, the glad diviners' theme,
 The young men's vision and the old men's dream!
- 240 Thee, Savior, thee the nation's vows confess,
 And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
 Swift, unbespoken poms thy steps proclaim,
 And stamm'ring babes are taught to lisp thy name.
 How long wilt thou the gen'ral joy detain,
 Starve and defraud the people of thy reign?
 Content ingloriously to pass thy days
 Like one of Virtue's fools that feeds on praise;
 Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
 Grow stale and tarnish with our daily sight.
- 250 Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
 Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
 Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky revolution of their fate:
 Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
 (For human good depends on human will),
 Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent
 And from the first impression takes the bent;
 But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
 And leaves repenting folly far behind.
- 260 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
 And spreads her locks before her as she flies.
 Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
 Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him to be king,
 At Gath an exile he might still remain,
 And Heav'n's anointing oil had been in vain.
 Let his successful youth your hopes engage,
 But shun th' example of declining age.
 Behold him setting in his western skies,
 The shadows length'ning as the vapors rise;
- 270 He is not now, as when, on Jordan's sand,
 The joyful people throng'd to see him land.
 Covering the beach and black'ning all the strand;
 But, like the Prince of Angels, from his height
 Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light:

Betray'd by one poor Plot to public scorn
 (Our only blessing since his curs'd return),
 Those heaps of people, which one sheaf did bind,
 Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind,
 What strength can he to your designs oppose,
 280 Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?
 If Pharaoh's doubtful succor he should use,
 A foreign aid would more incense the Jews;
 Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring,
 Foment the war, but not support the king:
 Nor would the royal party e'er unite
 With Pharaoh's arms t' assist the Jebusite;
 Or, if they should, their int'rest soon would break,
 And with such odious aid make David weak.
 All sorts of men, by my successful arts,
 290 Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts
 From David's rule: and 'tis the gen'ral cry,
 'Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.'
 If you, as champion of the public good,
 Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
 What may not Israel hope, and what applause
 Might such a gen'ral gain by such a cause?
 Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flow'r,
 Fair only to the sight, but solid pow'r;
 And nobler is a limited command,
 300 Giv'n by the love of all your native land,
 Than a successive title, long and dark,
 Drawn from the moldy rolls of Noah's ark."
 What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
 When flatt'ry soothes, and when ambition blinds?
 Desire of pow'r, on earth a vicious weed,
 Yet, sprung from high, is of celestial seed;
 In God 'tis glory: and when men aspire,
 'Tis but a spark too much of heav'nly fire.
 Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
 310 Too full of angels' metal in his frame,
 Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
 Made drunk with honor and debauch'd with praise.
 Half loth and half consenting to the ill,
 (For loyal blood within him struggled still),
 He thus replied: "And what pretense have I
 To take up arms for public liberty?
 My father governs with unquestion'd right,
 The faith's defender and mankind's delight,
 Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
 320 And Heav'n by wonders has espous'd his cause.
 Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
 Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
 What millions has he pardon'd of his foes
 Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose?
 Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good,
 Inclind to mercy and averse from blood.
 If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,

His crime is God's beloved attribute.
 What could he gain his people to betray
 330 Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
 Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
 His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
 If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
 The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
 Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
 Turn rebel and run popularly mad?
 Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might
 Oppress'd the Jews and rais'd the Jebusite,
 Well might I mourn; but Nature's holy bands
 340 Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands;
 The people might assert their liberty,
 But what was right in them were crime in me.
 His favor leaves me nothing to require,
 Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire;
 What more can I expect while David lives?
 All but his kingly diadem he gives:
 And that"—But there he paus'd, then sighing said,
 "Is justly destin'd for a worthier head;
 For when my father from his toils shall rest
 350 And late augment the number of the blest,
 His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
 Or the *collat'ral* line, where that shall end.
 His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
 Yet dauntless and secure of native right,
 Of ev'ry royal virtue stands possess'd,
 Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
 His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim,
 His loyalty the King, the world his fame.
 His mercy ev'n th' offending crowd will find,
 360 For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
 Why should I then repine at Heav'n's decree
 Which gives me no pretense to royalty?
 Yet oh that Fate, propitiously inclin'd,
 Had rais'd my birth or had debas'd my mind,
 To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
 And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
 I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
 And David's part disdains my mother's mold.
 Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
 370 My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;
 And, made for empire, whispers me within,
 'Desire of greatness is a god-like sin.'"
 Him stagg'ring so when Hell's dire agent found,
 While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,
 He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
 "Th' eternal God, supremely good and wise,
 Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain.
 What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign!
 Against your will your arguments have shown,
 380 Such virtue's only giv'n to guide a throne.

Not that your father's mildness I contemn,
 But manly force becomes the diadem.
 'Tis true he grants the people all they crave,
 And more perhaps than subjects ought to have :
 For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
 And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
 But when should people strive their bonds to break,
 If not when kings are negligent or weak ?
 Let him give on till he can give no more,
 390 The thrifty Sanhedrim shall keep him poor ;
 And ev'ry shekel which he can receive
 Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
 To ply him with new plots shall be my care,
 Or plunge him deep in some expensive war ;
 Which, when his treasure can no more supply,
 He must with the remains of kingship buy.
 His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
 Call Jebusites and Pharaoh's pensioners,
 Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
 400 He shall be naked left to public scorn.
 The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
 My arts have made obnoxious to the State,
 Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
 And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
 His right, for sums of necessary gold,
 Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold ;
 Till time shall ever-wanting David draw
 To pass your doubtful title into law.
 If not, the people have a right supreme
 410 To make their kings, for kings are made for them.
 All empire is no more than pow'r in trust,
 Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
 Succession, for the gen'ral good design'd,
 In its own wrong a nation cannot bind :
 If alt'ring that the people can relieve,
 Better one suffer than a nation grieve.
 The Jews well know their pow'r : ere Saul they chose
 God was their king, and God they durst depose.
 Urge now your piety, your filial name,
 420 A father's right, and fear of future fame ;
 The public good, that universal call,
 To which ev'n Heav'n submitted, answers all.
 Nor let his love enchant your gen'rous mind ;
 'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her kind.
 Our fond begetters, who would never die,
 Love but themselves in their posterity.
 Or let his kindness by th' effects be tried
 Or let him lay his vain pretense aside.
 God said, He lov'd your father ; could He bring
 430 A better proof than to anoint him king ?
 It surely show'd He lov'd the shepherd well,
 Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
 Would David have you thought his darling son ?

What means he then to alienate the crown?
 The name of godly he may blush to bear;
 'Tis after God's own heart to cheat his heir.
 He to his brother gives supreme command,
 To you a legacy of barren land,
 Perhaps th' old harp on which he thrums his lays,
 Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
 440 Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
 Already looks on you with jealous eyes,
 Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
 And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
 Though now his mighty soul its grief contains,
 He meditates revenge who least complains;
 And like a lion, slumb'ring in the way
 Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
 His fearless foes within his distance draws,
 450 Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws,
 Till at the last, his time for fury found,
 He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground.
 The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
 But with a lordly rage his hunters tears;
 Your case no tame expedients will afford:
 Resolve on death or conquest by the sword,
 Which for no less a stake than life you draw,
 And self-defense is Nature's eldest law.
 Leave the warm people no consid'ring time,
 460 For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
 Prevail yourself of what occasion gives,
 But try your title while your father lives;
 And, that your arms may have a fair pretense,
 Proclaim you take them in the King's defense;
 Whose sacred life each minute would expose
 To plots from seeming friends and secret foes.
 And who can sound the depth of David's soul?
 Perhaps his fear his kindness may control:
 He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
 470 For plighted vows too late to be undone.
 If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd,
 Like women's lechery, to seem constrain'd.
 Doubt not: but, when he most affects the frown,
 Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
 Secure his person to secure your cause:
 They who possess the prince possess the laws."
 He said, and this advice above the rest
 With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
 Unblam'd of life (ambition set aside),
 480 Not stain'd with cruelty nor puff'd with pride,
 How happy had he been, if destiny
 Had higher plac'd his birth or not so high!
 His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne
 And blest all other countries but his own;
 But charming greatness since so few refuse,
 'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.

Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
 With blandishments to gain the public love,
 To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
 490 And popularly prosecute the Plot.
 To further this, Achitophel unites
 The malcontents of all the Israelites,
 Whose diff'ring parties he could wisely join
 For sev'ral ends to serve the same design;
 The best (and of the princes some were such)
 Who thought the pow'r of monarchy too much;
 Mistaken men and patriots in their hearts,
 Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts;
 By these the springs of property were bent
 500 And wound so high they crack'd the government.
 The next for int'rest sought t' embroil the State
 To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
 And make their Jewish markets of the throne;
 Pretending public good to serve their own.
 Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
 Who cost too much, and did too little good.
 These were for laying honest David by,
 On principles of pure good husbandry.
 With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng
 510 That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
 Who follow next, a double danger bring,
 Not only hating David, but the King;
 The Solymæan rout, well vers'd of old
 In godly faction and in treason bold,
 Cow'ring and quaking at a conqu'ror's sword,
 But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd,
 Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun
 And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
 Hot Levites headed these; who, pull'd before
 520 From th' ark, which in the Judges' days they bore,
 Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry
 Pursued their old belov'd theocracy,
 Where Sanhedrin and priest enslav'd the nation,
 And justified their spoils by inspiration;
 For who so fit for reign as Aaron's race,
 If once dominion they could found in grace?
 These led the pack; though not of surest scent,
 Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.
 A num'rous host of dreaming saints succeed,
 530 Of the true old enthusiastic breed:
 'Gainst form and order they their pow'r employ,
 Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
 But far more num'rous was the herd of such
 Who think too little and who talk too much.
 These, out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
 Ador'd their fathers' God and property,
 And by the same blind benefit of fate,
 The Devil and the Jebusite did hate:
 Born to be sav'd ev'n in their own despite,

- 540 Because they could not help believing right.
 Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra more
 Remains, of sprouting heads too long to score.
 Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
 A man so various that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was ev'rything by starts, and nothing long;
 But in the course of one revolving moon
 550 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking.
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking
 Bless'd madman, who could ev'ry hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both (to show his judgment) in extremes:
 So over violent or over civil
 That ev'ry man with him was God or Devil.
 In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art;
 560 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
 For spite of him, the weight of bus'ness fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
 Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.
 Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse
 570 Of lords below the dignity of verse.
 Wits, warriors, Commonwealth's-men were the best,
 Kind husbands and mere nobles all the rest.
 And therefore in the name of dulness be
 The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free;
 And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
 Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.
 Let friendship's holy band some names assure,
 Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
 Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place
 580 Whom kings no titles gave, and God no grace:
 Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
 To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
 But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
 The wretch who Heav'n's anointed dar'd to curse;
 Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
 Of zeal to God and hatred to his king,
 Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath, but for gain:
 Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
 590 Or curse, unless against the government.
 Thus, heaping wealth by the most ready way
 Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray,

The City, to reward his pious hate
 Against his master, chose him magistrate.
 His hand a vane of justice did uphold,
 His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
 During his office treason was no crime,
 The sons of Belial had a glorious time ;
 For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
 600 Yet lov'd his wicked neighbor as himself.
 When two or three were gather'd to declaim
 Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
 Shimei was always in the midst of them :
 And if they curs'd the King when he was by,
 Would rather curse than break good company.
 If any durst his factious friends accuse,
 He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews ;
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
 Would free the suff'ring saint from human laws :
 610 For laws are only made to punish those
 Who serve the King, and to protect his foes.
 If any leisure time he had from pow'r,
 (Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour),
 His bus'ness was, by writing, to persuade
 That kings were useless and a clog to trade :
 And that his noble style he might refine,
 No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine.
 Chaste were his cellars, and his shrival board
 The grossness of a City feast abhorr'd :
 620 His cooks, with long disuse, their trade forgot ;
 Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
 Such frugal virtue malice may accuse,
 But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews :
 For towns once burnt such magistrates require
 As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
 With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
 But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel :
 And Moses' laws he held in more account
 For forty days of fasting in the mount.
 630 To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
 Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the Plot.
 Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass ;
 Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
 High as the serpent of thy metal made,
 While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
 What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
 From earthy vapors, ere they shine in skies.
 Prodigious actions may as well be done
 By weaver's issue as by prince's son.
 640 This arch-attestor for the public good
 By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
 Who ever ask'd the witnesses' high race
 Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace ?
 Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
 His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.

Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
 Sure signs he neither chol'ric was nor proud:
 His long chin prov'd his wit, his saint-like grace
 A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.
 650 His memory, miraculously great,
 Could plots exceeding man's belief repeat;
 Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
 For human wit could never such devise.
 Some future truths are mingled in his book,
 But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke:
 Some things like visionary flights appear;
 The spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where;
 And gave him his Rabbinical degree
 Unknown to foreign university.
 660 His judgment yet his mem'ry did excel,
 Which piec'd his wondrous evidence so well,
 And suited to the temper of the times,
 Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
 Let Israel's foes suspect his heav'nly call,
 And rashly judge his writ apocryphal;
 Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made,
 He takes his life who takes away his trade.
 Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
 The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace
 670 Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
 To make him an appendix of my Plot.
 His zeal to Heav'n made him his prince despise,
 And load his person with indignities.
 But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
 And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
 In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
 What others in his evidence did join,
 (The best that could be had for love or coin)
 680 In Corah's own predicament will fall,
 For *witness* is a common name to all.
 Surrounded thus with friends of ev'ry sort,
 Deluded 'Absalom forsakes the Court;
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
 And fir'd with near possession of a crown.
 Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
 His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show,
 On each side bowing popularly low;
 690 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
 And with familiar ease repeats their names.
 Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts;
 Then, with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
 Few words he said, but easy those and fit,
 More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.
 "I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate,

Though far unable to prevent your fate:
 700 Behold a banish'd man, for your dear cause
 Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
 Yet oh that I alone could be undone,
 Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
 Now all your liberties a spoil are made;
 Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
 And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.
 My father, whom with rev'rence yet I name,
 Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame,
 And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
 710 Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old;
 Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys,
 And all his pow'r against himself employs.
 He gives, and let him give, my right away;
 But why should he his own and yours betray?
 He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
 And he alone from my revenge is freed.
 Take then my tears (with that he wip'd his eyes),
 'Tis all the aid my present pow'r supplies:
 No court-informer can these arms accuse;
 720 These arms may sons against their fathers use.
 And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign
 May make no other Israelite complain."
 Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail,
 But common int'rest always will prevail;
 And pity never ceases to be shown
 To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
 The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
 With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:
 Who now begins his progress to ordain
 730 With chariots, horsemen, and a num'rous train;
 From east to west his glories he displays
 And, like the sun, the promis'd land surveys.
 Fame runs before him as the morning star,
 And shouts of joy salute him from afar;
 Each house receives him as a guardian god,
 And consecrates the place of his abode.
 But hospitable treats did most commend
 Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.
 This moving court that caught the people's eyes,
 740 And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise;
 Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
 To sound the depths, and fathom, where it went,
 The people's hearts; distinguish friends from foes,
 And try their strength before they came to blows.
 Yet all was color'd with a smooth pretense
 Of specious love and duty to their prince.
 Religion and redress of grievances,
 Two names that always cheat and always please,
 Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
 750 Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
 Thus in a pageant show a Plot is made,

And peace itself is war in masquerade.
 O foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!
 Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
 Did ever men forsake their present ease,
 In midst of health imagine a disease,
 Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
 Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
 What shall we think? Can people give away,
 760 Both for themselves and sons, their native sway?
 Then they are left defenseless to the sword
 Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord;
 And laws are vain by which we right enjoy,
 If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.
 Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
 And kings are only officers in trust,
 Then this resuming cov'nant was declar'd
 When kings were made, or is forever barr'd.
 If those who gave the scepter could not tie
 770 By their own deed their own posterity,
 How then could Adam bind his future race?
 How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
 Or how could heav'nly justice damn us all
 Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
 Then kings are slaves to those whom they command,
 And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
 Add that the pow'r, for property allow'd,
 Is mischievously seated in the crowd;
 For who can be secure of private right,
 780 If sov'reign sway may be dissolv'd by might?
 Nor is the people's judgment always true:
 The most may err as grossly as the few,
 And faultless kings run down by common cry
 For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
 What standard is there in a fickle rout,
 Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
 Nor only crowds but Sanhedrins may be
 Infected with this public lunacy,
 And share the madness of rebellious times,
 790 To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
 If they may give and take whene'er they please,
 Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
 But government itself at length must fall
 To Nature's state, where all have right to all.
 Yet grant our lords, the people, kings can make,
 What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
 For whatsoever their suff'rings were before.
 That change they covet makes them suffer more.
 All other errors but disturb a state,
 800 But innovation is the blow of fate.
 If ancient fabrics nod and threat to fall,
 To patch the flaws and buttress up the wall,
 Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
 For all beyond it is to touch our ark.

To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
 Is work for rebels who base ends pursue,
 At once divine and human laws control,
 And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
 The tamp'ring world is subject to this curse,
 810 To physic their disease into a worse.
 Now what relief can righteous David bring?
 How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
 Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
 Who dare be such must be the people's foes.
 Yet some there were ev'n in the worst of days;
 Some let me name, and naming is to praise.
 In this short file Barzillai first appears,
 Barzillai, crown'd with honor and with years.
 820 Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
 In regions waste, beyond the Jordan's flood:
 Unfortunately brave to buoy the State,
 But sinking underneath his master's fate.
 In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd,
 For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
 The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
 Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,
 Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
 The fighting warrior, and recording Muse.
 His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
 830 Now more than half a father's name is lost.
 His eldest hope, with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
 By me, so Heav'n will have it, always mourn'd,
 And always honor'd, snatch'd in manhood's prime
 B' unequal fates and Providence's crime:
 Yet not before the goal of honor won,
 All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son;
 Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
 O narrow circle, but of pow'r divine,
 Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
 840 By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
 Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
 Thy force, infus'd, the fainting Tyrians propp'd;
 And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd.
 O ancient honor! O unconquer'd hand,
 Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
 But Israel was unworthy of thy name:
 Short is the date of all immod'rate fame.
 It looks as Heav'n our ruin had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
 850 Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole:
 From thence thy kindred legions may'st thou bring
 To aid the guardian angel of thy King.
 Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight;
 No pinions can pursue immortal height:
 Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
 And tell thy soul she should have fled before:

Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
 To hang on her departed patron's hearse?
 860 Now take thy steepy flight from Heav'n, and see
 If thou canst find on earth another *he*:
 Another *he* would be too hard to find;
 See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
 Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning pow'r and place,
 His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.
 With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
 Of hospitable soul and noble stem;
 Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
 Flows in fit words and heav'nly eloquence.
 870 The Prophets' sons, by such example led,
 To learning and to loyalty were bred:
 For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
 And never rebel was to arts a friend.
 To these succeed the pillars of the laws,
 Who best could plead, and best can judge a cause.
 Next them a train of loyal peers ascend;
 Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,
 Himself a muse: in Sanhedrin's debate
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state;
 880 Whom David's love with honors did adorn
 That from his disobedient son were torn.
 Jotham of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
 Endued by nature and by learning taught
 To move assemblies, who but only tried
 The worse a while, then chose the better side;
 Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too,
 So much the weight of one brave man can do.
 Hushai, the friend of David in distress,
 In public storms, of manly steadfastness;
 890 By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
 And join'd experience to his native truth.
 His frugal care supplied the wanting throne,
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
 'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow,
 But hard the task to manage well the low.
 For sov'reign pow'r is too depress'd or high,
 When kings are forc'd to sell or crowds to buy.
 Indulge one labor more, my weary Muse,
 For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise refuse?
 900 Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
 In his own worth, and without title great:
 The Sanhedrin long time as chief he rul'd,
 Their reason guided and their passion cool'd:
 So dext'rous was he in the crown's defense,
 So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
 That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all.
 Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
 Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
 910 They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,

Misguide the seasons and mistake the way,
While he, withdrawn, at their mad labor smiles,
And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief; a small but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand
And tempt th' united fury of the land.
With grief they view'd such pow'rful engines bent
To batter down the lawful government.
A num'rous faction, with pretended frights,
920 In Sanhedrins to plume the regal rights;
The true successor from the Court remov'd;
The Plot by hireling witnesses improv'd.
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They show'd the King the danger of the wound;
That no concessions from the throne would please,
But lenitives fomented the disease;
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down;
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
930 Had turn'd the Plot to ruin Church and State;
The council violent, the rabble worse;
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress'd,
And long revolving in his careful breast
Th' event of things, at last his patience tir'd,
Thus from his royal throne, by Heav'n inspir'd,
The godlike David spoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.

"Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
940 My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd;
So willing to forgive th' offending age;
So much the father did the king assuage.
But now so far my clemency they slight,
Th' offenders question my forgiving right.
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to rule, for that's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderness of blood my fear,
Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
Yet since they will divert my native course,
950 'Tis time to show I am not good by force.
Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the State,
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:
If my young Samson will pretend a call
To shake the column, let him share the fall;
But oh that yet he would repent and live!
How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
960 From nature, pleading for a darling son!
Poor pitied youth, by my paternal care
Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear!
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,

He would have giv'n his soul another turn:
 Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
 Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
 The people's brave, the politician's tool;
 Never was patriot yet but was a fool.
 Whence comes it that religion and the laws
 970 Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?
 His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
 Was never thought endued with so much grace.
 Good heav'ns, how faction can a patriot paint!
 My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
 Would they impose an heir upon the throne?
 Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their own.
 A king's at least a part of government,
 And mine as requisite as their consent:
 Without my leave a future king to choose
 980 Infers a right the present to depose.
 True, they petition me t' approve their choice:
 But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
 My pious subjects for my safety pray,
 Which to secure, they take my pow'r away.
 From plots and treasons Heav'n preserve my years,
 But save me most from my petitioners.
 Unsatiated as the barren womb or grave,
 God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
 What then is left but with a jealous eye
 990 To guard the small remains of royalty?
 The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
 And the same law teach rebels to obey:
 Votes shall no more establish'd pow'r control,
 Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
 No groundless clamors shall my friends remove
 Nor crowds have pow'r to punish ere they prove;
 For gods and godlike kings their care express
 Still to defend their servants in distress.
 Oh that my pow'r to saving were confin'd!
 1000 Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n against my mind,
 To make examples of another kind?
 Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
 Oh curs'd effects of necessary law!
 How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
 Beware the fury of a patient man.
 Law they require, let Law then show her face;
 They could not be content to look on Grace,
 Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
 To tempt the terror of her front, and die.
 1010 By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed,
 Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
 Against themselves their witnesses will swear
 Till, viper-like, their mother Plot they tear,
 And suck for nutriment that bloody gore
 Which was their principle of life before.
 Their Belial with their Belzebub will fight;

Thus on my foes my foes shall do me right.
 Nor doubt th' event; for factious crowds engage
 In their first onset all their brutal rage.
 1020 Then let 'em take an unresisted course;
 Retire and traverse, and delude their force:
 But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight
 And rise upon 'em with redoubled might:
 For lawful pow'r is still superior found,
 When long driv'n back, at length it stands the ground."
 He said. Th' Almighty, nodding, gave consent;
 And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
 Henceforth a series of new time began,
 The mighty years in long procession ran;
 1030 Once more the godlike David was restor'd,
 And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

THE MEDAL

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION
 BY THE AUTHIOR OF ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

*Per Graium populos, medicque per Elidis urbem
 Ibat ovans, divumque sibi poscebat honores.*

[1682].

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS

For to whom can I dedicate this poem with so much justice as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own hero: 'tis the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of the Tower, nor the rising Sun, nor the *Anno Domini* of your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party; especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so enhanced that many a poor Polander who would be glad to worship the image is not able to go to the cost of him, but must be content to see
 20 him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but signpost painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by, especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true; and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B., yet I have consulted history, as the Italian painters do, when

they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the coloring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike of the Tower, a little nearer to the sun, which would
 10 then break out to better purpose.

You tell us in your Preface to the *No-Protestant Plot* that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in
 20 thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg, as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men who can see an inch before them may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend

both is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question: What right has any man among you, or any association of men (to come nearer to you) who out of Parliament cannot be considered in a public capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Israel? Or how is it consistent with your zeal of the public welfare to promote sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the King according to the laws, allow you the license of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and by your very urging it you endeavor what in you lies to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's disposition or his practice, or, even where you would odiously lay it, from his ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government and the benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the public liberty; and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to inter-meddle in the management of affairs, or to arraign what you do not like, which in effect is everything that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easy to be evinced from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perused many of your papers, and to show you that I have, the third part of your *No-Protestant Plot* is, much of it, stolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called *The Growth of Popery*, as manifestly as Milton's *Defense of the Eng-*

lish People is from Buchanan, *De Jure Regni apud Scotos*, or your First Covenant and New Association from the Holy League of the French Guisards. Anyone who reads Davila may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretenses for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the king, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported that Poltrot, a Huguenot, murdered Francis, Duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Huguenot minister, otherwise called a Presbyterian (for our Church abhors so devilish a tenet), who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion; but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin and the principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were passed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed Act of Parliament, you declare that, in some cases, you will not be obliged by it. The passage is in the same third part of the *No-Protestant Plot*, and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended Association you neither wholly justify nor condemn; but as the Papists, when they are unopposed, fly out into all the pageantries of worship, but in times of war, when they are hard pressed by arguments, lie close entrenched behind the Council of Trent, so now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination, but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and justified to purpose. For, indeed, there is nothing to defend it but the sword; 'tis the proper time to say anything, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are

directly opposite to the other: one with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it; the other, without either the consent or knowledge of the King, against whose authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last evasion, that it was contrived by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seized; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your own jury. But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favor to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this poem, you would employ the same pens against it who have combated with so much success against *Absalom and Achitophel*; for then you may assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a custom, do it without wit. By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to waive the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government; for if scandal be not allowed, you are no freeborn subjects. If God has not blessed you with the talent of rhyming, make use of my poor stock and welcome: let your verses run upon my feet; and, for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me; and, in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but, above all the rest, commend me to the Nonconformist parson who wrote the *Whip and Key*. I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be published as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for

waste-paper in the shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will pass with his readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 'tis the relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the verses are, buy 'em up, I beseech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is shut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a purse for a member of their society who has had his livery pulled over his ears; and even Protestant socks are bought up among you out of veneration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from sense and English will make as good a Protestant rhymers as a dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant parson. Besides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little above the vulgar epithets of profane, and saucy Jack, and atheistic scribbler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong upon him; by which well-mannered and charitable expressions I was certain of his sect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in your cause from Genesis to the Revelations, and has half the texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter, and not to take them for Irish witnesses. After all, perhaps you will tell me that you retained him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your party says or thinks of him.

THE MEDAL

Of all our antic sights and pageantry
Which English idiots run in crowds to see,

The Polish Medal bears the prize alone;
 A monster, more the fav'rite of the town
 Than either fairs or theaters have shown.
 Never did art so well with nature strive,
 Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive;
 So like the man, so golden to the sight,
 So base within, so counterfeit and light.
 10 One side is fill'd with title and with face;
 And, lest the King should want a regal place,
 On the reverse a tow'r the town surveys,
 O'er which our mounting sun his beams displays.
 The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrieval voice,
Lætatur, which in Polish is *Rejoice*.
 The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd,
 And a new canting holiday design'd.
 Five days he sate for every cast and look,
 Four more than God to finish Adam took.
 20 But who can tell what essence angels are
 Or how long Heav'n was making Lucifer?
 Oh, could the style that copied every grace
 And plow'd such furrows for an eunuch face,
 Could it have form'd his ever-changing will,
 The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill!
 A martial hero first, with early care
 Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war;
 A beardless chief, a rebel ere a man,
 (So young his hatred to his prince began.)
 30 Next this (how wildly will ambition steer!)
 A vermin wriggling in th' usurper's ear,
 Bart'ring his venal wit for sums of gold,
 He cast himself into the saint-like mold;
 Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was gain,
 The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.
 But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
 His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise.
 There split the saint; for hypocritic zeal
 Allows no sins but those it can conceal.
 40 Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope;
 Saints must not trade, but they may interlope.
 Th' ungodly principle was all the same;
 But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.
 Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and slack;
 His nimble wit outran the heavy pack.
 Yet still he found his fortune at a stay,
 Whole droves of blockheads choking up his way;
 They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
 Villain and wit exact a double price.
 50 Pow'r was his aim; but thrown from that pretense,
 The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defense,
 And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
 Him in the anguish of his soul he serv'd,
 Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
 Behold him now exalted into trust;

His counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
 Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave
 He had a grudging still to be a knave.
 The frauds he learnt in his fanatic years
 60 Made him uneasy in his lawful gears:
 At best, as little honest as he could,
 And, like white witches, mischievously good.
 To his first bias longingly he leans
 And rather would be great by wicked means.
 Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold
 (Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold).
 From hence those tears! that Ilium of our woe!
 Who helps a pow'rful friend forearms a foe.
 What wonder if the waves prevail so far,
 70 When he cut down the banks that made the bar?
 Seas follow but their nature to invade;
 But he by art our native strength betray'd.
 So Samson to his foe his force confess'd,
 And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her breast.
 But when this fatal counsel, found too late,
 Expos'd its author to the public hate,
 When his just sov'reign, by no impious way,
 Could be seduc'd to arbitrary sway,
 Forsaken of that hope, he shifts the sail,
 80 Drives down the current with a pop'lar gale,
 And shows the fiend confess'd without a veil.
 He preaches to the crowd that pow'r is lent,
 But not convey'd to kingly government,
 That claims successive bear no binding force,
 That coronation oaths are things of course;
 Maintains the multitude can never err,
 And sets the people in the papal chair.
 The reason's obvious, *int'rest never lies*;
 The most have still their int'rest in their eyes,
 90 The pow'r is always theirs, and pow'r is ever wise.
 Almighty crowd! thou shorten'st all dispute;
 Pow'r is thy essence, wit thy attribute!
 Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
 Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric way!
 Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide,
 When Phocion and when Socrates were tried;
 As righteously they did those dooms repent;
 Still they were wise, whatever way they went.
 Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
 100 To kill the father and recall the son.
 Some think the fools were most, as times went then,
 But now the world's o'erstock'd with prudent men.
 The common cry is ev'n religion's test;
 The Turk's is at Constantinople best,
 Idols in India, Popery at Rome,
 And our own worship only true at home,
 And true but for the time; 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so;

This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns ;
 110 So all are God-a'mighties in their turns.
 A tempting doctrine, plausible and new ;
 What fools our fathers were, if this be true !
 Who, to destroy the seeds of civil war,
 Inherent right in monarchs did declare ;
 And, that a lawful pow'r might never cease,
 Secur'd succession to secure our peace.
 Thus property and sov'reign sway at last
 In equal balances were justly cast ;
 But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd horse,
 120 Instructs the beast to know his native force,
 To take the bit between his teeth and fly
 To the next headlong steep of anarchy.
 Too happy England, if our good we knew,
 Would we possess the freedom we pursue !
 The lavish government can give no more ;
 Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
 God tried us once ; our rebel fathers fought ;
 He glutted 'em with all the pow'r they sought,
 Till, master'd by their own usurping brave,
 130 The free-born subject sunk into a slave.
 We loathe our manna, and we long for quails ;
 Ah ! what is man, when his own wish prevails !
 How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill,
 Proud of his pow'r and boundless in his will !
 That kings can do no wrong we must believe ;
 None can they do, and must they all receive ?
 Help, Heav'n, or sadly we shall see an hour
 When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r !
 Already they have lost their best defense,
 140 The benefit of laws which they dispense.
 No justice to their righteous cause allow'd,
 But baffled by an arbitrary crowd ;
 And medals grav'd, their conquest to record,
 The stamp and coin of their adopted lord.
 The man who laugh'd but once, to see an ass
 Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd thistles pass,
 Might laugh again, to see a jury chew
 The prickles of unpalatable law.
 The witnesses that, leech-like, liv'd on blood,
 150 Sucking for them were med'cinally good ;
 But when they fasten'd on their fester'd sore,
 Then justice and religion they forswore,
 Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore.
 Thus men are rais'd by factions and decried,
 And rogue and saint distinguish'd by their side ;
 They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their cause,
 And plead a call to preach in spite of laws.
 But that's no news to the poor injur'd page,
 It has been us'd as ill in ev'ry age,
 160 And is constrain'd, with patience, all to take,
 For what defense can Greek and Hebrew make ?

Happy who can this talking trumpet seize,
 They make it speak whatever sense they please!
 'Twas fram'd at first our oracle t' inquire;
 But since our sects in prophecy grow high'r,
 The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire.

London, thou great *emporium* of our isle,
 O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
 How shall I praise or curse to thy desert!
 170 Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part.
 I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand:
 Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
 Yet monsters from thy large increase we find
 Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.
 Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee,
 Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
 Of Israel's tribes thou hast a num'rous band,
 But still the Canaanite is in the land.
 Thy military chiefs are brave and true,
 180 Nor are thy disenchanting burghers few.
 The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
 But what's a head with two such gouty hands?
 The wise and wealthy love the surest way,
 And are content to thrive and to obey.
 But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave;
 None are so busy as the fool and knave.
 Those let me curse; what vengeance will they urge,
 Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can purge,
 Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
 190 Nor angry Heav'n nor a forgiving king!
 In gospel-phrase their chapmen they betray;
 Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey;
 The knack of trades is living on the spoil;
 They boast ev'n when each other they beguile.
 Customs to steal is such a trivial thing
 That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.
 All hands unite of ev'ry jarring sect;
 They cheat the country first, and then infect.
 They for God's cause their monarchs dare dethrone,
 200 And they'll be sure to make His cause their own.
 Whether the plotting Jesuit laid the plan
 Of murd'ring kings, or the French Puritan,
 Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,
 And kings and kingly pow'r would murder too.
 What means their trait'rous combination less,
 Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess?
 But treason is not own'd, when 'tis descried;
 Successful crimes alone are justified.
 The men who no conspiracy would find,
 210 Who doubts but, had it taken, they had join'd?
 Join'd in a mutual cov'nant of defense,
 At first, without, at last against, their prince?
 If sov'reign right by sov'reign pow'r they scan,
 The same bold maxim holds in God and man:

God were not safe; His thunder could they shun,
 He should be forc'd to crown another Son.
 Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
 The rich possession was the murd'ers' own.
 In vain to sophistry they have recourse;
 220 By proving theirs no plot they prove 'tis worse,
 Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force,
 Which, though not actual, yet all eyes may see
 'Tis working, in th' immediate pow'r to be;
 For from pretended grievances they rise
 First to dislike, and after to despise;
 Then, Cyclop-like, in human flesh to deal,
 Chop up a minister at ev'ry meal;
 Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king,
 But clip his regal rights within the ring;
 230 From thence t' assume the pow'r of peace and war,
 And ease him by degrees of public care.
 Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,
 He should have leave to exercise the name,
 And hold the cards while Commons play'd the game.
 For what can pow'r give more than food and drink,
 To live at ease and not be bound to think?
 'These are the cooler methods of their crime,
 But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time;
 On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,
 240 And grin and whet like a Croatian band
 That waits impatient for the last command:
 Thus outlaws open villainy maintain;
 They steal not, but in squadrons scour the plain;
 And if their pow'r the passengers subdue,
 The most have right, the wrong is in the few.
 Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
 For in some soils republics will not grow:
 Our temp'rate isle will no extremes sustain
 Of pop'lar sway or arbitrary reign:
 250 But slides between them both into the best,
 Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest.
 And, though the climate, vex'd with various winds,
 Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,
 The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds
 To recommend the calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
 (O crooked soul and serpentine in arts!)
 Whose blandishments a loyal land have whor'd,
 And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord,
 260 What curses on thy blasted name will fall,
 Which age to age their legacy shall call,
 For all must curse the woes that must descend on all!
 Religion thou hast none: thy mercury
 Has pass'd through ev'ry sect, or theirs through thee.
 But what thou giv'st, that venom still remains,
 And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.

What else inspires the tongues and swells the breasts
 Of all thy bellowing renegado priests,
 That preach up thee for God, dispense thy laws,
 270 And with thy stum ferment their fainting cause?
 Fresh fumes of madness raise, and toil and sweat,
 To make the formidable cripple great?
 Yet should thy crimes succeed, should lawless pow'r
 Compass those ends thy greedy hopes devour,
 Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be,
 Thy god and theirs will never long agree;
 For thine (if thou hast any) must be one
 That lets the world and humankind alone;
 A jolly god that passes hours too well
 280 To promise Heav'n or threaten us with Hell,
 That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit
 And wink at crimes he did himself commit.
 A tyrant theirs; the heav'n their priesthood paints
 A conventicle of gloomy sullen saints;
 A heav'n, like Bedlam, slovenly and sad,
 Foredoom'd for souls with false religion mad.
 Without a vision poets can foreshow
 What all but fools by common sense may know:
 If true succession from our isle should fail,
 290 And crowds profane with impious arms prevail,
 Not thou nor those thy factious arts engage
 Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,
 With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit age.
 The swelling poison of the sev'ral sects,
 Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
 Shall burst its bag; and fighting out their way,
 The various venoms on each other prey.
 The Presbyter, puff'd up with spiritual pride,
 Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride,
 300 His brethren damn, the civil pow'r defy,
 And parcel out republic prelacy.
 But short shall be his reign; his rigid yoke
 And tyrant pow'r will puny sects provoke,
 And frogs, and toads, and all the tadpole train
 Will croak to Heav'n for help from this devouring crane.
 The cut-throat sword and clam'rous gown shall jar
 In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war;
 Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
 Lords envy lords, and friends with ev'ry friend
 310 About their impious merit shall contend.
 The surly Commons shall respect deny
 And justle peerage out with property.
 Their gen'ral either shall his trust betray
 And force the crowd to arbitrary sway,
 Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim,
 In hate of kings shall cast anew the frame,
 And thrust out Collatine that bore their name.
 Thus inborn broils the factions would engage,
 Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,

320 Till halting vengeance overtook our age,
 And our wild labors, wearied into rest,
 Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breast.

*Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
 Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*

MAC FLECKNOE

OR, A SATIRE UPON THE TRUE-BLUE-PROTESTANT POET

T. S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

[1682].

All human things are subject to decay,
 And when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
 This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
 Was call'd to empire and had govern'd long :
 In prose and verse was own'd without dispute
 Through all the realms of *Nonsense* absolute.
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And bless'd with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with bus'ness, did at length debate
 10 To settle the succession of the State ;
 And, pond'ring which of all his sons was fit
 To reign and wage immortal war with wit,
 Cried, "'Tis resolv'd, for Nature pleads that he
 Should only rule who most resembles me.
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years ;
 Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
 20 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval ;
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
 And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty,
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
 30 Thou last great prophet of tautology.
 Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way,
 And coarsely clad in Norwich druggert came
 To teach the nations in thy greater name.
 My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
 When to King John of Portugal I sung,
 Was but the prelude to that glorious day
 When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,

- With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
 40 Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge,
 And, big with hymn, commander of an host ;
 The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets toss'd.
 Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
 The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
 At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from shore to shore
 The treble squeaks for fear, the basses roar ;
 Echoes from Pissing Alley Shadwell call,
 And Shadwell they resound from Aston Hall.
 About thy boat the little fishes throng,
 50 As at the morning toast that floats along.
 Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
 Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
 St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
 Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche's* rhyme :
 Though they in number as in sense excel,
 So just, so like tautology, they fell
 That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
 The lute and sword which he in triumph bore,
 And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more."
- 60 Here stopp'd the good old sire and wept for joy,
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
 All arguments, but most his plays, persuade
 That for anointed dulness he was made.
 Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
 (The fair Augusta much to fears inclin'd)
 An ancient fabric rais'd t' inform the sight,
 There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight ;
 A watch-tow'r once ; but now, so fate ordains,
 Of all the pile an empty name remains ;
 70 From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
 Scenes of lewd loves and of polluted joys,
 Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
 And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
 Near these a Nursery erects its head,
 Where queens are form'd and future heroes bred,
 Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
 Where infant punks their tender voices try,
 And little Maximins the gods defy.
 Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
 80 Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear ;
 But gentle Simkin just reception finds
 Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds ;
 Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
 And Panton waging harmless war with words.
 Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
 Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne.
 For ancient Dekker prophesied long since
 That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
 Born for a scourge of wit and flail of sense,
 90 To whom true dulness should some *Psyches* owe,
 But worlds of *Misers* from his pen should flow ;

RESTORATION LITERATURE

Humorists and Hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families and tribes of Bruce.

- Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Rous'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill and distant Watling Street.
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay;
100 From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies and relics of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labors rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sat,
Rome's other hope and pillar of the State.
110 His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right and realm's defense,
Ne'er to have peace with wit nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office and as priest by trade.
120 In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his scepter and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whose loins recorded *Psyche* sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at that point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly.
130 So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honors of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:
"Heav'ns bless my son! from Ireland let him reign
140 To far Barbados on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond *Love's Kingdom* let him stretch his pen!"
He paus'd, and all the people cried "Amen."

Then thus continued he: "My son, advance
 Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
 Success let others teach, learn thou from me
 Pangs without birth and fruitless industry.
 Let *Virtuosos* in five years be writ,
 150 Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
 Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
 Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
 Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
 And in their folly show the writer's wit.
 Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defense
 And justify their author's want of sense.
 Let 'em be all by thy own model made
 Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid,
 That they to future ages may be known,
 160 Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
 Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
 All full of thee and diff'ring but in name.
 But let no alien Sedley interpose
 To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.
 And when false flow'rs of rhet'ric thou wouldst cull,
 Trust nature, do not labor to be dull;
 But write thy best, and top; and in each line
 Sir Formal's oratory will be thine.
 Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill
 170 And does thy northern dedications fill.
 Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame
 By arrogating Jonson's hostile name;
 Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
 And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
 Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
 What share have we in nature or in art?
 Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
 And rail at arts he did not understand?
 Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
 180 Or swept the dust in *Psyche's* humble strain?
 Where sold he bargains, 'whip-stitch, kiss my arse,'
 Promis'd a play and dwindled to a farce?
 When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
 As thou whole Eth'rege dost transfuse to thine?
 But so transfus'd as oil on waters flow,
 His always floats above, thine sinks below.
 This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
 New humors to invent for each new play:
 This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
 190 By which one way to dulness 'tis inclin'd,
 Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
 And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
 Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretense
 Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
 A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
 But sure thou 'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
 Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;

RESTORATION LITERATURE

Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
 With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
 200 Thy inoffensive satires never bite;
 In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
 It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
 Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
 In keen iambics, but mild anagram.
 Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
 Some peaceful province in acrostic land.
 There thou may'st wings display and altars raise,
 And torture one poor word ten thousand ways;
 Or, if thou wouldst thy diff'rent talents suit,
 210 Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."
 He said: but his last words were scarcely heard,
 For Bruce and Longville had a trap prepar'd,
 And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
 Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
 Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
 With double portion of his father's art.

THE SECOND PART OF
 ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

A POEM

*Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
 Captus amore leget.*

[1682].

.
 400 Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
 And show rebellion bare, without a gown;
 Poor slaves in meter, dull and addle-pated,
 Who rhyme below ev'n David's psalms translated;
 Some in my speedy pace I must outrun,
 As lame Mephibosheth the wizard's son;
 To make quick way I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
 Shun rotten Uzza, as I would the pox,
 And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
 Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;
 410 Who, by my Muse, to all succeeding times
 Shall live, in spite of their own dogg'rel rhymes.
 Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blund'ring kind of melody;
 Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
 Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And, in one word, heroically mad:
 He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
 But fagoted his notions as they fell,
 420 And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well.
 Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,

For still there goes some *thinking* to ill-nature:
 He needs no more than birds and beasts to think;
 All his occasions are to eat and drink.
 If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
 He means you no more mischief than a parrot;
 The words for friend and foe alike were made,
 To fetter 'em in verse is all his trade.
 For almonds he'll cry whore to his own mother;
 430 And call young Absalom King David's brother.
 Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
 And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant;
 Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
 This animal's below committing treason.
 Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
 That's a preferment for Achitophel.
 The woman that committed buggery
 Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die;
 But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
 440 The dog that never heard the statute read.
 Railing in other men may be a crime,
 But ought to pass for mere instinct in him:
 Instinct he follows, and no farther knows,
 For to write verse with him is to *transprose*.
 'Twere pity treason at his door to lay,
 Who *makes Heav'n's gate a lock to its own key*:
 Let him rail on, let his invective Muse
 Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse,
 Which if he jumbles to one line of sense,
 450 Indict him of a capital offense.
 In fireworks give him leave to vent his spite,
 Those are the only serpents he can write;
 The height of his ambition is, we know,
 But to be master of a puppet-show:
 On that one stage his works may yet appear,
 And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.
 Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
 For here's a tun of midnight work to come,
 Og, from a treason-tavern rolling home.
 460 Round as a globe, and liquor'd ev'ry chink,
 Goodly and great he sails behind his link.
 With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
 For ev'ry inch that is not fool is rogue:
 A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
 As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
 When wine has giv'n him courage to blaspheme,
 He curses God, but God before curs'd him;
 And if man could have reason, none has more,
 That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.
 470 With wealth he was not trusted, for Heav'n knew
 What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
 To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
 That ev'n on tripe and carrion could rebel?
 But though Heav'n made him poor (with rev'rence speaking),

RESTORATION LITERATURE

He never was a poet of God's making.
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
 With this prophetic blessing: *Be thou dull;*
 Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
 Fit for thy bulk, do anything but write:
 480 Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
 A strong nativity—but for the pen;
 Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
 Still thou may'st live, avoiding pen and ink.
 I see, I see, 'tis counsel giv'n in vain,
 For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane;
 Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
 'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
 Why should thy meter good King David blast?
 A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
 490 Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
 Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?
 Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
 O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade;
 Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
 A poet is, though he's the poets' horse.
 A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
 For writing treason, and for writing dull;
 To die for faction is a common evil,
 But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil:
 500 Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd,
 Thy praises had been satire at the best;
 But thou in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
 Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed:
 I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
 For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
 But of King David's foes, be this the doom,
 May all be like the young man Absalom;
 And for my foes may this their blessing be,
 To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.

.

RELIGIO LAICI

OR, A LAYMAN'S FAITH

A POEM

Ornari res ipsa regat, contenta doceri.

[1682].

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
 To lonely, weary, wand'ring travelers
 Is Reason to the soul: and as on high
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here, so Reason's glimm'ring ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day.
 And as those nightly tapers disappear

- When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
 10 So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
 Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
 From cause to cause to Nature's secret head,
 And found that one first principle must be ;
 But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE ;
 Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
 Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all,
 Or various atoms' interfering dance
 Leapt into form (the noble work of chance)
 20 Or this great All was from eternity,
 Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see,
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he.
 As blindly grop'd they for a future state,
 As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate.
 But least of all could their endeavors find
 What most concern'd the good of humankind ;
 For Happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from 'em like enchanted ground.
 One thought Content the good to be enjoy'd ;
 30 This ev'ry little accident destroy'd.
 The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil,
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil ;
 In Pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,
 But found their line too short, the well too deep,
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a center where to fix the soul.
 In this wild maze their vain endeavors end :
 How can the less the greater comprehend ?
 40 Or finite Reason reach Infinity ?
 For what could fathom GOD were more than He.
 The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground,
 Cries, "Εὐρεκα, the mighty secret's found :
 God is that spring of good, supreme and best,
 We, made to serve, and in that service blest.
 If so, some rules of worship must be giv'n,
 Distributed alike to all by Heav'n ;
 Else God were partial, and to some denied
 The means His justice should for all provide.
 50 This gen'ral worship is to PRAISE and PRAY ;
 One part to borrow blessings, one to pay ;
 And when frail nature slides into offense,
 The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
 Yet since th' effects of Providence, we find,
 Are variously dispens'd to humankind ;
 That vice triumphs and virtue suffers here,
 (A brand that sov'reign justice cannot bear)
 Our Reason prompts us to a future state,
 The last appeal from Fortune and from Fate,
 60 Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd,
 The bad meet punishment, the good reward."

*Opinions of
 the several
 sects of Phi-
 losophers con-
 cerning the
 Summum Bo-
 num.*

*System of
 Deism.*

*Of revealed
religion.*

Thus man by his own strength to Heav'n would soar
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain, wretched creature, how art thou misled
To think thy wit these godlike notions bred!
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropp'd from Heav'n, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd Religion first inform'd thy sight,
And Reason saw not till Faith sprung the light.

70 Hence all thy natural worship takes the source:
'Tis Revelation what thou think'st discourse.
Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found,

Socrates.

Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive or higher climb?
Canst thou by Reason more of Godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?

80 Those giant wits, in happier ages born,
(When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn),
Knew no such system; no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on pray'r and praise
To one sole GOD:

Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe,
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offense,
And cruelty and blood was penitence.

If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
90 Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
And great oppressors might Heav'n's wrath beguile
By off'ring his own creatures for a spoil!

Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And must the terms of peace be giv'n by thee?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel,
And, like a king remote and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.

But if there be a pow'r too just and strong
100 To wink at crimes and bear unpunish'd wrong,
Look humbly upward, see His will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way,
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store;
His justice makes the fine, His mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame;
Th' offended suff'ring in th' offender's name:
All thy misdeeds to Him imputed see,

110 And all His righteousness devolv'd on thee.
For granting we have sinn'd, and that th' offense
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid,
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.

See then the Deist lost : remorse for vice
 Not paid, or paid inadequate in price :
 What further means can Reason now direct,
 Or what relief from human wit expect ?
 That shows us sick ; and sadly are we sure
 120 Still to be sick, till Heav'n reveal the cure :
 If then Heav'n's will must needs be understood,
 Which must, if we want cure and Heav'n be good,
 Let all records of will reveal'd be shown ;
 With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,
 And our one Sacred Book will be that one.
 Proof needs not here ; for whether we compare
 That impious, idle, superstitious ware
 Of rites, lustrations, off'rings, which before,
 In various ages, various countries bore,
 130 With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find
 None answ'ring the great ends of humankind,
 But this one rule of life ; that shows us best
 How God may be appeas'd and mortals blest.
 Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
 The world is scarce more ancient than the law :
 Heav'n's early care prescrib'd for ev'ry age,
 First, in the soul, and after, in the page.
 Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
 Or on the writers, or the written book,
 140 Whence but from Heav'n could men, unskill'd in arts,
 In sev'ral ages born, in sev'ral parts,
 Weave such agreeing truths ? or how or why
 Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie ?
 Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
 Starving their gain and martyrdom their price.
 If on the Book itself we cast our view,
 Concurrent heathens prove the story true :
 The doctrine, miracles ; which must convince,
 For Heav'n in them appeals to human sense ;
 150 And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,
 When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.
 Then for the style, majestic and divine,
 It speaks no less than God in ev'ry line ;
 Commanding words, whose force is still the same
 As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
 All faiths beside or did by arms ascend,
 Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend ;
 This only doctrine does our lusts oppose,
 Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows ;
 160 Cross to our int'rests, curbing sense and sin ;
 Oppress'd without and undermin'd within,
 It thrives through pain ; its own tormentors tires,
 And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
 To what can Reason such effects assign,
 Transcending Nature, but to laws divine ?
 Which in that sacred volume are contain'd ;
 Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd.

*Objection of
the Deist.*

But stay: the Deist here will urge anew,
 No supernatural worship can be true;
 170 Because a gen'ral law is that alone
 Which must to all and ev'rywhere, be known:
 A style so large as not this Book can claim,
 Nor aught that bears Reveal'd Religion's name.
 'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
 Is gone through all the habitable earth;
 But still that text must be confin'd alone
 To what was then inhabited, and known:
 And what provision could from thence accrue
 To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?
 180 In other parts it helps, that, ages past,
 The Scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
 Till Sin spread once again the shades of night:
 What's that to these who never saw the light?

*The objection
answered.*

Of all objections this indeed is chief
 To startle Reason, stagger frail belief:
 We grant, 'tis true, that Heav'n from human sense
 Has hid the secret paths of Providence;
 But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
 Find ev'n for those bewilder'd souls a way;
 190 If from His nature foes may pity claim,
 Much more may strangers who ne'er heard His name.
 And though no name be for salvation known,
 But that of His Eternal Son's alone;
 Who knows how far transcending goodness can
 Extend the merits of that Son to man?
 Who knows what reasons may His mercy lead,
 •Or ignorance invincible may plead?
 Not only charity bids hope the best,
 But more the great Apostle has express'd:
 200 That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd,
 By nature did what was by law requir'd,
 They who the written rule had never known
 Were to themselves both rule and law alone:
 To Nature's plain indictment they shall plead,
 And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed.
 Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
 Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
 Then those who follow'd Reason's dictates right,
 Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light,
 210 With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
 While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.
 Nor does it balk my charity to find
 Th' Egyptian Bishop of another mind;
 For, though his Creed eternal truth contains,
 'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
 All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd,
 Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
 Then let us either think he meant to say
 This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;
 220 Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,

The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high; and, as his Christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

Thus far my charity this path hath tried
(A much unskillful, but well-meaning guide);
Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts were bred
By reading that which better thou hast read,
Thy matchless author's work, which thou, my friend,
By well translating better dost commend.

230 Those youthful hours, which of thy equals most
In toys have squander'd or in vice have lost,
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd,
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author in the sifting care
Of Rabbins' old sophisticated ware
From gold divine, which he who well can sort
May afterwards make Algebra a sport;

240 A treasure which, if country curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy,
Save pains in various readings and translations,
And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations;
A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
As Nature's height and Art's last hand requir'd:
As much as man could compass, uninspir'd.
Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copier's and translator's trade:

250 How Jewish, Popish int'rests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.
For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest;
For fashion-sake he seems to have recourse
To Pope and Councils and Tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could subdue
Could not but find the weakness of the new:
If Scripture, though deriv'd from heav'nly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth;

260 If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,
In fuller terms of Heav'n's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this Book untainted, unperplex'd,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopp'd the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with ease,
What safety from such brushwood-helps as these?

270 If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lies on ages are entail'd;

*Digression to
the Translator
of Father Si-
mon's Critical
History of the
Old Testa-
ment.*

And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain;
If we consider int'rest, Church, and gain.

*Of the infalli-
bility of
Tradition in
general.*

"Oh, but," says one, "Tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For since th' original Scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
Or Christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in Church tradition must be found."

280

Such an omniscient Church we wish indeed;
'Twere worth both Testaments, and cast in the Creed;
But if this mother be a guide so sure
As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,
Then her infallibility as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame can tell;
Restore lost canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains;
Which yet no Council dare pretend to do,
Unless, like Esdras, they could write it new;
Strange confidence, still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the bless'd original contain'd.

290

More safe and much more modest 'tis to say,
God would not leave mankind without a way;
And that the Scriptures, though not ev'rywhere
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glass better see,
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me;
For MY salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what OTHERS, but what I, believe.

300

*Objection in
behalf of
Tradition
urged by Fa-
ther Simon.*

Must all tradition then be set aside?
This to affirm were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that Scripture leaves obscure,
Which ev'ry sect will wrest a sev'ral way?

310

For what one sect interprets, all sects may.
We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain,
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
From the same Scripture urges he's but MAN.
Now what appeal can end th' important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.

Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think (according to my little skill,
To my own Mother Church submitting still)

320

That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
Th' unlett'red Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to Heav'n, and ne'er is at a loss;
For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by Nature form'd, with learning fraught.

Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
 Must study well the sacred page; and see
 Which doctrine, this or that, does best agree
 330 With the whole tenor of the work divine,
 And plainliest points to Heav'n's reveal'd design;
 Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
 And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
 Not that tradition's parts are useless here,
 When gen'ral, old, disinterest'd, and clear:
 That ancient Fathers thus expound the page
 Gives truth the rev'rend majesty of age,
 Confirms its force by biding ev'ry test,
 For best authorities, next rules, are best;
 340 And still the nearer to the spring we go,
 More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow.
 Thus, first traditions were a proof alone,
 Could we be certain such they were, so known:
 But since some flaws in long descent may be,
 They make not truth, but probability.
 Ev'n Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
 To what the centuries preceding spoke.
 Such diff'rence is there in an oft-told tale,
 But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
 350 Tradition written, therefore, more commends
 Authority than what from voice descends:
 And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
 Rolls down to us the sacred history:
 Which, from the Universal Church receiv'd,
 Is tried, and after for itself believ'd.
 The partial Papists would infer from hence
 Their Church, in last resort, should judge the sense.
 But first they would assume, with wondrous art,
 Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
 360 Of that vast frame, the Church; yet grant they were
 The handers down, can they from thence infer
 A right t' interpret? or would they alone
 Who brought the present claim it for their own?
 The Book's a common largess to mankind,
 Not more for them than ev'ry man design'd;
 The welcome news is in the letter found;
 The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
 It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
 In all things needful to be known, is plain.
 370 In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance
 A gainful trade their clergy did advance;
 When want of learning kept the laymen low,
 And none but priests were authoriz'd to know;
 When what small knowledge was, in them did dwell,
 And he a god who could but read or spell;
 Then Mother Church did mightily prevail;
 She parcel'd out the Bible by retail,
 But still expounded what she sold or gave,
 To keep it in her pow'r to damn and save.

*The second
objection.*

*Answer to the
objection.*

- 380 Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
 Poor laymen took salvation on content,
 As needy men take money, good or bad;
 God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.
 Yet, whate'er false conveyances they made,
 The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
 In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,
 That by long use they grew infallible.
 At last, a knowing age began t' inquire
 If they the Book, or that did them, inspire;
 390 And, making narrower search, they found, though late,
 That what they thought the priest's was their estate,
 Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
 How long they had been cheated on record.
 Then ev'ry man who saw the title fair
 Claim'd a child's part and put in for a share,
 Consulted soberly his private good,
 And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.
 'Tis true, my friend (and far be flatt'ry hence),
 This good had full as bad a consequence;
 400 The Book thus put in ev'ry vulgar hand,
 Which each presum'd he best could understand,
 The common rule was made the common prey,
 And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
 The tender page with horny fists was gall'd,
 And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd;
 The spirit gave the doctoral degree,
 And ev'ry member of a company
 Was of his trade and of the Bible free.
 Plain truths enough for needful use they found,
 But men would still be itching to expound;
 410 Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
 No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from GRACE.
 Study and pains were now no more their care,
 Texts were explain'd by fasting and by pray'r:
 This was the fruit the private spirit brought,
 Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.
 While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
 About the sacred viands buzz and swarm,
 The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,
 And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
 420 A thousand daily sects rise up and die,
 A thousand more the perish'd race supply:
 So all we make of Heav'n's discover'd will
 Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.
 The danger's much the same, on sev'ral shelves
 If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.
 What then remains but, waiving each extreme,
 The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
 Neither so rich a treasure to forego,
 Nor proudly seek beyond our pow'r to know?
 430 Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
 The things we must believe are few and plain:

But since men will believe more than they need,
 And ev'ry man will make himself a creed,
 In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
 To learn what unsuspected ancients say;
 For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
 In search of Heav'n than all the Church before;
 Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
 440 The Scripture and the Fathers disagree.
 If after all they stand suspected still,
 (For no man's faith depends upon his will),
 'Tis some relief that points not clearly known
 Without much hazard may be let alone;
 And after hearing what our Church can say,
 If still our reason runs another way,
 That private reason 'tis more just to curb
 Than by disputes the public peace disturb.
 For points obscure are of small use to learn:
 450 But common quiet is mankind's concern.
 Thus have I made my own opinions clear,
 Yet neither praise expect nor censure fear;
 And this unpolish'd, rugged verse I chose,
 As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose;
 For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
 Tom Sternhold's, or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will serve.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM

[1684].

Farewell, too little and too lately known,
 Whom I began to think and call my own:
 For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
 Cast in the same poetic mold as mine.
 One common note on either lyre did strike,
 And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.
 To the same goal did both our studies drive:
 The last set out the soonest did arrive.
 Thus Nisus fell upon the slipp'ry place,
 10 Whilst his young friend perform'd and won the race.
 O early ripe! to thy abundant store
 What could advancing age have added more?
 It might (what nature never gives the young)
 Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.
 But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
 Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line:
 A noble error, and but seldom made,
 When poets are by too much force betray'd.
 Thy gen'rous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,
 20 Still show'd a quickness; and maturing time
 But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme.
 Once more, hail, and farewell! farewell, thou young,
 But ah! too short, Marcellus of our tongue!

Thy brows with ivy and with laurels bound ;
But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISH'D YOUNG LADY
MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,
EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING, AN ODE
[1686].

I

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest ;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest :
Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring star,
Thou roll'st above us in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heav'n's majestic pace,
10 Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st with seraphims, the vast abyss :
Whatever happy region be thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space ;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heav'n's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse,
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were giv'n,
20 To make thyself a welcome inmate there ;
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of Heav'n.

2

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good ;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood :
So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,
(An early, rich, and inexhausted vein).
But if thy pre-existing soul
30 Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heav'n-born mind !
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore :
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind :
Return, to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

3

May we presume to say that, at thy birth,
 40 New joy was sprung in Heav'n as well as here on earth?
 For sure the milder planets did combine
 On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
 And ev'n the most malicious were in trine.
 Thy brother-angels at thy birth
 Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
 That all the people of the sky
 Might know a poetess was born on earth;
 And then, if ever, mortal ears
 Had heard the music of the spheres!
 50 And if no clust'ring swarm of bees
 On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
 'Twas that such vulgar miracles
 Heav'n had not leisure to renew:
 For all the bless'd fraternity of love
 Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holiday above.

4

O gracious God! how far have we
 Profan'd Thy heav'nly gift of Poesy!
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
 60 Whose harmony was first ordain'd above,
 For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love!
 O wretched we! why were we hurried down
 This lubric and adult'rate age,
 (Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
 T' increase the steaming ordures of the stage?
 What can we say t' excuse our second fall?
 Let this thy Vestal, Heav'n, atone for all:
 Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
 Unmix'd with foreign filth and undefil'd;
 70 Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

5

Art she had none, yet wanted none,
 For Nature did that want supply:
 So rich in treasures of her own,
 She might our boasted stores defy:
 Such noble vigor did her verse adorn
 That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
 Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
 By great examples daily fed,
 What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
 80 And to be read herself she need not fear;
 Each test and ev'ry light her Muse will bear,
 Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
 Ev'n love (for love sometimes her Muse express'd)

Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breast;
 Light as the vapors of a morning dream,
 So cold herself, whilst she such warmth express'd,
 'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

6

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
 One would have thought she should have been content
 90 To manage well that mighty government;
 But what can young ambitious souls confine?
 To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
 For Painture near adjoining lay,
 A plenteous province and alluring prey.
 A chamber of dependences was fram'd,
 (As conquerors will never want pretense,
 When arm'd, to justify th' offense),
 And the whole fief in right of Poetry she claim'd.
 The country open lay without defense;
 100 For poets frequent inroads there had made,
 And perfectly could represent
 The shape, the face, with ev'ry lineament,
 And all the large demains which the dumb Sister sway'd;
 All bow'd beneath her government,
 Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'er she went.
 Her pencil drew whate'er her soul design'd,
 And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image in her mind.
 The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks
 And fruitful plains and barren rocks;
 110 Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
 The bottom did the top appear;
 Of deeper too and ampler floods,
 Which, as in mirrors, show'd the woods;
 Of lofty trees, with sacred shades
 And perspectives of pleasant glades,
 Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
 And shaggy satyrs standing near,
 Which them at once admire and fear:
 The ruins too of some majestic piece,
 120 Boasting the pow'r of ancient Rome or Greece,
 Whose statues, friezes, columns, broken lie,
 And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
 What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst frame,
 Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
 So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,
 But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

7

The scene then chang'd; with bold erected look
 Our martial king the sight with rev'rence strook:
 For, not content t' express his outward part,
 130 Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:

His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
 His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there,
 As when by magic ghosts are made appear.

Our Phœnix queen was portray'd too so bright,
 Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
 Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
 Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly face.
 With such a peerless majesty she stands,
 As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands;
 140 Before a train of heroines was seen,
 In beauty foremost, as in rank the queen.
 Thus nothing to her genius was denied,
 But like a ball of fire, the farther thrown,
 Still with a greater blaze she shone,
 And her bright soul broke out on ev'ry side.
 What next she had design'd, Heav'n only knows:
 To such immod'rate growth her conquest rose
 That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

8

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
 150 The well-proportion'd shape and beauteous face,
 Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
 In earth the much-lamented virgin lies!
 Not wit nor piety could Fate prevent;
 Nor was the cruel Destiny content
 To finish all the murder at a blow,
 To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
 But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
 To work more mischievously slow,
 And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
 160 Oh double sacrilege on things divine,
 To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
 But thus Orinda died:
 Heav'n by the same disease did both translate;
 As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

9

Meantime, her warlike brother on the seas
 His waving streamers to the winds displays,
 And vows for his return with vain devotion pays.
 Ah, gen'rous youth! that wish forbear,
 The winds too soon will waft thee here!
 170 Slack all thy sails, and fear to come;
 Alas! thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home.
 No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
 Thou hast already had her last embrace.
 But look aloft, and if thou kenn'st from far,
 Among the Pleiads, a new-kindled star,
 If any sparkles than the rest more bright,
 'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
 To raise the nations under ground;
 180 When in the Valley of Jehosophat
 The judging God shall close the Book of Fate,
 And there the last assizes keep
 For those who wake and those who sleep;
 When rattling bones together fly
 From the four corners of the sky;
 When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
 Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
 The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
 And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
 190 For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
 And straight, with inborn vigor, on the wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
 There thou, sweet saint, before the choir shalt go,
 As harbinger of Heav'n, the way to show,
 , The way which thou so well hast learn'd below.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER

A POEM IN THREE PARTS

*—Antiquam exquirite matrem.
 Et vera, incessu, patuit dea.—VIRGIL.*
 [1687].

THE FIRST PART

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
 Fed on the lawns and in the forest rang'd;
 Without unspotted, innocent within,
 She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
 Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds
 And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds
 Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
 And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.
 Not so her young; for their unequal line
 10 Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
 Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
 Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.
 Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
 Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
 Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose,
 And cried for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
 Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
 Endued with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.
 So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
 20 A num'rous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
 With grief and gladness mix'd, their mother view'd
 Her martyr'd offspring and their race renew'd;

Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
 So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.
 Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone,
 And wander'd in the kingdoms once her own.
 The common hunt, though from their rage restrain'd
 By sov'reign pow'r, her company disdain'd,
 Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
 30 Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
 'Tis true, she bounded by and tripp'd so light,
 They had not time to take a steady sight;
 For Truth has such a face and such a mien
 As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

The bloody Bear, an *Independent* beast,
 Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.
 Among the tim'rous kind the *Quaking* Hare
 Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.
 Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists use,
 40 Mimick'd all sects, and had his own to choose;
 Still when the Lion look'd, his knees he bent,
 And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
 The bristled Baptist Boar, impure as he,
 But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,
 With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,
 And mountains level'd in his furious race;
 So first rebellion founded was in grace.
 But, since the mighty ravage which he made,
 In German forests had his guilt betray'd,
 50 With broken tusks and with a borrow'd name,
 He shunn'd the vengeance and conceal'd the shame;
 So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile
 False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil;
 The graceless beast by Athanasius first
 Was chas'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd,
 His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
 And Nature's King through Nature's optics view'd;
 Revers'd, they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
 Nor in an infant could a God descry.
 60 New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
 Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
 If private reason hold the public scale?
 But, gracious God, how well dost Thou provide
 For erring judgments an unerring guide!
 Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
 A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
 Oh teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd,
 And search no farther than Thyself reveal'd;
 70 But her alone for my director take,
 Whom Thou hast promis'd never to forsake!
 My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires;
 My manhood, long misled by wand'ring fires,
 Follow'd false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
 My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.

Such was I, such by nature still I am;
 Be Thine the glory, and be mine the shame!
 Good life be now my task; my doubts are done;
 (What more could fright my faith than Three in One?)
 80 Can I believe eternal God could lie
 Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy,
 That the great Maker of the world could die?
 And after that, trust my imperfect sense
 Which calls in question His omnipotence?
 Can I my reason to my faith compel,
 And shall my sight and touch and taste rebel?
 Superior faculties are set aside;
 Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
 Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
 90 And winking tapers show the sun his way;
 For what my senses can themselves perceive
 I need no revelation to believe.
 Can they who say the Host should be descried
 By sense, define a body glorified,
 Impassable, and penetrating parts?
 Let them declare by what mysterious arts
 He shot that body through th' opposing might
 Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
 And stood before His train confess'd in open sight.
 100 For since thus wondrously He pass'd, 'tis plain
 One single place two bodies did contain,
 And sure the same omnipotence as well
 Can make one body in more places dwell.
 Let Reason then at her own quarry fly,
 But how can finite grasp infinity?
 'Tis urg'd again that faith did first commence
 By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
 And thence concluded that our sense must be
 The motive still of credibility.
 110 For latter ages must on former wait,
 And what began belief must propagate.
 But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
 'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
 Were all those wonders wrought by pow'r divine
 As means or ends of some more deep design?
 Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
 To prove the Godhead of th' Eternal Son.
 God thus asserted: man is to believe
 Beyond what Sense and Reason can conceive,
 120 And for mysterious things of Faith rely
 On the proponent Heav'n's authority.
 If then our Faith we for our guide admit,
 Vain is the farther search of human wit;
 As when the building gains a surer stay,
 We take th' unuseful scaffolding away.
 Reason by sense no more can understand;
 The game is play'd into another hand.
 Why choose we then like *bilanders* to creep

Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
 130 When safely we may launch into the deep?
 In the same vessel which our Savior bore,
 Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
 And with a better guide a better world explore.
 Could He his Godhead veil with flesh and blood
 And not veil these again to be our food?
 His grace in both is equal in extent;
 The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
 And if He can, why all this frantic pain
 To construe what His clearest words contain,
 140 And make a riddle what He made so plain?
 To take up half on trust and half to try,
 Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
 Both knave and fool the merchant we may call
 To pay great sums and to compound the small,
 For who would break with Heav'n, and would not break
 for all?
 Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed:
 Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
 Faith is the best insurer of thy bliss;
 The bank above must fail before the venture miss.
 150 But Heav'n and heav'n-born Faith are far from thee,
 Thou first apostate to divinity.
 Unkennel'd range in thy Polonian plains;
 A fiercer foe, th' insatiate Wolf remains.
 Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more
 That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore;
 The Bear, the Boar, and ev'ry savage name,
 Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
 Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bow'r,
 And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes devour.
 160 More haughty than the rest, the *wolfish* race
 Appear with belly gaunt and famish'd face;
 Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
 His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
 Close clapp'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears,
 And pricks up his predestinating ears.
 His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
 Did all the bestial citizens surprise;
 Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a while,
 As captain or companion of the spoil.
 170 Full many a year his hateful head had been
 For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen;
 The last of all the litter 'scap'd by chance,
 And from Geneva first infested France.
 Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
 But others write him of an upstart race;
 Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings
 But his innate antipathy to kings.
 These last deduce him from th' Helvetian kind,
 Who near the Lemman lake his consort lin'd:
 180 That fiery Zuinglius ~~first th' affection bred,~~

RESTORATION LITERATURE

And meagre Calvin bless'd the nuptial bed.
 In Israel some believe him whelp'd long since,
 When the proud Sanhedrin oppress'd the prince,
 Or, since he will be Jew, derive him high'r,
 When Corah with his brethren did conspire
 From Moses' hand the sov'reign sway to wrest,
 And Aaron of his ephod to divest ;
 Till op'ning earth made way for all to pass,
 And could not bear the burden of a class.
 190 The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
 If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark ;
 Perhaps not made ; for all their barking train
 The Dog (a common species) will contain ;
 And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,
 Abhorring the supremacy of man,
 In woods and caves the rebel-race began.
 O happy pair, how well have you increas'd !
 What ills in Church and State have you redress'd !
 With teeth untried and rudiments of claws,
 200 Your first essay was on your native laws :
 Those having torn with ease and trampled down,
 Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitr'd crown,
 And freed from God and monarchy your town.
 What though your native kennel still be small,
 Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall ;
 Yet your victorious colonies are sent
 Where the North Ocean girds the continent.
 Quicken'd with fire below, your monsters breed
 In fenny Holland and in fruitful Tweed ;
 210 And, like the first, the last affects to be
 Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
 As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
 A rank sour herbage rises on the green ;
 So, springing where these midnight elves advance,
 Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
 Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show
 To Heav'n above and to their prince below,
 As none but traitors and blasphemers know.
 God, like the tyrant of the skies is plac'd,
 220 And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.
 So fulsome is their food that flocks refuse
 To bite, and only dogs for physic use.
 As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
 No husbandry can heal the blasting wound,
 Nor bladed grass nor bearded corn succeeds,
 But scales of scurf, and putrefaction breeds ;
 Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of dearth
 Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.
 But as the poisons of the deadliest kind
 230 Are to their own unhappy coasts confin'd,
 As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
 And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive,
 So Presbyt'ry and pestilential zeal

Can only flourish in a commonweal.

From Celtic woods is chas'd the *wolfish* crew;
But ah! some pity e'en to brutes is due:
Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.

Of all the tyrannies on humankind

240 The worst is that which persecutes the mind.

Let us but weigh at what offense we strike;

'Tis but because we cannot think alike.

In punishing of this, we overthrow

The laws of nations and of nature too.

Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,

Where still the stronger on the weaker prey;

Man only of a softer mold is made,

Not for his fellows' ruin, but their aid:

Created kind, beneficent, and free,

250 The noble image of the Deity.

One portion of informing fire was giv'n

To brutes, th' inferior family of Heav'n:

The Smith Divine, as with a careless beat,

Struck out the mute creation at a heat;

But, when arriv'd at last to human race,

The Godhead took a deep consid'ring space,

And, to distinguish man from all the rest,

Unlock'd the sacred treasures of His breast,

And mercy mix'd with reason did impart,

260 One to his head, the other to his heart;

Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive:

The first is law, the last prerogative.

And like his mind his outward form appear'd,

When, issuing naked to the wond'ring herd,

He charm'd their eyes; and for they lov'd they fear'd.

Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,

Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,

Or with increase of feet t' o'ertake 'em in their flight:

Of easy shape, and pliant ev'ry way,

270 Confessing still the softness of his clay,

And kind as kings upon their coronation day;

With open hands, and with extended space

Of arms to satisfy a large embrace.

Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man

His kingdom o'er his kindred world began;

Till knowledge misapplied, misunderstood,

And pride of empire sour'd his balmy blood.

Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins;

The murd'rer Cain was latent in his loins;

280 And blood began its first and loudest cry

For diff'ring worship of the Deity.

Thus persecution rose, and farther space

Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.

Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd,

Content to fold 'em from the famish'd beast:

Mild were his laws; the Sheep and harmless Hind

Were never of the persecuting kind.
 Such pity now the pious Pastor shows,
 Such mercy from the British Lion flows
 290 That both provide protection for their foes.
 O happy regions, Italy and Spain,
 Which never did those monsters entertain!
 The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance
 No native claim of just inheritance;
 And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
 May guard their fences from th' invading foe.
 Where birth has plac'd 'em, let 'em safely share
 The common benefit of vital air;
 Themselves unharmful, let them live unharm'd,
 300 Their jaws disabled and their claws disarm'd;
 Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
 They dare not seize the Hind nor leap the fold.
 More pow'rful, and as vigilant as they,
 The Lion awfully forbids the prey.
 Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with famine sore,
 They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar;
 Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
 These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,
 And stand, like Adam, naming ev'ry beast,
 310 Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe
 A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe,
 Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
 In fields their sullen conventicles found.
 These gross, half-animated lumps I leave;
 Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
 But if they think at all, 'tis sure no high'r
 Than matter put in motion may aspire;
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,
 So drossy, so divisible are they,
 320 As would but serve pure bodies for allay,
 Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
 As only buzz to heav'n with ev'ning wings,
 Strickē in the dark, offending but by chance,
 Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
 They know not beings, and but hate a name;
 To them the Hind and Panther are the same.
 The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,
 And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
 Oh, could her inborn stains be wash'd away,
 330 She were too good to be a beast of prey!
 How can I praise or blame, and not offend,
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
 Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd that she
 Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
 Then, like her injur'd Lion, let me speak;
 He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
 Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
 The Wolf begins to share her wand'ring heart.
 Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,

340 She half commits who sins but in her will.
 If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
 There could be spirits of a middle sort,
 Too black for Heav'n and yet too white for Hell,
 Who just dropp'd half-way down, nor lower fell;
 So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
 It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.
 Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretense
 Her clergy heralds make in her defense;
 A second century not half-way run,
 350 Since the new honors of her blood begun.
 A Lion, old, obscene, and furious made
 By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade;
 Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
 Cov'ring adult'ry with a specious name;
 So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she,
 A well match'd pair, got graceless Heresy.
 God's and kings' rebels have the same good cause,
 To trample down divine and human laws;
 Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate
 360 Alike destructive both to Church and State.
 The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless prince
 By luxury reform'd incontinence;
 By ruins, charity; by riots, abstinence.
 Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside;
 Oh with what ease we follow such a guide,
 Where souls are starv'd and senses gratified!
 Where marriage pleasures midnight pray'r supply,
 And matin bells (a melancholy cry)
 Are tun'd to merrier notes, *Increase and multiply*.
 370 Religion shows a rosy-color'd face,
 Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace:
 A down-hill reformation rolls apace.
 What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow gate.
 Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches, wait?
 All would be happy at the cheapest rate.
 Though our lean faith these rigid laws has giv'n,
 The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to heav'n;
 For his Arabian prophet with delights
 Of sense allur'd his Eastern proselytes.
 380 The jolly Luther, reading him, began
 T' interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
 To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
 And make the paths of Paradise more sweet;
 Bethought him of a wife, ere half-way gone,
 (For 'twas uneasy travailing alone),
 And in this masquerade of mirth and love
 Mistook the bliss of Heav'n for Bacchanals above.
 Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
 Th' ethereal pastures with so fair a flock,
 390 Burnish'd and batt'ning on their food, to show
 The diligence of careful herds below.
 Our Panther, though like these she chang'd her head,

Yet, as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
 Her front erect with majesty she bore,
 The crosier wielded, and the miter wore.
 Her upper part of decent discipline
 Show'd affectation of an ancient line;
 And Fathers, Councils, Church and Church's head,
 Were on her reverend phylact'ries read.
 400 But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest
 Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.
 Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
 In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd;
 To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
 Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
 Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
 At least she leaves the refuse of the bad.
 Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
 And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.
 410 In doubtful points betwixt her diff'ring friends,
 Where one for substance, one for sign contends,
 Their contradicting terms she strives to join;
 Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
 A real presence all her sons allow,
 And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
 Because the Godhead's there they know not how.
 Her novices are taught that bread and wine
 Are but the visible and outward sign,
 Receiv'd by those who in communion join.
 420 But th' inward grace or the thing signified,
 His blood and body who to save us died,
 The faithful this thing signified receive:
 What is't those faithful then partake or leave?
 For what is signified and understood
 Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.
 Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know
 They take the sign and take the substance too.
 The lit'ral sense is hard to flesh and blood,
 But nonsense never can be understood.
 430 Her wild belief on ev'ry wave is toss'd;
 But sure no Church can better morals boast.
 True to her King her principles are found;
 Oh that her practice were but half so sound!
 Steadfast in various turns of state she stood,
 And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood:
 Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
 That int'rest or obligation made the tie,
 (Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy).
 Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,
 440 Whose tender branches round the poplar twine.
 She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
 In death undaunted as an Indian wife:
 A rare example! but some souls we see
 Grow hard and stiffen with adversity:
 Yet these by Fortune's favors are undone;

Resolv'd, into a baser form they run,
 And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.
 Let this be Nature's frailty or her fate,
 Or Isgrim's counsel, her new-chosen mate;
 450 Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew;
 No mother more indulgent but the true.
 Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
 Because she wants innate aucturity;
 For how can she constrain them to obey
 Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
 Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
 In common theft will share the common spoil.
 Let her produce the title and the right
 Against her old superiors first to fight;
 460 If she reform by text, ev'n that's as plain
 For her own rebels to reform again.
 As long as words a diff'rent sense will bear,
 And each may be his own interpreter,
 Our airy faith will no foundation find:
 The word's a weathercock for ev'ry wind:
 The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf by turns prevail:
 The most in pow'r supplies the present gale.
 The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
 To Church and Councils, whom she first betray'd;
 470 No help from Fathers or tradition's train:
 Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain,
 And by that Scripture which she once abus'd
 To Reformation, stands herself accus'd.
 What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
 Expounding which she owns herself may err?
 And, after all her winding ways are tried,
 If doubts arise, she slips herself aside
 And leaves the private conscience for the guide.
 If then that conscience set th' offender free,
 480 It bars her claim to Church aucturity.
 How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
 But Scripture may be construed to defend?
 Ev'n those whom for rebellion she transmits
 To civil pow'r, her doctrine first acquits;
 Because no disobedience can ensue,
 Where no submission to a judge is due;
 Each judging for himself, by her consent,
 Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.
 Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
 490 'Tis only for transgressing human laws.
 How answer'ing to its end a Church is made,
 Whose pow'r is but to counsel and persuade?
 O solid rock, on which secure she stands!
 Eternal house, not built with mortal hands!
 O sure defense against th' infernal gate,
 A patent during pleasure of the State!
 Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
 A mere mock queen of a divided herd;

Whom soon by lawful pow'r she might control,
 500 Herself a part submitted to the whole.
 Then, as the moon who first receives the light
 By which she makes our nether regions bright,
 So might she shine, reflecting from afar
 The rays she borrow'd from a better star ;
 Big with the beams which from her mother flow,
 And reigning o'er the rising tides below :
 Now, mixing with a savage crowd, she goes,
 And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes,
 Rul'd while she rules, and losing ev'ry hour
 510 Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r.
 One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
 Revolving many a melancholy thought,
 Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain
 With rueful visage for her vanish'd train :
 None of her sylvan subjects made their court ;
 Levées and couchées pass'd without resort.
 So hardly can usurpers manage well
 Those whom they first instructed to rebel.
 More liberty begets desire of more ;
 520 The hunger still increases with the store.
 Without respect they brush'd along the wood,
 Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome food,
 Ask'd no permission to the neigh'ring flood.
 The Panther, full of inward discontent,
 Since they would go, before 'em wisely went ;
 Supplying want of pow'r by drinking first,
 As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.
 Among the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,
 Beheld from far the common wat'ring-place,
 530 Nor durst approach ; till with an awful roar
 The sov'reign Lion bade her fear no more.
 Encourag'd thus, she brought her younglings nigh,
 Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
 And drank a sober draught ; the rest amaz'd
 Stood mutely still and on the stranger gaz'd ;
 Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find
 The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless Hind,
 Such as the Wolf and Panther had design'd.
 They thought at first they dream'd ; for 'twas offense
 540 With them to question certitude of sense,
 Their guide in faith : but nearer when they drew,
 And had the faultless object full in view,
 Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hue !
 Some who before her fellowship disdain'd
 Scarce, and but scarce, from inborn rage restrain'd,
 Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
 Whether for love or int'rest, ev'ry sect
 Of all the savage nation show'd respect.
 The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd ;
 550 The more the company, the less they fear'd.
 The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,

Yet could not howl; the Hind had seen him first:
But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.

For when the herds, suffic'd, did late repair
To ferny heaths and to their forest lair,
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proff'ring the Hind to wait her half the way;
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
560 With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their adventures pass'd;
Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-suff'rer in the Plot.
Yet wond'ring how of late she grew estrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy and her count'nance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occasion would present
To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which well she hop'd might be with ease redress'd,
Consid'ring her a well-bred civil beast,
570 And more a gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common talk what rumors ran,
The lady of the spotted muff began.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

NOVEMBER 22, 1687

I

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony
This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
"Arise, ye more than dead."
Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
10 And Music's pow'r obey.
From harmony, from heav'nly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

2

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the corded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
20 To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,

RESTORATION LITERATURE

That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

3

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 30 Of the thund'ring drum
 Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat."

4

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

5

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 40 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
 For the fair, disdainful dame.

6

But oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

7

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
 And trees unrooted left their place,
 50 Sequacious of the lyre;
 But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high'r:
 When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n,
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
 Mistaking earth for Heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise

To all the bless'd above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 60 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

EPIGRAM ON MILTON

[1688].

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd
 The next in majesty; in both the last.
 The force of Nature could no farther go;
 To make a third she join'd the former two.

SONG

[1691].

Fair Iris I love, and hourly I die,
 But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye:
 She's fickle and false, and there we agree;
 For I am as false and as fickle as she:
 We neither believe what either can say;
 And, neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear, and say things of course;
 We mean not the taking for better for worse.
 When present, we love; when absent, agree:
 10 I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me:
 The Legend of Love no couple can find
 So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

SONG

[1692].

No, no, poor suff'ring heart, no change endeavor,
 Choose to sustain the smart, rather than leave her;
 My ravish'd eyes behold such charms about her,
 I can die with her, but not live without her.
 One tender sigh of hers to see me languish,
 Will more than pay the price of my past anguish:
 Beware, O cruel Fair, how you smile on me,
 'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
 10 And she will end my pain who did begin it;
 Then no day void of bliss, or pleasure leaving,

Ages shall slide away without perceiving :
 Cupid shall guard the door the more to please us,
 And keep out Time and Death when they would seize us :
 Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying,
 Love has found out a way to live by dying.

RONDELAY

[1693].

Chloe found Amyntas lying
 All in tears, upon the plain,
 Sighing to himself, and crying,
 "Wretched I, to love in vain!
 Kiss me, dear, before my dying,
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain!"

Sighing to himself, and crying,
 "Wretched I, to love in vain!
 Ever scorning and denying
 10 To reward your faithful swain:
 Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

"Ever scorning and denying
 To reward your faithful swain!"
 Chloe, laughing at his crying,
 Told him that he lov'd in vain.
 "Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain!"

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
 20 Told him that he lov'd in vain;
 But repenting, and complying,
 When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again:
 Kiss'd him up, before his dying;
 Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

EXAMEN POETICUM:

BEING THE THIRD PART OF MISCELLANY POEMS

[1693]

DEDICATION

To the Right Honorable My Lord Radcliffe

My Lord,

These *Miscellany Poems* are by many titles yours. The first they claim, from your acceptance of my promise to present them to you, before some of them were yet in being. The rest are derived from your

own merit, the exactness of your judgment in poetry, and the candor of your nature, easy to forgive some trivial faults, when they come accompanied with countervailing beauties. But, after all, though these are your equitable claims to a dedication

from other poets, yet I must acknowledge a bribe in the case, which is your particular liking of my verses. 'Tis a vanity common to all writers to overvalue their own productions; and 'tis better for me to own this failing in myself than the world to do it for me. For what other reason have I spent my life in so unprofitable a study? why am I grown old in seeking so barren a reward as fame? The same parts and application which have made me a poet might have raised me to any honors of the gown, which are often given to men of as little learning and less honesty than myself. No government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein timeservers and blockheads will not be uppermost. The persons are only changed, but the same jugglings in state, the same hypocrisy in religion, the same self-interest and mismanagement will remain for ever. Blood and money will be lavished in all ages, only for the preferment of new faces, with old consciences. There is too often a jaundice in the eyes of great men; they see not those whom they raise in the same colors with other men. All whom they affect look golden to them, when the gilding is only in their own distempered sight. These considerations have given me a kind of contempt for those who have risen by unworthy ways. I am not ashamed to be little, when I see them so infamously great; neither do I know why the name of poet should be dishonorable to me, if I am truly one, as I hope I am; for I will never do anything that shall dishonor it. The notions of morality are known to all men; none can pretend ignorance of those ideas which are inborn in mankind; and if I see one thing, and practise the contrary, I must be disingenuous not to acknowledge a clear truth, and base to act against the light of my own conscience. For the reputation of my honesty, no man can question it, who has any of his own; for that of my poetry, it shall either stand by its own merit, or fall for want of it. Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors; for they, as the best poet and the best patron said,

When in the full perfection of decay,
Turn vinegar, and come again in play.

Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic; I mean of a critic in the general acceptance of this age; for formerly they were quite another species of men. They were defenders of poets, and commentators on their works; to illustrate obscure beauties; to place some passages in a better light; to redeem others from malicious interpretations; to help out an author's modesty, who is not ostentatious of his wit; and, in short, to shield him from the ill-nature of those fellows who were then called *Zoili* and *Momi*, and now take upon themselves the venerable name of censors. But neither *Zoilus*, nor he who endeavored to defame *Virgil*, were ever adopted into the name of critics by the ancients; what their reputation was then, we know; and their successors in this age deserve no better. Are our auxiliary forces turned our enemies? are they, who at best are but wits of the second order, and whose only credit amongst readers is what they obtained by being subservient to the fame of writers, are these become rebels, of slaves, and usurpers, of subjects? or, to speak in the most honorable terms of them, are they from our seconds become principals against us? Does the ivy undermine the oak which supports its weakness? What labor would it cost them to put in a better line, than the worst of those which they expunge in a true poet? *Petronius*, the greatest wit perhaps of all the Romans, yet when his envy prevailed upon his judgment to fall on *Lucan*, he fell himself in his attempt; he performed worse in his *Essay of the Civil War* than the author of the *Pharsalia*; and, avoiding his errors, has made greater of his own. *Julius Scaliger* would needs turn down *Homer*, and abdicate him after the possession of three thousand years: has he succeeded in his attempt? He has indeed shown us some of those imperfections in him, which are incident to humankind; but who had not rather be that *Homer* than this *Scaliger*? You see the same hypercritic, when he endeavors to mend the beginning of *Claudian* (a faulty poet, and living in a barbarous age) yet how short he comes of him, and substitutes such verses of his

own as deserve the ferula. What a censure has he made of Lucan, that "he rather seems to bark than sing"! Would any but a dog have made so snarling a comparison? One would have thought he had learned Latin as late as they tell us he did Greek. Yet he came off, with a *pace tua*, "by your good leave, Lucan"; he called him not by those outrageous names, of *fool*, *booby*, and *blockhead*: he had somewhat more of good manners than his successors, as he had much more knowledge. We have two sorts of those gentlemen in our nation; some of them, proceeding with a seeming moderation and pretense of respect to the dramatic writers of the last age, only scorn and vilify the present poets, to set up their predecessors. But this is only in appearance; for their real design is nothing less than to do honor to any man, besides themselves. Horace took notice of such men in his age—

*Non ingeniis favet ille sepultis,
Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque lividus
odit.*

'Tis not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the *Manes* of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson that they commend their writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age: their declaration is one thing, and their practice is another. By a seeming veneration to our fathers, they would thrust out us, their lawful issue, and govern us themselves, under a specious pretense of reformation. If they could compass their intent, what would wit and learning get by such a change? If we are bad poets, they are worse; and when any of their woeful pieces come abroad, the difference is so great betwixt them and good writers that there need no criticisms on our part to decide it. When they describe the writers of this age, they draw such monstrous figures of them as resemble none of us; our pretended pictures are so unlike that 'tis evident we never sat to them: they are all grotesque; the products of their wild imaginations, things out of nature; so far from being copied from us that they resemble nothing that ever was, or ever can

be. But there is another sort of insects, more venomous than the former; those who manifestly aim at the destruction of our poetical church and state; who allow nothing to their countrymen, either of this or of the former age. These attack the living by raking up the ashes of the dead; well knowing that if they can subvert their original title to the stage, we who claim under them must fall of course. Peace be to the venerable shades of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson! none of the living will presume to have any competition with them; as they were our predecessors, so they were our masters. We trail our plays under them; but as at the funerals of a Turkish emperor, our ensigns are furled or dragged upon the ground, in honor to the dead, so we may lawfully advance our own afterwards, to show that we succeed; if less in dignity, yet on the same foot and title, which we think too we can maintain against the insolence of our own Janizaries. If I am the man, as I have reason to believe, who am seemingly courted, and secretly undermined, I think I shall be able to defend myself, when I am openly attacked; and to show, besides, that the Greek writers only gave us the rudiments of a stage which they never finished; that many of the tragedies in the former age amongst us were without comparison beyond those of Sophocles and Euripides. But at present I have neither the leisure nor the means for such an undertaking. 'Tis ill going to law for an estate with him who is in possession of it, and enjoys the present profits, to feed his cause. But the *quantum mutatus* may be remembered in due time. In the mean while, I leave the world to judge who gave the provocation.

This, my Lord, is, I confess, a long digression, from *Miscellany Poems* to modern tragedies; but I have the ordinary excuse of an injured man, who will be telling his tale unseasonably to his betters; though, at the same time, I am certain you are so good a friend as to take a concern in all things which belong to one who so truly honors you. And besides, being yourself a critic of the genuine sort, who have read the best authors in

their own languages, who perfectly distinguish of their several merits, and in general prefer them to the moderns, yet, I know, you judge for the English tragedies against Greek and Latin, as well as against the French, Italian, and Spanish, of these latter ages. Indeed, there is a vast difference betwixt arguing like Perrault, in behalf of the French poets, against Homer and Virgil, and betwixt giving the English poets their undoubted due, of excellent Aeschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. For if we, or our greater fathers, have not yet brought the drama to an absolute perfection, yet at least we have carried it much further than those ancient Greeks; who, beginning from a chorus, could never totally exclude it, as we have done; who find it an unprofitable encumbrance, without any necessity of entertaining it amongst us, and without the possibility of establishing it here, unless it were supported by a public charge. Neither can we accept of those lay-bishops, as some call them, who, under pretense of reforming the stage, would intrude themselves upon us, as our superiors; being indeed incompetent judges of what is manners, what religion, and, least of all, what is poetry and good sense. I can tell them, in behalf of all my fellows, that when they come to exercise a jurisdiction over us, they shall have the stage to themselves, as they have the laurel. As little can I grant that the French dramatic writers excel the English. Our authors as far surpass them in genius as our soldiers excel theirs in courage. 'Tis true, in conduct they surpass us either way; yet that proceeds not so much from their greater knowledge as from the difference of tastes in the two nations. They content themselves with a thin design, without episodes, and managed by few persons. Our audience will not be pleased but with variety of accidents, an underplot, and many actors. They follow the ancients too servilely in the mechanic rules, and we assume too much license to ourselves, in keeping them only in view at too great a distance. But if our audience had their tastes, our poets could more easily comply with them than the French writers could come up to the sublimity of

our thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our designs. However it be, I dare establish it for a rule of practice on the stage, that we are bound to please those whom we pretend to entertain; and that at any price, religion and good manners only excepted. And I care not much if I give this handle to our bad illiterate poetasters, for the defense of their *scriptions*, as they call them. There is a sort of merit in delighting the spectators, which is a name more proper for them than that of auditors; or else Horace is in the wrong when he commends Lucilius for it. But these commonplaces I mean to treat at greater leisure; in the mean time submitting that little I have said to your Lordship's approbation, or your censure, and choosing rather to entertain you this way, as you are a judge of writing, than to oppress your modesty with other commendations; which, though they are your due, yet would not be equally received in this satirical and censorious age. That which cannot, without injury, be denied to you is the easiness of your conversation, far from affectation or pride; not denying even to enemies their just praises. And this, if I would dwell on any theme of this nature, is no vulgar commendation to your Lordship. Without flattery, my Lord, you have it in your nature to be a patron and encourager of good poets; but your fortune has not yet put into your hands the opportunity of expressing it. What you will be hereafter may be more than guessed by what you are at present. You maintain the character of a nobleman, without that haughtiness which generally attends too many of the nobility; and when you converse with gentlemen, you forget not that you have been of their order. You are married to the daughter of a king, who, amongst her other high perfections, has derived from him a charming behavior, a winning goodness, and a majestic person. The Muses and the Graces are the ornaments of your family; while the Muse sings, the Grace accompanies her voice: even the servants of the Muse have sometimes had the happiness to hear her, and to receive their inspirations from her.

I will not give myself the liberty of go-

ing further; for 'tis so sweet to wander in a pleasing way that I should never arrive at my journey's end. To keep myself from being belated in my letter, and tiring your attention, I must return to the place where I was setting out. I humbly dedicate to your Lordship my own labors in this *Miscellany*; at the same time not arrogating to myself the privilege of inscribing to you the works of others who are joined with me in this undertaking, over which I can pretend no right. Your lady and you have done me the favor to hear me read my translations of Ovid; and you both seemed not to be displeased with them. Whether it be the partiality of an old man to his youngest child, I know not; but they appear to me the best of all my endeavors in this kind. Perhaps this poet is more easy to be translated than some others whom I have lately attempted; perhaps, too, he was more according to my genius. He is certainly more palatable to the reader than any of the Roman wits; though some of them are more lofty, some more instructive, and others more correct. He had learning enough to make him equal to the best; but, as his verse came easily, he wanted the toil of application to amend it. He is often luxuriant both in his fancy and expressions, and, as it has lately been observed, not always natural. If wit be pleasantry, he has it to excess; but if it be propriety, Lucretius, Horace, and, above all, Virgil, are his superiors. I have said so much of him already in my Preface to his *Heroical Epistles* that there remains little to be added in this place. For my own part, I have endeavored to copy his character, what I could, in this translation; even, perhaps, further than I should have done—to his very faults. Mr. Chapman, in his *Translation of Homer*, professes to have done it somewhat paraphrastically, and that on set purpose; his opinion being that a good poet is to be translated in that manner. I remember not the reason which he gives for it; but I suppose it is for fear of omitting any of his excellencies. Sure I am, that if it be a fault, 'tis much more pardonable than that of those who run into the other extreme of a literal and close translation, where the poet is confined so

straitly to his author's words that he wants elbow-room to express his elegancies. He leaves him obscure; he leaves him prose, where he found him verse; and no better than thus has Ovid been served by the so-much-admired Sandys. This is at least the idea which I have remaining of his translation; for I never read him since I was a boy. They who take him upon content, from the praises which their fathers gave him, may inform their judgment by reading him again, and see (if they understand the original) what is become of Ovid's poetry in his version; whether it be not all, or the greatest part of it, evaporated. But this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he lived. They neither knew good verse, nor loved it; they were scholars, 'tis true, but they were pedants; and for a just reward of their pedantic pains, all their translations want to be translated into English.

If I flatter not myself, or if my friends have not flattered me, I have given my author's sense for the most part truly; for, to mistake sometimes is incident to all men; and not to follow the Dutch commentators always may be forgiven to a man who thinks them, in the general, heavy gross-witted fellows, fit only to gloss on their own dull poets. But I leave a further satire on their wit till I have a better opportunity to show how much I love and honor them. I have likewise attempted to restore Ovid to his native sweetness, easiness, and smoothness; and to give my poetry a kind of cadence, and, as we call it, a run of verse, as like the original as the English can come up to the Latin. As he seldom uses any synalœphas, so I have endeavored to avoid them as often as I could. I have likewise given him his own turns, both on the words and on the thought; which I cannot say are inimitable, because I have copied them, and so may others, if they use the same diligence; but certainly they are wonderfully graceful in this poet. Since I have named the synalœpha, which is the cutting off one vowel immediately before another, I will give an example of it from Chapman's *Homer*, which lies before me, for the benefit of those who understand not the Latin

prosodia. 'Tis in the first line of the argument to the first *Iliad*—

Apollo's priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring, etc.

There we see he makes it not *the Argive*, but *th' Argive*, to shun the shock of the two vowels, immediately following each other. But in his second argument, in the same page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind—

Alpha the pray'r of Chryses sings:
The army's plague, the strife of kings.

In these words, *the army's*, *the* ending with a vowel, and *army's* beginning with another vowel, without cutting the first, which by it had been *th' army's*, there remains a most horrible ill-sounding gap betwixt those words. I cannot say that I have everywhere observed the rule of the synalœpha in my translation; but where-soever I have not, 'tis a fault in sound. The French and the Italians have made it an inviolable precept in their versification; therein following the severe example of the Latin poets. Our countrymen have not yet reformed their poetry so far, but content themselves with following the licentious practice of the Greeks; who, though they sometimes use synalœphas, yet make no difficulty, very often, to sound one vowel upon another; as Homer does, in the very first line of *Alpha*—

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεῶν, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
It is true, indeed, that, in the second line, in these words, *μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς*, and *ἄλγε ἔθηκε*, the synalœpha, in revenge, is twice observed. But it becomes us, for the sake of euphony, rather *Musas colere severiores*, with the Romans, than to give into the looseness of the Grecians.

I have tired myself, and have been summoned by the press to send away this *Dedication*; otherwise I had exposed some other faults which are daily committed by our English poets; which, with care and observation, might be amended. For after all, our language is both copious, significant, and majestical, and might be reduced into a more harmonious sound. But for want of public encouragement, in this Iron Age, we are so far from making any progress in the improvement of our tongue

that in few years we shall speak and write as barbarously as our neighbors.

Notwithstanding my haste, I cannot forbear to tell your Lordship that there are two fragments of Homer translated in this *Miscellany*; one by Mr. Congreve (whom I cannot mention without the honor which is due to his excellent parts, and that entire affection which I bear him) and the other by myself. Both the subjects are pathetic; and I am sure my friend has added to the tenderness which he found in the original, and without flattery, surpassed his author. Yet I must needs say this in reference to Homer, that he is much more capable of exciting the manly passions than those of grief and pity. To cause admiration is, indeed, the proper and adequate design of an epic poem; and in that he has excelled even Virgil. Yet, without presuming to arraign our master, I may venture to affirm that he is somewhat too talkative, and more than somewhat too digressive. This is so manifest that it cannot be denied in that little parcel which I have translated, perhaps too literally: there *Andromache*, in the midst of her concernment and fright for *Hector*, runs off her bias, to tell him a story of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her seven brothers. The devil was in *Hector* if he knew not all this matter as well as she who told it him; for she had been his bed-fellow for many years together: and if he knew it, then it must be confessed that Homer, in this long digression, has rather given us his own character than that of the fair lady whom he paints. His dear friends the commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making the present sorrow of *Andromache* to occasion the remembrance of all the past; but others think that she had enough to do with that grief which now oppressed her, without running for assistance to her family. Virgil, I am confident, would have omitted such a work of supererogation. But Virgil had the gift of expressing much in little, and sometimes in silence; for, though he yielded much to Homer in invention, he more excelled him in his admirable judgment. He drew the passion

of Dido for Æneas, in the most lively and most natural colors that are imaginable. Homer was ambitious enough of moving pity, for he has attempted twice on the same subject of Hector's death; first when Priam and Hecuba beheld his corpse, which was dragged after the chariot of Achilles; and then in the lamentation which was made over him when his body was redeemed by Priam; and the same persons again bewail his death, with a chorus of others to help the cry. But if this last excite compassion in you, as I doubt not but it will, you are more obliged to the translator than the poet; for Homer, as I observed before, can move rage better than he can pity. He stirs up the irascible appetite, as our philosophers call it; he provokes to murder, and the destruction of God's images; he forms and equips those ungodly man-killers whom we poets, when we flatter them, call heroes; a race of men who can never enjoy quiet in themselves, till they have taken it from all the world. This is Homer's commendation; and, such as it is, the lovers of peace, or at least of more moderate heroism, will never envy him. But let Homer and Virgil contend for the prize of honor betwixt themselves; I am satisfied they will never have a third concurrent. I wish Mr. Congreve had the leisure to translate him, and the world the good-nature and justice to encourage him in that noble design, of which

he is more capable than any man I know. The Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Waller, two of the best judges of our age, have assured me that they could never read over the translation of Chapman without incredible pleasure and extreme transport. This admiration of theirs must needs proceed from the author himself; for the translator has thrown him down as low as harsh numbers, improper English, and a monstrous length of verse could carry him. What then would he appear in the harmonious version of one of the best writers living in a much better age than was the last? I mean for versification, and the art of numbers; for in the drama we have not arrived to the pitch of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. But here, my Lord, I am forced to break off abruptly, without endeavoring at a compliment in the close. This *Miscellany* is, without dispute, one of the best of the kind which has hitherto been extant in our tongue. At least, as Sir Samuel Tuke has said before me, a modest man may praise what is not his own. My fellows have no need of any protection; but I humbly recommend my part of it, as much as it deserves, to your patronage and acceptance, and all the rest to your forgiveness.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,
John Dryden.

A DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL AND PROGRESS OF SATIRE

[1693].

A man who has resolved to praise an author, with any appearance of justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is least liable to exceptions. He is therefore obliged to choose his mediums accordingly. Casaubon, who saw that Persius could not laugh with a becoming grace, that he was not made for jesting, and that a merry conceit was not his talent, turned his feather, like an Indian, to another light, that he might give

it the better gloss. Moral doctrine, says he, and urbanity, or well-mannered wit, are the two things which constitute the Roman satire; but of the two, that which is most essential to this poem, and is, as it were, the very soul which animates it, is the scourging of vice, and exhortation to virtue. Thus wit, for a good reason, is already almost out of doors; and allowed only for an instrument, a kind of tool, or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the satirist makes use in the compassing of

his design. The end and aim of our three rivals is consequently the same. But by what methods they have prosecuted their intention is further to be considered. Satire is of the nature of moral philosophy, as being instructive: he, therefore, who instructs most usefully will carry the palm from his two antagonists. The philosophy in which Persius was educated, and which he professes through his whole book, is the Stoic; the most noble, most generous, most beneficial to humankind, amongst all the sects, who have given us the rules of ethics, thereby to form a severe virtue in the soul; to raise in us an undaunted courage against the assaults of fortune; to esteem as nothing the things that are without us, because they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honors, fame, or health, any further than as conveniences, and so many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation. In short, to be always happy, while we possess our minds with a good conscience, are free from the slavery of vices, and conform our actions and conversations to the rules of right reason. See here, my Lord, an epitome of Epictetus; the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Persius. And this he expressed, not only in all his satires, but in the manner of his life. I will not lessen this commendation of the Stoic philosophy by giving you an account of some absurdities in their doctrine, and some perhaps impieties, if we consider them by the standard of Christian faith. Persius has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from those imputations. What he teaches might be taught from pulpits, with more profit to the audience than all the nice speculations of divinity, and controversies concerning faith; which are more for the profit of the shepherd than for the edification of the flock. Passions, interest, ambition, and all their bloody consequences of discord and of war, are banished from this doctrine. Here is nothing proposed but the quiet and tranquillity of the mind; virtue lodged at home, and afterwards diffused in her general effects, to the improvement and good of humankind. And therefore I wonder not that the present Bishop of Salisbury has rec-

ommended this our author, and the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, in his Pastoral Letter, to the serious perusal and practice of the divines in his diocese, as the best common-places for their sermons, as the storehouses and magazines of moral virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have occasion, all manner of assistance for the accomplishment of a virtuous life, which the Stoics have assigned for the great end and perfection of mankind. Herein, then, it is, that Persius has excelled both Juvenal and Horace. He sticks to his own philosophy; he shifts not sides, like Horace, who is sometimes an Epicurean, sometimes a Stoic, sometimes an Eclectic, as his present humor leads him; nor declaims like Juvenal against vices, more like an orator than a philosopher. Persius is everywhere the same; true to the dogmas of his master. What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practises himself. There is a spirit of sincerity in all he says; you may easily discern that he is in earnest, and is persuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion that he excels Horace, who is commonly in jest, and laughs while he instructs; and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honest and serious as Persius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have followed Casaubon, and enlarged upon him, because I am satisfied that he says no more than truth; the rest is almost all frivolous. For he says that Horace, being the son of a tax-gatherer, or a collector, as we call it, smells everywhere of the meanness of his birth and education: his conceits are vulgar, like the subjects of his satires; that he does *plebeium sapere*, and writes not with that elevation which becomes a satirist: that Persius, being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewise the advantage of a better master; Cornutus being the most learned of his time, a man of the most holy life, a chief of the Stoic sect himself, and in probability a coadjutor of Persius: that, as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and has not been much conversant in philosophy.

'Tis granted that the father of Horace was *libertinus*, that is, one degree removed

from his grandfather, who had been once a slave. But Horace, speaking of him, gives him the best character of a father which I ever read in history; and I wish a witty friend of mine, now living, had such another. He bred him in the best school, and with the best company of young noblemen; and Horace, by his gratitude to his memory, gives a certain testimony that his education was ingenious. After this, he formed himself abroad, by the conversation of great men. Brutus found him at Athens, and was so pleased with him that he took him thence into the army, and made him *tribunus militum*, a colonel in a legion, which was the preferment of an old soldier. All this was before his acquaintance with Mæcenas, and his introduction into the court of Augustus, and the familiarity of that great emperor; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his conversation, and render him accomplished and knowing in all the arts of complacency and good behavior; and, in short, an agreeable companion for the retired hours and privacies of a favorite, who was first minister. So that, upon the whole matter, Persius may be acknowledged to be equal with him in those respects, though better born, and Juvenal inferior to both. If the advantage be anywhere, 'tis on the side of Horace; as much as the court of Augustus Cæsar was superior to that of Nero. As for the subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter that Horace writ not vulgarly on vulgar subjects, nor always chose them. His style is constantly accommodated to his subject, either high or low. If his fault be too much lowness, that of Persius is the fault of the hardness of his metaphors, and obscurity: and so they are equal in the failings of their style; where Juvenal manifestly triumphs over both of them.

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 favorers 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 argued in general which of them was the better poet, the victory is already gained 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 controversy 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 considered, are somewhat of the nature of the Greek *Silli*, which were invectives against particular sects and persons. But Horace had purged himself of this choler before he entered on those discourses which are more properly called 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 abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know that, in Christian charity, all offenses 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 Savior's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg is the pardoning of others the offenses which they have done to us; for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my Lord, pass for vanity in me; for it is 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 critics: let them use it as they please: posterity, perhaps, may be more favorable to me; for interest and passion will lie buried in another age, and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed: that only 10 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 myself in that particular; I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies: and, being naturally vindictive, have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet.

Anything, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will waive this subject, and proceed to give the second reason which may justify a poet when he writes against a particular person; and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. All those whom Horace in his Satires, and Persius and Juvenal, have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. 'Tis an action of 30 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 terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities which they see are so severely punished in the person of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office 40 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 50 best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust are entitled to a

panegyric; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches. No decency is considered, no fulsome-ness omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dulness 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 10 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 spoiled with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your Lordship; but a just indignation forced it from me. Now I have removed this rubbish, I will return to the comparison of Juvenal and Horace.

I would 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 favorers of Juvenal that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human 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 pleased 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 unbiased readers will conclude that my moderation is not to be condemned: to such impartial men I must appeal; for they who have already formed their judgment may justly stand suspected of prejudice; and though 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 50 should first hear what I have to urge in defense of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two is proved 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 preferred to him who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since 'tis true, and to the purpose: *Bonum quo communius, eo melius*. Juvenal, excepting only his First Satire, is in all the rest confined to the exposing of some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining and instructive; but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral: he has found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences; to give you the virtue of them, without showing 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 sententia extra corpus orationis emincant*: he would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed 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 reclaimed in the one, but the understanding is to be informed 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 exposed: which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined, so, perhaps, it was not so much his talent.

*Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et 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 human understanding, or, at most, the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried 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 untouched; that he entered 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 confined to noblemen; and the Stoic philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them; Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are opposed 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 balance 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 pleased 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 tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and, as Scaliger says, only shows 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 raised, 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 will-

ingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far; it would make a journey of a progress, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no further. 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 10 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 per- 20 petually 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 could have raised it; for the First Epistle of the Second Book, which he writes to Augustus (a most instructive 30 satire concerning poetry) is of so much dignity in the words, and of so much elegance in the numbers, that the author plainly shows the *sermo pedestris*, in his other Satires, was rather his choice than his necessity. He was a rival to Lucilius, his predecessor, and was resolved 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. 40 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 vigor might have carried him. But, limiting his desires only to the conquest of 50 Lucilius, he had his ends of his rival, who lived before him; but made way for a new conquest over himself, by Juvenal, his suc-

cessor. He could not give an equal pleasure to his reader, because he used 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 practised both so happily that, for aught I know, his greatest excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, he is faultless; but in this he placed his chief 10 perfection. And give me leave, my Lord, since I have here an apt occasion, to say that Virgil could have written sharper satires than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employed his talent that way. I will produce a verse and half of his, in one of his Eclogues, to justify my opinion; and with commas after every word, to show 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 trivis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti, miserum, stipula disperdere carmen?

But to return to my purpose: when there is anything deficient in numbers and sound, the reader is uneasy and unsatisfied; 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 supplied 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 rigor: and consequently, a noble soul is better pleased with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty, than with a temporising poet, a well-mannered 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 lived; they were better for the man, but worse for the satirist. 'Tis generally said that those enormous vices which were practised 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 scourged 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 topics of instruction and delight; and, indeed, I may safely here conclude that commonplace; 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 pre-eminence of honor, in the end of poetry. Pleasure, though but the second in degree, is the first in favor. And who would not choose to be loved better, rather than to be more esteemed? But I am entered already upon another topic, 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 flourished.

When Horace writ his Satires, the monarchy of his Cæsar was in its newness, and the government but just made easy to the conquered people. They could not possibly have forgotten the usurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he had used in the compassing that vast design: they yet remembered his proscriptions, and the slaughter of so many noble Romans, their defenders: amongst the rest, that horrible action of his when he forced Livia from the arms of her husband, who was constrained to see her married, as Dion relates the story, and big with child as she was, conveyed to the bed of his insulting rival. The same Dion

Cassius gives us another instance of the crime before mentioned; that Cornelius Sisenna being reproached, in full senate, with the licentious conduct of his wife, returned this answer, that he had married her by the counsel of Augustus, intimating, says my author, that Augustus had obliged 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 secured; and the people entertained with public 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*.

In the first book of his *Annals*, he gives the following account of it, in these words: *Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis, specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidine, qua viros faminasque illustres procacibus scriptis diffamaverat*. Thus in English: "Augustus was the first who under the color of that law took cognizance of lampoons; being provoked to it by the petulance of Cassius Severus, who had defamed many illustrious persons of both sexes in his writings." The law to which Tacitus refers was *Lex læsæ Majestatis*; commonly called, for the sake of brevity, *Majestas*; or, as we say, high treason. He means not that this law had not been enacted formerly: for it had been made by the Decemviri, and was inscribed amongst the rest in the Twelve Tables; to prevent the aspersion of the Roman majesty, either of the people themselves, or their religion, or their magistrates: and the infringement of it was capital; that is, the offender was whipped to death, with the *fascæ*, which were borne before their chief officers of Rome. But Augustus was the first who restored that intermitted law. By the words *under color of that law*, he insinuates that Augustus

caused it to be executed on pretense of those libels which were written by Cassius Severus against the nobility; but, in truth, to save himself from such defamatory verses. Suetonius likewise makes mention of it thus: *Sparsos de se in curia famosos libellos, nec expavit, et magna cura redarguit. Ac ne requisitis quidem auctoribus, id modo censuit, cognoscendum posthac de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuspiam sub alieno nomine edant.* "Augustus was not afraid of libels," says that author; "yet he took all care imaginable to have them answered; and then decreed that for the time to come the authors of them should be punished." But Aurelius makes it yet more clear, according to my sense, that this emperor for his own sake durst not permit them: *Fecit id Augustus in speciem, ut quasi gratificaretur populo Romano, et primoribus urbis; sed revera ut sibi consuleret: nam habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in loquendo, a qua nec ipse exemptus fuit. Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub alieno facile et utile. Ergo speciem legis tractavit, quasi populi Romani majestas infamaretur.* This, I think, is a sufficient comment on that passage of Tacitus. I will add only by the way that the whole family of the Cæsars, and all their relations, were included in the law; because the majesty of the Romans, in the time of the empire, was wholly in that house; *omnia Cæsar erat:* they were all accounted sacred who belonged to him. As for Cassius Severus, he was contemporary with Horace; and was the same poet against whom he writes in his Epodes, under this title, *In Cassium Severum male-* 40 *dicum poetam;* perhaps intending to kill two crows, according to our proverb, with one stone, and revenge both himself and his emperor together.

From hence I may reasonably conclude that Augustus, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some by-respect in the enacting of this law; for to do anything for nothing was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied 50 with the interest of his master; and, avoiding the lashing of greater crimes, confined himself to the ridiculing of petty vices and

common follies; excepting only some reserved cases, in his Odes and Epodes, of his own particular quarrels, which either with permission of the magistrate, or without it, every man will revenge, though I say not that he should; for *prior læsit* is a good excuse in the civil law, if Christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign great vices, at least if the stories which we hear of him are true, that he practised some, which I will not here mention, out of honor to him. It was not for a Clodius to accuse adulterers, especially when Augustus was of that number; so that though his age was not exempted from the worst of villainies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them by reason of the edict; and our poet was not fit to represent them in an odious character, because himself was dipt in the same actions. Upon this account, without further insisting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude that the subjects which Horace chose for satire are of a lower nature than those of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the comparison betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Persius; somewhat of this particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be considered. Persius was grave, and particularly opposed his gravity to lewdness, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he published his Satires, which was before that emperor 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 deserved a more severe chastisement; vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encouraged 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 should be nearer to comedy than tragedy; not declaiming against vice, but

only laughing at it. Neither Persius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both studied Horace. And the thing itself is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewise read Lucilius, of whom Persius says *secuit urbem; . . . et genuinum fregit in illis*; meaning Mutius and Lupus; and Juvenal also mentions him in these words: *Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens infremuit*, etc. So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpose than that of Horace. "They changed satire," says Holyday, "but they changed it for the better; for the business being to reform great vices, chastisement goes further than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man."

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holyday, 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 performed 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 poem. Holyday and Stapylton had not enough considered this, when they attempted Juvenal: but I forbear reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this sentence, where Holyday says, "a perpetual grin, 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 chastisement 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 railery. 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 easy is it 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 railery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner, and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offense 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 out for him; yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man and the fineness of a stroke 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 could apply it to myself, if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my *Absalom* is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough; and he for whom it was intended was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly; but I managed my own work more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blindsides, and little extravagancies; to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was laughed at in his turn who began the frolic.

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TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MR. CONGREVE,
ON HIS COMEDY CALL'D THE DOUBLE DEALER
[1694].

Well then, the promis'd hour is come at last;
The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conqu'ring with force of arms and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race before the Flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.
Like Janus, he the stubborn soil manur'd,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude,
10 And boist'rous English wit with art endued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curst;
The second temple was not like the first;
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length,
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base,
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space;
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
20 In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
He mov'd the mind, but had not pow'r to raise.
Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please,
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In diff'ring talents both adorn'd their age,
One for the study, t'other for the stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Eth'rege his courtship, Southerne's purity,
30 The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley.
All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd;
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
40 And scholar to the youth he taught became.
Oh that your brows my laurel had sustain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd:
The father had descended for the son,
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the state one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose:
But now, not I, but poetry is curst;
For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First.

But let 'em not mistake my patron's part
 50 Nor call his charity their own desert.
 Yet this I prophesy: thou shalt be seen
 (Though with some short parenthesis between)
 High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
 Not mine (that's little) but thy laurel wear.
 Thy first attempt an early promise made;
 That early promise this has more than paid.
 So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
 That your least praise is to be regular.
 Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
 60 But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
 This is your portion, this your native store:
 Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before,
 To Shakespeare gave as much; she could not give him more.
 Maintain your post: that's all the fame you need;
 For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
 Already I am worn with cares and age,
 And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage:
 Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's expense,
 I live a rent-charge on His providence:
 70 But you, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace adorn,
 Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
 Be kind to my remains; and oh, defend,
 Against your judgment, your departed friend!
 Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
 But shade those laurels which descend to you:
 And take for tribute what these lines express;
 You merit more, nor could my love do less.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;
 OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC
A Song in Honor of St. Cecilia's Day: 1697
 [1697].

I

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne;
 His valiant peers were plac'd around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd).
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 10 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,

None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

2

20 Timotheus, plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heav'nly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
30 When he to fair Olympia press'd:
 And while he sought her snowy breast,
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
"A present deity," they shout around;
"A present deity," the vaulted roofs rebound:
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
40 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

3

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
50 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain;

RESTORATION LITERATURE

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 60 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

4

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise,
 70 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And while he Heav'n and earth defied,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse;
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood;
 80 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed;
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
 90 The various turns of chance below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

5

The mighty master smil'd to see
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 "War," he sung, "is toil and trouble ;
 100 Honor but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying :
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee."
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 110 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again ;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 120 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again ;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

6

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head ;
 As wak'd from the dead,
 130 And amaz'd, he stares around.
 "Revenge, revenge," Timotheus cries,
 "See the Furies arise ;
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 140 Inglorious on the plain :
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,

RESTORATION LITERATURE

How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods."
 The princes applaud with a furious joy;
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 150 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

7

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 160 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 170 She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 180 She drew an angel down.

PREFACE TO THE FABLES

[1700].

'Tis with a poet as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in

his account, and reckons short of the expense he first intended. He alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had

not thought when he began. So has it happened to me; I have built a house where I intended but a lodge; yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finish the palace he had contrived.

From translating the first of Homer's *Iliads* (which I intended as an essay to the whole work), I proceeded to the translation of the Twelfth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, because it contains, among other things, the causes, the beginning, and ending of the Trojan war. Here I ought in reason to have stopped; but the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses lying next in my way, I could not balk 'em. When I had compassed them, I was so taken with the former part of the Fifteenth Book (which is the masterpiece of the whole *Metamorphoses*), that I enjoined myself the pleasing task of rendering it into English. And now I found, by the number of my verses, that they began to swell into a little volume, which gave me an occasion of looking backward on some beauties of my author in his former books: there occurred to me the *Hunting of the Boar*, *Cinyras and Myrrha*, the good-natured story of *Baucis and Philemon*, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same turn of verse which they had in the original; and this, I may say, without vanity, is not the talent of every poet. He who has arrived the nearest to it is the ingenious and learned Sandys, the best versifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name, which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spenser and Fairfax both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language, and who saw much further into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families. Spenser more than once insinuates that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original; and many besides myself have heard our fa-

mous Waller own that he derived the harmony of his numbers from *Godfrey of Bulloign*, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax.

But to return: having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind that our old English poet, Chaucer, in many things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the side of the modern author, as I shall endeavor to prove when I compare them; and as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the honor of my native country, so I soon resolved to put their merits to the trial, by turning some of *The Canterbury Tales* into our language, as it is now refined; for by this means, both the poets being set in the same light, and dressed in the same English habit, story to be compared with story, a certain judgment may be made betwixt them by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him. Or, if I seem partial to my countryman and predecessor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few; and, besides many of the learned, Ovid has almost all the beaux, and the whole fair sex, his declared patrons. Perhaps I have assumed somewhat more to myself than they allow me, because I have adventured to sum up the evidence; but the readers are the jury, and their privilege remains entire, to decide according to the merits of the cause; or, if they please, to bring it to another hearing before some other court. In the mean time, to follow the thread of my discourse (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbes, have always some connection), so from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but also pursued the same studies; wrote novels in prose, and many works in verse; particularly is said to have invented the octave rhyme, or stanza of eight lines, which ever since has been maintained by the practice of all Italian writers who are, or at least assume the title of, heroic poets. He and Chaucer, among other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother tongues; but with this difference, that Dante had begun to file their language, at least in verse, before the time of Boccace, who likewise received no little help from his master

Petrarch; but the reformation of their prose was wholly owing to Boccace himself, who is yet the standard of purity in the Italian tongue, though many of his phrases are become obsolete, as in process of time it must needs happen. Chaucer (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer) first adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provençal, which was then the most polished of all the modern languages; but this subject has been copiously treated by that great critic, who deserves no little commendation from us his countrymen. For these reasons of time, and resemblance of genius, in Chaucer and Boccace, I resolved to join them in my present work; to which I have added some original papers of my own, which whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge; and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who, mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number; a cripple in my limbs, but what decays are in my mind, the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgment I had increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject, to run them into verse, or to give them the other harmony of prose: I have so long studied and practised both that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will

not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I writ it, or the several intervals of sickness. They who think too well of their own performances are apt to boast in their prefaces how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfered; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect? and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better?

With this account of my present undertaking, I conclude the first part of this discourse: in the second part, as at a second sitting, though I alter not the draught, I must touch the same features over again, and change the dead-coloring of the whole. In general I will only say that I have written nothing which savors of immorality or profaneness; at least, I am not conscious to myself of any such intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent expression, or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verses through my inadvertency: if the searchers find any in the cargo, let them be staved or forfeited, like counterbanded goods; at least, let their authors be answerable for them, as being but imported merchandise, and not of my own manufacture. On the other side, I have endeavored to choose such fables, both ancient and modern, as contain in each of them some instructive moral; which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious, and they leap foremost into sight, without the reader's trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm, with a safe conscience, that I had taken the same care in all my former writings; for it must be owned that, supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet, if they contain anything which shocks religion or good manners, they are at best what Horace says of good numbers without good sense, *Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ*. Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing to my other right of self-defense, where I have been wrongfully accused, and my sense wire-drawn into blasphemy or bawdry, as it has

often been by a religious lawyer in a late pleading against the stage; in which he mixes truth with falsehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating strongly, that something may remain.

I resume the thread of my discourse with the first of my translations, which was the first *Iliad* of Homer. If it shall please God to give me longer life, and moderate health, my intentions are to translate the whole *Iliad*; provided still that I meet with those encouragements from the public which may enable me to proceed in my undertaking with some cheerfulness. And this I dare assure the world beforehand, that I have found, by trial, Homer a more pleasing task than Virgil, though I say not the translation will be less laborious; for the Grecian is more according to my genius than the Latin poet. In the works of the two authors we may read their manners, and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words: Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties, both of numbers and of expressions, which his language, and the age in which he lived, allowed him. Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined; so that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry; for nothing can be more evident than that the Roman poem is but the second part of the *Iliad*; a continuation of the same story, and the persons already formed. The manners of Æneas are those of Hector, superadded to those which Homer gave him. The adventures of Ulysses in the *Odyssey* are imitated in the first six books of Virgil's *Æneis*; and though the accidents are not the same (which would have argued him of a servile copying, and total barrenness of invention), yet the seas were the same in which both the heroes wandered; and Dido cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of Calypso. The six latter books of Virgil's poem are the four-and-twenty *Iliads* contracted; a quarrel occasioned by a lady, a single combat, battles fought, and a town besieged. I say not this in dero-

gation to Virgil, neither do I contradict anything which I have formerly said in his just praise; for his episodes are almost wholly of his own invention, and the form which he has given to the telling makes the tale his own, even though the original story had been the same. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to design; and if invention be the first virtue of an epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the second place. Mr. Hobbes, in the preface to his own bald translation of the *Iliad* (studying poetry as he did mathematics, when it was too late), Mr. Hobbes, I say, begins the praise of Homer where he should have ended it. He tells us that the first beauty of an epic poem consists in diction; that is, in the choice of words and harmony of numbers. Now, the words are the coloring of the work, which, in the order of nature, is last to be considered. The design, the disposition, the manners, and the thoughts are all before it: where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life, which is in the very definition of a poem. Words, indeed, like glaring colors, are the first beauties that arise and strike the sight; but, if the draught be false or lame, the figures ill-disposed, the manners obscure or inconsistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the finest colors are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this last, which is expression, the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere: supplying the poverty of his language by his musical ear, and by his diligence.

But to return: our two great poets being so different in their tempers, one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic, that which makes them excel in their several ways is that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the design as in the execution of it. The very heroes show their authors: Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful—

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, etc.,

Æneas patient, considerate, careful of his people, and merciful to his enemies; ever submissive to the will of heaven—

. . . quo fata trahunt retrahuntque, sequamur.

I could please myself with enlarging on this subject, but am forced to defer it to a fitter time. From all I have said, I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer, being more full of vigor than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of consequence more pleasing to the reader. One warms you by degrees; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. 'Tis the same difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully; one persuades, the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the Second Book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen); but he hastens from the ships, and concludes not that book till he has made you an amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in less compass than two months. This vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my temper; and, therefore, I have translated his First Book with greater pleasure than any part of Virgil; but it was not a pleasure without pains. The continual agitations of the spirits must needs be a weakening of any constitution, especially in age; and many pauses are required for refreshment betwixt the heats; the *Iliad* of itself being a third part longer than all Virgil's works together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to say of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer; considering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the golden age of the Roman tongue; from Chaucer the purity of the English tongue began. The manners of the poets were not unlike. Both of them were well-bred, well-natured, amorous, and libertine, at least in their writings; it may be also in their lives. Their studies were the same, philosophy and philology. Both of them were knowing in astronomy; of which Ovid's books of the *Roman Feasts*, and Chaucer's

Treatise of the Astrolabe, are sufficient witnesses. But Chaucer was likewise an astrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Persius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful facility and clearness; neither were great inventors: for Ovid only copied the Grecian fables, and most of Chaucer's stories were taken from his Italian contemporaries, or their predecessors. Boccace his *Decameron* was first published, and from thence our Englishman has borrowed many of his *Canterbury Tales*; yet that of *Palamon and Arcite* was written, in all probability, by some Italian wit, in a former age, as I shall prove hereafter. The tale of *Grizild* was the invention of Petrarch; by him sent to Boccace, from whom it came to Chaucer. *Troilus and Cressida* was also written by a Lombard author, but much amplified by our English translator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen, in general, being rather to improve an invention than to invent themselves, as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him: but there is so much less behind; and I am of the temper of most kings, who love to be in debt, are all for present money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: besides, the nature of a preface is rambling, never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learned from the practice of honest Montaigne, and return at my pleasure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to say.

Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet since Chaucer had something of his own, as *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, *The Cock and the Fox*, which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our countryman the precedence in that part; since I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them understood the manners; under which name I comprehend the passions, and in a larger sense, the descriptions of persons, and their very habits. For an example, I see Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me as if some ancient painter had drawn them; and all the pilgrims in *The Canterbury Tales*, their humors, their

features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark. Yet even there, too, the figures of Chaucer are much more lively, and set in a better light; which though I have not time to prove, yet I appeal to the reader, and am sure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be considered, in the comparison of the two poets, and I have saved myself one-
 10 half of the labor, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian, Chaucer in the dawning of our language; therefore, that part of the comparison stands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid, or of Chaucer and our present English. The words are given up, as a post not to be defended in our poet, because he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be considered, and they are to be
 20 measured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the persons described, on such and such occasions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little less than mad for preferring the Englishman to the Roman. Yet, with
 30 their leave, I must presume to say that the things they admire are only glittering trifles, and so far from being witty that in a serious poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Would any man who is ready to die for love describe his passion like Narcissus? Would he think of *inopem me copia fecit*, and a dozen more of such expressions, poured on the neck of one
 40 another, and signifying all the same thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death? This is just John Littlewit, in *Bartholomew Fair*, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit. On these occasions the poet should endeavor to raise pity; but, instead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made use of such machines
 50 when he was moving you to commiserate the death of Dido: he would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjust in the

pursuit of it; yet, when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the injustice of his proceedings, and resigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occasion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his deathbed; he had complained he was further off from possession, by being so near, and a thousand
 10 such boyisms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the subject. They who think otherwise would, by the same reason, prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets, they are sometimes a fault, and sometimes a beauty, as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong
 20 passions always to be shunned, because passions are serious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and, I confess, they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more simplicity, and followed Nature more closely than to use them. I have thus far, to the best of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not meddling with the design nor the
 30 disposition of it; because the design was not their own; and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learn'd in
 40 all sciences; and, therefore, speaks properly on all subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but swept like a
 50 drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill-sorted; whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men. All this proceeded not from any want

of knowledge, but of judgment. Neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets, but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer; and for ten impressions which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth; for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, *Not being of God, he could not stand.*

Chaucer followed Nature everywhere, but was never so bold to go beyond her; and there is a great difference of being *poeta* and *nimis poeta*, if we may believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behavior and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but 'tis like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*: they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so, even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. 'Tis true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine: but this opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so gross and obvious an error that common sense (which is a rule in everything but matters of Faith and Revelation) must convince the reader that equality of numbers, in every verse which we call *heroic*, was either not known, or not always practised, in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius, and

a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being; and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared. I need say little of his parentage, life, and fortunes; they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employed abroad, and favored by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I suppose, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the rebellion of the Commons; and being brother-in-law to John of Gaunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family; and was well with Henry the Fourth when he had deposed his predecessor. Neither is it to be admired that Henry, who was a wise as well as a valiant prince, who claimed by succession, and was sensible that his title was not sound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York; it was not to be admired, I say, if that great politician should be pleased to have the greatest wit of those times in his interests, and to be the trumpet of his praises. Augustus had given him the example, by the advice of Mæcenas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him; whose praises helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death have made him precious to posterity. As for the religion of our poet, he seems to have some little bias towards the opinions of Wycliffe, after John of Gaunt his patron; somewhat of which appears in the tale of *Piers Plowman*: yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the vices of the clergy in his age: their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their worldly interest, deserved the lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his *Canterbury Tales*. Neither has his contemporary Boccace spared them: yet both those poets lived in much esteem with good and holy men in orders; for the scandal which is given by particular priests reflects not on the sacred function. Chaucer's Monk, his Canon, and his Friar took not for the character of his Good Parson. A satirical poet is the check of the laymen on bad priests. We are only to take care that

we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the same condemnation. The good cannot be too much honored, nor the bad too coarsely used, for the corruption of the best becomes the worst. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is first taken off, by which the dignity of his order is secured. If he be wrongfully accused, he has his action of slander; and 'tis at the poet's peril if he transgress the law. But they will tell us that all kind of satire, though never so well deserved by particular priests, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is, then, the peerage of England anything dishonored when a peer suffers for his treason? If he be libelled, or any way defamed, he has his *scandalum magnatum* to punish the offender. They who use this kind of argument seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserved the poet's lash, and are less concerned for their public capacity than for their private; at least there is pride at the bottom of their reasoning. If the faults of men in orders are only to be judged among themselves, they are all in some sort parties; for, since they say the honor of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be sure that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to speak my opinion in this case, I know not; but I am sure a dispute of this nature caused mischief in abundance betwixt a King of England and an Archbishop of Canterbury; one standing up for the laws of his land, and the other for the honor (as he called it) of God's Church; which ended in the murder of the prelate, and in the whipping of his Majesty from post to pillar for his penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake has saved me the labor of inquiring into the esteem and reverence which the priests have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: yet I must needs say that when a priest provokes me without any occasion given him, I have no reason, unless it be the charity of a Christian, to forgive him: *prior læsit* is justification sufficient in the civil law. If I answer him in his own language, self-defense, I am sure, must be allowed me; and if I carry it further, even to a sharp recrimination,

somewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet my resentment has not wrought so far but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that subject with some pleasure; reserving to myself the right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of priests, such as are more easily to be found than the Good Parson; such as have given the last blow to Christianity in this age, by a practice so contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while, I take up Chaucer where I left him.

He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and humors (as we now call them) of the whole English nation in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humors, and callings that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearn'd, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learn'd. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady Prioress and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this; there is such a variety of game springing up before me that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that *here is God's plenty*. We have our forefathers and great-granddames all before us, as they were in

Chaucer's days: their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks, and Friars, and Canons, and Lady Abbesses, and Nuns; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of Nature, though everything is altered. May I have leave to do myself the justice (since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a moral man), may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader that I have confined my choice to such tales of Chaucer as savor nothing of immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchant, the Sumner, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the Prologue to her Tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good manners: I am sensible as I ought to be of the scandal I have given by my loose writings; and make what reparation I am able, by this public acknowledgment. If anything of this nature or of profaneness be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it that I disown it. *Totum hoc indictum volo.* Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad speaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his Characters, before *The Canterbury Tales*, thus excuses the ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his novels—

But firste, I pray you, of your courtesy,
That ye ne arrete it not my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this mattere,
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere:
Ne though I speak her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I,
Who shall tellen a tale after a man,
He mote rehearse as nye as ever he can:
Everich word of it ben in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely, ne large:
Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new:
He may not spare, altho he were his brother,
He mote as wel say o word as another.
Crist spake himself ful broad in holy Writ,
And well I wote no villany is it,

Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
The words mote been cousin to the dede.

Yet if a man should have inquired of Boccace or of Chaucer what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very indecent to be heard, I know not what answer they could have made; for that reason, such tales shall be left untold by me. You have here a specimen of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete that his sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one example of his unequal numbers, which were mentioned before. Yet many of his verses consist of ten syllables, and the words not much behind our present English: as for example, these two lines, in the description of the Carpenter's young wife—

Wincing she was, as is a jolly colt,
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answered some objections relating to my present work. I find some people are offended that I have turned these tales into modern English; because they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester say that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion; who, having read him over at my lord's request, declared he had no taste of him. I dare not advance my opinion against the judgment of so great an author; but I think it fair, however, to leave the decision to the public. Mr. Cowley was too modest to set up for a dictator; and being shocked perhaps with his old style, never examined into the depth of his good sense. Chaucer, I confess, is a rough diamond, and must first be polished ere he shines. I deny not, likewise, that, living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece; but sometimes mingles trivial things with those of greater moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great wits besides Chaucer whose fault is their excess of conceits, and those ill-

sorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observed this redundancy in Chaucer (as it is an easy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater), I have not tied myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have presumed further, in some places, and added somewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true luster, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened because (if I may be permitted to say it of myself) I found I had a soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same studies. Another poet, in another age, may take the same liberty with my writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the sense of Chaucer, which was lost or mangled in the errors of the press. Let this example suffice at present: in the story of *Palamon and Arcite*, where the temple of Diana is described, you find these verses in all the editions of our author:—

There saw I Danè turned unto a tree,
I mean not the goddess Diane,
But Venus daughter, which that hight Danè.

Which, after a little consideration, I knew was to be reformed into this sense, that *Daphne*, the daughter of *Peneus*, was turned into a tree. I durst not make thus bold with Ovid, lest some future *Milbourne* should arise and say I varied from my author because I understood him not.

But there are other judges who think I ought not to have translated Chaucer into English, out of a quite contrary notion: they suppose there is a certain veneration due to his old language, and that it is little less than profanation and sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion that somewhat of his good sense will suffer in this transfusion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent person whom I mentioned, the late Earl of Leices-

ter, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despised him. My lord dissuaded me from this attempt (for I was thinking of it some years before his death) and his authority prevailed so far with me as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him: yet my reason was not convinced with what he urged against it. If the first end of a writer be to be understood, then, as his language grows obsolete, his thoughts must grow obscure—

*Multa renascentur, quæ nunc cecidere; cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.*

When an ancient word, for its sound and significance, deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity to restore it. All beyond this is superstition. Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed; customs are changed, and even statutes are silently repealed, when the reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will lose of their original beauty by the innovation of words; in the first place, not only their beauty, but their being is lost, where they are no longer understood, which is the present case. I grant that something must be lost in all transfusion, that is, in all translations; but the sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maimed, when it is scarce intelligible, and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer so as to understand him perfectly! And if imperfectly, then with less profit, and no pleasure. It is not for the use of some old Saxon friends that I have taken these pains with him: let them neglect my version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understand sense and poetry as well as they when that poetry and sense is put into words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add that what beauties I lose in some places I give to others which had them not originally: but in this I may be partial to myself; let the reader judge, and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just oc-

casion to complain of them, who, because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as misers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer than myself. I have translated some part of his works only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my countrymen. If I have altered him anywhere for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge that I could have done nothing without him. *Facile est inventis ad-dere* is no great commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserved a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark: A lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France, has been informed by them that Mademoiselle de Scudery, who is as old as Sibyl, and inspired like her by the same God of Poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather that he has been formerly translated into the old Provençal; for how she should come to understand old English, I know not. But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is something in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits should be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, 'tis extraordinary; and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with superstition.

Boccace comes last to be considered, who, living in the same age with Chaucer, had the same genius, and followed the same studies. Both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother tongue. But the greatest resemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar style and pleasing way of relating comical adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the serious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side, for though the Englishman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that

those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modeled; so that what there was of invention, in either of them, may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage. I desire not the reader should take my word; and, therefore, I will set two of their discourses, on the same subject, in the same light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I translated Chaucer first, and, amongst the rest, pitched on *The Wife of Bath's Tale*; not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her Prologue, because 'tis too licentious. There Chaucer introduces an old woman, of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight, of noble blood, was forced to marry, and consequently loathed her. The crone being in bed with him on the wedding-night, and finding his aversion, endeavors to win his affection by reason, and speaks a good word for herself (as who could blame her?) in hopes to mollify the sullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and ugliness, the vanity of youth, and the silly pride of ancestry and titles, without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had closed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and translated some more of his fables; and, by this time, had so far forgotten *The Wife of Bath's Tale* that, when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the same argument, of preferring virtue to nobility of blood and titles, in the story of *Sigismonda*; which I had certainly avoided, for the resemblance of the two discourses, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both; and, if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, 'tis in him to right Boccace.

I prefer, in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of *Palamon and Arcite*, which is of the epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the *Ilias* or the *Aeneis*. The story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as

perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various, and the disposition full as artful: only it includes a greater length of time, as taking up seven years at least; but Aristotle has left undecided the duration of the action; which yet is easily reduced into the compass of a year, by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought, for the honor of our narration, and more particularly for his whose laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this story was of English growth, and Chaucer's own: but I was undeceived by Boccace; for, casually looking on the end of his seventh *Giornata*, I found Dioneo (under which name he shadows himself) and Fiametta (who represents his mistress, the natural daughter of Robert, King of Naples), of whom these words are spoken: *Dioneo e Fiametta gran pezza cantarono insieme d' Arcita, e di Palemone*; by which it appears that this story was written before the time of Boccace; but the name of its author being wholly lost, Chaucer is now become an original; and I question not but the poem has received many beauties, by passing through his noble hands. Besides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provençals, called *The Flower and the Leaf*, with which I was so particularly pleased, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myself from recommending it to the reader.

As a corollary to this preface, in which I have done justice to others, I owe somewhat to myself; not that I think it worth my time to enter the lists with one M—, and one B—, but barely to take notice that such men there are, who have written scurrilously against me, without any provocation. M—, who is in orders, pretends, amongst the rest, this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on priesthood: if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an adversary. I condemn him too much to enter into competition with him. His own translations of Virgil have answered his criticisms on mine. If

(as they say, he has declared in print) he prefers the version of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him the same compliment; for 'tis agreed, on all hands, that he writes even below Ogilby. That, you will say, is not easily to be done; but what cannot M— bring about? I am satisfied, however, that, while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst poet of the age. It looks as if I had desired him underhand to write so ill against me; but upon my honest word I have not bribed him to do me this service, and am wholly guiltless of his pamphlet. 'Tis true, I should be glad if I could persuade him to continue his good offices, and write such another critique on anything of mine; for I find, by experience, he has a great stroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken some pains with my poetry; but nobody will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the Church, as he affirms, but which was never in my thoughts, I should have had more sense, if not more grace, than to have turned myself out of my benefice, by writing libels on my parishioners. But his account of my manners and my principles are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry; and so I have done with him forever.

As for the City Bard, or Knight Physician, I hear his quarrel to me is that I was the author of *Absalom and Achitophel*, which, he thinks, is a little hard on his Fanatic patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems because nothing ill is to be spoken of the dead; and therefore peace be to the *Manes* of his *Arthurs*. I will only say that it was not for this noble Knight that I drew the plan of an epic poem on *King Arthur*, in my preface to the translation of Juvenal. The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirl-bats of Eryx when they were thrown before him by Entellus: yet from that preface he plainly took his hint; for he began immediately upon the story, though he had the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor, but

instead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I shall say the less of Mr. Collier because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defense of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his glosses, and interpreted my words into blasphemy and bawdry, of which they were not guilty. Besides that, he is too much given to horse-play in his raillery, and comes to battle like a dictator from the plow. I will not say, *the zeal of God's house has eaten him up*; but I am sure it has devoured some part of his good manners and civility. It might also be doubted whether it were altogether zeal which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbish of ancient and modern plays: a divine might have employed his pains to better purpose than in the nastiness of Plautus and Aristophanes, whose examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly supposed that he read them not without some

pleasure. They who have written commentaries on those poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explained some vices which, without their interpretation, had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former age and us. There is more bawdry in one play of Fletcher's, called *The Custom of the Country*, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the stage, in my remembrance. Are the times so much more reformed now than they were five-and-twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cause of my fellow-poets, though I abandon my own defense: they have some of them answered for themselves; and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier so formidable an enemy that we should shun him. He has lost ground, at the latter end of the day, by pursuing his point too far, like the Prince of Condé at the battle of Senneph: from immoral plays to no plays, *ab abusu ad usum, non valet consequentia*. But, being a party, I am not to erect myself into a judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scoundrels that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. B—— and M—— are only distinguished from the crowd by being remembered to their infamy:—

*Demetri, teque, Tigelli,
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*

SAMUEL BUTLER (1613–1680)

HUDIBRAS, PART .

[1663].

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO

SIR HUDIBRAS his passing worth,
The manner how he sallied forth :
His arms and equipage are shown ;
His horse's virtues, and his own.
Th' adventure of the bear and fiddle,
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

Canto I

When civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why,
When hard words, jealousies, and fears
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For dame Religion as for punk ;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore :
When Gospel-Trumpeter, surrounded
10 With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick ;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a coloneling.

A wight he was whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood ;
That never bent his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
20 Right worshipful on shoulder-blade :
Chief of domestic knights, and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant :
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle.
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of War as well as Peace.
So some rats of amphibious nature
Are either for the land or water.
But here our authors make a doubt,
30 Whether he were more wise or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other ;

RESTORATION LITERATURE

But howsoe'er they make a pother,
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, call'd a fool,
 And offer to lay wagers that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 40 Much more she would Sir Hudibras.
 (For that's the name our valiant knight
 To all his challenges did write.)
 But they're mistaken very much, .
 'Tis plain enough he was no such.
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 H' was very shy of using it,
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on holy-days, or so,
 50 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak:
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a black-bird 'tis to whistle.
 Being rich in both, he never scant'd
 His bounty unto such as wanted;
 But much of either would afford
 To many that had not one word.
 For Hebrew roots, although th' are found
 60 To flourish most in barren ground,
 He had such plenty as suffic'd
 To make some think him circumcis'd;
 And truly so, perhaps, he was,
 'Tis many a pious Christian's case.
 He was in Logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in Analytic.
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
 On either which he would dispute,
 70 Confute, change hands, and still confute.
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse.
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a Lord may be an owl,
 A calf an Alderman, a goose a Justice,
 And rooks, Committee-men and Trustees;
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination.
 All this by syllogism true,
 80 In mood and figure, he would do.
 For Rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth but out there flew a trope:
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,

H' had hard words ready to show why,
 And tell what rules he did it by.
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk,
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 90 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 His ordinary rate of speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect.
 It was a parti-color'd dress
 Of patch'd and piebald languages:
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin.
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 100 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one.
 Which made him think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three labo'rs of Babel;
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent.
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large.
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 110 New words with little or no wit:
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on.
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em.
 That had the orator who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.
 In Mathematics he was greater
 120 Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale;
 Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
 If bread or butter wanted weight;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock doth strike, by Algebra.
 Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read every text and gloss over:
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 130 He understood b' implicit faith;
 Whatever Sceptic could inquire for;
 For every *why* he had a *wherefore*;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go.
 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote:
 No matter whether right or wrong:

They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 140 That which was which he could not tell;
 But oftentimes mistook th' one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts;
 Where entity and quiddity,
 The ghosts of defunct bodies fly;
 Where Truth in person does appear,
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.
 He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
 150 As metaphysic wit can fly.
 In school-divinity as able
 As he that hight irrefragable;
 Profound in all the nominal
 And real ways, beyond them all;
 And, with as delicate a hand,
 Could twist as tough a rope of sand;
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
 That's empty when the moon is full;
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 160 That's to be let unfurnished.
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice;
 As if divinity had catch'd
 The itch, of purpose to be scratch'd;
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,
 Only to show with how small pain
 The sores of faith are cur'd again;
 Although by woeful proof we find
 170 They always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies:
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it,
 Below the moon, or else above it.
 What Adam dreamt of when his bride
 Came from her closet in his side:
 Whether the Devil tempted her
 By a High-Dutch interpreter:
 If either of them had a navel;
 180 Who first made music malleable:
 Whether the serpent, at the fall,
 Had cloven feet, or none at all.
 All this without a gloss or comment,
 He would unriddle in a moment.
 In proper terms, such as men smatter
 When they throw out and miss the matter.
 For his Religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit:
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue,
 190 For he was of that stubborn crew

Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true church militant:
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows and knocks;
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 200 *A godly-thorough Reformation,*
 Which always must be carried on,
 And still be doing, never done:
 As if religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended.
 A sect, whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss:
 More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
 210 Than dog distract, or monkey sick:
 That with more care keep holy-day
 The wrong, than others the right way:
 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to
 By damning those they have no mind to;
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worship'd God for spite,
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for.
 Free-will they one way disavow,
 220 Another, nothing else allow.
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin.
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly,
 Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridg.
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 230 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
 To whom our knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linkt
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.
 Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
 That next of all we shall discuss;
 Then listen, Sirs, it followeth thus:
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 240 Both of his wisdom and his face;
 In cut and dye so like a tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile:
 The upper part thereof was whey,

The nether orange, mixt with grey.
 This hairy meteor did denounce
 The fall of scepters and of crowns;
 With grizzly type did represent
 Declining age of government,
 And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
 250 Its own grave and the State's were made.
 Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
 In time to make a nation rue;
 Though it contributed its own fall,
 To wait upon the public downfall.
 It was canonic, and did grow
 In holy orders, by strict vow;
 Of rule as sullen and severe
 As that of rigid cordeliere:
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution
 260 And martyrdom with resolution;
 T' oppose itself against the hate
 And vengeance of th' incens'd State:
 In whose defiance it was worn,
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
 With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
 Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast
 As long as monarchy should last.
 But when the State should hap to reel,
 270 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate
 A sacrifice to fall of State;
 Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters
 Did twist together with its whiskers,
 And twine so close that time should never,
 In life or death, their fortunes sever;
 But with his rusty sickle mow
 Both down together at a blow.
 So learned Taliacotius from
 280 The brawny part of porter's bum
 Cut supplemental noses, which
 Would last as long as parent breech:
 But when the date of nock was out,
 Off dropt the sympathetic snout.
 His back, or rather burthen, show'd
 As if it stoop'd with its own load.
 For as Æneas bore his sire
 Upon his shoulders through the fire,
 Our knight did bear no less a pack
 290 Of his own buttocks on his back:
 Which now had almost got the upper-
 Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
 To poise this equally, he bore
 A paunch of the same bulk before:
 Which still he had a special care
 To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare;

As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
 Such as a country-house affords;
 With other victual, which anon
 300 We further shall dilate upon,
 When of his hose we come to treat,
 The cupboard where he kept his meat.
 His doublet was of sturdy buff,
 And though not sword-, yet cudgel-proof;
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
 That fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
 His breeches were of rugged woollen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen;
 To old King Harry so well known,
 310 Some writers held they were his own.
 Through they were lin'd with many a piece
 Of ammunition-bread and cheese,
 And fat black-puddings, proper food
 For warriors that delight in blood;
 For, as we said, he always chose
 To carry vittle in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice,
 The ammunition to surprise:
 And when he put a hand but in
 320 The one or th' other magazine,
 They stoutly in defense on't stood,
 And from the wounded foe drew blood;
 And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
 Ne'er left the fortified redoubt;
 And though knights errant, as some think,
 Of old did neither eat nor drink,
 Because when thorough deserts vast
 And regions desolate they past,
 Where belly-timber above ground,
 330 Or under, was not to be found,
 Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
 Of their provision, on record:
 Which made some confidently write,
 They had no stomachs but to fight.
 'Tis false: for Arthur wore in hall
 Round Table like a farthingal,
 On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
 And eke before, his good knights din'd.
 Though 'twas no table, some suppose,
 340 But a huge pair of round trunk-hose;
 In which he carried as much meat
 As he and all his knights could eat,
 When, laying by their swords and truncheons,
 They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
 But let that pass at present, lest
 We should forget where we digrest;
 As learned authors use, to whom
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
 His puissant sword unto his side

350 Near his undaunted heart was tied,
 With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
 And serve for fight and dinner both.
 In it he melted lead for bullets,
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And eat into itself, for lack
 360 Of somebody to hew and hack.
 The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
 The rancor of its edge had felt:
 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devoured 'twas so manful;
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not show its face.
 In many desperate attempts
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
 It had appear'd with courage bolder
 370 Than Sergeant Bum, invading shoulder.
 Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And pris'ners too, or made them run.
 This sword a dagger had, his page,
 That was but little for his age:
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As dwarfs upon knights errant do.
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,
 Either for fighting or for drudging;
 When it had stabb'd or broke a head,
 380 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
 Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth.
 It had been prentice to a brewer,
 Where this, and more, it did endure;
 But left the trade, as many more
 Have lately done on the same score.
 In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
 390 Two aged pistols he did stow,
 Among the surplus of such meat
 As in his hose he could not get.
 They were upon hard duty still,
 And ev'ry night stood sentinel,
 To guard the magazine i' th' hose
 From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
 Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight
 From peaceful home set forth to fight.
 But first with nimble active force
 400 He got on th' outside of his horse.
 For having but one stirrup tied
 T' his saddle, on the further side.

It was so short, h' had much ado
 To reach it with his desp'rate toe.
 But after many strains and heaves,
 He got up to the saddle eaves,
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat
 With so much vigor, strength, and heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over
 410 With his own weight, but did recover,
 By laying hold of tail and mane,
 Which oft he us'd instead of rein.
 But now we talk of mounting steed,
 Before we further do proceed,
 It doth behove us to say something
 Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.
 The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With mouth of meal and eyes of wall:
 I would say eye, for h' had but one,
 420 As most agree, though some say none.
 He was well stay'd, and in his gait
 Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.
 At spur or switch no more he skipt,
 Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt:
 And yet so fiery, he would bound
 As if he griev'd to touch the ground:
 That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
 Had corns upon his feet and toes,
 Was not by half so tender-hooft,
 430 Nor trod upon the ground so soft.
 And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
 (Some write) to take his rider up;
 So Hudibras his ('tis well known)
 Would often do, to set him down.
 We shall not need to say what lack
 Of leather was upon his back:
 For that was hidden under pad,
 And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
 His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
 440 Like furrows he himself had plow'd:
 For underneath the skirt of pannel,
 'Twixt every two there was a channel.
 His dragging tail hung in the dirt,
 Which on his rider he would flirt
 Still as his tender side he prickt,
 With arm'd heel or with unarm'd kickt:
 For Hudibras wore but one spur,
 As wisely knowing, could he stir
 To active trot one side of's horse,
 450 The other would not hang an arse.
 A Squire he had whose name was Ralph
 That in th' adventure went his half.
 Though writers (for more statelier tone)
 Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one:
 And when we can, with meter safe,

We'll call him so, if not, plain Ralph,
 For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
 An equal stock of wit and valor
 460 He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
 The mighty Tyrian Queen that gain'd,
 With subtle shreds, a tract of land
 Did leave it, with a castle fair,
 To his great ancestor, her heir :
 From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
 Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
 Against the bloody cannibal,
 Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
 This sturdy Squire had, as well
 470 As the bold Trojan Knight, seen hell,
 Not with a counterfeited pass
 Of golden bough, but true gold lace.
 His knowledge was not far behind
 The Knight's, but of another kind,
 And he another way came by't ;
 Some call it gift, and some New Light ;
 A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
 Of study, industry, or brains.
 His wits were sent him for a token,
 480 But in the carriage crackt and broken.
 Like commendation nine-pence, crookt
 With to and from my Love, it lookt.
 He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
 To look a gift-horse in the mouth ;
 And very wisely would lay forth
 No more upon it than 'twas worth.
 But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too.
 For saints themselves will sometimes be,
 490 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with hem and cough,
 Prolongers to enlighten'd snuff,
 He could deep mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a needle ;
 For as of vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'er beside their way :
 Whate'er men speak by this *new light*,
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
 'Tis a dark-lanthorn of the spirit,
 500 Which none see by but those that bear it.
 A light that falls down from on high,
 For spiritual trades to cozen by :
 An *ignis fatuus* that bewitches,
 And leads men into pools and ditches,
 To make them *dip* themselves, and sound
 For Christendom in dirty pond ;
 To dive, like wild-fowl for salvation,
 And fish to catch regeneration.

This light inspires, and plays upon
 510 The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
 And speaks through hollow empty soul,
 As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear
 But spiritual eaves-droppers can hear.
 So Phœbus or some friendly muse
 Into small poets song infuse;
 Which they at second-hand rehearse
 Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
 Thus Ralph became infallible,
 520 As three- or four-legg'd oracle,
 The ancient cup, or modern chair;
 Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.
 For mystic learning, wondrous able
 In magic talisman, and cabal,
 Whose primitive tradition reaches
 As far as Adam's first green breeches:
 Deep-sighted in intelligences,
 Ideas, atoms, influences;
 And much of *Terra Incognita*,
 530 Th' intelligible world could say;
 A deep occult philosopher,
 As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
 Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
 And solid lying much renown'd:
 He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
 And Jacob Behmen understood;
 Knew many an amulet and charm,
 That would do neither good nor harm:
 In Rosicrucian lore as learned
 540 As he that *Verè adeptus* earned.
 He understood the speech of birds
 As well as they themselves do words;
 Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean;
 What member 'tis of whom they talk
 When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk, knave, walk*.
 He'd extract numbers out of matter,
 And keep them in a glass, like water,
 Of sov'reign pow'r to make men wise;
 550 For, dropt in blear, thick-sighted eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest night,
 Like owls, though purblind in the light.
 By help of these (as he profest)
 He had *First Matter* seen undrest:
 He took her naked, all alone,
 Before one rag of form was on.
 The Chaos, too, he had descried,
 And seen quite through, or else he lied:
 Not that of pasteboard which men shew
 560 For groats at Fair of Barthol'mew;
 But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,

Whence that and Reformation came:
 Both cousin-germans, and right able
 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble.
 But Reformation was, some say,
 O' th' younger house to puppet-play.
 He could foretell what's ever was
 By consequence to come to pass,
 As death of great men, alterations,
 570 Diseases, battles, inundations:
 All this without th' eclipse of sun,
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done
 By *inward light*, a way as good,
 And easy to be understood,
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the stars depose,
 Like knights o' th' post, and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge;
 As if they were consenting to
 580 All mischief in the world men do:
 Or like the Dev'l, did tempt and sway 'em
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They'll search a planet's house, to know
 Who broke and robb'd a house below;
 Examine Venus, and the Moon
 Who stole a thimble and a spoon:
 And though they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
 590 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods.
 They'll question Mars, and by his look
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak;
 Make Mercury confess and peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach.
 They'll find i' th' physiognomies
 O' th' planets all men's destinies;
 Like him that took the doctor's bill,
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill.
 Cast the nativity o' th' question,
 600 And from positions to be guest on,
 As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of native's birth, tell what will come on 't.
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
 And tell what crisis does divine
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine:
 In men, what gives or cures the itch,
 What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
 610 What makes men great, what fools or knaves;
 But not what wise, for only of those
 The stars (they say) cannot dispose,
 No more than can the astrologians.
 There they say right, and like true Trojans.

This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endued
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
Never did trusty squire with knight,
620 Or knight with squire, jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit.
Their valors, too, were of a rate,
And out they sallied at the gate.
Few miles on horseback had they jogg'd,
But fortune unto them turn'd dogg'd.
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which we now prepare to treat:
But ere we venture to unfold
630 Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some Muse;
However critics count it sillier
Than jugglers talking t' a familiar.
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost.

Thou that with ale or viler liquors
640 Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickers,
And force them, though it were in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write;
Who, as we find in sullen writs,
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits,
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praises of the author, penn'd
By himself, or wit-insuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
650 With bays, and wicked rhyme upon 't,
All that is left o' th' forked hill
To make men scribble without skill;
Canst make a poet, spite of fate,
And teach all people to translate;
Though out of languages in which
They understand no part of speech;
Assist me but this once, I'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town
660 To those that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader:
For brevity is very good,
When w'are, or are not understood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market or of fair,
And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor

In merriment did drudge and labor :
 But now a sport more formidable
 670 Had rak'd together village rabble.
 'Twas an old way of recreating,
 Which learned butchers call bear-baiting :
 A bold advent'rous exercise,
 With ancient heroes in high prize ;
 For authors do affirm it came
 From Isthmian or Nemean game ;
 Others derive it from the Bear
 That's fixt in northern hemisphere,
 And round about the Pole does make
 680 A circle like a bear at stake,
 That at the chain's end wheels about,
 And overturns the rabble-rout.
 For after solemn proclamation
 In the bear's name (as is the fashion,
 According to the Law of Arms,
 To keep men from inglorious harms)
 That none presume to come so near
 As forty foot of stake of bear ;
 If any yet be so foolhardy
 690 T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
 If they come wounded off and lame,
 No honor's got by such a maim,
 Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound
 In honor to make good his ground,
 When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
 If any press upon him, who 'tis,
 But let them know at their own cost
 That he intends to keep his post.
 This to prevent, and other harms,
 700 Which always wait on feats of arms,
 (For in the hurry of a fray
 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
 Thither the Knight his course did steer.
 To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear ;
 As he believ'd h' was bound to do,
 In conscience and commission too.
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire :
 We that are wisely mounted higher
 Then constables, in curule wit,
 710 When on tribunal bench we sit,
 Like speculators, should foresee
 From Pharos of authority,
 Portended mischiefs farther then
 Low proletarian tything-men ;
 And therefore being inform'd by bruit
 That dog and bear are to dispute ;
 For so of late men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same ;
 (For where the first does hap to be
 720 The last does *coincidere*)

Quantum in nobis, have thought good
 To save th' expense of Christian blood,
 And try if we, by mediation
 Of treaty and accommodation,
 Can end the quarrel, and compose
 The bloody duel without blows.
 Are not our liberties, our lives,
 The laws, religion, and our wives
 Enough at once to lie at stake
 730 For Cov'nant and the Cause's sake?
 But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
 As well as we, must venture theirs?
 This feud, by Jesuits invented,
 By evil counsel is fomented;
 There is a Machiavelian plot,
 (Though ev'ry *nare olfact* it not)
 A deep design in 't to divide
 The well-affected that confide,
 By setting brother against brother
 740 To claw and curry one another.
 Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
 That *cane et angue pejus* hate us?
 And shall we turn our fangs and claws
 Upon ourselves without a cause?
 That some occult design doth lie
 In bloody *cynarctomachy*
 Is plain enough to him that knows
 How saints lead brothers by the nose.
 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet
 750 But sure some mischief will come of it,
 Unless by providential wit
 Or force we averruncate it.
 For what design, what interest
 Can beast have to encounter beast?
 They fight for no espoused Cause;
 Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
 Nor for a thorough Reformation,
 Nor Covenant, nor Protestation;
 Nor Liberty of Consciences,
 760 Nor lords' and commons' ordinances;
 Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,
 To get them in their own no hands;
 Nor evil counselors to bring
 To justice, that seduce the king;
 Nor for the worship of us men,
 Though we have done as much for them.
 Th' Egyptians worship'd dogs, and for
 Their faith made internecine war.
 Others ador'd a rat, and some
 770 For that church suffer'd martyrdom.
 The Indians fought for the truth
 Of th' elephant, and monkey's tooth:
 And many, to defend that faith,

RESTORATION LITERATURE

Fought it out *mordicus* to death.
 But no beast ever was so slight,
 For man, as for his god, to fight.
 They have more wit, alas! and know
 Themselves and us better than so.
 But we, we only do infuse
 780 The rage in them like *boutè-feus*.
 'Tis our example that instils
 In them th' infection of our ills.
 For, as some late philosophers
 Have well observ'd, beasts that converse
 With man take after him, as hogs
 Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
 Just so by our example cattle
 Learn to give one another battle.
 We read in Nero's time, the heathen,
 790 When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
 They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
 And then set dogs about their ears:
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
 Of this lewd antichristian game.
 To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily
 The point seems very plain to be.
 It is an antichristian game,
 Unlawful both in thing and name;
 First, for the name; the word *bear-baiting*
 800 Is carnal, and of man's creating;
 For certainly there's no such word
 In all the Scripture on record.
 Therefore unlawful and a sin,
 And so is (secondly) the *thing*.
 A vile Assembly 'tis, that can
 No more be prov'd by Scripture than
 Provincial, Classic, National;
 Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
 Thirdly, it is idolatrous:
 810 For when men run a-whoring thus
 With their inventions, whatsoe'er
 The thing be, whether dog or bear,
 It is idolatrous and pagan
 No less than worshiping of Dagon.
 Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
 Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate;
 For though the thesis which thou lay'st
 Be true, *ad amussim*, as thou say'st
 (For that bear-baiting should appear,
 820 *Jure divino*, lawfuller
 Than Synods are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis; so do I)
 Yet there's a fallacy in this:
 For if by sly *homæosis*,
 Thou wouldst sophistically imply
 Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth Ralpho) do not doubt
 But bear-baiting may be made out,
 In Gospel-times, as lawful as is
 Provincial or parochial *Classis*:
 830 And that both are so near of kin,
 And like in all as well as sin,
 That, put 'em in a bag and shake 'em,
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
 And not know which is which, unless
 You measure by their wickedness;
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
 O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.
 Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
 840 But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage.
 Thou canst at best but overstrain
 A paradox, and th' own hot brain;
 For what can Synods have at all
 With bears that's analogical?
 Or what relation has debating
 Of church-affairs with bear-baiting?
 A just comparison still is
 850 Of things *cjusdem generis*.
 And then what *genus* rightly doth
 Include and comprehend them both?
 If animal, both of us may
 As justly pass for bears as they;
 For we are animals no less,
 Although of diff'rent *speciees*.
 But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
 Nor time to argue out the case:
 For now the field is not far off,
 860 Where we must give the world a proof
 Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
 Another manner of dispute.
 A controversy that affords
 Actions for arguments, not words:
 Which we must manage at a rate
 Of prowess and conduct adequate
 To what our place and fame doth promise,
 And all the godly expect from us.
 Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
 870 W' are slurr'd and outed by success:
 Success, the mark no mortal wit
 Or surest hand can always hit:
 For whatsoever we perpetrate,
 We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,
 Which in success oft disinherits,
 For spurious causes, noblest merits.
 Great actions are not always true sons
 Of great and mighty resolutions:
 Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth

- 880 Events still equal to their worth ;
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead,
 Fortune and cowardice succeed.
 Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
 Our actions still have borne us out ;
 Which, though th' are known to be so ample,
 We need no copy from example ;
 W' are not the only persons durst
 Attempt this province, nor the first.
 In northern clime a val'rous knight
 890 Did whilom kill his bear in fight,
 And wound a fiddler : we have both
 Of these the objects of our wroth,
 And equal fame and glory from
 Th' attempt or victory to come.
 'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke
 In foreign land, yclep'd—
 To whom we have been oft compar'd
 For person, parts, address, and beard ;
 Both equally reputed stout,
 900 And in the same Cause both have fought.
 He oft, in such attempts as these,
 Came off with glory and success.
 Nor will we fail in th' execution,
 For want of equal resolution.
 Honor is, like a widow, won
 With brisk attempt and putting on ;
 With ent'ring manfully and urging ;
 Not slow approaches, like a virgin.
 This said, as once the Phrygian knight,
 910 So ours, with rusty steel, did smite
 His Trojan horse, and just as much
 He mended pace upon the touch ;
 But from his empty stomach groan'd,
 Just as that hollow beast did sound,
 And, angry, answer'd from behind,
 With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
 So have I seen, with armed heel.
 A wight bestride a Commonweal ;
 Whilst still the more he kicked and spurr'd,
 920 The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.

SATIRE UPON THE LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II

[1759]

'Tis a strange age we've liv'd in, and a lewd
 As 'ere the sun in all his travels view'd ;
 An age as vile as ever Justice urg'd,
 Like a fantastic lecher, to be scourg'd :
 Nor has it 'scap'd, and yet has only learn'd
 The more 'tis plagu'd to be the less concern'd.

Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,
 Enough to fright the stubborn'st-hearted age;
 The one to mow vast crowds of people down,
 10 The other (as then needless), half the town;
 And two as mighty miracles restore
 What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before:
 In all as unconcern'd as if th' had been
 But pastimes for diversion to be seen.
 Or, like the Plagues of Egypt, meant a curse,
 Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.

Twice have men turn'd the world (that silly blockhead!)
 The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket,
 Shook out hypocrisy as fast and loose
 20 As e'r the Dev'l could teach, or sinners use,
 And on the other side at once put in
 As impotent iniquity and sin.
 As skulls that have been crack'd are often found
 Upon the wrong side to receive the wound,
 And, like tobacco-pipes at one end hit,
 To break at th' other still that's opposite;
 So men, who one extravagance would shun,
 Into the contrary extreme have run;
 And all the diff'rence is, that, as the first
 30 Provokes the other freak to prove the worst;
 So, in return, that strives to render less
 The last delusion, with its own excess;
 And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way
 With bungling t' help out one another's play.
 For those who heretofore sought private holes,
 Securely in the dark to damn their souls,
 Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal
 And slink away, in masquerade, to Hell,
 Now bring their crimes into the open sun,
 40 For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,
 As eagles try their young against his rays,
 To prove if they're of gen'rous breed or base;
 Call Heav'n and earth to witness how they've aim'd,
 With all their utmost vigor, to be damn'd,
 And by their own examples, in the view
 Of all the world, striv'd to damn others too:
 On all occasions sought to be as civil
 As possible they could t' his Grace the Devil,
 To give him no unnecessary trouble,
 50 Nor in small matters use a friend so noble,
 But with their constant practice done their best
 T' improve and propagate his interest.
 For men have now made vice so great an art,
 The matter of fact's become the slightest part;
 And the debauched'st actions they can do,
 Mere trifles, to the circumstance and show.
 For 'tis not what they do that's now the sin,
 But what they lewdly affect, and glory in;
 As if prepost'rously they would profess

- 60 A forc'd hypocrisy of wickedness :
 And affectation, that makes good things bad,
 Must make affected shame accurs'd and mad ;
 For vices for themselves may find excuse,
 But never for their complement and shews.
 That, if there ever were a mystery
 Of moral secular iniquity,
 And that the churches may not lose their due
 By being encroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new.
 For men are now as scrupulous, and nice,
- 70 And tender-conscienc'd of low paltry vice,
 Disdain as proudly to be thought to have
 To do in any mischief but the brave,
 As the most scrup'ulous zealot of late times
 T' appear in any but the horrid'st crimes ;
 Have as precise and strict punctilios
 Now to appear, as then to make no shows ;
 And steer the world by disagreeing force
 Of diff'rent customs 'gainst her nat'ral course.
 So pow'rful's ill example to encroach,
- 80 And Nature, spite of all her laws, debauch ;
 Example, that imperious dictator
 Of all that's good or bad to human nature ;
 By which the world's corrupted, and reclaim'd,
 Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd ;
 That reconciles all contrarieties,
 Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,
 Imposes on divinity, and sets
 Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits ;
 Alters all characters of virtue and vice,
- 90 And passes one for th' other in disguise,
 Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,
 The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good ;
 That slyly counter-changes wrong and right,
 Like white in fields of black, and black in white,
 As if the laws of Nature had been made
 Of purpose only to be disobey'd ;
 Or man had lost high mighty interest
 By having been distinguish'd from a beast ;
 And had no other way but sin and vice
- 100 To be restor'd again to Paradise.
 How copious is our language lately grown,
 To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon !
 And yet how expressive and significant,
 In *damme* at once to curse, and swear, and rant !
 As if no way express'd men's souls so well
 As damning of them to the pit of Hell ;
 Nor any asseveration were so civil
 As mortgaging salvation to the Devil ;
 Or that his name did add a charming grace,
- 110 And blasphemy a purity to our phrase.
 For what can any language more enrich
 Than to pay souls for vitiating speech ;

When the great'st tyrant in the world made those
 But lick their words out, that abus'd his prose?
 What trivial punishments did then protect
 To public censure a profound respect,
 When the most shameful penance and severe
 That could b' inflicted on a Cavalier
 For infamous debauch'ry was no worse
 120 Than but to be degraded from his horse,
 And have his livery of oats and hay,
 Instead of cutting spurs off, ta'n away?
 They held no torture then so great as shame,
 And, that to slay was less than to defame;
 For just so much regard as men express
 To th' censure of the public, more or less,
 The same will be return'd to them again,
 In shame or reputation, to a grain:
 And, how perverse so'er the world appears,
 130 'Tis just to all the bad it sees, and hears.
 And, for that virtue, strives to be allow'd
 For all the injuries it does the good.

How silly were their sages heretofore
 To fright their heroes with a siren-whore!
 Make 'em believe a water-witch with charms
 Could sink their men-of-war, as easy as storms,
 And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,
 Into land-porpoises, and cod, and ling;
 To terrify those mighty champions
 140 As we do children now with Bloody-bones;
 Until the subtlest of their conjurers
 Seal'd up the labels to his soul, his ears,
 And tied his deafen'd sailors (while he pass'd
 The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast,
 And rather venture drowning than to wrong
 The sea-pug's chaste ears with a bawdy song:
 To b' out of countenance, and like an ass,
 Not pledge the Lady Circe one beer-glass;
 Unmannerly refuse her treat and wine,
 150 For fear of being turn'd into a swine;
 When one of our heroic advent'ers now
 Would drink her down, and turn her int' a sow.

So simple were those times, when a grave sage
 Could with an oldwives' tale instruct the age;
 Teach virtue more fantastic ways, and nice,
 Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice,
 Made a dull sentence and a moral fable
 Do more than all our holdings-forth are able;
 A fore'd obscure mythology convince,
 160 Beyond our worst inflictions upon sins.
 When an old proverb or an end of verse
 Could, more than all our penal laws, coerce;
 And keep men honest than all our furies
 Of jailors, judges, constables, and juries;
 Who were converted then with an old saying

Better than all our preaching now, and praying.
 What fops had these been had they liv'd with us,
 Where the best reason's made ridiculous;
 And all the plain and sober things we say,
 170 By raillery are put beside their play!
 For men are grown above all knowledge now,
 And, what they're ignorant of, disdain to know;
 Engross truth (like Fanatics) underhand,
 And boldly judge before they understand,
 The self-same courses equally advance
 In spiritual and carnal ignorance;
 And, by the same degrees of confidence,
 Become impregnable against all sense;
 For, as they outgrew ordinances then,
 180 So would they now morality agen.
 Though drudgery and knowledge are of kin,
 And both descended from one parent sin,
 And therefore seldom have been known to part
 In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art;
 Yet they have north-west passages to steer
 A short way to it, without pains or care.
 For, as implicit faith is far more stiff
 Than that which understands its own belief;
 So those that think, and do but think, they know
 190 Are far more obstinate than those that do,
 And more averse than if they'd ne'er been taught
 A wrong way, to a right one to be brought;
 Take boldness upon credit beforehand,
 And grow too positive to understand;
 Believe themselves as knowing, and as famous,
 As if their gifts had gotten a mandamus,
 A bill of store to take up a degree,
 With all the learning to it, custom-free;
 And look as big, for what they bought at Court,
 200 As if they'd done their exercises for't.

CHARACTERS

[1759, 1908]

A BUMPKIN, OR COUNTRY-SQUIRE

Is a clown of rank and degree. He is
 the growth of his own land, a kind of
autocthanus, like the Athenians, that
 sprung out of their own ground; or
 barnacles that grow upon trees in Scot-
 and: his homely education has rendered
 him a native only of his own soil, and a
 foreigner to all other places, from which
 he differs in language, manner of living,
 and behavior, which are as rugged as the

coat of a colt that has been bred upon a
 common. The custom of being the best man
 in his own territories has made him the
 worst everywhere else. He assumes the
 upper end of the table at an alehouse, as his
 birthright; receives the homage of his com-
 pany, which are always subordinate, and
 dispenses ale and communication like a
 self-conforming teacher in a conventicle.
 The chief points he treats on are the
 memoirs of his dogs and horses, which he
 repeats as often as a holder-forth that has

but two sermons; to which if he adds the history of his hawks and fishing, he is very painful and laborious. He does his endeavor to appear a droll, but his wit, being like his estate within the compass of a hedge, is so profound and obscure to a stranger that it requires a commentary, and is not to be understood without a perfect knowledge of all circumstances of persons and the particular idiom of the place. He has no ambition to appear a person of civil prudence or understanding, more than in putting off a lame infirm jade for sound wind and limb; to which purpose he brings his squirehood and groom to vouch; and, rather than fail, will outswear an affidavit-man. The top of his entertainment is horrible strong beer, which he pours into his guests (as the Dutch did water into our merchants when they tortured them at Amboyna) till they confess they can drink no more; and then he triumphs over them as subdued and vanquished, no less by the strength of his brain than his drink. When he salutes a man, he lays violent hands upon him, and grips and shakes him, like a fit of an ague: and, when he accosts a lady, he stamps with his foot, like a French fencer, and makes a lunge at her, in which he always misses his aim, too high or too low, and hits her on the nose or chin. He is never without some rough-handed flatterer, that rubs him, like a horse, with a curry-comb, till he kicks and grunts with the pleasure of it. He has old family stories and jests that fell to him with the estate and have been left from heir to heir time out of mind. With these he entertains all comers over and over, and has added some of his own times, which he intends to transmit over to posterity. He has but one way of making all men welcome, that come to his house, and that is by making himself and them drunk; while his servants take the same course with theirs, which he approves of as good and faithful service, and the rather because, if he has occasion to tell a strange improbable story, they may be in a readiness to vouch with the more impudence, and make it a case of conscience to lie, as well as drink, for his credit. All the heroidal glory he aspires to is but to be reputed a most potent and vic-

torious stealer of deer and beater-up of parks, to which purpose he has compiled commentaries of his own great actions, that treat of his dreadful adventures in the night, of giving battle in the dark, discomfiting of keepers, horsing the deer on his own back, and making off with equal resolution and success. He goes to bawdy-houses to see fashions, that is, to have his pocket picked, and the pox into the bargain.

AN ANTIQUARY

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra. He is an old frippery-philosopher, that has so strange a natural affection to worm-eaten speculation that it is apparent he has a worm in his skull. He honors his forefathers and foremothers, but condemns his parents as too modern and no better than upstarts. He neglects himself because he was born in his own time, and so far off antiquity, which he so much admires; and repines, like a younger brother, because he came so late into the world. He spends the one half of his time in collecting old insignificant trifles, and the other in showing them, which he takes singular delight in; because the oftener he does it, the further they are from being new to him. All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity and the good services they have done. He throws away his time in inquiring after that which is past and gone so many ages since, like one that shoots away an arrow to find out another that was lost before. He fetches things out of dust and ruins, like the fable of the chemical plant raised out of its own ashes. He values one old invention, that is lost and never to be recovered, before all the new ones in the world,

though never so useful. The whole business of his life is the same with his that shows the tombs at Westminster; only the one does it for his pleasure, and the other for money. As every man has but one father, but two grandfathers and a world of ancestors, so he has a proportional value for things that are ancient, and the further off the greater.

He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world, and since his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old that he may truly say *to dust and worms you are my father, and to rottenness thou art my mother*. He has no providence nor foresight; for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He had rather interpret one obscure word in any old senseless discourse than be author of the most ingenious new one; and with Scaliger would sell the Empire of Germany (if it were in his power) for an old song. He devours an old manuscript with greater relish than worms and moths do, and, though there be nothing in it, values it above anything printed, which he accounts but a novelty. When he happens to cure a small botch in an old author, he is as proud of it as if he had got the philosopher's stone, and could cure all the diseases of mankind. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves and are long since out of use, as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the Fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

A FIFTH-MONARCHY MAN

Is one that is not contented to be a privy-counselor of the Kingdom of Heaven, but would fain be a minister of state of this

world, and translate the Kingdom of Heaven to the Kingdom of Earth. His design is to make Christ king, as his forefathers the Jews did, only to abuse and crucify him, that he might share his lands and goods, as he did his vicegerents' here. He dreams of a fool's paradise without a serpent in it, a golden age all of saints, and no hypocrites, all holy-court princes, and no subjects but the wicked; a government of Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Simnel saints, where every man that had a mind to it might make himself a prince and claim a title to the crown. He fancies a Fifth Monarchy as the quintessence of all governments, abstracted from all matter and consisting wholly of revelations, visions, and mysteries. John of Leyden was the first founder of it, and though he miscarried, like Romulus in a tempest, his posterity have revelations every full moon, that there may be a time to set up his title again, and with better success; though his brethren that have attempted it since had no sooner quartered his coat with their own but their whole outward men were set on the gates of the city; where a head and four quarters stand as types and figures of the Fifth Monarchy. They have been contriving (since experiments that cost necks are too chargeable) to try it in little, and have deposed King Oberon, to erect their monarchy in fairyland, as being the most proper and natural region in the whole world for the government, and if it succeed there to proceed further. The Devil's prospect of all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them, has so dazzled their eyes that they would venture their necks to take him at his word, and give him his price. Nothing comes so near the Kingdom of Darkness as the Fifth Monarchy, that is nowhere to be found but in dark prophecies, obscure mythologies, and mystical riddles, like the visions Æneas saw in Hell of the Roman Empire. Next this it most resembles Mahomet's coming to the Turks and King Arthur's reign over the Britons in Merlin's prophecies; so near of kin are all fantastic illusions that you may discern the same lineaments in them all. The poor wicked are like to have a very ill time under them, for they are resolved upon

arbitrary government, according to their ancient and fundamental revelations, and to have no subjects but slaves, who between them and the Devil are like to suffer persecution enough to make them as able saints as their lords and masters. He gathers churches on the Sunday as the Jews did sticks on their Sabbath, to set the State on fire. He hums and haws high treason, and calls upon it as gamesters do on the cast they would throw. He groans sedition, and like the Pharisee, rails when he gives thanks. He interprets prophecies, as Whittington did the bells, to speak to him, and governs himself accordingly.

THE HENPECKED MAN

Rides behind his wife, and lets her wear the spurs and govern the reins. He is a kind of preposterous animal that, being curbed in, goes with his tail forwards. He is but subordinate and ministerial to his wife, who commands in chief, and he dares do nothing without her order. She takes place of him, and he creeps in at the bed's feet as if he had married the Grand Seigneur's daughter, and is under correction of her pantofle. He is his wife's villein, and has nothing of his own further than she pleases to allow him. When he was married, he promised to worship his wife with his soul instead of his body, and endowed her among his worldly goods with his humanity. He changed sexes with his wife, and put off the old man to put on the new woman. She sits at the helm, and he does but tug like a slave at the oar. The little wit he has being held *in capite* has rendered all the rest of his concerns liable to pupilage and wardship, and his wife has the tuition of him during his or her life; and he has no power to do anything of himself, but by his guardian. His wife manages him and his estate with equal authority, and he lives under her arbitrary government and command as his superior officer. He is but a kind of message and tenement in the occupation of his wife. He and she make up a kind of hermaphrodite, a monster, of which the one half is more than the whole; for he is the weaker vessel, and but his wife's helper. His wife espoused

and took him to husband for better or worse, and the last word stands. He was meant to be his wife's head, but being set on at the wrong end, she makes him serve (like the Jesuits' devil) for her feet. He is her province, an acquisition that she took in, and gives laws to at indiscretion; for being overmatched and too feeble for the encounter, he was forced to submit and take quarter. He has inverted the curse, and turned it upon himself; for his desire is towards his wife, and she reigns over him, and with Esau has sold his birthright for a mess of matrimony. His wife took his liberty among his worldly goods, to have and to hold till death them do part. He is but groom of his wife's chamber, and her menial husband, that is always in waiting and a slave only in the right of his wife.

AN ASTROLOGER

Is one that expounds upon the planets, and teaches to construe the *accidents* by the *due joining of stars in construction*. He talks with them by dumb signs, and can tell what they mean by their twinkling and squinting upon one another, as well as they themselves. He is a spy upon the stars, and can tell what they are doing, by the company they keep and the houses they frequent. They have no power to do anything alone, until so many meet as will make a quorum. He is Clerk of the Committee to them, and draws up all their orders that concern either public or private affairs. He keeps all their accounts for them, and sums them up, not by *debtor*, but *creditor* alone, a more compendious way. They do ill to make them have so much authority over the earth, which, perhaps, has as much as any one of them but the sun, and as much right to sit and vote in their councils as any other. But because there are but seven Electors of the German Empire, they will allow of no more to dispose of all other; and most foolishly and unnaturally depose their own parent of its inheritance rather than acknowledge a defect in their own rules. Those rules are all they have to show for their title; and yet not one of them can tell whether those they had them from came honestly by them. Virgil's description

of Fame, that reaches from earth to the stars, *tam ficti pravique tenax*, to carry lies and knavery, will serve astrologers without any sensible variation. He is a fortune-seller, a retailer of destiny, and petty chapman to the planets. He casts nativities as gamesters do false dice, and by slurring and palming *sextile*, *quartile*, and *trine*, like *size*, *quater*, *trois*, can throw what chance he pleases. He sets a figure as cheats do a main at hazard; and gulls throw away their money at it. He fetches the grounds of his art so far off, as well from reason as the stars, that, like a traveler, he is allowed to lie by authority. And as beggars that have no money themselves believe all others have, and beg of those that have as little as themselves, so the ignorant rabble believe in him, though he has no more reason for what he professes than they.

A ROMANCE-WRITER

Pulls down old histories to build them up finer again, after a new model of his own designing. He takes away all the lights of truth in history to make it the fitter tutoress of life; for Truth herself has little or nothing to do in the affairs of the world, although all matters of the greatest weight and moment are pretended and done in her name; like a weak princess that has only the title, and Falsehood all the power. He observes one very fit decorum in dating his histories in the days of old, and putting all his own inventions upon ancient times; for when the world was younger, it might, perhaps, love, and fight, and do generous things at the rate he describes them; but since it is grown old, all these heroic feats are laid by and utterly given over, nor ever like to come in fashion again; and therefore all his images of those virtues signify no more than the statues upon dead men's tombs, that will never make them live again. He is like one of Homer's gods, that sets men together by the ears and fetches them off again how he pleases; brings armies into the field like Janello's leaden soldiers; leads up both sides himself, and gives the victory to which he pleases, according as he finds it fit the design of his story; makes love and lovers too, brings

them acquainted, and appoints meetings when and where he pleases, and at the same time betrays them in the height of all their felicity to miserable captivity or some other horrid calamity; for which he makes them rail at the gods and curse their own innocent stars, when he only has done them all the injury—makes men villains, compels them to act all barbarous inhumanities by his own directions, and after inflicts the cruelest punishments upon them for it. He makes all his knights fight in fortifications and storm one another's armor before they can come to encounter body for body; and always matches them so equally one with another that it is a whole page before they can guess which is likely to have the better; and he that has it is so mangled that it had been better for them both to have parted fair at first; but when they encounter with those that are no knights, though ever so well armed and mounted, ten to one goes for nothing. As for the ladies, they are every one the most beautiful in the whole world, and that's the reason why no one of them, nor all together with all their charms, have power to tempt away any knight from another. He differs from a just historian as a joiner does from a carpenter; the one does things plainly and substantially for use, and the other carves and polishes merely for show and ornament.

A NEWSMONGER

Is a retailer of rumor, that takes up upon trust, and sells as cheap as he buys. He deals in a perishable commodity that will not keep; for if it be not fresh, it lies upon his hands and will yield nothing. True or false is all one to him; for, novelty being the grace of both, a truth grows stale as soon as a lie; and as a slight suit will last as well as a better while the fashion holds, a lie serves as well as truth till new ones come up. He is little concerned whether it be good or bad, for that does not make it more or less news; and, if there be any differences, he loves the bad best, because it is said to come soonest; for he would willingly bear his share in any public calamity to have the pleasure of hearing

and telling it. He is deeply read in diurnals, and can give as good an account of Rowland Pepin, if need be, as another man. He tells news, as men do money, with his fingers; for he assures them it comes from very good hands. The whole business of his life is like that of a spaniel—to fetch and carry news, and when he does it well, he is clapped on the back and fed for it; for he does not take to it altogether like a gentleman for his pleasure, but when he lights on a considerable parcel of news, he knows where to put it off for a dinner, and quarter himself upon it until he has eaten it out; and by this means he drives a trade, by retrieving the first news to truck it for the first meat in season; and, like the old Roman luxury, ransacks all seas and lands to please his palate; for he imports his narratives from all parts within the geog-
 20 raphy of a diurnal, and eats as well upon the Russ and Polander as the English and Dutch. By this means his belly is provided for, and nothing lies upon his hands but his back, which takes other courses to maintain itself by weft and stray silver spoons, stragglng hoods and scarfs, pimping, and sets at *L'Ombre*.

A MOUNTEBANK

Is an epidemic physician, a doctor-errant, that keeps himself up by being, like a top, in motion; for if he should settle, he would fall to nothing immediately. He is a peddler of medicines, a petty chapman of cures, and tinker empirical to the body of man. He strolls about to markets and fairs; where he mounts on the top of his shop, that is his bank, and publishes his medicines as universal as himself; for every-
 40 thing is for all diseases, as himself is of all places, that is to say, of none. His business is to show tricks and impudence: as

for the cure of diseases, it concerns those that have them, not him, farther than to get their money. His Pudding is his setter, that lodges the rabble for him, and then slips him, who opens with a deep mouth and has an ill day if he does not run down some. He baits his patient's body with his medicines as a rat-catcher does a room, and either poisons the disease or him. As soon
 10 as he has got all the money, and spent all the credit the rabble could spare him, he then removes to fresh quarters, where he is less known and better trusted. If but one in twenty of his medicines hit by chance, when Nature works the cure, it saves the credit of all the rest, that either do no good or hurt; for whosoever recovers in his hands, he does the work *under God*; but if he die, God does it *under him*; his time was come, and there's an end. A velvet jerkin is his prime qualification, by which he is distinguished from his Pudding, as *he* is with his cap from him. This
 20 is the usher of his school, that draws the rabble together, and then he draws their teeth. He administers physic with a farce, and gives his patients a preparative of dancing on the rope to stir the humors and prepare them for evacuation. His Fool
 30 serves for his foil, and sets him off, as well as his bragging and lying. The first thing he vents is his own praise, and then his medicines wrapt up in several papers and lies. He mounts his bank as a vaulter does his wooden horse, and then shows tricks for his patients, as apes do for the King of Spain. He casts the nativity of urinals, and tries diseases, like a witch, by water. He baits the place with a jig, draws the
 40 rabble together, and then throws his hook among them. He pretends to universal medicines, that is such as, when all men are sick together, will cure them all, but till then no one in particular.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618–1667)

A PROPOSITION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING

[1661]

THE PREFACE

All knowledge must either be of God or of His creatures, that is, of Nature; the first is called from the object, Divinity; the latter, Natural Philosophy, and is divided into the contemplation of the immediate or mediate creatures of God, that is, the creatures of His creature man. Of this latter kind are all arts for the use of human life, which are thus again divided: some are purely human, or made by man alone, and as it were entirely spun out of himself, without relation to other creatures; such are Grammar and Logic, to improve his natural qualities of internal and external speech; as likewise Rhetoric and Politics (or Law) to fulfil and exalt his natural inclination to society. Other are mixed, and are man's creatures no otherwise than by the result which he effects by conjunction and application of the creatures of God. Of these parts of philosophy that which treats of God Almighty (properly called Divinity) which is almost only to be sought out of His revealed will, and therefore requires only the diligent and pious study of that, and of the best interpreters upon it; and that part which I call purely human, depending solely upon memory and wit, that is, reading and invention, are both excellently well provided for by the constitution of our universities. But the other two parts, the inquisition into the nature of God's creatures and the application of them to human uses (especially the latter) seem to be very slenderly provided for, or rather almost totally neglected, except only some small assistances to Physic and the Mathematics. And therefore the founders of our colleges have taken ample care to

supply the students with multitude of books, and to appoint tutors and frequent exercises, the one to interpret and the other to confirm their reading, as also to afford them sufficient plenty and leisure for the opportunities of their private study, that the beams which they receive by lecture may be doubled by reflections of their own wit. But towards the observation and application, as I said, of the creatures themselves, they have allowed no instruments, materials, or conveniences. Partly, because the necessary expense thereof is much greater than of the other; and partly from that idle and pernicious opinion which had long possessed the world, that all things to be searched in Nature had been already found and discovered by the ancients, and that it were a folly to travel about for that which others had before brought home to us. And the great importer of all truth they took to be Aristotle, as if (as Macrobius speaks foolishly of Hippocrates) he could neither deceive nor be deceived, or as if there had been not only no lies in him, but all verities. O true philosophers in one sense and contented with a very little! Not that I would disparage the admirable wit and worthy labors of many of the ancients, much less of Aristotle, the most eminent among them; but it were madness to imagine that the cisterns of men should afford us as much, and as wholesome waters, as the fountains of Nature. As we understand the manners of men by conversation among them, and not by reading romances, the same is our case in the true apprehension and judgment of things. And no man can hope to make himself as rich by stealing out of others' trunks as he might by opening and digging

of new mines. If he conceive that all are already exhausted, let him consider that many lazily thought so a hundred years ago, and yet nevertheless since that time whole regions of art have been discovered, which the ancients as little dreamt of as they did of America. There is yet many a *Terra Incognita* behind to exercise our diligence, and let us exercise it never so much, we shall leave work enough too for our posterity.

This therefore being laid down as a certain foundation, that we must not content ourselves with that inheritance of knowledge which is left us by the labor and bounty of our ancestors, but seek to improve those very grounds, and add to them new and greater purchases, it remains to be considered by what means we are most likely to attain the ends of this virtuous covetousness.

And certainly the solitary and unactive contemplation of Nature, by the most ingenious persons living, in their own private studies, can never effect it. Our reasoning faculty as well as fancy does but dream, when it is not guided by sensible objects. We shall compound where Nature has divided, and divide where Nature has compounded, and create nothing but either deformed monsters, or at best pretty but impossible mermaids. 'Tis like painting by memory and imagination, which can never produce a picture to the life. Many persons of admirable abilities (if they had been wisely managed and profitably employed) have spent their whole time and diligence in commentating upon Aristotle's philosophy, who could never go beyond him, because their design was only to follow, not grasp, or lay hold on, or so much as touch Nature, because they catch'd only at the shadow of her in their own brains. And therefore we see that for above a thousand years together nothing almost of ornament or advantage was added to the uses of human society, except only guns and printing, whereas since the industry of men has ventured to go abroad, out of books and out of themselves, and to work among God's creatures, instead of playing among their own, every age has abounded with excellent inventions, and every year perhaps

might do so if a considerable number of select persons were set apart, and well directed, and plentifully provided for the search of them. But our universities having been founded in those former times that I complain of, it is no wonder if they be defective in their constitution as to this way of learning, which was not then thought on.

For the supplying of which defect, it is humbly proposed to his sacred Majesty, his most honorable Parliament, and Privy Council, and to all such of his subjects as are willing and able to contribute anything towards the advancement of real and useful learning, that by their authority, encouragement, patronage, and bounty, a Philosophical College may be erected, after this ensuing, or some such like model.

THE COLLEGE

That the Philosophical College be situated within one, two, or (at farthest) three miles of London, and, if it be possible to find that convenience, upon the side of the river, or very near it.

That the revenue of this College amount to four thousand pounds a year.

That the company received into it be as follows.

1. Twenty philosophers or professors.
2. Sixteen young scholars, servants to the professors.
3. A chaplain.
4. A baily for the revenue.
5. A manciple or purveyor for the provisions of the house.
6. Two gardeners.
7. A master-cook.
8. An under-cook.
9. A butler.
10. An under-butler.
11. A chirurgeon.
12. Two lungs, or chemical servants.
13. A library-keeper who is likewise to be apothecary, druggist, and keeper of instruments, engines, etc.
14. An officer to feed and take care of all beasts, fowl, etc., kept by the College.
15. A groom of the stable.
16. A messenger to send up and down for all uses of the College.
17. Four old women, to tend the chambers, keep the house clean, and such like services.

That the annual allowance for this company be as follows. 1. To every professor, and to the chaplain, one hundred and twenty pounds. 2. To the sixteen scholars 20^l apiece, 10^l for their diet, and 10^l for

their entertainment. 3. To the baily 30^l besides allowance for his journeys. 4. To the purveyor or manciple thirty pounds. 5. To each of the gardeners twenty pounds. 6. To the master-cook twenty pounds. 7. To the under-cook four pounds. 8. To the butler ten pounds. 9. To the under-butler four pounds. 10. To the chirurgion thirty pounds. 11. To the library-keeper thirty pounds. 12. To each of the lungs twelve pounds. 13. To the keeper of the beasts six pounds. 14. To the groom five pounds. 15. To the messenger twelve pounds. 16. To the four necessary women ten pounds. For the manciple's table, at which all the servants of the house are to eat, except the scholars, one hundred sixty pounds. For 3 horses for the service of the college, thirty pounds.

All which amounts to three thousand two hundred eighty-five pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the house and gardens, and operatories, and instruments, and animals, and experiments of all sorts, and all other expenses, seven hundred and fifteen pounds.

Which were a very inconsiderable sum for the great uses to which it is designed, but that I conceive the industry of the College will in a short time so enrich itself as to get a far better stock for the advance and enlargement of the work when it is once begun; neither is the continuance of particular men's liberality to be despaired of, when it shall be encouraged by the sight of that public benefit which will accrue to all mankind, and chiefly to our nation, by this foundation. Something likewise will arise from leases and other casualties; that nothing of which may be diverted to the private gain of the professors, or any other use besides that of the search of Nature, and by it the general good of the world, and that care may be taken for the certain performance of all things ordained by the institution, as likewise for the protection and encouragement of the company, it is proposed—

That some person of eminent quality, a lover of solid learning, and no stranger in it, be chosen chancellor or president of the College, and that eight governors more, men qualified in the like manner, be joined

with him, two of which shall yearly be appointed visitors of the College, and receive an exact account of all expenses even to the smallest, and of the true estate of their public treasure, under the hands and oaths of the professors resident.

That the choice of the professors in any vacancy belong to the chancellor and the governors, but that the professors (who are likeliest to know what men of the nation are most proper for the duties of their society) direct their choice by recommending two or three persons to them at every election. And that if any learned person within his Majesty's dominions discover or eminently improve any useful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground for his reward and the encouragement of others be preferred, if he pretend to the place, before anybody else.

That the governors have power to turn out any professor who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unprofitable to the society.

That the College be built after this, or some such manner: that it consist of three fair quadrangular courts, and three large grounds, enclosed with good walls behind them. That the first court be built with a fair cloister, and the professors' lodgings or rather little houses, four on each side at some distance from one another, and with little gardens behind them, just after the manner of the Chartreux beyond sea. That the inside of the cloister be lined with a gravel-walk, and that walk with a row of trees, and that in the middle there be a parterre of flowers and a fountain.

That the second quadrangle, just behind the first, be so contrived as to contain these parts. 1. A chapel. 2. A hall with two long tables on each side for the scholars and officers of the house to eat at, and with a pulpit and forms at the end for the public lectures. 3. A large and pleasant dining-room within the hall for the professors to eat in, and to hold their assemblies and conferences. 4. A public school-house. 5. A library. 6. A gallery to walk in, adorned with the pictures or statues of all the inventors of anything useful to human life; as printing, guns, America, etc., and of late in anatomy, the circulation of the blood,

the milky veins, and such like discoveries in any art, with short elogies under the portraitures: as likewise the figures of all sorts of creatures and the stuffed skins of as many strange animals as can be gotten.

7. An anatomy chamber adorned with skeletons and anatomical pictures, and prepared with all conveniences for dissection.

8. A chamber for all manner of drugs and apothecaries' materials. 9. A mathematical chamber furnished with all sorts of mathematical instruments, being an appendix to the library. 10. Lodgings for the chaplain, chirurgeon, library-keeper, and purveyor, near the chapel, anatomy chamber, library, and hall.

That the third court be on one side of these, very large, but meanly built, being designed only for use and not for beauty too, as the others. That it contain the kitchen, butteries, brew-house, bake-house, dairy, lardry, stables, etc., and especially great laboratories for chemical operations, and lodgings for the under-servants.

That behind the second court be placed the garden, containing all sorts of plants that our soil will bear, and at the end a little house of pleasure, a lodge for the gardener, and a grove of trees cut out into walks.

That the second enclosed ground be a garden, destined only to the trial of all manner of experiments concerning plants, as their melioration, acceleration, retardation, conservation, composition, transmutation, coloration, or whatsoever else can be produced by art either for use or curiosity, with a lodge in it for the gardener.

That the third ground be employed in convenient receptacles for all sorts of creatures which the professors shall judge necessary for their more exact search into the nature of animals and the improvement of their uses to us.

That there be likewise built in some place of the College where it may serve most for ornament of the whole a very high tower for observation of celestial bodies, adorned with all sorts of dials and such like curiosities; and that there be very deep vaults made under ground, for experiments most proper to such places, which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the charity or generosity of this age to extend to; and we do not design this after the model of Solomon's House in my Lord Bacon (which is a project for experiments that can never be experimented), but propose it within such bounds of expense as have often been exceeded by the buildings of private citizens.

OF THE PROFESSORS, SCHOLARS, CHAPLAIN, AND OTHER OFFICERS

That of the twenty professors four be always traveling beyond seas, and sixteen always resident, unless by permission upon extraordinary occasions, and everyone so absent leaving a deputy behind him to supply his duties.

That the four professors itinerant be assigned to the four parts of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, there to reside three years at least, and to give a constant account of all things that belong to the learning, and especially natural experimental philosophy of those parts.

That the expense of all dispatches and all books, simples, animals, stones, metals, minerals, etc., and all curiosities whatsoever, natural or artificial, sent by them to the College, shall be defrayed out of the treasury, and an additional allowance (above the 120^l) made to them as soon as the College's revenue shall be improved.

That at their going abroad they shall take a solemn oath never to write anything to the College but what after very diligent examination they shall fully believe to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as they find themselves in an error.

That the sixteen professors resident shall be bound to study and teach all sorts of natural, experimental philosophy, to consist of the mathematics, mechanics, medicine, anatomy, chemistry, the history of animals, plants, minerals, elements, etc., agriculture, architecture, art military, navigation, gardening; the mysteries of all trades, and improvement of them; the facture of all merchandizes, all natural magic or divination; and briefly all things contained in the catalogue of natural histories

annexed to my Lord Bacon's *Organon*.

That once a day from Easter till Michaelmas, and twice a week from Michaelmas to Easter, at the hours in the afternoon most convenient for auditors from London according to the time of the year, there shall be a lecture read in the hall, upon such parts of natural experimental philosophy as the professors shall agree on among themselves, and as each of them shall be able to perform usefully and honorably.

That two of the professors by daily, weekly, or monthly turns shall teach the public schools according to the rules hereafter prescribed.

That all the professors shall be equal in all respects (except precedency, choice of lodging, and such like privileges, which shall belong to seniority in the College), and that all shall be masters and treasurers by annual turns, which two officers for the time being shall take place of all the rest, and shall be *arbitri duarum mensarum*.

That the master shall command all the officers of the College, appoint assemblies or conferences upon occasion, and preside in them with a double voice, and in his absence the treasurer, whose business is to receive and disburse all moneys by the master's order in writing (if it be an extraordinary) after consent of the other professors.

That all the professors shall sup together in the parlor within the hall every night, and shall dine there twice a week (to wit Sundays and Thursdays) at two round tables for the convenience of discourse, which shall be for the most part of such matters as may improve their studies and professions, and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable talk shall be the duty of the two *arbitri mensarum*, who may likewise command any of the servant-scholars to read to them what he shall think fit, whilst they are at table: that it shall belong likewise to the said *arbitri mensarum* only to invite strangers, which they shall rarely do, unless they be men of learning or great parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one table, nothing being more vain and unfruitful than numerous meetings of acquaintance.

That the professors resident shall allow the College twenty pounds a year for their diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That they shall have once a week an assembly or conference concerning the affairs of the College and the progress of their experimental philosophy.

That if anyone find out anything which he conceives to be of consequence, he shall communicate it to the assembly to be examined, experimented, approved, or rejected.

That if anyone be author of an invention that may bring in profit, the third part of it shall belong to the inventor, and the two other to the society; and besides if the thing be very considerable, his statue or picture with an elogy under it, shall be placed in the gallery, and made a denizen of that corporation of famous men.

That all the professors shall be always assigned to some particular inquisition (besides the ordinary course of their studies), of which they shall give an account to the assembly, so that by this means there may be every day some operation or other made in all the arts, as chemistry, anatomy, mechanics, and the like, and that the College shall furnish for the charge of the operation.

That there shall be kept a register under lock and key, and not to be seen but by the professors, of all the experiments that succeed, signed by the persons who made the trial.

That the popular and received errors in experimental philosophy (with which, like weeds in a neglected garden, it is now almost all overgrown) shall be evinced by trial, and taken notice of in the public lectures, that they may no longer abuse the credulous and beget new ones by consequence or similitude.

That every third year (after the full settlement of the foundation) the College shall give an account in print, in proper and ancient Latin, of the fruits of their triennial industry.

That every professor resident shall have his scholar to wait upon him in his chamber and at table, whom he shall be obliged to breed up in natural philosophy, and ren-

der an account of his progress to the assembly, from whose election he received him, and therefore is responsible to it, both for the care of his education and the just and civil usage of him.

That the scholar shall understand Latin very well and be moderately initiated in the Greek before he be capable of being chosen into the service, and that he shall not remain in it above seven years.

That his lodging shall be with the professor whom he serves.

That no professor shall be a married man, or a divine, or lawyer in practice; only physic he may be allowed to prescribe, because the study of that art is a great part of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is so great that it will not suffer him to lose much time in mercenary practice.

That the professors shall in the College wear the habit of ordinary Masters of Art in the universities, or of Doctors, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and exemplary friendship with one another, and that the assembly shall lay a considerable pecuniary mulct upon anyone who shall be proved to have entered so far into a quarrel as to give uncivil language to his brother-professor; and that the perseverance in any enmity shall be punished by the governors with expulsion.

That the chaplain shall eat at the masters' table (paying his twenty pounds a year as the others do) and that he shall read prayers once a day at least, a little before supper-time; that he shall preach in the chapel every Sunday morning, and catechize in the afternoon the scholars and the schoolboys; that he shall every month administer the holy sacrament; that he shall not trouble himself and his auditors with the controversies of divinity, but only teach God in His just commandments and in His wonderful works.

THE SCHOOL

That the school may be built so as to contain about two hundred boys.

That it be divided into four classes, not as others are ordinarily into six or seven, because we suppose that the children sent

hither to be initiated in things as well as words ought to have passed the two or three first, and to have attained the age of about thirteen years, being already well advanced in the Latin grammar and some authors.

That none, though never so rich, shall pay anything for their teaching; and that if any professor shall be convicted to have taken any money in consideration of his pains in the school, he shall be expelled with ignominy by the governors; but if any persons of great estate and quality, finding their sons much better proficient in learning here than boys of the same age commonly are at other schools, shall not think fit to receive an obligation of so near concernment without returning some marks of acknowledgement, they may, if they please (for nothing is to be demanded) bestow some little rarity or curiosity upon the society in recompense of their trouble.

And because it is deplorable to consider the loss which children make of their time at most schools, employing, or rather casting away, six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that too very imperfectly:

That a method be here established for the infusing knowledge and language at the same time into them; and that this may be their apprenticeship in natural philosophy. This we conceive may be done by breeding them up in authors, or pieces of authors, who treat of some parts of nature, and who may be understood with as much ease and pleasure as those which are commonly taught; such are in Latin Varro, Cato, Columella, Pliny, part of Celsus, and of Seneca, Cicero *de Divinatione*, *de Naturâ Deorum*, and several scattered pieces, Virgil's *Georgics*, Grotius, Nemesianus, Manilius; and because the truth is we want good poets (I mean we have but few) who have purposely treated of solid and learned, that is, natural matters (the most part indulging to the weakness of the world, and feeding it either with the follies of love or with the fables of gods and heroes), we conceive that one book ought to be compiled of all the scattered little parcels among the ancient poets that might serve for the advancement of natural science,

and which would make no small or unuseful or unpleasant volume. To this we would have added the morals and rhetorics of Cicero, and the Institutions of Quintilian; and for the comedians, from whom almost all that necessary part of common discourse, and all the most intimate proprieties of the language are drawn, we conceive the boys may be made masters of them as a part of their recreation and not of their task, if once a month, or at least once in two, they act one of Terence's comedies, and afterwards (the most advanced) some of Plautus his; and this is for many reasons one of the best exercises they can be enjoined, and most innocent pleasures they can be allowed. As for the Greek authors, they may study Nicander, Oppianus (whom Scaliger does not doubt to prefer above Homer himself, and place next to his adored Virgil), Aristotle's history of animals and other parts, Theophrastus and Dioscorides of plants, and a collection made out of several both poets and other Grecian writers. For the morals and rhetoric Aristotle may suffice, or Hermogenes and Longinus be added for the latter; with the history of animals they should be showed anatomy as a divertisement, and made to know the figures and natures of those creatures which are not common among us, disabusing them at the same time of those errors which are universally admitted concerning many. The same method should be used to make them acquainted with all plants; and to this must be added a little of the ancient and modern geography, the understanding of the globes, and the principles of geometry and astronomy. They should likewise use to declaim in Latin and English, as the Romans did in Greek and Latin; and in all this travel be rather led on by familiarity, encouragement, and emulation, than driven by severity, punishment, and terror. Upon festivals and playtimes they should exercise themselves in the fields by riding, leaping, fencing, mustering, and training after the manner of soldiers, etc., and to prevent all dangers and all disorder, there should always be two of the scholars with them to be as witnesses and directors of their actions; in foul weather it would not

be amiss for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse), as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.

Upon Sundays and all days of devotion they are to be a part of the chaplain's province.

That for all these ends the College so order it as that there may be some convenient and pleasant houses thereabouts, kept by religious, discreet, and careful persons, for the lodging and boarding of young scholars, that they have a constant eye over them to see that they be bred up there piously, cleanly, and plentifully, according to the proportion of their parents' expenses.

And that the College, when it shall please God either by their own industry and success or by the benevolence of patrons to enrich them so far as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, shall at their own charges erect and maintain some house or houses for the entertainment of such poor men's sons whose good natural parts may promise either use or ornament to the Commonwealth, during the time of their abode at school, and shall take care that it shall be done with the same conveniences as are enjoyed even by rich men's children (though they maintain the fewer for that cause), there being nothing of eminent and illustrious to be expected from a low, sordid, and hospital-like education.

CONCLUSION

If I be not much abused by a natural fondness to my own conceptions (that *στοργή* of the Greeks, which no other language has a proper word for), there was never any project thought upon which deserves to meet with so few adversaries as this; for who can without impudent folly oppose the establishment of twenty well selected persons in such a condition of life that their whole business and sole profession may be to study the improvement and advantage of all other professions, from that of the highest general even to the lowest artisan? Who shall be obliged to employ their whole time, wit, learning, and

industry to these four, the most useful that can be imagined, and to no other ends; first, to weigh, examine, and prove all things of Nature delivered to us by former ages, to detect, explode, and strike a censure through all false moneys with which the world has been paid and cheated so long, and (as I may say) to set the mark of the College upon all true coins that they may pass hereafter without any farther trial. Secondly, to recover the lost inventions, and, as it were, drowned lands of the ancients. Thirdly, to improve all arts which we now have; and lastly, to discover others which we yet have not. And who shall besides all this (as a benefit by the by) give the best education in the world (purely *gratis*) to as many men's children as shall think fit to make use of the obligation. Neither does it at all check or interfere ²⁰

with any parties in state or religion, but is indifferently to be embraced by all differences in opinion, and can hardly be conceived capable (as many good institutions have done) even of degeneration into anything harmful. So that, all things considered, I will suppose this proposition shall encounter with no enemies; the only question is whether it will find friends enough to carry it on from discourse and design to reality and effect; the necessary expenses of the beginning (for it will maintain itself well enough afterwards) being so great (though I have set them as low as is possible in order to so vast a work) that it may seem hopeless to raise such a sum out of those few dead relics of human charity and public generosity which are yet remaining in the world.

TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY

[1667].

Philosophy, the great and only heir

Of all that human knowledge which has been
Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,

Though full of years he do appear,
(Philosophy, I say, and call it *he*.

For whatsoever the painter's fancy be,
It a male-virtue seems to me)

Has still been kept in nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast estate:

¹⁰ Three or four thousand years, one would have thought,
To ripeness and perfection might have brought

A science so well bred and nurs'd,
And of such hopeful parts too at the first.

But, oh, the guardians and the tutors then,
(Some negligent, and some ambitious men)

Would ne'er consent to set him free,
Or his own natural powers to let him see,
Lest that should put an end to their authority.

That his own business he might quite forget,

²⁰ They amus'd him with the sports of wanton wit,

With the desserts of poetry they fed him,
Instead of solid meats t' increase his force;

Instead of vigorous exercise, they led him
Into the pleasant labyrinths of ever-fresh discourse:

Instead of carrying him to see
The riches which do hoarded for him lie

In Nature's endless treasury,
 They chose his eye to entertain
 (His curious but not covetous eye)
 30 With painted scenes and pageants of the brain.
 Some few exalted spirits this latter age has shown,
 That labor'd to assert the liberty
 (From guardians, who were now usurpers grown)
 Of this old minor still, captiv'd Philosophy;
 But 'twas rebellion call'd to fight
 For such a long-oppressed right.
 Bacon at last, a mighty man, arose
 Whom a wise king and Nature chose
 Lord Chancellor of both their laws,
 40 And boldly undertook the injur'd pupil's cause.

Authority, which did a body boast,
 Though 'twas but air condens'd, and stalk'd about,
 Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,
 To terrify the learned rout
 With the plain magic of true Reason's light,
 He chas'd out of our sight,
 Nor suffer'd living men to be misled
 By the vain shadows of the dead:
 To graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd phantom fled;
 50 He broke that monstrous god which stood
 In midst of th' orchard, and the whole did claim,
 Which with a useless sith of wood,
 And something else not worth a name,
 (Both vast for show, yet neither fit
 Or to defend, or to beget;
 Ridiculous and senseless terrors!) made
 Children and superstitious men afraid.
 The orchard's open now, and free;
 Bacon has broke that scare-crow deity;
 60 Come, enter, all that will,
 Behold the rip'ned fruit, come gather now your fill.
 Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
 Catching at the forbidden tree,
 We would be like the Deity,
 When Truth and Falsehood, Good and Evil, we
 Without the senses' aid within ourselves would see;
 For 'tis God only who can find
 All Nature in his mind.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought,
 70 (Though we our thoughts from them perversely drew)
 To things, the mind's right object, he it brought.
 Like foolish birds to painted grapes we flew;
 He sought and gather'd for our use the true;
 And when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,
 He press'd them wisely the mechanic way,
 Till all their juice did in one vessel join,
 Ferment into a nourishment divine,

The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.
 Who to the life an exact piece would make
 80 Must not from others' work a copy take;
 No, not from Rubens or Vandyke;
 Much less content himself to make it like
 Th' ideas and the images which lie
 In his own fancy, or his memory.
 No, he before his sight must place
 The natural and living face;
 The real object must command
 Each judgment of his eye, and motion of his hand.

From these and all long errors of the way,
 90 In which our wand'ring predecessors went,
 And like th' old Hebrews many years did stray
 In deserts but of small extent,
 Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,
 The barren wilderness he pass'd,
 Did on the very border stand
 Of the bless'd promis'd land,
 And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
 Saw it himself, and show'd us it.
 But life did never to one man allow
 100 Time to discover worlds, and conquer too;
 Nor can so short a line sufficient be,
 To fathom the vast depths of Nature's Sea:
 The work he did we ought t' admire,
 And were unjust if we should more require
 From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess
 Of low affliction and high happiness.
 For who on things remote can fix his sight,
 That's always in a triumph, or a fight?

From you, great champions, we expect to get
 110 These spacious countries but discover'd yet;
 Countries where yet instead of Nature, we
 Her images and idols worship'd see:
 These large and wealthy regions to subdue,
 Though learning has whole armies at command,
 Quarter'd about in every land,
 A better troop she ne'er together drew.
 Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
 God with design has pick'd out you,
 To do these noble wonders by a few:
 120 When the whole host He saw, They are (said He)
 Too many to o'ercome for me;
 And now He chooses out his men,
 Much in the way that He did then;
 Not those many whom He found
 Idly extended on the ground,
 To drink with their dejected head
 The stream just so as by their mouths it fled:

No, but those few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious hands the cup.

- 130 Thus you prepar'd; and in the glorious fight
 Their wondrous pattern too you take:
 Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,
 And with their hands then lifted up the light.
 Io! Sound too the trumpets here!
 Already your victorious lights appear;
 New scenes of Heav'n already we espy,
 And crowds of golden worlds on high;
 Which from the spacious plains of earth and sea
 Could never yet discover'd be
 140 By sailor's or Chaldæan's watchful eye.
 Nature's great works no distance can obscure,
 No smallness her near objects can secure;
 Y' have taught the curious sight to press
 Into the privatest recess
 Of her imperceptible littleness.
 Y' have learn'd to read her smallest hand,
 And well begun her deepest sense to understand.

- Mischief and true dishonor fall on those
 Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
 150 So virtuous and so noble a design,
 So human for its use, for knowledge so divine.
 The things which these proud men despise, and call
 Impertinent, and vain, and small,
 Those smallest things of Nature let me know,
 Rather than all their greatest actions do.
 Whoever would deposed truth advance
 Into the throne usurp'd from it
 Must feel at first the blows of Ignorance,
 And the sharp points of envious Wit.
 160 So when by various turns of the celestial dance,
 In many thousand years
 A star, so long unknown, appears,
 Though Heav'n itself more beauteous by it grow,
 It troubles and alarms the world below,
 Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor show.

- With courage and success you the bold work begin;
 Your cradle has not idle been:
 None e'er but Hercules and you could be
 At five years age worthy a history.
 170 And ne'er did Fortune better yet
 Th' historian to the story fit:
 As you from all old errors free
 And purge the body of philosophy;
 So from all modern follies he
 Has vindicated eloquence and wit.
 His candid style like a clean stream does slide,
 And his bright fancy all the way

Does like the sunshine in it play;
 It does like Thames, the best of rivers, glide,
 180 Where the god does not rudely overturn,
 But gently pour the crystal urn,
 And with judicious hand does the whole current guide.
 'T has all the beauties Nature can impart,
 And all the comely dress without the paint of art.

SEVERAL DISCOURSES BY WAY OF ESSAYS,
 IN VERSE AND PROSE

[1668].

OF SOLITUDE

Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus is now become a very vulgar saying. Every man and almost every boy for these seventeen hundred years has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the excellent Scipio, who was without question a most eloquent and witty person, as well as the most wise, most worthy, most happy, and the greatest of all mankind. His meaning no doubt was this, that he found more satisfaction to his mind and more improvement of it by solitude than by company, and to show that he spoke not this loosely or out of vanity, after he had made Rome mistress of almost the whole world, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private house in the middle of a wood near Linternum passed the remainder of his glorious life no less gloriously. This house Seneca went to see so long after with great veneration, and among other things describes his baths to have been of so mean a structure that now, says he, the basest of the people would despise them, and cry out, "Poor Scipio understood not how to live." What an authority is here for the credit of retreat! and happy had it been for Hannibal if adversity could have taught him as much wisdom as was learnt by Scipio from the highest prosperities. 30 This would be no wonder if it were as truly as it is colorably and wittily said by Monsieur de Montaigne, that ambition itself might teach us to love solitude; there's nothing does so much hate to have companions. 'Tis true, it loves to have its elbows free, it detests to have company on either side, but it delights above all things

in a train behind, ay, and ushers too before it. But the greatest part of men are so far from the opinion of that noble Roman that if they chance at any time to be without company, they're like a becalmed ship, they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature, that men 10 should love themselves above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in love with a mistress, all other persons are importunate and burdensome to them. *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam lubens*, they would live and die with her alone.

*Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere silvis
 Quâ nulla humano sit via trita pedê,
 Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
 Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.* 20

With thee forever I in woods could rest,
 Where never human foot the ground has
 press'd,
 Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,
 And from a desert banish solitude.

And yet our dear self is so wearisome to us that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind as Catullus expresses towards one of his mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable humor.

*Odi et amo, quânam id faciam ratione requiris?
 Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.*

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
 How can that be? I know not how;
 Only that so it is I know,
 And feel with torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man sometimes to pitiful shifts in seeking how to avoid himself.

The truth of the matter is that neither he who is a fop in the world is a fit man to be alone, nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding; so that solitude can be well fitted and set right but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity; if the mind be possessed with any lust or passions, a man had better be in a fair than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps and pick our pockets in the midst of company, but, like robbers, they use to strip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men and fall into the hands of devils. 'Tis like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sewed into a bag with an ape, a dog, and a serpent. The first work therefore that a man must do to make himself capable of the good of solitude is the very eradication of all lusts, for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself while his affections are tied to things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the art and get the habit of thinking; for this too, no less than well speaking, depends upon much practice, and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a god from a wild beast. Now because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon, it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve without them; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the love of letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis!

O life, long to the fool, short to the wise!

The first minister of state has not so much business in public as a wise man has in private; if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and Nature under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, that a man does not know how to pass his time. 'T would have been but ill spoken by Methusalem in the nine hundred sixty-ninth year of his life, so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this you'll say is work only for the learned, others are not capable either of the employments or diversions that arrive from letters. I know they are not; and therefore cannot much recommend solitude to a man totally illiterate. But if any man be so unlearned as to want entertainment of the little intervals of accidental solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the people, who have business enough in the necessary provisions for life), it is truly a great shame both to his parents and himself, for a very small portion of any ingenious art will stop up all those gaps of our time, either music, or painting, or designing, or chemistry, or history, or gardening, or twenty other things will do it usefully and pleasantly; and if he happen to set his affections upon poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately), that will over-do it; no wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his beloved.

—*O quis me gelidis sub montibus
 Æmi
 Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat
 umbrâ?*

*Virg.
 Georg.*

1.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
 Hail ye plebeian under-wood!
 Where the poetic birds rejoice,
 And for their quiet nests and plenteous food,
 Pay with their grateful voice.

2.

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat!
 Ye country houses and retreat,
 Which all the happy gods so love,
 That for you oft they quit their bright and great
 10 Metropolis above.

3.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
 Nature, the wisest architect,
 Who those fond artists does despise
 That can the fair and living trees neglect;
 Yet the dead timber prize.

4.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
 Hear the soft winds above me flying,
 With all their wanton boughs dispute,
 And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
 20 Nor be myself too mute.

5.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
 Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
 On whose enamel'd bank I'll walk,
 And see how prettily they smile, and hear
 How prettily they talk.

6.

Ah wretched, and too solitary he
 Who loves not his own company!
 He'll feel the weight of't many a day
 Unless he call in sin or vanity
 30 To help to bear't away.

7.

Oh solitude, first state of humankind!
 Which bless'd remain'd till man did find
 Even his own helpers company.
 As soon as two (alas!) together join'd,
 The serpent made up three.

8.

Thee God himself, through countless ages, thee
 His sole companion chose to be,
 Thee, sacred Solitude alone,
 Before the branchy head of number's tree
 40 Sprang from the trunk of One.

9.

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)
 Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,
 Which else would know no settled pace,
 Making it move, well manag'd by thy art,
 With swiftness and with grace.

10.

Thou the faint beams of Reason's scatter'd light,
 Dost like a burning-glass unite,
 Dost multiply the feeble heat,
 And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
 50 And noble fires beget.

11.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
 The monster London laugh at me;
 I should at thee too, foolish city,
 If it were fit to laugh at misery,
 But thy estate I pity.

12.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,
 Ev'n thou, who dost thy millions boast,
 A village less than Islington wilt grow,
 60 A solitude almost.

OF OBSCURITY

*Hor. Epist. Nam neque Divitiis contingunt
 l. i. 18. gaudia solis,
 Nec vixit male, qui natus mori-
 ensque sefellit.*

God made not pleasures only for the rich,
 Nor have those men without their share too
 liv'd,
 Who both in life and death the world de-
 ceiv'd.

vindication of the men of business (for
 who else can deceive the world?) whereas
 it is in commendation of those who live and
 die so obscurely that the world takes no
 notice of them. This Horace calls deceiv-
 ing the world, and in another place uses
 the same phrase.

Secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ. Ep. 18.
 The secret tracks of the deceiving life.

This seems a strange sentence thus liter- 10 It is very elegant in Latin, but our English
 ally translated, and looks as if it were in word will hardly bear up to that sense, and

therefore Mr. Broom translates it very well,

Or from a life led as it were by stealth.

Yet we say in our language a thing deceives our sight when it passes before us unperceived, and we may say well enough out of the same author,

Sometimes with sleep, sometimes with wine
we strive,

The cares of life and troubles to deceive.

But that is not to deceive the world, but to deceive ourselves, as Quintilian says,

Declam. Vitam fallere, to draw on still,
de Apib. and amuse, and deceive our life,
till it be advanced insensibly to

the fatal period, and fall into that pit which Nature hath prepared for it. The meaning of all this is no more than that most vulgar saying, *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*, He has lived well, who has lain well hidden. Which if it be a truth, the world (I'll swear) is sufficiently deceived: for my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of life is *in incognito*. What a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies! It is in my mind a very delightful pastime for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know anybody. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage, Venus herself

Virg. 1. A veil of thick'ned air around them
Æn. cast,

That none might know, or see them as they
pass'd.

The common story of Demosthenes's confession that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say as he passed, "This is that Demosthenes," is wonderful ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any), but am so far from finding it any pleasure that it only makes me run faster from the place till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democ-

ritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that when he came to Athens nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus; after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life that in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet within a very few years afterward there were no two names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a *quotidian ague* of frigid impertinencies, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honor that lies in that. Whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief justice of a city. Every creature has it both of nature and art if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or, "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing through the streets, as, "This is that Alexander," or "This is that Domitian"; and truly for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honorable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire. I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue, not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides, but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely no-

tional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbors that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody, and so after a healthful quiet life, before the great

inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit); this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this *muta persona*, I take to have been more happy in his part than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise, nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked with his last breath whether he had not played his farce very well.

THE GARDEN
TO J. EVELYN, *ESQUIRE*

I never had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and study of Nature,

And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole and entire to lie,
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

Or as Virgil has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there *Studiis florere ignobilis otii* (though I could wish that he had rather said, *Nobilis otii*, when he spoke of his own). But several accidents of my ill fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this world and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds and rubbish; and without that pleasantest work of human industry, the improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from Sodom, but I am not yet arrived at my Little Zoar. *O let me escape thither (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live.* I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for this seems a

little too extravagant and Pindarical for prose) what I mean by all this preface; it is to let you know that though I have missed, like a chemist, my great end, yet I account my affections and endeavors well rewarded by something that I have met with by the by; which is, that they have procured to me some part in your kindness and esteem; and thereby the honor of having my name so advantageously recommended to posterity, by the *Épistle* you are pleased to prefix to the most useful book that has been written in that kind, and which is to last as long as months and years.

Among many other arts and excellencies which you enjoy, I am glad to find this favorite of mine the most predominant, that you choose this for your wife, though you have hundreds of other arts for your concubines; though you know them, and beget sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great legacies), yet the issue of this seems to be designed by you to the main of the estate; you have taken most pleasure in it, and bestowed most charges upon its education: and I doubt not to see that book which you are pleased to promise to the world, and of which you have given us a large earnest in your *Calendar*, as accomplished as anything can be expected from an extraordinary wit, and no ordinary expenses, and a long experience. I know nobody that possesses more private happiness than you do in your garden; and yet no man who makes

his happiness more public, by a free communication of the art and knowledge of it to others. All that I myself am able yet to do is only to recommend to mankind the search of that felicity which you instruct them how to find and to enjoy.

I.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
 With the full choice of thine own happiness;
 And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
 With prudence, how to choose the best:
 In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
 (Things which thou well dost understand;
 And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
 Thy noble, innocent delight:
 And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
 10 Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet:
 The fairest garden in her looks,
 And in her mind the wisest books.
 Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid joys
 For empty shows and senseless noise;
 And all which rank ambition breeds,
 Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such
 poisonous weeds?

2.

When God did man to his own likeness make,
 As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
 By the great Potter's art refin'd,
 20 Could the divine impression take,
 He thought it fit to place him where
 A kind of Heav'n too did appear,
 As far as earth could such a likeness bear:
 That man no happiness might want,
 Which earth to her first master could afford,
 He did a garden for him plant
 By the quick hand of His omnipotent word.
 As the chief help and joy of human life,
 He gave him the first gift; first, ev'n before a wife.

3.

30 For God, the Universal Architect,
 'T had been as easy to erect
 A Louvre or Escorial, or a tow'r
 That might with Heav'n communication hold,
 As Babel vainly thought to do of old:
 He wanted not the skill or pow'r;
 In the world's fabric those were shown,
 And the materials were all His own.
 But well He knew what place would best agree
 With innocence, and with felicity:
 40 And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain.

RESTORATION LITERATURE

If any part of either yet remain,
 If any part of either we expect,
 This may our judgment in the search direct;
 God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain.

4.

O blessed shades! O gentle cool retreat
 From all th' immoderate heat,
 In which the frantic world does burn and sweat!
 This does the Lion-star, ambition's rage;
 This avarice, the Dog-star's thirst assuage;
 50 Everywhere else their fatal pow'r we see,
 They make and rule man's wretched destiny:
 They neither set, nor disappear,
 But tyrannize o'er all the year;
 Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
 The birds that dance from bough to bough,
 And sing above in ev'ry tree,
 Are not from fears and cares more free,
 Than we who lie, or sit, or walk below,
 And should by right be singers too.
 60 What prince's choir of music can excel
 That which within this shade does dwell,
 To which we nothing pay or give?
 They like all other poets live,
 Without reward, or thanks for their obliging pains;
 'Tis well if they become not prey:
 The whistling winds add their less artful strains,
 And a grave bass the murm'ring fountains play;
 Nature does all this harmony bestow,
 But to our plants, art's music too,
 70 The pipe, theorbo, and guitar we owe;
 The lute itself, which once was green and mute,
 When Orpheus strook th' inspired lute,
 The trees danc'd round, and understood
 By sympathy the voice of wood.

5.

These are the spells that to kind sleep invite,
 And nothing does, within, resistance make,
 Which yet we moderately take;
 Who would not choose to be awake,
 While he's encompass'd round with such delight,
 80 To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and sight?
 When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep
 A pris'ner in the downy bands of sleep,
 She od'rous herbs and flow'rs beneath him spread
 As the most soft and sweetest bed;
 Not her own lap would more have charm'd his head.
 Who, that has reason, and his smell,
 Would not among roses and jasmin dwell,

Rather than all his spirits choke
 With exhalations of dirt and smoke?
 90 And all th' uncleanness which does drown
 In pestilential clouds a populous town?
 The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,
 Than all the female men or women there,
 Not without cause, about them bear.

6.

When Epicurus to the world had taught
 That pleasure was the chiefest good
 (And was perhaps i'th' right, if rightly understood),
 His life he to his doctrine brought,
 And in a garden's shade that sov'reign pleasure
 sought :
 100 Whoever a true Epicure would be,
 May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
 Vitellius his table, which did hold
 As many creatures as the Ark of old :
 That fiscal table, to which ev'ry day
 All countries did a constant tribute pay,
 Could nothing more delicious afford,
 Than Nature's liberality,
 Help'd with a little art and industry,
 Allows the meanest gard'ner's board.
 110 The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
 For which the grape or melon she would lose,
 Though all th' inhabitants of sea and air
 Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare ;
 Yet still the fruits of earth we see
 Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.

7.

But with no sense the garden does comply,
 None courts, or flatters, as it does the eye :
 When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
 The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,
 120 His royal southern guest to entertain ;
 Though she on silver floors did tread,
 With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,
 To hide the metal's poverty ;
 Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,
 And nought around her could behold
 But silk and rich embroidery,
 And Babylonian tapestry,
 And wealthy Hiram's princely dye ;
 Though Ophir's starry stones met ev'rywhere her
 eye ;
 130 Though she herself and her gay host were dress'd
 With all the shining glories of the East ;
 When lavish Art her costly work had done,

RESTORATION LITERATURE

The honor and the prize of bravery
 Was by the garden from the palace won;
 And ev'ry rose and lily there did stand
 Better attir'd by Nature's hand:
 The case thus judg'd against the king we see,
 By one that would not be so rich, though wiser far
 than he.

8.

Nor does this happy place only dispense
 140 Such various pleasures to the sense;
 Here health itself does live,
 That salt of life, which does to all a relish give,
 Its standing pleasure and intrinsic wealth,
 The body's virtue, and the soul's good fortune,
 health.
 The Tree of Life, when it in Eden stood,
 Did its immortal head to Heaven rear;
 It lasted a tall cedar till the Flood;
 Now a small thorny shrub it does appear;
 Nor will it thrive too ev'rywhere:
 150 It always here is freshest seen;
 'Tis only here an evergreen.
 If through the strong and beauteous fence
 Of temperance and innocence,
 And wholesome labors, and a quiet mind,
 Any diseases passage find.
 They must not think here to assail
 A land unarmed, or without a guard;
 They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
 Before they can prevail:
 160 Scarce any plant is growing here
 Which against Death some weapon does not bear.
 Let cities boast that they provide
 For life the ornaments of pride;
 But 'tis the country and the field
 That furnish it with staff and shield.

9.

Where does the wisdom and the pow'r divine
 In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?
 Where do we finer strokes and colors see
 Of the Creator's real poetry,
 170 Than when we with attention look
 Upon the third day's volume of the Book?
 If we could open and intend our eye,
 We all like Moses should espy
 Ev'n in a bush the radiant Deity.
 But we despise these His inferior ways,
 (Though no less full of miracle and praise):
 Upon the flowers of Heaven we gaze;

The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,
 Though these perhaps do more than they
 180 The life of mankind sway.
 Although no part of mighty Nature be
 More stor'd with beauty, pow'r, and mystery;
 Yet to encourage human industry,
 God has so order'd that no other part
 Such space and such dominion leaves for art.

10.

We nowhere art do so triumphant see,
 As when it grafts or buds the tree:
 In other things we count it to excel,
 If it a docile scholar can appear
 190 To Nature, and but imitate her well;
 It overrules, and is her master here.
 It imitates her Maker's pow'r divine,
 And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does re-
 fine:
 It does, like Grace, the fallen tree restore
 To its bless'd state of Paradise before:
 Who would not joy to see his conqu'ring hand
 O'er all the vegetable world command?
 And the wild giants of the wood receive
 What law he's pleas'd to give?
 200 He bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce
 The gentler apple's winy juice;
 The golden fruit that worthy is
 Of Galatea's purple kiss;
 He does the savage hawthorn teach
 To bear the medlar and the pear;
 He bids the rustic plum to rear
 A noble trunk, and be a peach.
 Ev'n Daphne's coyness he does mock,
 And weds the cherry to her stock,
 210 Though she refus'd Apollo's suit;
 Ev'n she, that chaste and virgin tree,
 Now wonders at herself, to see
 That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

11.

Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
 In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
 Which by his own imperial hands was made:
 I see him smile (methinks) as he does talk
 With the ambassadors, who come in vain,
 T' entice him to a throne again.
 220 If I, my friends (said he) should to you show
 All the delights which in these gardens grow;
 'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,
 Than 'tis that you should carry me away:

RESTORATION LITERATURE

And trust me not, my friends, if ev'ry day
 I walk not here with more delight
 Than ever after the most happy fight,
 In triumph, to the Capitol, I rode,
 To thank the gods, and to be thought myself almost
 a god.

OF MYSELF

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind nor my body nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world or glories or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holy-days and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragement, to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an Ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish, but of this part which I here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much ashamed.

9.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
 Some honor I would have,
 Not from great deeds, but good alone.
 The unknown are better than ill known:
 Rumor can ope' the grave.
 Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
 Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

10.

Books should, not bus'ness, entertain the light,
 10 And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
 My house a cottage, more
 Than palace, and should fitting be

For all my use, no luxury.
 My garden painted o'er
 With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
 Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

II.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
 For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
 And in this true delight,
 20 These unbought sports, this happy state,
 I would not fear nor wish my fate,
 But boldly say each night,
 To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
 Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace), and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me: they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there; for I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlor (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this), and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as irremediably as a child is made an eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as

could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses of the world. Now though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and French courts), yet all this was so far from altering my opinion that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it: a storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect.

Well then ; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, etc.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his Majesty's happy restoration but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who, with no greater probabilities or pretenses, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes : but I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it.

Pindar. Od. Thou, neither great at court nor
Destiny. in the war,
Nor at th' exchange shalt be, nor at the
wrangling bar ;
Content thyself with the small barren praise
Which neglected verse does raise, etc.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on, I cast myself into it a *corps perdu*, without making capitulations or taking counsel of Fortune. But God laughs at a man who says to his

soul, *Take thy ease* : I met presently not only with many little encumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine : yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum* ; nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married ; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

—*Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
Hortique Sylvaqæ ; anima remanente relin-
quam.*

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest, and the best,
You Muses, books, and liberty and rest ;
You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

But this is a very pretty ejaculation ; because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humor to the last.

MARTIAL. BOOK X, EPIGRAM 47.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, etc.

Since, dearest Friend, 'tis your desire to see
A true receipt of happiness from me ;
These are the chief ingredients, if not all ;
Take an estate neither too great nor small,
Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call.
Let this estate from parents' care descend ;
The getting it too much of life does spend.
Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for industry.
10 Let constant fires the winter's fury tame ;
And let thy kitchen's be a vestal flame.
Thee to the town let never suit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, bus'ness draw.
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep.
Let exercise a vig'rous health maintain,
Without which all the composition's vain.
In the same weight prudence and innocence take,
Ana of each does the just mixture make.
20 But a few friendships wear, and let them be
By nature and by fortune fit for thee.
Instead of art and luxury in food,

Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
 If any cares into thy day-time creep,
 At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep.
 Let rest, which Nature does to darkness wed,
 And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed,
 Be satisfied, and pleas'd with what thou art ;
 Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part,
 30 Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
 And neither fear nor wish th' approaches of the last.

MARTIAL. BOOK X, EPIGRAM 96.

Me who have liv'd so long among the great,
 You wonder to hear talk of a retreat :
 And a retreat so distant as may show
 No thoughts of a return when once I go.
 Give me a country, how remote so e'er,
 Where happiness a mod'rate rate does bear,
 Where poverty itself in plenty flows,
 And all the solid use of riches knows.
 The ground about the house maintains it there,
 10 The house maintains the ground about it here.
 Here even hunger's dear, and a full board
 Devours the vital substance of the lord.
 The land itself does there the feast bestow,
 The land itself must here to market go.
 Three or four suits one winter here does waste,
 One suit does there three or four winters last.
 Here ev'ry frugal man must oft be cold,
 And little lukewarm fires are to you sold.
 There fire's an element as cheap and free
 20 Almost as any of the other three.
 Stay you then here, and live among the great,
 Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.
 When all the bounties here of men you score,
 The place's bounty there shall give me more.

THOMAS SPRAT (1635-1713)
THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY
[1667].

FIRST PART

SECTION XIX. *Modern Academies for Language.*

And now it is much to be wondered that there was never yet such an assembly erected which might proceed on some standing constitutions of experimenting. There have, 'tis true, of late, in many parts of Europe, some gentlemen met together, submitted to common laws, and formed themselves into Academies. But it has been, for the most part, to a far different purpose; and most of them only aimed at the smoothing of their style and the language of their country. Of these, the first arose in Italy, where they have since so much abounded that there was scarce any one great city without one of these combinations. But that which excelled all the other, and kept itself longer untainted from the corruptions of speech, was the French Academy at Paris. This was composed of the noblest authors of that nation, and had for its founder the great Cardinal de Richelieu, who, amongst all his cares, whereby he established and enlarged that monarchy so much, did often refresh himself by directing and taking an account of their progress. And indeed in his own life he found so great success of this institution that he saw the French tongue abundantly purified, and beginning to take place in the Western World almost as much as the Greek did of old, when it was the language of merchants, soldiers, courtiers, and travelers. But I shall say no more of this Academy, that I may not deprive my reader of the delight of perusing their own History, written by Monsieur de Pelisson, which is so masculinely, so chastely, and

so unaffectedly done that I can hardly forbear envying the French nation this honor—that while the English Royal Society has so much outgone their illustrious Academy in the greatness of its undertaking, it should be so far short of them in the abilities of its historian. I have only this to allege in my excuse, that as they undertook the advancement of the elegance of speech, so it became their History to have some resemblance to their enterprise; whereas the intention of ours, being not the artifice of words, but a bare knowledge of things, my fault may be esteemed the less, that I have written of philosophers without any ornament of eloquence.

SECTION XX. *A Proposal for erecting an English Academy.*

I hope now it will not be thought a vain digression if I step a little aside to recommend the forming of such an assembly to the gentlemen of our nation. I know indeed that the English genius is not so airy and discursive as that of some of our neighbors, but that we generally love to have reason set out in plain, undeceiving expressions; as much as they to have it delivered with color and beauty. And besides this, I understand well enough that they have one great assistance to the growth of oratory which to us is wanting: that is, that their nobility live commonly close together in their cities, and ours for the most part scattered in their country-houses. For the same reason, why our streets are not so well built as theirs, will hold also, for their exceeding us in the arts of speech: they prefer the pleasures of the town; we, those

of the field: whereas it is from the frequent conversations in cities that the humor, and wit, and variety, and elegance of language are chiefly to be fetched. But yet, notwithstanding these discouragements, I shall not stick to say that such a project is now seasonable to be set on foot, and may make a great reformation in the manner of our speaking and writing. First, the thing itself is no way contemptible. For the purity of speech and greatness of empire have in all countries still met together. The Greeks spoke best when they were in their glory of conquest; the Romans made those times the standard of their wit when they subdued and gave laws to the world: and from thence, by degrees, they declined to corruption, as their valor, their prudence, and the honor of their arms did decay, and at last did even meet the northern nations half way in barbarism, a little before they were overrun by their armies.

But besides, if we observe well the English language, we shall find that it seems at this time more than others to require some such aid to bring it to its last perfection. The truth is, it has been hitherto a little too carelessly handled, and I think has had less labor spent about its polishing than it deserves. Till the time of King Henry the Eighth, there was scarce any man regarded it but Chaucer; and nothing was written in it which one would be willing to read twice but some of his poetry. But then it began to raise itself a little, and to sound tolerably well. From that age down to the beginning of our late Civil Wars, it was still fashioning and beautifying itself. In the wars themselves (which is a time wherein all languages use, if ever, to increase by extraordinary degrees; for in such busy and active times there arise more new thoughts of men, which must be signified and varied by new expressions), then I say, it received many fantastical terms, which were introduced by our religious sects, and many outlandish phrases, which several writers and translators, in that great hurry, brought in, and made free as they pleased, and withal it was enlarged by many sound and necessary forms and idioms which it before wanted. And now, when men's minds are somewhat settled,

their passions allayed, and the peace of our country gives us the opportunity of such diversions, if some sober and judicious men would take the whole mass of our language into their hands, as they find it, and would set a mark on the ill words, correct those which are to be retained, admit and establish the good, and make some emendations in the accent and grammar, I dare pronounce that our speech would quickly arrive at as much plenty as it is capable to receive; and at the greatest smoothness which its derivation from the rough German will allow it.

Nor would I have this new English Academy confined only to the weighing words and letters; but there may be also greater works found out for it. By many signs we may guess that the wits of our nation are not inferior to any other, and that they have an excellent mixture of the spirit of the French and the Spaniard; and I am confident that we only want a few more standing examples, and a little more familiarity with the ancients, to excel all the moderns. Now, the best means that can be devised to bring that about is to settle a fixed and impartial Court of Eloquence; according to whose censure, all books or authors should either stand or fall. And above all, there might be recommended to them one principal work, in which we are yet defective, and that is the compiling of a history of our late Civil Wars. Of all the labors of men's wit and industry, I scarce know any that can be more useful to the world than civil history—if it were written with that sincerity and majesty as it ought to be, as a faithful idea of human actions. And it is observable that almost in all civilized countries it has been the last thing that has come to perfection. I may now say that the English can already show many industrious and worthy pieces in this kind; but yet I have some prophetic imagination in my thoughts that there is still behind something greater than any we have yet seen, reserved for the glory of this age. One reason of this my strong persuasion is a comparison that I make between the condition of our state and that of the Romans. They at first writ, in this way, not much better than our monks, only registering in

an undigested manner some few naked breviaries of their wars, and leagues, and acts of their city magistrates. And indeed they advanced forward by very slow degrees: for I remember that Tully somewhere complains, in these words, *Historia nondum latinis literis illustrata*. But it was in the peaceful reign of Augustus, after the conclusion of their long civil wars, that most of their perfect historians appeared. And it seems to me that we may expect the same progress amongst us. There lie now ready in bank the most memorable actions of twenty years—a subject of as great dignity and variety as ever passed under any man's hands: the peace which we enjoy gives leisure and encouragement enough. The effects of such a work would be wonderfully advantageous to the safety of our country, and to his Majesty's interest; for there can be no better means to preserve his subjects in obedience for the future than to give them a full view of the miseries that attended rebellion. There are only therefore wanting, for the finishing of so

brave an undertaking, the united endeavors of some public minds who are conversant both in letters and business; and if it were appointed to be the labor of one or two men to compose it, and of such an assembly to revise and correct it, it might certainly challenge all the writings of past or present times.

But I see I have already transgressed: for I know it will be thought unadvisedly done, while I was enforcing a weightier design, to start and to follow another of less moment. I shall therefore let it pass as an extravagant conceit; only I shall affirm that the Royal Society is so far from being like to put a stop to such a business that I know many of its members who are as able as any others to assist in the bringing it into practice.

Thus I have dispatched my first general head; in which, it may be, it was not needless to have stayed so long: seeing, I am confident, I have said nothing but what was before very well known, and what passes about in common discourse.

SECOND PART

SECTION I. *The Division of the Narration.*

Thus I am, at length, arrived at the Second Part of my method, the Narration itself. This I shall divide into three periods of time, according to the several degrees of the preparation, growth, and complete constitution of the Royal Society.

The First shall consist of the first occasions of this model, and the men who first devised to put it in execution; and shall end where they began to make it a formed and regular assembly.

The Second shall trace out their first attempts, till they received the public assistance of royal authority.

The Third shall deliver what they have done since they were made a royal corporation.

It may seem, perhaps, that in passing through the first of these I go too far back, and treat of things that may appear to be of too private and domestic concernment, to be spoken in this public way. But if this enterprise which is now so well established

shall be hereafter advantageous to mankind (as I make no scruple to foretell that it will), it is but just that future times should hear the names of its first promoters, that they may be able to render particular thanks to them who first conceived it in their minds and practised some little draught of it long ago. And besides, I never yet saw an historian that was clear from all affections: that, it may be, were not so much to be called integrity as a Stoical insensibility; nor can I, more than others, resist my inclinations, which strongly force me to mention that which will be for the honor of that place where I received a great part of my education. It was therefore some space after the end of the Civil Wars, at Oxford, in Dr. Wilkins his lodgings, in Wadham College, which was then the place of resort for virtuous and learned men, that the first meetings were made, which laid the foundation of all this that followed. The University had, at that time, many members of its own who had begun a free way of reasoning; and was also fre-

quented by some gentlemen of philosophical minds whom the misfortunes of the kingdom, and the security and ease of a retirement amongst gown-men, had drawn thither.

SECTION II. *The Meetings at Oxford.*

Their first purpose was no more than only the satisfaction of breathing a freer 10 air, and of conversing in quiet one with another, without being engaged in the passions and madness of that dismal age. And from the institution of that assembly it had been enough if no other advantage had come but this, that by this means there was a race of young men provided, against the next age, whose minds, receiving from them their first impressions of sober and generous knowledge, were invincibly armed 20 against all the enchantments of enthusiasm. But what is more, I may venture to affirm that it was in good measure by the influence which these gentlemen had over the rest that the University itself, or at least any part of its discipline and order, was saved from ruin. And from hence we may conclude that the same men have now no intention of sweeping away all the honor of antiquity in this their new design: seeing they employed so much of their labor and prudence in preserving that most venerable seat of ancient learning, when their shrinking from its defense would have been the speediest way to have destroyed it. For the truth of this, I dare appeal to all uninterested men who knew the temper of that place, and especially to those who were my own contemporaries there, of whom I can name very many 30 whom the happy restoration of the kingdom's peace found as well inclined to serve their Prince and the Church as if they had been bred up in the most prosperous condition of their country. This was undoubtedly so. Nor indeed could it be otherwise; for such spiritual frenzies which did then bear rule can never stand long before a clear and a deep skill in Nature. It is almost impossible that they who converse 40 much with the subtilty of *things* should be deluded by such thick deceptions. There is but one better charm in the world than real

philosophy to allay the impulses of the false spirit: and that is the blessed presence and assistance of the true.

Nor were the good effects of this conversation only confined to Oxford; but they have made themselves known in their printed works, both in our own and in the learned language, which have much conduced to the fame of our nation abroad and to the spreading of profitable light at home. This I trust will be universally acknowledged when I shall have named the men. The principal, and most constant of them, were Doctor Seth Ward, the present Lord Bishop of Exeter, Mr. Boyle, Dr. Wilkins, Sir William Petty, Mr. Matthew Wren, Dr. Wallis, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Willis, Dr. Bathurst, Dr. Christopher Wren, Mr. Rook: besides several others, who joined themselves to them upon occasions. Now I have produced their names, I am a little at a stand how to deal with them. For, if I should say what they deserve, I fear it would be interpreted flattery, instead of justice. And yet I have now lying in my sight the example of an elegant book which I have professed to admire, whose author sticks not to make large panegyrics on the members of that assembly whose relation he writes. But this precedent is not to be followed by a young man, who ought to be more jealous of public censure, and is not enough confirmed in the good liking of the world to think that he has such a weighty and difficult work as the making of characters committed to him. I will, therefore, pass by their praises in silence; though I believe that what I might say of them would be generally confessed, and that if any ingenuous man who knows them or their writings should contradict me, he would also go near to gainsay himself, and to retract the applauses which he had some time or other bestowed upon them.

For such a candid and unpassionate company as that was, and for such a gloomy season, what could have been a fitter subject to pitch upon than natural philosophy? To have been always tossing about some theological question would have been to have made that their private diversion the excess of which they themselves disliked in

the public. To have been eternally musing on civil business and the distresses of their country was too melancholy a reflection. It was Nature alone which could pleasantly entertain them, in that estate. The contemplation of that draws our minds off from past or present misfortunes, and makes them conquerors over things in the greatest public unhappiness: while the consideration of men and human affairs may affect us with a thousand various disquiets, *that* never separates us into mortal factions; *that* gives us room to differ without animosity and permits us to raise contrary imaginations upon it without any danger of a civil war.

Their meetings were as frequent as their affairs permitted: their proceedings rather by action than discourse; chiefly attending some particular trials in chemistry or mechanics: they had no rules nor method fixed; their intention was more to communicate to each other their discoveries, which they could make in so narrow a compass, than an united, constant, or regular inquisition. And methinks their constitution did bear some resemblance to the Academy lately begun at Paris, where they have at last turned their thoughts from words to experimental philosophy, and perhaps in imitation of the Royal Society. Their manner likewise is to assemble in a private house, to reason freely upon the works of Nature; to pass conjectures and propose problems on any mathematical or philosophical matter which comes in their way. And this is an omen on which I will build some hope, that as they agree with us in what was done at Oxford, so they will go on farther and come by the same degrees to erect another Royal Society in France. I promise for these gentlemen here (so well I know the generosity of their design) that they will be most ready to accept their assistance. To them, and to all the learned world besides, they call for aid. No difference of country, interest, or profession of religion will make them backward from taking, or affording, help in this enterprize. And indeed all Europe at this time have two general wars which they ought in honor to make: the one a holy, the other a philosophical; the one against the

common enemy of Christendom, the other also against powerful and barbarous foes that have not been fully subdued almost these six thousand years, ignorance and false opinions. Against these, it becomes us to go forth in one common expedition: all civil nations joining their armies against the one, and their reason against the other, without any petty contentions about privileges or precedence.

SECTION III. *Their first meetings at London.*

Thus they continued without any great intermissions till about the year 1658. But then being called away to several parts of the nation, and the greatest number of them coming to London, they usually met at 'Gresham College, at the Wednesdays' and Thursdays' lectures of Dr. Wren and Mr. Rook: where there joined with them several eminent persons of their common acquaintance: the Lord Viscount Brouncker, the now Lord Brereton, Sir Paul Neil, Mr. John Evelyn, Mr. Henshaw, Mr. Slingsby, Dr. Timothy Clark, Dr. Ent, Mr. Ball, Mr. Hill, Dr. Crone, and divers other gentlemen whose inclinations lay the same way. This custom was observed once, if not twice, a week in Term time, till they were scattered by the miserable distractions of that fatal year; till the continuance of their meetings there might have made them run the hazard of the fate of Archimedes: for then the place of their meeting was made a quarter for soldiers. But (to make haste through those dreadful revolutions, which cannot be beheld upon paper without horror; unless we remember that they had this one happy effect, to open men's eyes to look out for the true remedy) upon this followed the King's return; and that, wrought by such an admirable chain of events that, if we either regard the easiness, or speed, or blessed issue of the work, it seems of itself to contain variety and pleasure enough to make recompense for the whole twenty years' melancholy that had gone before. This I leave to another kind of history to be described. It shall suffice my purpose that philosophy had its share in the benefits of

that glorious action: for the Royal Society had its beginning in the wonderful pacific year 1660. So that, if any conjectures of good fortune, from extraordinary nati-
vities, hold true, we may presage all happi-
ness to this undertaking. And I shall here
join my solemn wishes that, as it began in
that time when our country was freed from
confusion and slavery, so it may, in its
progress, redeem the minds of men from
obscurity, uncertainty, and bondage.

SECTION IV. *The beginning of the Royal Society.*

These gentlemen, therefore, finding the
hearts of their countrymen enlarged by
their joys, and fitted for any noble propo-
sition, and meeting with the concurrence
of many worthy men, who, to their immor-
tal honor had followed the King in his ban-
ishment, Mr. Erskins, Sir Robert Moray,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, etc., began now to
imagine some greater thing; and to bring
out experimental knowledge from the ret-
reats in which it had long hid itself, to
take its part in the triumphs of that uni-
versal jubilee. And indeed philosophy did
very well deserve that reward, having been
always loyal in the worst of times: for
though the King's enemies had gained all
other advantages, though they had all the
garrisons, the fleets, and ammunitions, and
treasures, and armies on their side, yet they
could never, by all their victories, bring
over the reason of men to their party.

While they were thus ordering their
platform, there came forth a treatise which
very much hastened its contrivance; and
that was a Proposal by Master Cowley of
erecting a Philosophical College. The in-
tent of it was that in some place near Lon-
don there should liberal salaries be be-
stowed on a competent number of learned
men, to whom should be committed the
operations of natural experiments. This
model was every way practicable, unless
perhaps in two things he did more consult
the generosity of his own mind than of
other men's: the one was the largeness of
the revenue with which he would have his
College at first endowed; the other, that
he imposed on his operators a second task

of great pains, the education of youth.

The last of these is indeed a matter of
great weight; the reformation of which
ought to be seriously examined by prudent
men. For it is an undeniable truth which
is commonly said, that there would be need
of fewer laws, and less force to govern
men, if their minds were rightly informed,
and set straight, while they were young and
pliable. But perhaps this labor is not so
proper for experimenters to undergo; for
it would not only devour too much of their
time, but it would go near to make them a
little more magisterial in philosophy than
became them, by being long accustomed to
command the opinions, and direct the man-
ners, of their scholars. And as to the other
particular, the large estate which he required
to the maintenance of his College: it is evi-
dent that it is so difficult a thing to draw
men in to be willing to divert an ancient
revenue which had long run in another
stream, or to contribute out of their own
purses to the supporting of any new de-
sign, while it shows nothing but promises
and hopes, that in such cases it were (it
may be) more advisable to begin upon a
small stock, and so to rise by degrees than
to profess great things at first, and to exact
too much benevolence all in one lump to-
gether. However, it was not the excellent
author's fault that he thought better of the
age than it did deserve. His purpose in it
was like himself, full of honor and good-
ness: most of the other particulars of his
draught the Royal Society is now putting
in practice.

I come now to the second period of my
narration: wherein I promised to give an
account of what they did, till they were
publicly owned, encouraged, and confirmed
by royal favor. And I trust that I shall here
produce many things which will prove
their attempts to be worthy of all men's
encouragement: though what was per-
formed in this interval may be rather styled
the temporary scaffold about the building
than the frame itself. But in my entrance
upon this part, being come to the top of
the hill, I begin to tremble, and to appre-
hend the greatness of my subject. For I
perceive that I have led my readers' minds
on, by so long and so confident a speech,

to expect some wonderful model, which shall far exceed all the former, that I have acknowledged to have been imperfect. Now, though this were really so, as I believe it is, yet I question how it will look after it has been disfigured by my unskillful hands. But the danger of this ought to have deterred me in the beginning. It is now too late to look back; and I can only apply myself to that good-nature which a great man has observed to be so peculiar to our nation that there is scarce an expression to signify it in any other language. To this I must fly for succor, and most affectionately entreat my countrymen that they would interpret my failings to be only errors of obedience to some whose commands, or desires, I could not resist; and that they would take the measure of the Royal Society, not so much from my lame description of it, as from the honor and reputation of many of those men of whom it is composed.

SECTION V. *A Model of their whole Design.*

I will here, in the first place, contract into few words the whole sum of their resolutions, which I shall often have occasion to touch upon in parcels. Their purpose is, in short, to make faithful records of all the works of Nature or Art which can come within their reach: that so the present age and posterity may be able to put a mark on the errors which have been strengthened by long prescription, to restore the truths that have lain neglected, to push on those which are already known to more various uses, and to make the way more passable to what remains unrevealed. This is the compass of their design. And to accomplish this, they have endeavored to separate the knowledge of Nature from the colors of rhetoric, the devices of fancy, or the delightful deceit of fables. They have labored to enlarge it from being confined to the custody of a few, or from servitude to private interests. They have striven to preserve it from being over-pressed by a confused heap of vain and useless particulars; or from being strait-

ened and bounded too much up by general doctrines. They have tried to put it into a condition of perpetual increasing, by settling an inviolable correspondence between the hand and the brain. They have studied to make it, not only an enterprise of one season, or of some lucky opportunity, but a business of time—a steady, a lasting, a popular, an uninterrupted work. They have attempted to free it from the artifice, and humors, and passions of sects; to render it an instrument whereby mankind may obtain a dominion over things, and not only over one another's judgments. And lastly, they have begun to establish these reformations in philosophy, not so much by any solemnity of laws, or ostentation of ceremonies, as by solid practice and examples: not by a glorious pomp of words, but by the silent, effectual, and unanswerable arguments of real productions.

This will more fully appear by what I am to say on these four particulars, which shall make up this part of my relation, the qualifications of their members, the manner of their inquiry, their weekly assemblies, and their way of registering.

SECTION XI. *Their Matter.*

Of the extent of the matter about which they have been already conversant, and intend to be hereafter, there can be no better measure taken than by giving a general prospect of all the objects of men's thoughts: which can be nothing else but either God, or Men, or Nature.

As for the first, they meddle no otherwise with divine things than only as the power, and wisdom, and goodness of the Creator is displayed in the admirable order and workmanship of the creatures. It cannot be denied but it lies in the natural philosopher's hands best to advance that part of divinity which, though it fills not the mind with such tender and powerful contemplations as that which shows us man's redemption by a Mediator, yet it is by no means to be passed by unregarded; but is an excellent ground to establish the other. This is a religion which is confirmed by the unanimous agreement of all

sorts of worships, and may serve in respect to Christianity as Solomon's porch to the temple; into the one the heathens themselves did also enter, but into the other, only God's peculiar people.

In men, may be considered the faculties and operations of their souls; the constitution of their bodies, and the works of their hands. Of these, the first they omit: both because the knowledge and direction of them have been before undertaken, by some arts on which they have no mind to intrench, as the Politics, Morality, and Oratory; and also because the reason, the understanding, the tempers, the will, the passions of men are so hard to be reduced to any certain observation of the senses; and afford so much room to the observers to falsify or counterfeit that, if such discourses should be once entertained, they would be in danger of falling into *talking*, instead of *working*, which they carefully avoid. Such subjects therefore as these, they have hitherto kept out. But yet, when they shall have made more progress in material things, they will be in a condition of pronouncing more boldly on them too. For, though man's soul and body are not only one natural engine (as some have thought), of whose motions of all sorts there may be as certain an accompt given as of those of a watch or clock, yet by long studying of the spirits, of the blood, of the nourishment, of the parts, of the diseases, of the advantages, of the accidents which belong to human bodies (all which will come within their province), there, without question, be very near guesses made even at the more exalted and immediate actions of the soul; and that too without destroying its spiritual and immortal being.

These two subjects, God and the soul, being only forbore: in all the rest they wander at their pleasure—in the frame of men's bodies, the ways for strong, healthful, and long life; in the arts of men's hands, those that either necessity, convenience, or delight have produced; in the works of Nature, their helps, their varieties, redundancies, and defects; and in bringing all these to the uses of human society.

SECTION XIII. *Their way of Inquiry into remote matters.*

This they have practised in such things whereof the matter is common, and wherein they may repeat their labors as they please. But in foreign and remote affairs, their intentions and their advantages do far exceed all others. For these, they have begun to settle a correspondence through all countries; and have taken such order that in short time there will scarce a ship come up the Thames that does not make some return of experiments, as well as of merchandize.

This their care of an universal intelligence is befriended by nature itself, in the situation of England: for, lying so, as it does, in the passage between the northern parts of the world and the southern, its ports being open to all coasts, and its ships spreading their sails in all seas, it is thereby necessarily made, not only mistress of the ocean, but the most proper seat for the advancement of knowledge. From the positions of countries, arise not only their several shapes, manners, customs, colors, but also their different arts and studies. The inland and continent, we see, do give laws to discourse, to habits, to behavior; but those that border upon the seas are most properly seated to bring home matter for new sciences, and to make the same proportion of discoveries above others in the intellectual globe as they have done in the material.

Upon this advantage of our island there is so much stress to be laid towards the prosperity of this design that, if we should search through all the world for a perpetual habitation wherein the Universal Philosophy might settle itself, there can none be found which is comparable to London, of all the former or present seats of empire. Babylon, that was the capital city of the first monarchy, was situated in a champaign country, had a clear and uncloudy air; and was therefore fit enough to promote one part of natural knowledge, the observations of the heavens; but it was a midland town, and regarded not the traffic of foreigners; abounding with its own luxury and riches. Memphis was im-

proper upon the same accopt; for Egypt was a land content with its own plenty, admitting strangers rather to instruct them than to learn anything from them. Carthage stood not so well for a resort for philosophers as for pirates, as all the African shore continues at this day. As for Rome, its fortune was read by Virgil when he said that it only ought to excel in the arts of ruling. Constantinople, though its present masters were not barbarous, yet is too much shut up by the Straits of Hellespont. Vienna is now a frontier town, and has no communication with the ocean but by a long compass about. Amsterdam is a place of trade, without the mixture of men of freer thoughts. And even Paris itself, though it is far to be preferred before all the others for the resort of learned and inquisitive men to it, yet is less capable for the same reasons for which Athens was, by being the seat of gallantry, the arts of speech, and education. But it is London alone that enjoys most of the others' advantages, without their inconveniences. It is the head of a mighty empire, the greatest that ever commanded the ocean: it is composed of gentlemen, as well as traders; it has a large intercourse with all the earth; it is, as the poets describe their House of Fame, a city where all the noises and business in the world do meet; and therefore this honor is justly due to it, to be the constant place of residence for that knowledge which is to be made up of the reports and intelligence of all countries.

To this I will add that we have another help in our hands, which almost forces this crown on the head of the English nation; and that is the noble and inquisitive genius of our merchants. This cannot be better shown than by comparing them with those of that one country which only stands in competition with us for trade. The merchants of England live honorably in foreign parts; those of Holland meanly, minding their gain alone: ours converse freely, and learn from all, having in their behavior very much of the gentility of the families from which so many of them are descended. The others, when they are abroad, show that they are only a race of plain citizens, keeping themselves most

within their own cells and warehouses; scarce regarding the acquaintance of any but those with whom they traffic. This largeness of ours, and narrowness of their, living does, no doubt, conduce very much to enrich them; and is, perhaps, one of the reasons that they can so easily undersell us; but withal, it makes ours the most capable, as theirs unfit, to promote such an enterprise as this of which I am now speaking. For, indeed, the effects of their several ways of life are as different: of the Hollanders, I need say no more; but of the English merchants I will affirm that in all sorts of politeness, and skill in the world, and human affairs, they do not only excel them, but are equal to any other sort of men amongst us.

20 SECTION XX. *Their manner of Discourse.*

Thus they have directed, judged, conjectured upon, and improved experiments. But lastly, in these, and all other businesses that have come under their care, there is one thing more about which the Society has been most solicitous; and that is, the manner of their discourse: which, unless they had been very watchful to keep in due temper, the whole spirit and vigor of their design had been soon eaten out, by the luxury and redundance of speech. The ill effects of this superfluity of talking have already overwhelmed most other arts and professions; insomuch that when I consider the means of happy living, and the causes of their corruption, I can hardly forbear recanting what I said before, and concluding that eloquence ought to be banished out of all civil societies, as a thing fatal to peace and good manners. To this opinion I should wholly incline if I did not find that it is a weapon which may be as easily procured by bad men as good; and that, if these should only cast it away, and those retain it, the naked innocence of virtue would be upon all occasions exposed to the armed malice of the wicked. This is the chief reason that should now keep up the ornaments of speaking in any request, since they are so much degenerated from their original usefulness. They were at first, no doubt, an

admirable instrument in the hands of wise men: when they were only employed to describe goodness, honesty, obedience in larger, fairer, and more moving images, to represent truth clothed with bodies, and to bring knowledge back again to our very senses, from whence it was at first derived to our understandings. But now they are generally changed to worse uses: they make the fancy disgust the best things, if they come sound and unadorned; they are in open defiance against reason, professing, not to hold much correspondence with that, but with its slaves, the passions; they give the mind a motion too changeable and bewitching to consist with right practice. Who can behold, without indignation, how many mists and uncertainties these specious tropes and figures have brought on our knowledge? How many rewards which are due to more profitable and difficult arts have been still snatched away by the easy vanity of fine speaking! For now I am warmed with this just anger, I cannot withhold myself from betraying the shallowness of all these seeming mysteries upon which we writers and speakers look so big. And, in few words, I dare say that of all the studies of men nothing may be sooner obtained than this vicious abundance of phrase, this trick of metaphors, this volubility of tongue, which makes so great a noise in the world. But I spend words in vain; for the evil is now so inveterate that it is hard to know whom to blame, or where to begin to reform. We all value one another so much upon this beautiful deceit, and labor so long after it in the years of our education, that we cannot but ever after think kinder of it than it deserves. And indeed, in most other parts of learning, I look on it to be a thing almost utterly desperate in its cure; and I think it may be placed amongst those general mischiefs such as the dissension of Christian princes, the want of practice in religion, and the like, which have been so long spoken against that men are become insensible about them, everyone shifting off the fault from himself to others, and so they are only made bare commonplaces of complaint. It will suffice my present purpose

to point out what has been done by the Royal Society towards the correcting of its excesses in natural philosophy; to which it is, of all others, a most professed enemy.

They have therefore been most rigorous in putting in execution the only remedy that can be found for this extravagance: and that has been a constant resolution to reject all the amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style; to return back to the primitive purity, and shortness, when men delivered so many *things* almost in an equal number of *words*. They have exacted from all their members a close, naked, natural way of speaking, positive expressions, clear senses, a native easiness; bringing all things as near the mathematical plainness as they can, and preferring the language of artisans, countrymen, and merchants before that of wits or scholars.

And here there is one thing not to be passed by; which will render this established custom of the Society well-nigh everlasting, and that is the general constitution of the minds of the English. I have already often insisted on some of the prerogatives of England whereby it may justly lay claim to be the head of a Philosophical League, above all other countries in Europe: I have urged its situation, its present genius, and the disposition of its merchants; and many more such arguments to encourage us still remain to be used; but of all others, this which I am now alleging is of the most weighty and important consideration. If there can be a true character given of the universal temper of any nation under heaven, then certainly this must be ascribed to our countrymen—that they have commonly an unaffected sincerity; that they love to deliver their minds with a sound simplicity; that they have the middle qualities, between the reserved subtle southern and the rough unhewn northern people; that they are not extremely prone to speak; that they are more concerned what others will think of the strength than of the fineness of what they say; and that an universal modesty possesses them. These qualities are so conspicuous and proper to our soil that we often hear them objected

to us, by some of our neighbor satirists, in more disgraceful expressions. For they are wont to revile the English with a want of familiarity, with a melancholy dumpishness, with slowness, silence, and with the unrefined sullenness of their behavior. But these are only the reproaches of partiality, or ignorance; for they ought rather to be commended for an honorable integrity; for a neglect of circumstances and flourishes; for regarding things of greater moment more than less; for a scorn to deceive as well as to be deceived: which are all the best endowments that can enter into a

philosophical mind. So that even the position of our climate, the air, the influence of the heaven, the composition of the English blood, as well as the embraces of the ocean, seem to join with the labors of the Royal Society to render our country a land of experimental knowledge. And it is a good sign that Nature will reveal more of its secrets to the English than to others; because it has already furnished them with a genius so well proportioned for the receiving and retaining its mysteries.

THIRD PART

SECTION XII. *The seventh objection, that it hinders use.*

The last failing which is wont to be imputed to learned men is want of use, and fear of practice, and a conversing with things in their studies which they meet with nowhere else. It may now perhaps be thought that an experimenter is as inclinable to these weaknesses as he that only contemplates; because they both keep out of the way, in the shadow—the one in his library, arguing, objecting, defending, concluding with himself; the other in his work-house, with such tools and materials whereof many perhaps are not publicly in use. Let us then consider which of them is most to be blamed for conversing with matters unlike those that we meet with in civil affairs? and which most abounds with fears, and doubts, and mistaken ideas of things?

It cannot be denied but the men of reading do very much busy themselves about such conceptions which are nowhere to be found out of their own chambers. The sense, the custom, the practice, the judgment of the world is quite a different thing from what they imagine it to be in private. And therefore it is no wonder if, when they come abroad into business, the fight of men, the tumult and noise of cities, and the very brightness of day itself affright them: like that rhetorician who, having been used to declaim in the shade of a school, when he came to plead a true cause

in the open air, desired the judges to remove their seat under some roof, because the light offended him.

But now on the other side, the men of works and experiments perhaps do not always handle the very same subjects that are acted on the stage of the world; yet they are such as have a very great resemblance to them. It is *matter*, a visible and sensible *matter*, which is the object of their labors; and the same is also used by men of practical lives. This likeness of their employments will soon make the one excel in the other. For it is far easier for him who has been conversant in one sort of works to apply himself to any other than for him who has only thought much to turn a man of practice: as he that can paint the face of a man or a lion will much sooner come to draw any other creature than he who has all the rules of limning in his head, but never yet used his hand to lay on a color.

And as for the terrors and misapprehensions which commonly confound weaker minds, and make men's hearts to fail and boggle at trifles, there is so little hope of having them removed by speculation alone that it is evident they were first produced by the most contemplative men amongst the ancients; and chiefly prevailed of late years when that way of learning flourished. The poets began of old to impose the deceit. They, to make all things look more venerable than they were, devised a thousand false chimeras; on every field, river, grove, and cave they bestowed a phantasm of their

own making: with these they amazed the world; these they clothed with what shapes they pleased; by these they pretended that all wars, and counsels, and actions of men were administered. And in the modern ages these fantastical forms were revived, and possessed Christendom, in the very height of the Schoolmen's time: an infinite number of fairies haunted every house; all churches were filled with apparitions; men began to be frighted from their cradles, which fright continued to their graves, and their names also were made the causes of scaring others. All which abuses, if those acute philosophers did not promote, yet they were never able to overcome; nay, even not so much as King Oberon and his invisible army.

But from the time in which the real philosophy has appeared, there is scarce any whisper remaining of such horrors: every man is unshaken at those tales at which his ancestors trembled; the course of things goes quietly along, in its own true channel of natural causes and effects. For this we are beholden to experiments; which, though they have not yet completed the discovery of the true world, yet they have already vanquished those wild inhabitants of the false world that used to astonish the minds of men. A blessing for which we ought to be thankful, if we remember that it is one of the greatest curses that God pronounces on the wicked, that "they shall fear where no fear is."

From what I have said may be gathered that experimental philosophy will prevent men's spending the strength of their thoughts about disputes, by turning them to works; that it may well be attended by the united labors of many, without wholly devouring the time of those that labor; that it will cure our minds of romantic swelling, by showing all things familiarly to them, just as large as they are; that it will free them from perversity, by not permitting them to be too peremptory in their conclusions; that it accustoms our hands to things which have a near resemblance to the business of life; and that it draws away the shadows which either enlarge or darken human affairs. And indeed of the usual titles by which men of business are wont

to be distinguished, the crafty, the formal, and the prudent, the crafty may answer to the empiric in philosophy; that is, he is such a one who has a great collection of particular experiences, but knows not how to use them but to base and low ends. The formal man may be compared to the mere speculative philosopher; for he vainly reduces everything to grave and solemn general rules, without discretion or mature deliberation. And lastly, the prudent man is like him who proceeds on a constant and solid course of experiments. The one in civil life neither wholly rejects the wisdom of ancient or modern times; the other in philosophy has the same reverence for former ages and regard for the present. The one does not rest upon empty prudence, but designs it for action: the other does the same with his discoveries; upon a just, severe, and deliberate examination of things, they both raise their observations, which they do not suffer to lie idle, but use them to direct the actions, and supply the wants, of human life.

SECTION XIII. *Experiments useful for the cure of men's Minds.*

Besides what I have said of the help which experiments will bring to our public duties and civil actions, I promised to add something concerning the assistance that they are able to give towards the management of the private motions and passions of our minds. Of this I need say the less because there is amongst the philosophers a particular science appointed for this purpose, to prescribe rules for calming our affections and conquering our vices. However, I will not wholly pass it over in silence. But I will try in few words to make appear that the real philosophy will supply our thoughts with excellent medicines against their own extravagances, and will serve, in some sort, for the same ends which the moral professes to accomplish.

If we shall cast an eye on all the tempests which arise within our breasts, and consider the causes and remedies of all the violent desires, malicious envies, intemperate joys, and irregular griefs by which

the lives of most men become miserable or guilty, we shall find that they are chiefly produced by idleness, and may be most naturally cured by diversion. Whatever art shall be able to busy the minds of men with a constant course of innocent works, or to fill them with as vigorous and pleasant images, as those ill impressions by which they are deluded, it will certainly have a surer effect in the composing and purifying of their thoughts than all the rigid precepts of the Stoical, or the empty distinctions of the Peripatetic, moralists.

Now then, it is required in that study which shall attempt, according to the force of Nature, to cure the diseases of the mind, that it keep it from idleness by full and earnest employments, and that it possess it with innocent, various, lasting, and even sensible delights.

How active and industrious the art of experiments ought to be may be concluded from the whole tenor of my discourse; wherein I have often proved that it can never be finished by the perpetual labors of any one man, nay scarce by the successive force of the greatest assembly.

That therefore being taken for granted, that it will afford eternal employment, it is also as true that its labors will contain the most affecting and the most diverting delights; and that thence it has power enough to free the minds of men from their vanities and intemperance by that very way which the greatest epicure has no reason to reject, by opposing pleasure against pleasure.

And I dare challenge all the corrupt arts of our senses, or the devices of voluptuous wits, to provide fuller, more changeable, or nearer objects for the contentment of men's minds. It were indeed to be wished that severe virtue itself, attended only by its own authority, were powerful enough to establish its dominion. But it cannot be so. The corruptions and infirmities of human nature stand in need of all manner of allurements to draw us to good and quiet manners. I will therefore propose for this end this course of study, which will not affright us with rigid precepts, or sour looks, or peevish commands, but consists of sensible pleasure, and besides will be

most lasting in its satisfaction and innocent in its remembrance.

What raptures can the most voluptuous men fancy to which these are not equal? Can they relish nothing but the pleasures of their senses? They may here enjoy them without guilt or remorse. Are they affrighted at the difficulties of knowledge? Here they may meet with a study that as well fits the most negligent minds as the most industrious. This consists of so many works, and those so obvious and facile, that the most laborious will never find cause to be idle, and the most idle may still have something to do with the greatest ease. In this they need not weary themselves by searching for matter. Whatever they feel, or see, will afford them observations. In this there is no tedious preparation required to fit them for such endeavors. As soon as they have the use of their hands, and eyes, and common sense, they are sufficiently furnished to undertake them: though we cannot comprehend the arts of men without many previous studies, yet such is the indulgence of Nature that it has from the beginning, out of its own store, sufficiently provided every man with all things that are needful for the understanding of itself.

Thus neither the sensual mind has any occasion to contemn experiments as unpleasant, nor the idle as burdensome or intolerable, nor the virtuous as unworthy of his labors. And the same influence they may have on all other moral imperfections of human nature. What room can there be for low and little things in a mind so usefully and successfully employed? What ambitious disquiets can torment that man who has so much glory before him, for which there are only required the delightful works of his hands? What dark or melancholy passions can overshadow his heart, whose senses are always full of so many various productions, of which the least progress and success will affect him with an innocent joy? What anger, envy, hatred, or revenge can long torment his breast, whom not only the greatest and noblest objects, but every sand, every pebble, every grass, every earth, every fly can divert? To whom the return of every season, every month, every day, do suggest a circle of most pleasant

operations? If the ancients prescribed it as a sufficient remedy against such violent passions only to repeat the alphabet over, whereby there was leisure given to the mind to recover itself from any sudden fury, then how much more effectual medicines against the same distempers may be fetched from the whole alphabet of Nature, which represents itself to our consideration in so many infinite volumes!

JOHN EACHARD (1636?–1697)
THE GROUNDS AND OCCASIONS OF THE CONTEMPT
OF THE CLERGY AND RELIGION
INQUIRED INTO
IN A LETTER WRITTEN TO R. L.
[1670].

THE PREFACE TO THE READER

I can very easily fancy that many, upon the very first sight of the title, will presently imagine that the author does either want the great tithes, lying under the pressure of some pitiful vicarage; or that he is much out of humor, and dissatisfied with the present condition of affairs; or, lastly, that he writes to no purpose at all, there having been an abundance of unprofitable advisers in this kind.

As to my being under some Low Church dispensation, you may know I write not out of a pinching necessity, or out of any rising design. You may please to believe that, although I have a most solemn reverence for the clergy in general, and especially for that of England, yet, for my own part, I must confess to you I am not of that holy employment; and have as little thought of being dean or bishop as they that think so have hopes of being all lord keepers.

Nor less mistaken will they be that shall judge me in the least discontented, or any ways disposed to disturb the peace of the present settled Church; for, in good truth, I have neither lost king's nor bishop's lands, that should incline me to a surly and quarrelsome complaining, as many be who would have been glad enough to see his Majesty restored, and would have endured bishops daintily well, had they lost no money by their coming in.

I am not, I will assure you, any of those occasional writers that, missing preferment in the university, can presently write you their new ways of education; or being a

little tormented with an ill-chosen wife, set forth the doctrine of divorce to be truly evangelical.

The cause of these few sheets was honest and innocent, and as free from all passion as any design.

As for the last thing which I supposed objected, viz., that this book is altogether needless, there having been an infinite number of church- and clergy-menders, that have made many tedious and unsuccessful offers—I must needs confess that it were very unreasonable for me to expect a better reward.

Only thus much, I think, with modesty may be said, that I cannot at present call to mind anything that is propounded but what is very hopeful and easily accomplished. For, indeed, should I go about to tell you that a child can never prove a profitable instructor of the people unless born when the sun is in Aries, or brought up in a school that stands full south, that he can never be able to govern a parish unless he can ride the great horse, or that he can never go through the great work of the ministry unless for three hundred years backward it can be proved that none of his family ever had cough, ague, or grey hair; then I should very patiently endure to be reckoned among the vainest that ever made attempt.

But believe me, Reader, I am not, as you will easily see, any contriver of an incorruptible and pure crystalline church, or any expecter of a reign of nothing but saints and worthies; but only an honest and hearty wisher that the best of our

clergy might forever continue as they are, rich and learned, and that the rest might be very useful and well esteemed in their profession.

THE GROUNDS AND OCCASIONS, ETC.

SIR,

That short discourse which we lately had concerning the clergy continues so fresh in your mind that, I perceive by your last, you are more than a little troubled to observe that disesteem that lies upon several of those holy men. Your good wishes for the Church, I know, are very strong and unfeigned, and your hopes of the world receiving much more advantage and better advice from some of the clergy than usually it is found by experience to do are neither needless nor impossible.

And as I have always been a devout admirer as well as strict observer of your actions, so I have constantly taken a great delight to concur with you in your very thoughts. Whereupon it is, Sir, that I have spent some few hours upon that which was the occasion of your last letter, and the subject of our late discourse.

And before, Sir, I enter upon telling you what are my apprehensions, I must most heartily profess that, for my own part, I did never think, since at all I understood the excellency and perfection of a church, but that ours, now lately restored as formerly established, does far outgo, as to all Christian ends and purposes, either the pomp and bravery of Rome herself, or the best of free spiritual states.

But if so be it be allowable (where we have so undoubtedly learned and honorable a clergy) to suppose that some of that sacred profession might possibly have attained to a greater degree of esteem and usefulness to the world, then I hope what has thus long hindered so great and desirable a blessing to the nation may be modestly guessed at, either without giving any wilful offense to the present Church, or any great trouble, dear Sir, to yourself. And, if I be not very much mistaken, whatever has heretofore, or does at present, lessen the value of our clergy, or render it in any degree less serviceable to the world than might be reasonably hoped, may be

easily referred to two very plain things—the *ignorance* of some, and the *poverty* of others of the clergy.

And first, as to the *ignorance of some of our clergy*.

If we would make a search to purpose, we must go as deep as the very beginnings of education, and, doubtless, may lay a great part of our misfortunes to the old-fashioned methods and discipline of schooling itself; upon the well ordering of which, although much of the improvement of our clergy cannot be denied mainly to depend, yet by reason this is so well known to yourself, as also that there have been many of undoubted learning and experience that have set out their several models for this purpose, I shall therefore only mention such loss of time and abuse of youth as is most remarkable and mischievous, and as could not be conveniently omitted in a discourse of this nature, though ever so short.

And first of all, it were certainly worth the considering: Whether it be unavoidably necessary to keep lads to 16 or 17 years of age, *in pure slavery to a few Latin or Greek words?* or, Whether it may not be more convenient, especially if we call to mind their natural inclinations to ease and idleness, and how hardly they are persuaded of the excellency of the liberal arts and sciences (any further than the smart of the last piece of discipline is fresh in their memories), whether, I say, it be not more proper and beneficial to mix with those unpleasant tasks and drudgeries something that, in probability, might not only take much better with them, but might also be much easier obtained?

As, suppose some part of time was allotted them for the reading of some innocent English authors, where they need not go, every line, so unwillingly to a tormenting dictionary, and whereby they might come in a short time to apprehend common sense, and to begin to judge what is true. For you shall have lads that are arch-knaves at the nominative case, and that have a notable

quick eye at spying out of the verb, who, for want of reading such common and familiar books, shall understand no more of what is very plain and easy than a well-educated dog or horse.

Or suppose they were taught, as they might much easier be than what is commonly offered to them, the principles of arithmetic, geometry, and such alluring parts of learning. As these things un-¹⁰ doubtedly would be much more useful, so much more delightful to them, than to be tormented with a tedious story how Phaeton broke his neck, or how many nuts and apples Tityrus had for his supper.

For, most certainly, youths, if handsomely dealt with, are much inclinable to emulation, and to a very useful esteem of glory, and more especially if it be the reward of knowledge; and therefore, if such²⁰ things were carefully and discreetly propounded to them, wherein they might not only earnestly contend amongst themselves, but might also see how far they outskill the rest of the world, a lad hereby would think himself high and mighty, and would certainly take great delight in contemning the next unlearned mortal he meets withal.

But if, instead hereof, you diet him with nothing but with rules and exceptions, with tiresome repetitions of *Amo* and *Τύπρω*, setting a day also apart also to recite³⁰ *verbatim* all the burdensome task of the foregoing week (which I am confident is usually as dreadful as an old Parliament Fast), we must needs believe that such a one, thus managed, will scarce think to prove immortal by such performances and accomplishments as these.

You know very well, Sir, that lads in⁴⁰ general have but a kind of ugly and odd conception of learning, and look upon it as such a starving thing, and unnecessary perfection, especially as it is usually dispensed out unto them, that nine-pins or span-counter are judged much more heavenly employments! And therefore what pleasure, do we think, can such a one take in being bound to get against breakfast two or three hundred rumpers out of⁵⁰ Homer, in commendation of Achilles's toes, or the Grecians' boots; or to have measured out to him, very early in the morning,

fifteen or twenty well-laid-on lashes, for letting a syllable slip too soon, or hanging too long on it? Doubtless instant execution upon such grand miscarriages as these will eternally engage him to a most admirable opinion of the Muses!

Lads, certainly, ought to be won by all possible arts and devices; and though many have invented fine pictures and games to cheat them into the undertaking of unreasonable burdens, yet this, by no means, is such a lasting temptation as the propounding of that which in itself is pleasant and alluring. For we shall find very many, though of no excelling quickness, will soon perceive the design of the landscape; and so, looking through the veil, will then begin to take as little delight in those pretty contrivances as in getting by heart three or²⁰ four leaves of ungayed nonsense.

Neither seems the stratagem of money to be so prevailing and catching as a right-down offer of such books which are ingenious and convenient, there being but very few so intolerably careful of their bellies as to look upon the hopes of a cake or a few apples to be a sufficient recompense for cracking their pates with a heap of independent words.

I am not sensible that I have said anything in disparagement of those two famous tongues, the Greek and Latin; there being much reason to value them beyond others, because the best of human learning has been delivered unto us in those languages. But he that worships them purely out of honor to Rome and Athens, having little or no respect to the usefulness and excellency of the books themselves, as many⁴⁰ do—it is a sign he has a great esteem and reverence of antiquity; but I think him by no means comparable, for happiness, to him who catches frogs or hunts butterflies.

That some languages therefore ought to be studied is in a manner absolutely necessary—unless all were brought to one, which would be the happiest thing that the world could wish for!

But whether the beginning of them might not be more insensibly instilled and more advantageously obtained by reading philosophical as well as other ingenious authors than *Janua Linguarum*, crabbed

poems, and cross-grained prose, as it has been heretofore by others, so it ought to be afresh considered by all well-wishers, either to the clergy or learning.

I know where it is the fashion of some schools to prescribe to a lad, for his evening refreshment, out of Commenius, all the terms of art belonging to anatomy, mathematics, or some such piece of learning. Now, is it not a very likely thing that a lad should take most absolute delight in conquering such a pleasant task, where, perhaps, he has two or three hundred words to keep in mind, with a very small proportion of sense thereunto belonging, whereas the use and full meaning of all those difficult terms would have been most insensibly obtained by leisurely reading in particular this or the other science?

Is it not also likely to be very savory, and of comfortable use to one that can scarce distinguish between virtue and vice, to be tasked with high and moral poems? It is usually said by those that are intimately acquainted with him that Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* contain, mystically, all the moral law for certain, if not a great part of the Gospel (I suppose much after that rate that Rabelais said his *Gargantua* contained all the Ten Commandments!), but perceivable only to those that have a poetical discerning spirit; with which gift, I suppose, few at school are so early qualified.

Those admirable verses, Sir, of yours, both English and others, which you have sometimes favored me with a sight of will not suffer me to be so sottish as to slight and undervalue so great and noble an accomplishment. But the committing of such high and brave-sensed poems to a schoolboy (whose main business is to search out cunningly the antecedent and the relative; to lie at catch for a spruce phrase, a proverb, or a quaint and pithy sentence) is not only to very little purpose, but that having gargled only those elegant books at school, this serves them instead of reading them afterwards, and does, in a manner, prevent their being further looked into. So that all improvement, whatsoever it be, that may be reaped out of the best and choicest poets is for the most part

utterly lost, in that a time is usually chosen of reading them when discretion is much wanting to gain thence any true advantage. Thus that admirable and highly useful morality, Tully's *Offices*, because it is a book commonly construed at school, is generally afterwards so contemned by academics that it is a long hour's work to convince them that it is worthy of being looked into again; because they reckon it as a book read over at school, and, no question! notably digested.

If, therefore, the ill methods of schooling do not only occasion a great loss of time there, but also do beget in lads a very odd opinion and apprehension of learning, and much disposes them to be idle when they are got a little free from the usual severities; and that the hopes of more or less improvement in the universities very much depend hereupon: it is, without all doubt, the great concernment of all that wish to the Church, that such care and regard be had to the management of schools that the clergy be not so much obstructed in their first attempts and preparations to learning.

I cannot, Sir, possibly be so ignorant as not to consider that what has been now offered upon this argument has not only been largely insisted on by others, but also refers not particularly to the clergy (whose welfare and esteem I seem at present in a special manner solicitous about), but in general to all learned professions, and therefore might reasonably have been omitted: which certainly I had done had not I called to mind that, of those many that propound to themselves learning for a profession, there is scarce one in ten but that his lot, choice, or necessity determines him to the study of divinity.

Thus, Sir, I have given you my thoughts concerning the orders and customs of common schools. A consideration, in my apprehension, not slightly to be weighed, being that upon which to me seems very much to depend the learning and wisdom of the clergy and the prosperity of the Church.

The next unhappiness that seems to have hindered some of our clergy from arriving to that degree of understanding that be-

comes such a holy office, whereby their company and discourses might be much more than they commonly are valued and desired, is the inconsiderate sending of all kinds of lads to the universities; let their parts be ever so low and pitiful, the instructions they have lain under ever so mean and contemptible, and the purses of their friends ever so short to maintain them there. If they have but the commendation of some lamentable and pitiful construing master, it passes for sufficient evidence that they will prove persons very eminent in the Church. That is to say, if a lad has but a lusty and well-bearing memory, this being the usual and almost only thing whereby they judge of their abilities; if he can sing over very tunably three or four stanzas of Lilly's poetry; be very quick and ready to tell what is Latin for all the instruments belonging to his father's shop; if presently upon the first scanning, he knows a spondee from a dactyl, and can fit a few of those same, without any sense, to his fingers' ends; if, lastly, he can say perfectly by heart his academic catechism, in pure and passing Latin, i. e., "What is his name?" "Where went he to school?" and "What author is he best and chiefly skilled in?" "A forward boy!" cries the schoolmaster; ³⁰ "a very pregnant child! Ten thousand pities but he should be a scholar; he proves a brave clergyman, I'll warrant you!"

Away to the university he must needs go! Then for a little logic, a little ethics, and, God knows! a very little of everything else! And the next time you meet him, he is in the pulpit!

Neither ought the mischief which arises from small country schools to pass un- ⁴⁰ considered. The little mighty governors whereof, having, for the most part, not sucked in above six or seven mouthful of university air, must yet, by all means, suppose themselves so notably furnished with all sorts of instructions, and are so ambitious of the glory of being counted able to send forth now and then to Oxford or Cambridge, from the little house by the churchyard's side, one of their ill-educated ⁵⁰ disciples, that to such as these oftentimes is committed the guidance and instruction of a whole parish; whose parts and improve-

ments, duly considered, will scarce render them fit governors of a small Grammar Castle.

Not that it is necessary to believe that there never was a learned or useful person in the Church but such whose education had been at Westminster or St. Paul's. But, whereas most of the small schools, being by their first founders designed only for ¹⁰ the advantage of poor parish children, and also that the stipend is usually so small and discouraging that very few who can do much more than teach to write and read will accept of such preferment—for these to pretend to rig out their small ones for a university life proves oftentimes a very great inconvenience and damage to the Church.

And as many such dismal things are sent ²⁰ forth thus, with very small tackling, so not a few are predestinated thither by their friends, from the foresight of a good benefice. If there be rich pasture, profitable customs, and that Henry VIII has taken out no toll, the Holy Land is a very good land, and affords abundance of milk and honey! Far be it from their consciences the considering whether the lad is likely to be serviceable to the Church, or to make ³⁰ wiser and better any of his parishioners!

All this may seem, at first sight, to be easily avoided by a strict examination at the universities; and so returning by the next carrier all that was sent up not fit for their purpose. But because many of their relations are oftentimes persons of an inferior condition, and who (either by imprudent counselors, or else out of a tickling conceit of their sons being, for- ⁴⁰ sooth, a university scholar) have purposely omitted all other opportunities of a livelihood; to return such would seem a very sharp and severe disappointment.

Possibly, it might be much better if parents themselves or their friends would be much more wary of determining their children to the trade of learning, and if some of undoubted knowledge and judgment would offer their advice; and speak ⁵⁰ their hopes of a lad, about 13 or 14 years of age (which, I will assure you, Sir, may be done without conjuring!); and never omit to inquire whether his relations are

able and willing to maintain him seven years at the university, or see some certain way of being continued there so long, by the help of friends or others, as also upon no such conditions as shall, in likelihood, deprive him of the greatest parts of his studies.

For it is a common fashion of a great many to compliment and invite inferior people's children to the university, and there pretend to make such an all-bountiful provision for them as they shall not fail of coming to a very eminent degree of learning; but when they come there, they shall save a servant's wages. They took therefore, heretofore, a very good method to prevent sizars overheating their brains. Bed-making, chamber-sweeping, and water-fetching were doubtless great preservatives against too much vain philosophy. Now certainly such pretended favors and kindnesses as these are the most right-down discourtesies in the world. For it is ten times more happy, both for the lad and the Church, to be a corn-cutter or tooth-drawer, to make or mend shoes, or to be of any inferior profession, than to be invited to, and promised the conveniences of, a learned education, and to have his name only stand airing upon the college tables, and his chief business shall be to buy eggs and butter.

Neither ought lads' parts, before they be determined to the university, be only considered, and the likelihood of being disappointed in their studies; but also abilities or hopes of being maintained until they be Masters of Arts. For whereas, for the most part, yearly commence, scarce the fifth part of these continue after their taking the first degree. As for the rest, having exactly learned *Quid est logica?* and *Quot sunt virtutes morales?* down they go, by the first carrier, on the top of the pack, into the west, or north, or elsewhere, according as their estates lie; with Burgesdicius, Eustachius, and such great helps of divinity; and then, for propagation of the Gospel! By that time they can say the predicaments and creed; they have their choice of preaching or starving! Now what a Champion of Truth is such a thing likely to be! What a huge blaze he makes

in the Church! What a raiser of doctrines! What a confounder of heresies! What an able interpreter of hard places! What a resolver of cases of conscience! and what a prudent guide must he needs be to all his parish!

You may possibly think, Sir, that this so early preaching might be easily avoided, by withholding holy orders; the Church having very prudently constituted in her Canons that none under twenty-three years of age, which is the usual age after seven years being at the university, should be admitted to that great employment.

This indeed might seem to do some service, were it carefully observed; and were there not a thing to be got called a *dispensation*, which will presently make you as old as you please.

But if you will, Sir, we will suppose that orders were strictly denied to all unless qualified according to canon. I cannot foresee any other remedy but that most of those university youngsters must fall to the parish and become a town charge until they be of spiritual age. For philosophy is a very idle thing when one is cold! and a small System of Divinity, though it be Wollebius himself, is not sufficient when one is hungry!

What then shall we do with them? and where shall we dispose of them until they come to a holy ripeness?

May we venture them into the desk to read service? That cannot be, because not capable! Besides, the tempting pulpit usually stands too near. Or shall we trust them in some good gentleman's house, there to perform holy things? With all my heart! so that they may not be called down from their studies to say grace to every health; that they may have a little better wages than the cook or butler; as also that there be a groom in the house, besides the chaplain (for sometimes to the £10 a year, they crowd the looking after a couple of geldings); and that he may not be sent from table picking his teeth and sighing with his hat under his arm whilst the knight and my lady eat up the tarts and chickens!

It may be also convenient if he were suffered to speak now and then in the parlor, besides at grace and prayer-time;

and that my cousin Abigail and he sit not too near one another at meals, nor be presented together to the little vicarage!

All this, Sir, must be thought on. For, in good earnest, a person at all thoughtful of himself and conscience had much better choose to live with nothing but beans and pease pottage, so that he might have the command of his thoughts and time, than to have his second and third courses, and to obey the unreasonable humors of some families.

And as some think two or three years' continuance in the university to be time sufficient for being very great instruments in the Church, so others we have so moderate as to count that a solemn admission and a formal paying of college detrimments, without the trouble of philosophical discourses, disputations, and the like, are virtues that will influence as far as Newcastle, and improve though at ever such a distance.

So strangely possessed are people in general with the easiness and small preparation that are requisite to the undertaking of the ministry that, whereas in other professions they plainly see what considerable time is spent before they have any hopes of arriving to skill enough to practise with any confidence what they have designed, yet to preach to ordinary people, and govern a country parish, is usually judged such an easy performance that anybody counts himself fit for the employment. We find very few so unreasonably confident of their parts as to profess either law or physic without either a considerable continuance in some of the Inns of Courts or an industrious search in herbs, anatomy, chemistry, and the like, unless it be only to make a bond or give a glyster. But as for "the knack of preaching," as they call it, that is such a very easy attainment that he is counted dull to purpose that is not able, at a very small warning, to fasten upon any text of Scripture and to tear and tumble it till the glass be out.

Many, I know very well, are forced to discontinue, having neither stock of their own nor friends to maintain them in the university. But whereas a man's profession and employment in this world is very much

in his own, or in the choice of such who are most nearly concerned for him, he therefore that foresees that he is not likely to have the advantage of a continued education, he had much better commit himself to an approved-of cobbler or tinker, wherein he may be duly respected according to his office and condition of life, than to be only a disesteemed pettifogger or empiric in divinity.

By this time, Sir, I hope you begin to consider what a great disadvantage it has been to the Church and religion, the mere venturous and inconsiderate determining of youths to the profession of learning.

There is still one thing by very few at all minded, that ought also not to be overlooked; and that is a good constitution and health of body. And therefore discreet and wise physicians ought also to be consulted before an absolute resolve be made to live the life of the learned. For he that has strength enough to buy and bargain may be of a very unfit habit of body to sit still so much as, in general, is requisite to a competent degree of learning. For although reading and thinking break neither legs nor arms, yet certainly there is nothing that flags the spirits, disorders the blood, and enfeeble the whole body of man as intense studies.

As for him that rives blocks or carries packs, there is no great expense of parts, no anxiety of mind, no great intellectual pensiveness. Let him but wipe his forehead, and he is perfectly recovered! But he that has many languages to remember, the nature of almost the whole world to consult, many histories, Fathers, and Councils to search into; if the fabric of his body be not strong and healthful, you will soon find him as thin as a piece of metaphysics, and look as piercing as a school subtilty.

This, Sir, could not be conveniently omitted; not only because many are very careless in this point, and, at a venture, determine their young relations to learning, but because, for the most part, if, amongst many, there be but one of all the family that is weak and sickly, that is languishing and consumptive, this, of all the rest, as counted not fit for any coarse employment, shall be picked out as a choice vessel for

the Church! Whereas, most evidently, he is much more able to dig daily in the mines than to sit cross-legged musing upon his book.

I am very sensible how obvious it might be, here, to hint that this so curious and severe inquiry would much hinder the practice and abate the flourishing of the universities; as also, there have been several, and are still many, living creatures in the world who, whilst young, being of a very slow and meek apprehension, have yet afterward cheered up into a great briskness, and become masters of much reason. And others there have been who, although forced to a short continuance in the university, and that oftentimes interrupted by unavoidable services, have yet, by singular care and industry, proved very famous in their generation. And lastly, some also, of very feeble and crazy constitutions in their childhood, have out-studied their distempers, and have become very healthful and serviceable in the Church.

As for the flourishing, Sir, of the universities—what has been before said aims not in the least at gentlemen, whose coming thither is chiefly for the hopes of single improvement, and whose estates do free them from the necessity of making a gain of arts and sciences; but only at such as intend to make learning their profession, as well as accomplishment. So that our schools may be still as full of flourishings, of fine clothes, rich gowns, and future benefactors as ever.

And suppose we do imagine, as it is necessary we should, that the number should be a little lessened; this surely will not abate the true splendor of a university in any man's opinion but his who reckons the flourishing thereof rather from the multitude of mere gowns than from the ingenuity and learning of those that wear them; no more than we have reason to count the flourishing of the Church from that vast number of people that crowd into holy orders rather than from those learned and useful persons that defend her truths and manifest her ways.

But I say, I do not see any perfect necessity that our schools should hereupon be thinned and less frequented—having said

nothing against the multitude but the *indiscreet choice*. If therefore, instead of such either of inferior parts or a feeble constitution or of unable friends, there were picked out those that were of a tolerable ingenuity, of a study-bearing body, and had good hopes of being continued; as hence there is nothing to hinder our universities from being full, so likewise from being of great credit and learning.

Not to deny, then, but that now and then there has been a lad of very submissive parts, and perhaps no great share of time allowed him for his studies, who has proved, beyond all expectation, brave and glorious, yet surely we are not to over-reckon this so rare a hit as to think that one such proving lad should make recompense and satisfaction for those many "weak ones," as the common people love to phrase them, that are in the Church. And that no care ought to be taken, no choice made, no maintenance provided or considered, because (now and then in an age) one, miraculously, beyond all hopes, proves learned and useful, is a practice whereby never greater mischiefs and disesteem have been brought upon the clergy.

I have, in short, Sir, run over what seemed to me the first occasions of that small learning that is to be found amongst some of the clergy. I shall now pass from schooling to the universities.

I am not so unmindful of that devotion which I owe to those places, nor of that great esteem I profess to have of the guides and governors thereof, as to go about to prescribe new forms and schemes of education where Wisdom has laid her top-stone. Neither shall I here examine which philosophy, the Old or New, makes the best sermons. It is hard to say that exhortations can be to *no* purpose if the preacher believes that the earth turns round! or that his reproofs can take *no* effect unless he will suppose a vacuum! There have been good sermons, no question, made in the days of *materia prima* and occult qualities; and there are, doubtless, still good discourses now, under the reign of atoms.

There are but two things wherein I count the clergy chiefly concerned as to university

improvements that, at present, I shall make inquiry into.

And the first is this: Whether or not it were not highly useful, especially for the clergy who are supposed to speak English to the people, that *English exercises were imposed upon lads*, if not in public schools, yet at least privately? Not but that I am abundantly satisfied that Latin (O Latin! it is the all in all! and the very cream of the jest!), as also that oratory is the same in all languages, the same rules being observed, the same method, the same arguments and arts of persuasion: but yet, it seems somewhat beyond the reach of ordinary youth so to apprehend those general laws as to make a just and allowable use of them in all languages, unless exercised particularly in them.

Now, we know the language that the very learned part of this nation must trust to live by, unless it be to make a bond or prescribe a purge (which possibly may not oblige or work so well in any other language as Latin) is the English; and after a lad has taken his leave of Madame University, God bless him! he is not likely to deal afterwards with much Latin, unless it be to checker a sermon or to say *Salveto!* to some traveling *Dominatio vestra*. Neither is it enough to say that the English is the language with which we are swaddled and rocked asleep, and therefore there needs none of this artificial and superadded care. For there be those that speak very well, plainly, and to the purpose; and yet write most pernicious and fantastical stuff, thinking that whatsoever is written must be more than ordinary, must be beyond the guise of common speech, must savor of reading and learning, though it be altogether needless and perfectly ridiculous.

Neither ought we to suppose it sufficient that English books be frequently read, because there be of all sorts, good and bad; and the worst are likely to be admired by youth more than the best unless exercises be required of lads, whereby it may be guessed what their judgment is, where they be mistaken, and what authors they propound to themselves for imitation. For by this means they may be corrected and advised early, according as occasion shall require; which,

if not done, their ill style will be so confirmed, their improprieties of speech will become so natural, that it will be a very hard matter to stir or alter their fashion of writing.

It is very curious to observe what delicate letters your young students write after they have got a little smack of university learning. In what elaborate heights and tossing nonsense will they greet a right-down English father or country friend! If there be a plain word in it, and such as is used at home, this "tastes not," say they, "of education among philosophers!" and is counted damnable duncery and want of fancy. Because "Your loving friend" or "humble servant" is a common phrase in country letters, therefore the young epistler is "Yours, to the Antipodes" or at least "to the center of the earth"; and because ordinary folks "love" and "respect" you, therefore you are to him "a pole star" "a Jacob's staff" "a loadstone" and "a damask rose"!

And the misery of it is that this pernicious accustomed way of expression does not only, oftentimes, go along with them to their benefice, but accompanies them to the very grave.

And, for the most part, an ordinary cheesemonger or plum-seller, that scarce ever heard of a university, shall write much better sense and more to the purpose than these young philosophers, who, injudiciously hunting only for great words, make themselves learnedly ridiculous.

Neither can it be easily apprehended how the use of English exercises should any ways hinder the improvement in the Latin tongue, but rather be much to its advantage; and this may be easily believed, considering what dainty stuff is usually produced for a Latin entertainment! Chicken broth is not thinner than that which is commonly offered for a piece of most pleading and convincing sense!

For I will but suppose an academic youngster to be put upon a Latin oration. Away he goes presently to his magazine of collected phrases! He picks out all the glitterings he can find. He hauls in all proverbs, "flowers," poetical snaps, tales out of the dictionary, or else ready Latinized to his hand, out of Lycosthenes.

This done, he comes to the end of the table, and having made a submissive leg and a little admired the number and understanding countenances of his auditors, let the subject be what it will he falls presently into a most lamentable complaint of his insufficiency and tenuity that he, poor thing! "hath no acquaintance with above a Muse and a half!" and "that he never drank above six quarts of Helicon!" and you "have put him here upon such a task" (perhaps the business is only, Which is the nobler creature, a flea or a louse?) "that would much better fit some old soaker at Parnassus than his sipping unexperienced bibbership." Alas, poor child! he is "sorry, at the very soul that he has no better speech, and wonders in his heart that you will lose so much time as to hear him, for he has neither squibs nor fireworks, stars nor glories! The cursed carrier lost his best book of phrases, and the malicious mice and rats eat up all his pearls and golden sentences."

Then he tickles over, a little, the skirts of the business. By and by, for similitude from the sun and moon, or if they be not at leisure, from "the grey-eyed Morn," or "a shady grove," or "a purling stream."

This done, he tells you that "Barnaby Bright would be much too short for him to tell you all that he could say"; and so, "fearing he should break the thread of your patience," he concludes.

Now it seems, Sir, very probable that, if lads did but first of all determine in English what they intended to say in Latin, they would, of themselves, soon discern the triflingness of such apologies, the pitifulness of their matter, and the impertinency of their tales and fancies; and would (according to their subject, age, and parts) offer that which would be much more manly, and towards tolerable sense.

And if I may tell you, Sir, what I really think, most of that ridiculousness, of those fantastical phrases, harsh and sometimes blasphemous metaphors, abundantly foppish similitudes, childish and empty transitions, and the like, so commonly uttered out of pulpits, and so fatally redounding to the discredit of the clergy, may, in a great measure, be charged upon the want of that which we have here so much contended for.

The second inquiry that may be made is this: Whether or not punning, quibbling, and that which they call joking, and such delicacies of wit highly admired in some academic exercises, might not be very conveniently omitted?

For one may desire but to know this one thing: In what profession shall that sort of wit prove of advantage? As for law, where nothing but the most reaching subtlety and the closest arguing is allowed of, it is not to be imagined that blending now and then a piece of a dry verse and wreathing here and there an odd Latin saying into a dismal jingle should give title to an estate, or clear out an obscure evidence! And as little serviceable can it be to physic, which is made up of severe reason and well-tried experiments.

And as for divinity, in this place I shall say no more but that those usually that have been rope-dancers in the schools oftentimes prove Jack Puddings in the pulpit.

For he that in his youth has allowed himself this liberty of academic wit, by this means he has usually so thinned his judgment, becomes so prejudiced against sober sense, and so altogether disposed to trifling and jingling that, so soon as he gets hold of a text, he presently thinks he has caught one of his old school questions; and so falls a flinging it out of one hand into another! tossing it this way, and that! lets it run a little upon the line, then "*tametus!* high jingo! come again!" here catching at a word! there lie nibbling and sucking at an *and*, a *by*, a *quis* or a *quid*, a *sic* or a *sicut!* and thus minces the text so small that his parishioners, until he *rendezvous* it again, can scarce tell what is become of it.

But "Shall we debar youth of such an innocent and harmless recreation, of such a great quickener of parts and promoter of sagacity?"

As for the first, its innocency of being allowed of for a time, I am so far from that persuasion that, from what has been before hinted, I count it perfectly contagious, and as a thing that, for the most part, infects the whole life, and influences most actions. For he that finds himself to have the right knack of letting off a joke, and of pleasing the humsters, he is not only very hardly

brought off from admiring those goodly applauses and heavenly shouts, but it is ten to one if he directs not the whole bent of his studies to such idle and contemptible books as shall only furnish him with materials for a laugh: and so neglects all that should inform his judgment and reason, and make him a man of sense and reputation in this world.

And as for the pretense of making people sagacious and pestilently witty, I shall only desire that the nature of that kind of wit may be considered, which will be found to depend upon some such fooleries as these—

As, first of all, the lucky ambiguity of some word or sentence. Oh, what a happiness is it! and how much does a youngster count himself beholden to the stars that should help him to such a taking jest! And whereas there be so many thousand words in the world, and that he should luck upon the right one! that was so very much to his purpose, and that at the explosion, made such a goodly report!

Or else they rake Lilly's Grammar, and if they can but find two or three letters of any name in any of the rules or examples of that good man's works, it is as very a piece of wit as any has passed in the town since the King came in!

Oh, how the freshmen will skip, to hear one of those lines well laughed at, that they have been so often yerked for!

It is true, such things as these go for wit so long as they continue in Latin; but what dismally shrimped things would they appear if turned into English! And if we search into what was or might be pretended, we shall find the advantages of Latin-wit to be very small and slender when it comes into the world. I mean not only among strict philosophers and men of mere notions, or amongst all-damning and illiterate hectors, but amongst those that are truly ingenious and judicious masters of fancy. We shall find that a quotation out of *Qui mihi*, an axiom out of logic, a saying of a philosopher, or the like, though managed with some quickness and applied with some seeming ingenuity, will not in our days pass, or be accepted for wit.

For we must know that, as we are now in an age of great philosophers and men of

reason, so of great quickness and fancy! and that Greek and Latin, which heretofore (though never so impertinently fetched in) was counted admirable, because it had a learned twang; yet now such stuff, being out of fashion, is esteemed but very bad company!

For the world is now, especially in discourse, for one language, and he that has somewhat in his mind of Greek and Latin is requested nowadays "to be civil, and translate it into English, for the benefit of the company." And he that has made it his whole business to accomplish himself for the applause of boys, schoolmasters, and the easiest of country divines, and has been shouldered out of the cockpit for his wit, when he comes into the world is the most likely person to be kicked out of the company for his pedantry and overweening opinion of himself.

And, were it necessary, it is an easy matter to appeal to wits, both ancient and modern, that (beyond all controversy) have been sufficiently approved of, that never, I am confident, received their improvements by employing their time in puns and quibbles. There is the prodigious Lucian, the great Don of Mancha; and there are many now living, wits of our own, who never, certainly, were at all inspired from a *Tripod's*, *Terra-filius's*, or *Prævaricator's* speech.

I have ventured, Sir, thus far, not to find fault with, but only to inquire into an ancient custom or two of the universities; wherein the clergy seem to be a little concerned as to their education there.

I shall now look on them as benefited, and consider their preaching. Wherein I pretend to give no rules, having neither any gift at it nor authority to do it; but only shall make some conjectures at those useless and ridiculous things commonly uttered in pulpits, that are generally disgusted, and are very apt to bring contempt upon the preacher and that religion which he professes.

Amongst the first things that seem to be useless may be reckoned *the high tossing and swaggering preaching*, either mounting eloquent, or profoundly learned. For there be a sort of divines who, if they but

happen of an unlucky hard word all the week, they think themselves not careful of their flock if they lay it not up till Sunday, and bestow it amongst them in their next preaching. Or if they light upon some difficult and obscure notion, which their curiosity inclines them to be better acquainted with, how useless soever! nothing so frequent as for them, for a month or two months together, to tear and tumble this doctrine, and the poor people, once a week, shall come and gaze upon them by the hour, until they preach themselves, as they think, into a right understanding.

Those that are inclinable to make these useless speeches to the people, they do it, for the most part, upon one of these two considerations. Either out of simple fantastic glory, and a great studiousness of being wondered at, as if getting into the pulpit were a kind of staging, where nothing was to be considered but how much the sermon takes, and how much stared at! Or else they do this to gain a respect and reverence from their people, "who," say they, "are to be puzzled now and then, and carried into the clouds! For if the minister's words be such as the constable uses, his matter plain and practical, such as comes to the common market, he may pass possibly for an honest and well-meaning man, but by no means for any scholar! Whereas if he springs forth, now and then, in high raptures towards the uppermost heavens, dashing here and there an all-confounding word! if he soars aloft in unintelligible huffs! preaches points deep and mystical, and delivers them as darkly and fantastically! this is the way," say they, "of being accounted a most able and learned instructor."

Others there be whose parts stand not so much towards tall words and lofty notions, but consist in scattering up and down and besprinkling all their sermons with plenty of Greek and Latin. And because St. Paul, once or so, was pleased to make use of a little heathen Greek, and that only when he had occasion to discourse with some of the learned ones that well understood him, therefore must they needs bring in twenty poets and philosophers, if they can catch them, into an hour's talk; spreading themselves in abundance of Greek and Latin, to

a company, perhaps, of farmers and shepherds.

Neither will they rest there, but have at the Hebrew also! not contenting themselves to tell the people in general that they "have skill in the text, and the exposition they offer agrees with the original"; but must swagger also over the poor parishioners, with the dreadful Hebrew itself! with their Ben-Israels! Ben-Manasses! and many more Bens that they are intimately acquainted with! whereas there is nothing in the church, or near it by a mile, that understands them, but God Almighty! whom, it is supposed, they go not about to inform or satisfy.

This learned way of talking, though for the most part it is done merely out of ostentation, yet sometimes (which makes not the case much better) it is done in compliment and civility to the all-wise patron or all-understanding justice of the peace in the parish; who, by the common farmers of the town, must be thought to understand the most intricate notions and the most difficult languages.

Now, what an admirable thing this is! Suppose there should be one or so in the whole church that understands somewhat besides English: shall I not think that he understands that better? Must I (out of courtship to his worship and understanding; and because, perhaps, I am to dine with him) prate abundance of such stuff which, I must needs know, nobody understands or that will be the better for it but himself, and perhaps scarcely he?

This, I say, because I certainly know several of that disposition, who, if they chance to have a man of any learning or understanding more than the rest in the parish, preach wholly at him, and level most of their discourses at his supposed capacity; and the rest of the good people shall have only a handsome gaze or view of the parson! As if plain words, useful and intelligible instructions were not as good for an esquire or one that is in commission from the King as for him that holds the plow or mends hedges.

Certainly he that considers the design of his office, and has a conscience answerable to that holy undertaking, must needs con-

ceive himself engaged, not only to mind this or that accomplished or well-dressed person, but must have a universal care and regard of all his parish. And as he must think himself bound, not only to visit down beds and silken curtains, but also flocks and straw, if there be need, so ought his care to be as large to instruct the poor, the weak, and despicable part of his parish as those that sit in the best pews. He that does otherwise thinks not at all of a man's soul, but only accommodates himself to fine clothes, an abundance of ribbons, and the highest seat in the church; not thinking that it will be as much to his reward in the next world, by sober advice, care, and instruction, to have saved one that takes collection as him that is able to relieve half the town. It is very plain that neither our Savior, when he was upon earth and taught the world, made any such distinction in his discourses. What is more intelligible to all mankind than his Sermon upon the Mount! Neither did the Apostles think of any such way. I wonder whom they take for a pattern!

I will suppose once again that the design of these persons is to gain glory; and I shall ask them, Can there be any greater in the world than doing general good? To omit future reward, was it not always esteemed of old that correcting evil practices, reducing people that lived amiss, was much better than making a high rant about a shuttlecock, and talking *tara-tantara* about a feather? Or if they would be only admired, then would I gladly have them consider, What a thin and delicate kind of admiration is likely to be produced by that which is not at all understood! Certainly, that man has a design of building up to himself real fame in good earnest, by things well laid and spoken, his way to effect it is not by talking staringly, and casting a mist before the people's eyes, but by offering such things by which he may be esteemed, with knowledge and understanding.

Thus far concerning hard words, high notions, and unprofitable quotations out of learned languages.

I shall now consider such things *as are* ridiculous, that serve for chimney- and market-talk, after the sermon be done; and that do cause, more immediately, the

preacher to be scorned and undervalued.

I have no reason, Sir, to go about to determine what style or method is best for the improvement and advantage of *all* people. For I question not but there have been as many several sorts of preachers as orators; and though very different, yet useful and commendable in their kind. Tully takes very deservedly with many, Seneca with others, and Cato, no question, said things wisely and well. So, doubtless, the same place of Scripture may by several be variously considered; and although their method and style be altogether different, yet they may all speak things very convenient for the people to know and be advised of. But yet, certainly, what is most undoubtedly useless and empty, or what is judged absolutely ridiculous, not by this or that curious or squeamish auditor, but by every man in the corporation that understands but plain English and common sense, ought to be avoided. For all people are naturally born with such a judgment of true and allowable rhetoric, that is, of what is decorous and convenient to be spoken, that whatever is grossly otherwise is usually ungrateful, not only to the wise and skillful part of the congregation, but shall seem also ridiculous to the very unlearned tradesmen and their young apprentices. Amongst which, may be chiefly reckoned these following: *harsh metaphors, childish similitudes, and ill-applied tales.*

The first main thing, I say, that makes many sermons so ridiculous, and the preachers of them so much disparaged and undervalued, is *an inconsiderate use of frightful metaphors*; which making such a remarkable impression upon the ears, and leaving such a jarring twang behind them, are oftentimes remembered to the discredit of the minister as long as he continues in the parish.

I have heard the very children in the streets, and the little boys close about the fire, refresh themselves strangely but with the repetition of a few of such far-fetched and odd-sounding expressions. Tully, therefore, and Cæsar, the two greatest masters of Roman eloquence, were very wary and sparing of that sort of rhetoric. We may read many a page in their works before we

meet with any of those bears; and if you do light upon one or so, it shall not make your hair stand right up or put you into a fit of convulsions; but it shall be so soft, significant, and familiar as if it were made for the very purpose.

But as for the common sort of people that are addicted to this sort of expression in their discourses, away presently to both the Indies! rake heaven and earth! down to the bottom of the sea! then tumble over all arts and sciences! ransack all shops and warehouses! spare neither camp nor city, but that they will have them! So fond are such deceived ones of these same gay words that they count all discourses empty, dull, and cloudy unless bespangled with these glitterings. Nay, so injudicious and impudent together will they sometimes be that the Almighty himself is often in danger of being dishonored by these indiscreet and horrid metaphor-mongers. And when they thus blaspheme the God of Heaven by such unhallowed expressions, to make amends they will put you in an "As it were" forsooth! or "As I may so say," that is, they will make bold to speak what they please concerning God himself rather than omit what they judge, though never so falsely, to be witty. And then they come in hobbling with their lame submission, and with their "reverence be it spoken"; as if it were not much better to leave out what they foresee is likely to be interpreted for blasphemy, or at least great extravagancy, than to utter that for which their own reason and conscience tell them they are bound to lay in beforehand an excuse.

To which may be further subjoined that metaphors, though very apt and allowable, are intelligible but to some sorts of men, of this or that kind of life, of this or that profession.

For example, perhaps one gentleman's metaphorical knack of preaching comes of the sea; and then we shall hear of nothing but "starboard" and "larboard," of "stems," "sterns," and "forecastles," and such salt-water language; so that one had need take a voyage to Smyrna or Aleppo, and very warily attend to all the sailors' terms, before I shall in the least understand my teacher. Now, though such a sermon may

possibly do some good in a coast town, yet upward into the country, in an inland parish, it will do no more than Syriac or Arabic.

Another, he falls a fighting with his text, and makes a pitched battle of it, dividing it into the right wing and left wing; then he *rears* it! *flanks* it! *intrenches* it! *storms* it! and then he *musters* all again! to see what word was lost or lamed in the skirmish; and so falling on again, with fresh valor, he fights backward and forward, charges through and through, routs, kills, takes, and then, "Gentlemen! as you were!" Now to such of his parish as have been in the late wars this is not very formidable, for they do but suppose themselves at Edgehill or Naseby, and they are not much scared at his doctrine; but as for others, who have not had such fighting opportunities, it is very lamentable to consider how shivering they sit without understanding, till the battle be over!

Like instance might be easily given of many more discourses, the metaphorical phrasing whereof, depending upon peculiar arts, customs, trades, and professions, makes them useful and intelligible only to such who have been very well busied in such like employments.

Another thing, Sir, that brings great disrespect and mischief upon the clergy, and that differs not much from what went immediately before, is their *packing their sermons so full of similitudes*, which, all the world knows, carry with them but very small force of argument, unless there be *an exact agreement with that which is compared*, of which there is very seldom any sufficient care taken.

Besides, those that are addicted to this slender way of discourse, for the most part, do so weaken and enfeeble their judgment, by contenting themselves to understand by colors, features, and glimpses, that they perfectly omit all the more profitable searching into the nature and causes of things themselves. By which means, it necessarily comes to pass that what they undertake to prove and clear out to the congregation must needs be so faintly done, and with such little force of argument, that the conviction or persuasion will last no longer in the pa-

rishioner's minds than the warmth of those similitudes shall glow in their fancy. So that he that has either been instructed in some part of his duty or excited to the performance of the same, not by any judicious dependence of things and lasting reason, but by such faint and toyish evidence, his understanding, upon all occasions, will be as apt to be misled as ever, and his affections as troublesome and unmanageable.

But they are not so unserviceable as, usually, they are ridiculous. For people of the weakest parts are most commonly overborne with these fooleries; which, together with the great difficulty of their being prudently managed, must needs occasion them, for the most part, to be very trifling and childish.

Especially, if we consider the choiceness of the authors out of which they are furnished. There is the never-to-be-commended-enough Lycosthenes. There is also the admirable piece called *The Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*: I pray mind it! it is the *Second Part*, and not the *First*! And there is, besides, a book wholly consisting of similitudes applied and ready fitted to most preaching subjects, for the help of young beginners, who sometimes will not make them hit handsomely.

It is very well known that such as are possessed with an admiration of such eloquence think that they are very much encouraged in their way by the Scripture itself. "For," say they, "did not our blessed Savior himself use many metaphors and many parables? and did not his Disciples, following his so excellent an example, do the like? And is not this, not only warrant enough, but near upon a command to us so to do?"

If you please, therefore, we will see what our Savior does in this case. In St. Matthew he tells his Disciples that "they are the salt of the earth," that "they are the light of the world," that "they are a city set on a hill." Furthermore, he tells his Apostles that "he sends them forth as sheep in the midst of wolves," and bids them therefore "be as wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Now, are not all these things plain and familiar, even almost to children themselves, that can but taste and see, and to men of the

lowest education and meanest capacities?

I shall not here insist upon those special and admirable reasons for which our Savior made use of so many parables. Only thus much is needful to be said, namely, that they are very much mistaken that, from hence, think themselves tolerated to turn all the world into frivolous and abominable similitudes.

As for our Savior, when he spoke a parable he was pleased to go no further than the fields, the seashore, a garden, a vineyard, or the like, which are things without the knowledge whereof scarcely any man can be supposed to live in this world.

But as for our metaphorical- and similitude-men of the pulpit, these things to them are too still and languid! they do not rattle and rumble! These lie too near home, and within vulgar ken! There is little on this side the moon that will content them! Up, presently, to the *primum mobile* and the trepidation of the firmament! Dive into the bowels and hid treasures of the earth! Despatch forthwith for Peru and Jamaica! A town-bred or country-bred similitude is worth nothing!

"It is reported of a tree growing upon the bank of Euphrates, the great river Euphrates! that it brings forth an apple, to the eye very fair and tempting; but inwardly it is filled with nothing but useless and deceiving dust. Even so, dust we are; and to dust we must all go!"

Now, what a lucky discovery was this, that a man's body should be so exactly like an apple! And, I will assure you that this was not thought on till within these few years!

And I am afraid, too, he had a kind of hint of this from another, who had formerly found out that a man's soul was like an oyster. For, says he in his prayer,

"Our souls are constantly gaping after thee, O Lord! yea, verily, our souls do gape, even as an oyster gapeth!"

It seems pretty hard, at first sight, to bring into a sermon all the circles of the globe and all the frightful terms of astronomy; but I will assure you, Sir, it is to be done, because it has been. But not by every bungler and ordinary text-divider;

but by a man of great cunning and experience.

There is a place in the prophet Malachi where it will do very nicely, and that is chapter iv. ver. 2, "But unto you, that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings." From which words, in the first place, it plainly appears that our Savior passed through all the twelve signs of the zodiac; and more than that too, all proved by very apt and familiar places of Scripture.

First, then, our Savior was in Aries. Or else, what means that of the Psalmist, "The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs!"? And again, that in Second of the Kings, chap. iii. ver. 4, "And Mesha, King of Moab, was a sheep-master, and rendered unto the King of Israel an hundred thousand lambs," and what follows, "and an hundred thousand rams, with the wool!" Mind it! it was the King of Israel!

In like manner, was he in Taurus. Psalm xxii. 12. "Many bulls have compassed me! Strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round!" They were not ordinary bulls. They were *compassing* bulls! they were *besetting* bulls! they were *strong Bashan* bulls!

What need I speak of Gemini? Surely you cannot but remember Esau and Jacob! Genesis xxv. 24. "And when her days to be delivered were fulfilled, behold there were twins in her womb!"

Or of Cancer? when, as the Psalmist says so plainly, "What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?" Nothing more plain!

It were as easy to show the like in all the rest of the signs.

But instead of that, I shall rather choose to make this one practical observation—that the mercy of God to mankind in sending His son into the world was a very *signal* mercy. It was a *zodiacal* mercy! I say it was truly *zodiacal*; for Christ keeps within the tropics! He goes not out of the pale of the Church; but yet he is not always at the same distance from a believer. Sometimes he withdraws himself into the *apogæum* of doubt, sorrow, and despair; but then he comes again into the *perigæum* of joy, content, and assurance; but as for heathens and unbelievers, they are all arctic and antarctic reprobates!

Now when such stuff as this, as sometimes it is, is vented in a poor parish, where people can scarce tell what day of the month it is by the almanac, how seasonable and savory it is likely to be!

It seems also not very easy for a man in his sermon to learn his parishioners how to dissolve gold, of what, and how the stuff is made. Now, to ring the bells and call the people on purpose together would be but a blunt business; but to do it neatly, and when nobody looked for it, that is the rarity and art of it!

Suppose, then, that he takes for his text that of St. Matthew,

"Repent ye, for the Kingdom of God is at hand." Now, tell me, Sir, do you not perceive the gold to be in a dismal fear! to curl and quiver at the first reading of these words! It must come in thus, "The blots and blurs of our sins must be taken out by the *aqua-fortis* of our tears; to which *aqua-fortis*, if you put a fifth part of *sal-ammoniac*, and set them in a gentle heat, it makes *aqua-regia* which dissolves gold."

And now it is out! Wonderful are the things that are to be done by the help of metaphors and similitudes! And I will undertake that, with a little more pains and considerations, out of the very same words he could have taught the people how to make custards, or marmalade, or to stew prunes!

But, pray, why "the *aqua-fortis* of tears?" For if it so falls out that there should chance to be neither apothecary nor druggist at church, there is an excellent jest wholly lost!

Now, had he been so considerate as to have laid his wit in some more common and intelligible material, for example, had he said the "blots of sin" will be easily taken out "by the soap of sorrow, and the fullers-earth of contrition," then possibly the parson and the parish might all have admired one another. For there be many a good wife that understands very well all the intrigues of pepper, salt, and vinegar, who knows not anything of the all-powerfulness of *aqua-fortis*, how that it is such a spot-removing liquor!

I cannot but consider with what understanding the people sighed and cried when the minister made for them this metaphysical confession:

"Omnipotent All! Thou art only! Because Thou art all, and because Thou only art! As for us, we are not; but we seem to be! and only

seem to be, because we are not! for we be but mites of Entity, and crumbs of Something!" and so on.

As if a company of country people were bound to understand Suarez and all the school divines!

And as some are very high and learned in their attempts, so others there be who are of somewhat too mean and dirty imagination.

Such was he who goes by the name of Parson Slip-stocking, who, preaching about the grace and assistance of God, and that of ourselves we are able to do nothing, advised his "beloved" to take him this plain similitude.

"A father calls his child to him, saying, 'Child, pull off this stocking!' The child, mightily joyful that it should pull off father's stocking, takes hold of the stocking, and tugs! and pulls! and sweats! but to no purpose: for stocking stirs not, for it is but a child that pulls! Then the father bids the child to rest a little, and try again. So then the child sets on again, tugs again; but no stocking comes, for child is but a child! Then the father, taking pity upon his child, puts his hand behind and slips down the stocking; and off comes the stocking! Then how does the child rejoice! for child hath pulled off father's stocking. Alas, poor child! it was not child's strength, it was not child's sweating that got off the stocking; but yet it was the father's hand that slipped down the stocking. Even so——"

Not much unlike to this was he that, preaching about the sacrament and faith, makes Christ a shopkeeper, telling you that "Christ is a treasury of all wares and commodities," and thereupon, opening his wide throat, cries aloud:

"Good people! what do you lack? What do you buy? Will you buy any balm of Gilead? any eye-salve? any myrrh, aloes, or cassia? Shall I fit you with a robe of righteousness, or with a white garment? See here! What is it you want? Here is a choice armory! Shall I show you a helmet of salvation, a shield, or breastplate of faith? or will you please to walk in and see some precious stones? a jasper, a sapphire, a chalcedony? Speak, what do you buy?"

Now, for my part, I must needs say (and I much fancy I speak the mind of thousands) that it had been much better for such

an imprudent and ridiculous bawler as this to have been condemned to have cried oysters or brooms than to discredit, after this unsanctified rate, his profession and our religion.

It would be an endless thing, Sir, to count up to you all the follies, for a hundred years last past, that have been preached and printed of this kind. But yet I cannot omit that of the famous divine in his time who, advising the people in days of danger to run unto the Lord, tells them that "they cannot go to the Lord, much less run, without feet"; that "there be therefore two feet to run to the Lord, faith and prayer."

"It is plain that faith is a foot, for, 'by faith we stand,' 2 Cor. i. 24; therefore by faith we must run to the Lord who is faithful.

"The second is prayer, a spiritual leg to bear us thither. Now that prayer is a spiritual leg appears from several places in Scripture, as from that of Jonah speaking of *coming*, chap. ii. ver. 7, 'And my prayer *came* unto Thy holy temple.' And likewise from that of the Apostle who says, Heb. iv. 16, 'Let us therefore *go* unto the throne of grace.' Both intimating that prayer is a spiritual leg: there being no *coming* or *going* to the Lord without the leg of prayer."

He further adds, "Now that these feet may be able to bear us thither, we must put on the hose of faith; for the Apostle says, 'Our feet must be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace.'"

The truth of it is, the author is somewhat obscure: for, at first faith was a foot, and by and by it is a hose, and at last it proves a shoe! If he had pleased, he could have made it anything!

Neither can I let pass that of a later author, who, telling us, "It is goodness by which we must ascend to Heaven," and that "Goodness is the Milky Way to Jupiter's Palace," could not rest there, but must tell us further that "to strengthen us in our journey, we must not take morning milk, but some morning meditations"; fearing, I suppose, lest some people should mistake, and think to go to Heaven by eating now and then a mess of morning milk, because the way was "milky."

Neither ought that to be omitted, not long since printed upon those words of St. John, "These things write I unto you, that ye sin not."

The observation is that "it is the purpose of Scripture to drive men from sin. These Scriptures contain doctrines, precepts, promises, threatenings, and histories. Now," says he, "take these five smooth stones, and put them into the scrip of the heart, and throw them with the sling of faith, by the hand of a strong resolution, against the forehead of sin; and we shall see it, like Goliath, fall before us."

But I shall not trouble you any further upon this subject; but, if you have a mind to hear any more of this stuff, I shall refer you to the learned and judicious author of the *Friendly Debates*, who, particularly, has at large discovered the intolerable fooleries of this way of talking.

I shall only add thus much, that such as go about to fetch blood into their pale and lean discourses by the help of their brisk and sparkling similitudes ought well to consider whether their similitudes be true.

I am confident, Sir, you have heard it, many and many a time, or, if need be, I can show you it in a book, that when the preacher happens to talk how that the things here below will not satisfy the mind of man, then comes in "the round world which cannot fill the triangular heart of man," whereas every butcher knows that the heart is no more triangular than an ordinary pear or a child's top. But because *triangular* is a hard word, and perhaps a jest, therefore people have stolen it one from another, these two or three hundred years, and, for aught I know, much longer, for I cannot direct to the first inventor of the fancy.

In like manner, they are to consider what things, either in the heavens or belonging to the earth, have been found out, by experience, to contradict what has been formerly allowed of.

Thus, because some ancient astronomers had observed that both the distances as well as the revolutions of the planets were in some proportion or harmony one to another, therefore people that abounded with more imagination than skill presently fancied the moon, Mercury, and Venus to be a kind of violins or trebles to Jupiter or Saturn; that the sun and Mars supplied the room of tenors, and the *primum mobile* running division all the tune. So that one could scarce hear a sermon but they must give

you a touch of "the harmony of the spheres."

Thus, Sir, you shall have them take that of St. Paul, about "faith, hope, and charity." And instead of a sober instructing of the people in those eminent and excellent graces, they shall only ring you over a few changes upon the three words; crying, "Faith! Hope! and Charity!" "Hope! Faith! and Charity!" and so on; and when they have done their peal, they shall tell you that "this is much better than the harmony of the spheres!"

At other times I have heard a long chiming only between two words; as suppose *divinity* and *philosophy*, or *revelation* and *reason*. Setting forth with *revelation* first. "Revelation is a lady; Reason, an hand-maid! Revelation is the esquire; Reason, the page! Revelation is the sun; Reason, but the moon! Revelation is manna; Reason is but an acorn! Revelation, a wedge of gold; Reason, a small piece of silver!"

Then, by and by, Reason gets it, and leads it away, "Reason indeed is very good, but Revelation is much better! Reason is a councilor, but Revelation is the lawgiver! Reason is a candle, but Revelation is the snuffer!"

Certainly, those people are possessed with a very great degree of dulness, who, living under the means of such enlightening preaching, should not be mightily settled in the right notion and true bounds of faith and reason.

No less ably, methought, was the difference between the Old Covenant and the New lately determined. "The Old Covenant was of works; the New Covenant, of faith. The Old Covenant was by Moses; the New, by Christ. The Old was heretofore; the New afterwards. The Old was first; the New was second. Old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new." And so the business was very fundamentally done.

I shall say no more upon this subject but this one thing, which relates to what was said a little before. He that has got a set of similitudes calculated according to the Old Philosophy, and Ptolemy's system of the world, must burn his commonplace-book, and go a-gleaning for new ones; it being,

nowadays, much more gentle and warrantable to take a similitude from the man in the moon than from *solid* orbs: for though few people do absolutely believe that there is any such eminent person there, yet the thing is possible, whereas the other is not.

I come now, Sir, to the Second Part that was designed, viz., *the poverty of some of the clergy*. By whose mean condition, their sacred profession is much disparaged, and their doctrine undervalued. What large provisions, of old, God was pleased to make for the priesthood, and upon what reasons, is easily seen to anyone that but looks in the Bible. The Levites, it is true, were left out, in the division of the inheritance; not to their loss, but to their great temporal advantage. For, whereas had they been common sharers with the rest, a twelfth part only would have been their just allowance; God was pleased to settle upon them a tenth, and that without any trouble or charge of tillage; which made their portion much more considerable than the rest.

And as this provision was very bountiful, so the reasons, no question! were very divine and substantial: which seem chiefly to be these two.

First, that the priesthood might be altogether at leisure for the service of God; and that they of that holy order might not be distracted with the cares of the world and interrupted by every neighbor's horse or cow that breaks their hedges or shackles their corn. But that living a kind of spiritual life, and being removed a little from all worldly affairs, they might always be fit to receive holy inspirations, and always ready to search out the mind of God, and to advise and direct the people therein.

Not as if this divine exemption of them from the common troubles and cares of this life was intended as an opportunity of luxury and laziness; for certainly there is a labor besides digging! and there is a true carefulness without following the plow and looking after their cattle!

And such was the employment of those holy men of old. Their care and business was to please God, and to charge themselves with the welfare of all His people: which

thing, he that does it with a good and satisfied conscience, I will assure he has a task upon him much beyond them that have for their care their hundreds of oxen and five hundreds of sheep.

Another reason that this large allowance was made to the priests was that they might be enabled to relieve the poor, to entertain strangers, and thereby to encourage people in the ways of godliness. For they being, in a peculiar manner, the servants of God, God was pleased to entrust in their hands a portion more than ordinary of the good things of the land, as the safest storehouse and treasury for such as were in need.

That in all ages, therefore, there should be a continued tolerable maintenance for the clergy, the same reasons, as well as many others, make us think to be very necessary. Unless they will count money and victuals to be only types and shadows! and so, to cease with the ceremonial law.

For where the minister is pinched as to the tolerable conveniences of this life, the chief of his care and time must be spent, not in an impertinent considering what text of Scripture will be most useful for his parish, what instructions most seasonable, and what authors best to be consulted; but the chief of his thoughts and his main business must be, How to live that week? Where he shall have bread for his family? Whose sow has lately pigged? Whence will come the next rejoicing goose, or the next cheerful basket of apples? How far to Lammas or Easter offerings? When shall we have another christening and cakes? and, Who is likely to marry, or die?

These are very seasonable considerations, and worthy of a man's thoughts. For a family cannot be maintained by texts and contexts! and a child that lies crying in the cradle will not be satisfied without a little milk, and perhaps sugar; though there be a small German *System of Divinity* in the house!

But suppose he does get into a little hole over the oven, with a lock to it, called his study, towards the latter end of the week: for you must know, Sir, there are very few texts of Scripture that can be divided, at soonest, before Friday night, and some there be that will never be divided but upon

Sunday morning, and that not very early, but either a little before they go, or in the going, to church. I say, suppose the gentleman gets thus into his study, one may very nearly guess what is his first thought, when he comes there—viz., that the last kilderkin of drink is nearly departed! that he has but one poor single groat in the house, and there is judgment and execution ready to come out against it, for milk and eggs!

Now, Sir, can any man think that one thus racked and tortured can be seriously intent, half an hour, to contrive anything that might be of real advantage to his people?

Besides, perhaps, that week he has met with some dismal crosses and most undoing misfortunes.

There was a scurvy-conditioned mole that broke into his pasture and plowed up the best part of his glebe. And, a little after that, came a couple of spiteful ill-favored crows and trampled down the little remaining grass. Another day, having but four chickens, sweep comes the kite! and carries away the fattest and hopefulest of the brood. Then, after all this, came the jackdaws and starlings (idle birds that they are!), and they scattered and carried away from his thin-thatched house forty or fifty of the best straws. And, to make him completely unhappy, after all these afflictions, another day, that he had a pair of breeches on, coming over a perverse stile, he suffered very much in carelessly lifting over his leg.

Now, what parish can be so inconsiderate and unreasonable as to look for anything from one whose fancy is thus checked, and whose understanding is thus ruffled and disordered? They may as soon expect comfort and consolation from him that lies racked with the gout and the stone as from a divine thus broken and shattered in his fortunes!

But we will grant that he meets not with any of these such frightful disasters; but that he goes into his study with a mind as calm as the evening. For all that, upon Sunday we must be content with what God shall please to send us! For as for books, he is, for want of money, so moderately furnished that except it be a small Geneva Bible (so small as it will not be desired to lie open of

itself), together with a certain Concordance thereunto belonging, as also a Latin book for all kind of Latin sentences, called *Polyantha*; with some Exposition upon the Catechism, a portion of which is to be got by heart and to be put off for his own; and perhaps Mr. Caryl upon Pineda; Mr. Dod upon the Commandments, Mr. Clarke's Lives of famous men, both in Church and State (such as Mr. Carter of Norwich, that uses to eat such abundance of pudding): besides, I say, these, there is scarcely anything to be found but a budget of old stitched sermons hung up behind the door, with a few broken girths, two or three yards of whipcord; and, perhaps, a saw and a hammer, to prevent dilapidations.

Now, what may not a divine do, though but of ordinary parts and unhappy education, with such learned helps and assistances as these? No vice, surely, durst stand before him! no heresy affront him!

And furthermore, Sir, it is to be considered that he that is but thus meanly provided for—it is not his only infelicity that he has neither time, mind, nor books to improve himself for the inward benefit and satisfaction of his people; but also that he is not capable of doing that outward good amongst the needy which is a great ornament to that holy profession, and a considerable advantage towards the having the doctrine believed and practised in a degenerate world.

And that which augments the misery—whether he be able or not, it is expected from him, if there comes a brief to town, for the minister to cast in his mite will not satisfy unless he can create sixpence or a shilling to put into the box, for a stale lure to decoy in the rest of the parish. Nay, he that hath but £20 or £30, if he bids not up as high as the best in the parish in all acts of charity, he is counted carnal and earthly-minded; only because he durst not coin! and cannot work miracles!

And let there come ever so many beggars, half of these, I will secure you, shall presently inquire for the minister's house. "For God," say they, "certainly dwells there, and has laid up for us sufficient relief!"

I know many of the laity are usually so extremely tender of the spiritual welfare of the clergy that they are apt to wish them but very small temporal goods, lest their inward state should be in danger! A thing they need not much fear since that effectual humiliation by Henry VIII. "For," say they, "the great tithes, large glebes, good victuals, and warm clothes do but puff up the priest, making him fat, foggy, and use-¹⁰less! and fill him with pride, vainglory, and all kind of inward wickedness and pernicious corruption! We see this plain," say they, "in the Whore of Babylon! To what a degree of luxury and intemperance, besides a great deal of false doctrine, have riches and honor raised up that strumpet! How does she strut it! and swagger it over all the world! terrifying princes and despising kings and emperors!

"The clergy, if ever we would expect any edification from them, ought to be dieted and kept low! to be meek and humble, quiet, and stand in need of a pot of milk from their next neighbor! and always be very loth to ask for their very right, for fear of making any disturbance in the parish, or seeming to understand or have any respect for this vile and outward world!

"Under the Law, indeed, in those old³⁰ times of darkness and eating, the priests had their first and second dishes, their milk and honey, their manna and quails, also their outward and inward vestments; but now, under the Gospel, and in times of light and fasting, a much more sparing diet is fitter, and a single coat (though it be never so ancient and thin) is fully sufficient!

"We must look," say they, "if we would⁴⁰ be the better for them, for a hardy and laboring clergy, that is mortified to the possession of a horse and all such pampering vanities! and that can foot it five or six miles in the dirt, and preach till starlight, for as many [5 or 6] shillings! as also a sober and temperate clergy, that will not eat so much as the laity, but that the least pig, the least sheaf, and the least of everything may satisfy their spiritual-ship! And be-⁵⁰ sides, a money-renouncing clergy, that can abstain from seeing a penny a month together! unless it be when the collectors and

visitationers come. These are all Gospel dispensations! and great instances of patience, contentedness, and resignation of affections in respect to all the emptiness and fooleries of this life!"

But cannot a clergyman choose rather to lie upon feathers than a hurdle, but he must be idle, soft, and effeminate! May he not desire wholesome food and fresh drink, unless he be a cheat, a hypocrite, and an impostor! And must he needs be void of all grace, though he has a shilling in his purse, after the rates be crossed off! and full of pride and vanity though his house stands not upon crutches, and though his chimney is to be seen a foot above the thatch!

O, how prettily and temperately may half a score of children be maintained with *al-²⁰most £20 per annum!* What a handsome shift a poor ingenious and frugal divine will make, to take it by turns, and wear a cassock one year, and a pair of breeches another! What a becoming thing is it for him that serves at the altar to fill the dungcart in dry weather and to heat the oven and pull hemp in wet! And what a pleasant thing is it to see the man of God fetching up his single melancholy cow from a small rib of land that is scarcely to be found without a guide! or to be seated upon a soft and well-grinded pouch of meal! or to be planted upon a pannier, with a pair of geese or turkeys bobbing out their heads from under his canonical coat! as you cannot but remember the man, Sir, that was thus accomplished. Or to find him raving about the yards or keeping his chamber close, because the duck lately miscarried of an egg, or that the never-failing hen has unhappily forsaken her wonted nest!

And now, shall we think that such employments as these can, any way, consist with due reverence, or tolerable respect from a parish?

And he speaks altogether at a venture that says that "this is false, or, at least it need not be so, notwithstanding the mean condition of some of the clergy." For let anyone make it out to me which way is it possible that a man shall be able to maintain perhaps eight or ten in his family, with *£20 or £30 per annum*, without an intoler-

able dependence upon his parish; and without committing himself to such vileness as will, in all likelihood, render him contemptible to his people.

Now, where the income is so pitifully small (which, I will assure you, is the portion of hundreds of the clergy of this nation), which way shall he manage it for the subsistence of himself and his family?

If he keeps the glebe in his own hand (which he may easily do, almost in the hollow of it!), what increase can he expect from a couple of apple trees, a brood of ducklings, a hemp land, and as much pasture as is just able to summer a cow?

As for his tithes, he either rents them out to a layman, who will be very unwilling to be his tenant unless he may be sure to save by the bargain at least a third part, or else he compounds for them; and then, as for his money, he shall have it when all the rest of the world be paid!

But if he thinks fit to take his dues in kind, he then either demands his true and utmost right; and if so, it is a great hazard if he be not counted a caterpillar! a muck worm! a very earthly-minded man! and too much sighted into this lower world! which was made, as many of the laity think, altogether for themselves; or else he must tamely commit himself to that little dose of the creature that shall be pleased to be proportioned out unto him, choosing rather to starve in peace and quietness than to gain his right by noise and disturbance.

The best of all these ways that a clergyman shall think fit for his preferment to be managed (where it is so small) are such as will undoubtedly make him either to be hated and reviled or else pitifully poor and disesteemed.

But this is not all the inconvenience that attends the small income that is the portion of some clergymen: for besides that the clergy in general is disesteemed, they are likely also to do but little good in their parish. For it is a hard matter for the people to believe that he talks anything to the purpose that wants ordinary food for his family, and that his advice and exposition can come from above that is scarcely de-

fended against the weather. I have heard a traveling poor man beg with very good reason and a great stream of seasonable rhetoric; and yet it has been very little minded, because his clothes were torn, or at least out of fashion. And, on the other side, I have heard but an ordinary saying proceeding from a fine suit and a good lusty title of honor highly admired, which would not possibly have been hearkened to had it been uttered by a meaner person: yet, by all means, because it was a fancy of his worship's, it must be counted high! and notably expressed!

If, indeed, this world were made of sincere and pure beaten virtue, like the gold of the first age, then such idle and fond prejudices would be a very vain supposal; and the doctrine that proceeded from the most battered and contemptible habit and the most sparing diet would be as acceptable as that which flowed from a silken cassock and the best cheer. But seeing the world is not absolutely perfect, it is to be questioned whether he that runs upon trust for every ounce of provisions he spends in his family can scarce look from his pulpit into any seat in the church but that he spies somebody or other that he is beholden to and depends upon; and, for want of money, has scarce confidence to speak handsomely to his sexton: it is to be questioned, I say, whether one thus destitute of all tolerable subsistence, and thus shattered and distracted with most necessary cares, can either invent with discretion, or utter with courage, anything that may be beneficial to his people, whereby they may become his diligent attenders and hearty respecters.

And as the people do almost resolve against being amended or bettered by the minister's preaching, whose circumstances as to this life are so bad, and his condition so low, so likewise is their devotion very cool and indifferent, in hearing from such a one the prayers of the Church.

The divine service, all the world knows, is the same if read in the most magnificent cathedral or in the most private parlor; or if performed by the archbishop himself, or by the meanest of his priests: but as the solemnity of the place, besides the consecration of it to God Almighty, does much in-

fluence the devotion of the people, so also the quality and condition of the person that reads it. And though there be not that acknowledged difference between a priest comfortably provided for and him that is in the thorns and briars, as there is between one placed in great dignity and authority and one that is in less; yet such a difference the people will make that they will scarce hearken to what is read by the one, and yet be most religiously attentive to the other. Not, surely, that anyone can think that he whose countenance is cheerly and his barns full can petition Heaven more effectually, or prevail with God for the forgiveness of a greater sin, than he who is pitifully pale and is not owner of an ear of corn; yet, most certainly, they do not delight to confess their sins and sing praises to God with him who sighs more for want of money and victuals than for his trespasses and offenses. Thus it is, and will be! do you or I, Sir, what we can to the contrary.

Did our Church indeed believe, with the Papists, every person rightfully ordained to be a kind of God Almighty, working miracles and doing wonders, then would people most readily prostrate themselves to everything in holy orders, though it could but just creep! But as our Church counts those of the clergy to be but mortal men, though peculiarly dedicated to God and His service, their behavior, their condition, and circumstances of life will necessarily come into our value and esteem of them. And therefore it is no purpose for men to say "that this need not be, it being but mere prejudice, humor, and fancy: and that if the man be but truly in holy orders, that is the great matter! and from thence come blessings, absolution, and intercession through Christ with God. And that it is not philosophy, languages, ecclesiastical history, prudence, discretion, and reputation by which the minister can help us on towards Heaven."

Notwithstanding this, I say again that, seeing men are men, and seeing that we are of the Church of England and not of that of Rome, these things ought to be weighed and considered; and for want of being so, our Church of England has suffered much.

And I am almost confident that, since

the Reformation, nothing has more hindered people from a just estimation of a form of prayer and our holy liturgy than employing a company of boys, or old illiterate mumbler, to read the service. And I do verily believe that, at this very day, especially in cities and corporations, which make up the third part of our nation, there is nothing that does more keep back some dissatisfied people from church till service be over than that it is read by some £10 or £12 man, with whose parts and education they are so well acquainted as to have reason to know that he has but skill enough to read the lessons with twice conning over. And though the office of the reader be only to read word for word, and neither to invent or expound, yet people love he should be a person of such worth and knowledge as it may be supposed he understands what he reads.

And although for some it were too burdensome a task to read the service twice a day, and preach as often, yet certainly it were much better if the people had but one sermon in a fortnight or month, so the service were performed by a knowing and valuable person, than to run an unlearned rout of contemptible people into holy orders, on purpose only to say the prayers of the Church, who perhaps shall understand very little more than a hollow pipe made of tin or wainscot.

Neither do I here at all reflect upon cathedrals, where the prayers are usually read by some grave and worthy person. And as for the unlearned singers, whether boys or men, there is no complaint to be made, as to this case, than that they have not an all understanding organ or a prudent and discreet cornet.

Neither need people be afraid that the minister for want of preaching should grow stiff and rusty, supposing he came not into the pulpit every week. For he can spend his time very honestly, either by taking better care of what he preaches, and by considering what is most useful and seasonable for the people, and not what subject he can preach upon with most ease, or upon what text he can make a brave speech, for which nobody shall be the better! or where he can best steal, without being discovered, as is the

practice of many divines in private parishes. Or else, he may spend it in visiting the sick, instructing the ignorant, and recovering such as are gone astray.

For though there be churches built for public assemblies, for public instruction and exhortation, and though there be not many absolutely plain places of Scripture that oblige the minister to talk from house to house, yet certainly people might receive much more advantage from such charitable visits and friendly conferences than from general discourses leveled at the whole world, where perhaps the greatest part of the time shall be spent in useless prefaces, dividings, and flourishings. Which thing is very practicable—excepting some vast parishes; in which also it is much better to do good to some than to none at all.

There is but one calamity more that I shall mention, which, though it need not absolutely, yet it does too frequently, accompany the low condition of many of the clergy; and that is, it is a great hazard if they be not *idle, intemperate, and scandalous*.

I say, I cannot prove it strictly and undeniably that a man smally beneficed must of necessity be dissolute and debauched. But when we consider how much he lies subject to the humor of all reprobates, and how easily he is tempted from his own house of poverty and melancholy, it is to be feared that he will be willing too often

to forsake his own study of a few scurvy books, and his own habitation of darkness where there is seldom eating or drinking, for a good lightsome one where there is a bountiful provision of both.

And when he comes there, though he swears not at all, yet he must be sure to say nothing to those that do it by all that they can think of. And though he judges it not fit to lead the forlorn in vice and profaneness, yet, if he goes about to damp a frolic, there is great danger, not only of losing his Sunday dinner, but also all opportunities of such future refreshments, for his niceness and squeamishness!

And such as are but at all disposed to this lewd kind of meetings; besides the Devil, he shall have solicitors enough! who count all such reveling occasion very unsavory and unhallowed, unless they have the presence of some clergyman to sanctify the ordinance; who, if he sticks at his glass, bless him! and call him but "Doctor!" and it slides presently.

I take no delight, I must confess, to insist upon this: but only I could very much wish that such of our governors as go amongst our small preferred clergy, to take a view of the condition of the church and chancel, that they would but make inquiry whether the minister himself be not much out of repair.

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SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703)

DIARY

[1825].

[1660].

[May] 25th. By the morning we were come close to the land, and everybody made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast before they went; and there being set some ship's diet before them, only to show them the manner of the ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but peas and pork, and boiled beef. I had Mr. Darcy in my cabin; and Dr. Clerke, who eat with me, told me how the King had given £50 to Mr. Shepley for my Lord's servants, and £500 among the officers and common men of the ship. I spoke to the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favor. Great expectation of the King's making some knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was there ready to carry him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our Captain steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the gallantry of the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town come and give him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took, and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under,

which he did, and talked a while with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. Seeing that my Lord did not stir out of his barge, I got into a boat, and so into his barge, and we back to the ship, seeing a man almost drowned that fell into the sea. My Lord almost transported with joy that he had done all this without any the least blur or obstruction in the world, that could give offense to any, and with the great honor he thought it would be to him. Being overtook by the brigantine, my Lord and we went out of our barge into it, and so went on board with Sir W. Batten and the Vice- and Rear- Admirals. At night, I supped with the Captain, who told me what the King had given us. My Lord returned late, and at his coming did give me order to cause the mark to be gilded, and a crown and C. R. to be made at the head of the coach table, where the King to-day with his own hand did mark his height, which accordingly I caused the painter to do, and is now done, as is to be seen.

[October] 7th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall on foot, calling at my father's to change my long black cloak for a short one (long cloaks being now quite out); but he being gone to church, I could not get one. I heard Dr. Spurstow preach before the King a poor dry sermon; but a very good anthem of Captain Cooke's afterwards. To my Lord's, and dined with him; he all dinner-time talking French to me, and telling me the story how the Duke of York hath got my Lord Chancellor's

daughter with child, and that she do lay it to him, and that for certain he did promise her marriage, and had signed it with his blood, but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinet. And that the King would have him to marry her, but that he will not. So that the thing is very bad for the Duke and them all; but my Lord do make light of it, as a thing that he believes is not a new thing for the Duke to do 10
abroad. After dinner to the Abbey, where I heard them read the church service, but very ridiculously. A poor cold sermon of Dr. Lamb's, one of the prebendaries, in his habit, come afterwards, and so all ended.

13th. I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut 20
down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross. Setting up shelves in my 30
study.

14th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall chapel, where one Dr. Crofts made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill-sung, which made the King laugh. Here I first did see the Princess Royal since she came into England. Here I also observed how the Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another very wantonly through the hangings that parts the King's closet 40
where the ladies sit.

15th. This morning Mr. Carew was hanged and quartered at Charing Cross, but his quarters, by a great favor, are not to be hanged up.

[1660-61].

[January] 19th. To the Comptroller's, and with him by coach to Whitehall; in our way meeting Venner and Pritchard 50
upon a sledge, who with two more Fifth-Monarchy men were hanged to-day, and the two first drawn and quartered. Went to

the theater, where I saw *The Lost Lady*, which do not please me much. Here I was troubled to be seen by four of our office clerks, which sat in the half-crown box, and I in the 1s. 6d. From hence by link, and bought two mouse-traps of Thomas Pepys, the turner.

[1661].

[April] 23d. About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the surveyor, with some company he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favor of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the north end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King come in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is, a chair) and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke, and the King with a scepter (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and wand before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the choir at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he come forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop; and his Lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown) and Bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King-at-Arms went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed that if anyone could show any reason why Charles Stuart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak.

And a General Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music; and indeed it was lost to everybody. I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rails, and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I staid walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King come in with his crown on, and his scepter in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight: and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three lords, Northumberland, and Suffolk, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and at last bringing up the King's Champion, all in armor on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a Herald proclaims "That if any dare deny Charles Stuart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him;" and with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. To which, when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup, which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back

again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lords' table, I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as everybody else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all, the 24 violins. About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife. And strange it is to think that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for some years: which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all this, only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports, which they endeavored to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's hand till to-morrow to be decided. At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we staid upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fireworks, but they were not performed to-night: only the City had a light like a glory round about it, with bonfires. At last, I went to King Street, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I proffered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe Yard, in which, at the further end, there were three great bonfires, and a great many gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another, which we thought a strange frolic; but these gallants

continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tittle. At last, I sent my wife and her bed-fellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King); and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay; and I went to my Lord's pretty well. But no sooner a-bed with Mr. Shepley but my head began to turn, and I to vomit, and if ever I was foxed, it was now, which I cannot say yet, because I fell asleep, and slept till morning. Thus did the day end with joy everywhere; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to anybody through it all, but only to Serjeant Glyne, whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this; he being now one of the King's serjeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard, to whom people wish the same fortune. There was also this night, in King Street, a woman had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

[September] 7th. Having appointed the young ladies at the Wardrobe to go with them to the play to-day, my wife and I took them to the theater, where we seated ourselves close by the King, and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, which was great content; and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was *Bartholomew Fair*, with the puppet-show, acted to-day, which had not been these forty years, it being so satirical against Puritanism, they durst not till now, which is strange they should already dare to do it, and the King to countenance it, but I do never a whit like it the better for the puppets, but rather the worse. Thence home

with the ladies, it being by reason of our staying a great while for the King's coming, and the length of the play, near nine o'clock before it was done.

[September] 30th. This morning up by moonshine, at five o'clock, to Whitehall, to meet Mr. Moore at the Privy Seal, and there I heard of a fray between the two Ambassadors of Spain and France; and that, this day, being the day of the entrance of an Ambassador from Sweden, they intended to fight for the precedence. Our King, I heard, ordered that no Englishman should meddle in the business, but let them do what they would. And to that end all the soldiers in the town were in arms all the day long, and some of the train-bands in the City; and a great bustle through the City all the day. Then we took coach, which was the business I come for, to Chelsea, to my Lord Privy Seal, and there got him to seal the business. Here I saw by daylight two very fine pictures in the gallery, that a little while ago I saw by night; and did also go all over the house, and found it to be the prettiest contrived house that ever I saw in my life. So back again; and at Whitehall light, and saw the soldiers and people running up and down the streets. So I went to the Spanish Ambassador's and the French, and there saw great preparations on both sides; but the French made the most noise and ranted most, but the other made no stir almost at all; so that I was afraid the other would have too great a conquest over them. Then to the Wardrobe, and dined there, and then abroad and in Cheapside hear that the Spanish hath got the best of it, and killed three of the French coach-horses and several men, and is gone through the City next to our King's coach; at which, it is strange to see how all the City did rejoice. And indeed we do naturally all love the Spanish, and hate the French. But I, as I am in all things curious, presently got to the waterside, and there took oars to Westminster Palace, and run after them through all the dirt and the streets full of people; till at last, at the Mews, I saw the Spanish coach go, with fifty drawn swords at least to guard it, and our soldiers shouting for joy. And so I followed the coach,

and then met it at York House, where the Ambassador lies; and there it went in with great state. So then I went to the French house, where I observe still that there is no men in the world of a more insolent spirit where they do well, nor before they begin a matter, and more abject if they do miscarry, than these people are; for they all look like dead men, and not a word among them, but shake their heads. The truth is, the Spaniards were not only observed to fight most desperately, but also they did outwit them; first, in lining their own harness with chains of iron that they could not be cut, then in setting their coach in the most advantageous place, and to appoint men to guard every one of their horses, and others for to guard the coach, and others the coachmen. And, above all, in setting upon the French horses and killing them, for by that means the French were not able to stir. There were several men slain of the French, and one or two of the Spaniards, and one Englishman by a bullet. Which is very observable, the French were at least four to one in number, and had near 100 case of pistols among them, and the Spaniards had not one gun among them; which is for their honor forever and the others' disgrace. So, having been very much daubed with dirt, I got a coach, and home; where I vexed my wife in telling of her this story, and pleading for the Spaniards against the French. So ends this month; myself and family in good condition of health, but my head full of my Lord's and my own and the office business; where we are now very busy about sending forces to Tangier, and the fleet of my Lord of Sandwich, who is now at Lisbon to bring over the Queen. The business of Algiers hath of late troubled me, because my Lord hath not done what he went for, though he did as much as any man in the world could have done. The want of money puts all things, and above all, the Navy, out of order; and yet I do not see that the King takes care to bring in any money, but thinks of new designs to lay out money.

[November] 23d. To Cheapside, to one Savill, a painter, who I intend shall do my picture and my wife's.

[1662].

[March] 26th. Up early. This being, by God's great blessing, the fourth solemn day of my cutting for the stone this day four years, and am, by God's mercy, in very good health, and like to do well; the Lord's name be praised for it! At noon come my good guest, Madam Turner, The., and cousin Norton, and a gentleman, one Mr. Lewin, of the King's Life Guard, by the same token he told us of one of his fellows killed this morning in a duel. I had a pretty dinner for them, viz., a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens, and a jowl of salmon, hot, for the first course; a tansy, and two neat's tongues, and cheese, the second. Merry all the afternoon, talking, and singing, and piping on the flageolette. We had a man-cook to dress dinner to-day, and sent for Jane to help us.

[May] 24th. To the Wardrobe, and there again spoke with my Lord, and saw W. Howe, who is grown a very pretty, and is a sober fellow. Abroad with Mr. Creed, of whom I informed myself of all I had a mind to know. Among other things, the great difficulty my Lord hath been in all this summer, for lack of good and full orders from the King; and I doubt our Lords of the Council do not mind things as the late powers did, but their pleasure or profit more. That the Juego de Toros are a simple sport, yet the greatest in Spain. That the Queen hath given no rewards to any of the captains or officers, but only to my Lord Sandwich; and that was a bag of gold, which was no honorable present, of about £1,400 sterling. How recluse the Queen hath ever been, and all the voyage never come upon the deck, nor put her head out of her cabin; but did love my Lord's music, and would send for it down to the state-room, and she sit in her cabin within hearing of it. But my Lord was forced to have some clashing with the Council of Portugal about payment of the portion, before he could get it; which was, besides Tangier and a free trade in the Indies, two millions of crowns, half now, and the other half in twelve months. But they have brought but little money; but the rest in

sugars and other commodities, and bills of exchange. That the King of Portugal is a very fool almost, and his mother do all, and he is a very poor prince.

25th. (Lord's day.) To trimming myself, which I have this week done every morning, with a pumice stone, which I learnt of Mr. March, when I was last at Portsmouth; and I find it very easy, speedy, and cleanly, and shall continue the practice of it. To church, and heard a good sermon of Mr. Woodcock's at our church; only in his latter prayer for a woman in childbed, he prayed that God would deliver her from the hereditary curse of child-bearing, which seemed a pretty strange expression. Looked into many churches—among others, Mr. Baxter's, at Blackfriars. Out with Captain Ferrers to Charing Cross; and there at the Triumph tavern he showed me some 20 Portugal ladies, which are come to town before the Queen. They are not handsome, and their farthingales a strange dress. Many ladies and persons of quality come to see them. I find nothing in them that is pleasing; and I see they have learnt to kiss and look freely up and down already, and I do believe will soon forget the recluse practice of their own country. They complain much for lack of good water to drink. The King's Guards and some City companies do walk up and down the town these five or six days; which makes me think, and they do say, there are some plots in laying.

[June] 14th. Up by four o'clock in the morning, and upon business at my office. Then we sat down to business, and about 11 o'clock, having a room got ready for us, we all went out to the Tower Hill; and there, over against the scaffold, made on purpose this day, saw Sir Henry Vane brought. A very great press of people. He made a long speech, many times interrupted by the Sheriff and others there; and they would have taken his paper out of his hand, but he would not let it go. But they caused all the books of those that writ after him to be given the Sheriff; and the trumpets were brought under the scaffold that he might not be heard. Then he prayed, and so fitted himself, and received the blow; but the scaffold was so crowded that

we could not see it done. But Boreman, who had been upon the scaffold, told us that first he began to speak of the irregular proceeding against him; that he was, against Magna Charta, denied to have his exceptions against the indictment allowed; and that there he was stopped by the Sheriff. Then he drew out his paper of notes, and begun to tell them first his life; that he was born a gentleman; he had 10 been, till he was seventeen years old, a good fellow, but then it pleased God to lay a foundation of grace in his heart, by which he was persuaded, against his worldly interest, to leave all preferment and go abroad, where he might serve God with more freedom. Then he was called home, and made a member of the Long Parliament; where he never did, to this day, anything against his conscience, but all for the glory of God. Here he would have given them an account of the proceedings of the Long Parliament, but they so often interrupted him that at last he was forced to give over: and so fell into prayer for England in general, then for the churches in England, and then for the City of London: and so fitted himself for the block, and received the blow. He had a blister, or 30 issue, upon his neck, which he desired them not to hurt: he changed not his color or speech to the last, but died justifying himself and the cause he had stood for; and spoke very confidently of his being presently at the right hand of Christ; and in all things appeared the most resolved man that ever died in that manner, and showed more of heat than cowardice, but yet with all humility and gravity. One asked 40 him why he did not pray for the King. He answered, "You shall see I can pray for the King: I pray God bless him!" The King had given his body to his friends; and, therefore, he told them that he hoped they would be civil to his body when dead; and desired they would let him die like a gentleman and a Christian, and not crowded and pressed as he was. So to the office a little, and to the Trinity House, 50 and there all of us to dinner; and to the office again all the afternoon till night. This day, I hear, my Lord Peterborough is come unexpected from Tangier, to give

the King an account of the place, which, we fear, is in none of the best condition. We had also certain news to-day that the Spaniard is before Lisbon with thirteen sail; six Dutch, and the rest his own ships; which will, I fear, be ill for Portugal. I writ a letter of all this day's proceedings to my Lord, at Hinchingbroke, who, I hear, is very well pleased with the work there.

[July] 25th. Reading Mr. Holland's discourse of the Navy, lent me by Mr. Turner, and am much pleased with them—they hitting the very diseases of the Navy, which we are troubled with nowadays.

26th. I had a letter from Mr. Creed, who hath escaped narrowly in the King's yacht, and got safe to the Downs after the late storm; and he says that the King do tell him that he is sure my Lord is landed at Calais safe, of which being glad, I sent news thereof to my Lord Crewe, and by the post to my Lady in the country. This afternoon I went to Westminster; and there hear that the King and Queen intend to come to Whitehall from Hampton Court next week, for all winter. Thence to Mrs. Sarah, and there looked over my Lord's lodgings, which are very pretty; and Whitehall Garden and the Bowling Alley, where lords and ladies are now at bowls, in brave condition. Mrs. Sarah told me how the falling out between my Lady Castlemaine and her lord was about christening of the child lately, which he would have, and had done by a priest: and, some days after, she had it again christened by a minister; the King, and Lord of Oxford, and Duchess of Suffolk being witnesses: and christened with a proviso that it had not already been christened. Since that, she left her lord, carrying away everything in the house; so much as every dish, and cloth, and servant, but the porter. He is gone discontented into France, they say, to enter a monastery; and now she is coming back again to her house in King Street. But I hear that the Queen did prick her out of the list presented her by the King; desiring that she might have that favor done her, or that he would send her from whence she come: and that the King was angry, and the Queen discontented a whole day

and night upon it; but that the King hath promised to have nothing to do with her hereafter. But I cannot believe that the King can fling her off so, he loving her too well: and so I writ this night to my Lady to be my opinion; she calling her my lady, and the lady I admire. Here I find that my Lord hath lost the garden to his lodgings, and that it is turning into a tennis-
10 court.

[August] 17th. (Lord's day.) This being the last Sunday that the Presbyterians are to preach, unless they read the new Common Prayer, and renounce the Covenant, I had a mind to hear Dr. Bates's farewell sermon; and walked to St. Dunstan's, where, it not being seven o'clock yet, the doors were not open; and so I walked an hour in the Temple Garden, reading my vows, which it is a great content to me to see how I am a changed man in all respects for the better, since I took them, which the God of Heaven continue to me, and make me thankful for. At eight o'clock I went, and crowded in at a back door among others, the church being half-full almost before any doors were open publicly, which is the first time that I have done so these many years; and so got into the gallery, beside the pulpit, and heard very well. His text was, "Now the God of Peace—"; the last Hebrews, and the 20th verse: he making a very good sermon, and very little reflections in it to anything of the times. I was very well pleased with the sight of a fine lady that I have often seen walk in Gray's Inn Walks. To Madam Turner's, and dined with her. She had heard Parson Herring take his leave; though he, by reading so much of the Common Prayer as he did, hath cast himself out of the good opinion of both sides. After dinner, to St. Dunstan's again; and the church quite crowded before I come, which was just at one o'clock; but I got into the gallery again, but stood in a crowd. Dr. Bates pursued his text again very well; and only at the conclusion told us, after this manner: "I do believe that many of you do expect that I should say something to you in reference to the time, this being the last time that possibly I may appear here. You know it is not my manner

to speak anything in the pulpit that is extraneous to my text and business; yet this I shall say, that it is not my opinion, fashion, or humor that keeps me from complying with what is required of us; but something, after much prayer, discourse, and study, yet remains unsatisfied, and commands me herein. Wherefore, if it is my unhappiness not to receive such an illumination as should direct me to do
10 otherwise, I know no reason why men should not pardon me in this world, as I am confident that God will pardon me for it in the next." And so he concluded. Parson Herring read a psalm and chapters before sermon; and one was the chapter in the Acts, where the story of Ananias and Sapphira is. And after he had done, says he, "This is just the case of England at present. God he bids us to preach, and men
20 bid us not to preach; and if we do, we are to be imprisoned and further punished. All that I can say to it is that I beg your prayers, and the prayers of all good Christians, for us." This was all the exposition he made of the chapter in these very words, and no more. I was much pleased with Bates's manner of bringing in the Lord's Prayer after his own; thus, "In whose comprehensive words we sum up all our
30 imperfect desires; saying, 'Our Father,'" &c. I hear most of the presbyters took their leaves to-day, and that the City is much dissatisfied with it. I pray God keep peace among us, and make the bishops careful of bringing in men in their rooms, or else all will fly a-pieces; for bad ones will not go down with the City.

19th. At the office; and Mr. Coventry did tell us of the duel between Mr. Jermyn,
40 nephew to my Lord St. Albans, and Colonel Giles Rawlins, the latter of whom is killed, and the first mortally wounded, as it is thought. They fought against Captain Thomas Howard, my Lord Carlisle's brother, and another, unknown; who, they say, had armor on that they could not be hurt, so that one of their swords went up to the hilt against it. They had horses ready, and are fled. But what is most strange,
50 Howard sent one challenge before, but they could not meet till yesterday at the old Pall Mall at St. James's, and he would not

till the last tell Jermyn what the quarrel was; nor do anybody know. The Court is much concerned in this fray, and I am glad of it; hoping that it will cause some good laws against it. After sitting, Sir G. Carteret did tell me how he had spoke of me to my Lord Chancellor; and that if my Lord Sandwich would ask my Lord Chancellor, he should know what
10 he had said of me to him to my advantage.

[September] 7th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall Chapel, where I heard a good sermon of the Dean of Ely's, upon returning to the old ways. Home with Mr. Fox and his lady; and there dined with them, where much company come to them. Most of our discourse was what ministers are flung out that will not conform, and the care of the Bishop of London that we
20 are here supplied with very good men. Meeting Mr. Pierce, the chirurgeon, he took me into Somerset House; and there carried me into the Queen Mother's presence-chamber, where she was, with our Queen sitting on her left hand, whom I never did see before; and though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleas-
30 ing. Here I also saw Madame Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts, the King's bastard, a most pretty spark of about fifteen years old, who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her; and, I hear, the Queens both are mighty kind to him. By and by in comes the King, and anon the Duke and his Duchess; so that, they being
all together, was such a sight as I never could almost have happened to see with so much ease and leisure. They staid till it was dark, and then went away; the King and his Queen, and my Lady Castlemaine and young Crofts in one coach, and the rest in other coaches. Here were great store of great ladies, but very few handsome. The King and Queen were very merry; and he would have made the Queen Mother believe that his Queen was with child, and
said that she said so. And the young Queen answered, "You lie"; which was the first English word that I ever heard her say: which made the King good sport; and he

would have made her say in English, "Confess and be hanged."

21st. (Lord's day.) To the Park. The Queen coming by in her coach, going to her chapel at St. James's, the first time it hath been ready for her, I crowded after her, and I got up to the room where her closet is; and there stood and saw the fine altar, ornaments, and the friars in their habits, and the priests come in with their fine crosses and many other fine things. I heard their music too; which may be good, but it did not appear so to me, neither as to their manner of singing, nor was it good concord to my ears, whatever the matter was. The Queen very devout: but what pleased me best was to see my dear Lady Castlemaine, who, though a Protestant, did wait upon the Queen to chapel. By and by, after mass was done, a friar with his cowl did rise up and preach a sermon in Portuguese; which I not understanding, did go away, and to the King's chapel, but that was done; and so up to the Queen's presence-chamber, where she and the King was expected to dine: but she, staying at St. James's, they were forced to remove the things to the King's presence [-chamber]; and there he dined alone, and I with Mr. Fox very finely; but I see I must not make too much of that liberty, for my honor sake only—not but that I am very well received.

29th. (Michaelmas day.) This day my oaths for drinking of wine and going to plays are out; and so I do resolve to take a liberty to-day, and then to fall to them again. To Mr. Coventry's, and so with him and Sir W. Pen up to the Duke, where the King come also, and staid till the Duke was ready. It being Collar-day, we had no time to talk with him about any business. To the King's Theater, where we saw *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life. Home, where I find Mr. Deane, of Woolwich, hath sent me the model he had promised me; but it so far exceeds my expectation that I am sorry almost he should make such a present to no greater a person, but I am exceed-

ingly glad of it, and shall study to do him a courtesy for it.

[October] 24th. Dined with my wife upon a most excellent dish of tripes of my own directing, covered with mustard, as I have heretofore seen them done at my Lord Crewe's, of which I made a very great meal, and sent for a glass of wine for myself. Mr. Pierce, the chirurgeon, tells me how ill things go at Court: that the King do show no countenance to any that belong to the Queen; nor, above all, to such English as she brought over with her, or hath here since, for fear they should tell her how he carries himself to Lady Castlemaine; insomuch that, though he has a promise and is sure of being made her chirurgeon, he is at a loss what to do in it, whether to take it or no, since the King's mind is so altered in favor to all her dependents, whom she is fain to let go back into Portugal, though she brought them from their friends against their wills, with promise of preferment, without doing anything for them. That her own physician did tell him within these three days that the Queen do know how the King orders things, and how he carries himself to my Lady Castlemaine and others, as well as anybody; but though she hath spirit enough, yet seeing that she do no good by taking notice of it, for the present she forbears it in policy; of which I am very glad. But I do pray God keep us in peace: for this, with other things, do give great discontent to all people.

[November] 30th. (Lord's day.) In the afternoon to the French church here in the City, and stood in the aisle all the sermon, with great delight hearing a very admirable sermon from a young man, upon that article in our Creed, in order of catechism, upon resurrection. To visit Sir W. Pen, who continues still bed-rid. Here was Sir W. Batten, and his lady, and Mrs. Turner, and I very merry, talking of the confidence of Sir R. Ford's new-married daughter, though she married so strangely lately; yet appears at church as brisk as can be, and takes place of her elder sister, a maid. To make up my monthly accounts, and I do find that, through the fitting of

my house this month, I have spent in that and kitchen £50 this month: so that now I am worth but £660, or thereabouts. This day I first did wear a muff, being my wife's last year's muff; and now I have bought her a new one, this serves me very well. Thus ends this month; in great frost: myself and family all well, but my mind much disordered about my uncle's law business, being now in an order of being arbitrated between us, which I wish to God it were done. I am also somewhat uncertain what to think of my going about to take a woman-servant into my house, in the quality of a woman for my wife. My wife promises it shall cost me nothing but her meat and wages, and that it shall not be attended with any other expenses, upon which terms I admit of it; for that it will, I hope, save me money in having my wife go abroad on visits and other delights; so that I hope the best, but am resolved to alter it if matters prove otherwise than I would have them. Public matters in an ill condition of discontent against the height and vanity of the Court and their bad payments; but that which troubles most is the clergy, which will never content the City, which is not to be reconciled to bishops; but more the pity that differences must still be. Dunkirk newly sold, and the money brought over; of which we hope to get some to pay the Navy; which, by Sir J. Lawson's having despatched the business in the Straits, by making peace with Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and so his fleet will also shortly come home, will now every day grow less, and so the King's charge be abated; which God send!

[December] 25th. (Christmas day.) Had a pleasant walk to Whitehall, where I intended to have received the communion with the family, but I come a little too late. So I walked up into the house, and spent my time looking over pictures, particularly the ships in King Henry the VIII's voyage to Boulogne; marking the great difference between those built then and now. By and by down to the chapel again, where Bishop Morley preached upon the song of the angels, "Glory to God on

high, on earth peace, and good will towards men." Methought he made but a poor sermon, but long, and, reprehending the common jollity of the Court for the true joy that shall and ought to be on these days, he particularized concerning their excess in plays and gaming, saying that he whose office it is to keep the gamesters in order and within bounds serves but for a second rather in a duel, meaning the Groom-porter. Upon which it was worth observing how far they are come from taking the reprehensions of a bishop seriously, that they all laugh in the chapel when he reflected on their ill actions and courses. He did much press us to joy in these public days of joy, and to hospitality; but one that stood by whispered in my ear that the Bishop do not spend one groat to the poor himself. The sermon done, a good anthem followed with vials, and the King come down to receive the sacrament. But I staid not, but calling my boy from my Lord's lodgings, and giving Sarah some good advice by my Lord's order to be sober, and look after the house, I walked home again with great pleasure, and there dined by my wife's bedside with great content, having a mess of brave plum-porridge and a roasted pullet for dinner, and I sent for a mince-pie abroad, my wife not being well, to make any herself yet.

26th. To the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr. Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudibras*, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2s. 6d. But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyterian Knight going to the wars that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d. To the Duke's house, and saw *The Villain*. Here I was better pleased with the play than I was at first, understanding the design better than I did. Here I saw Gosnell and her sister at a distance, and could have found in my heart to have accosted them, but thought it not prudent. Home, and found my wife busy among her pies. We are both displeased for some slight words that Sarah, now at Sir W. Pen's, hath

spoke of us, but it is no matter. We shall endeavor to join the lion's skin to the fox's tail.

31st. William Bowyer tells me how the difference comes between his fair cousin Butler and Colonel Dillon, upon his opening letters of her brother's from Ireland, complaining of his knavery, and forging others to the contrary; and so they are long ago quite broke off. Mr. Povy and I 10 to Whitehall; he taking me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the King. He brought me first to the Duke's chamber, where I saw him and the Duchess at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by, comes the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess, and all the great ones: and after seating themselves, 20 the King takes out the Duchess of York; and the Duke, the Duchess of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castlemaine; and so other lords, other ladies: and they danced the branle. After that, the King led a lady a single coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country dances; the King leading the first, which he called for; which was, says he, "Cuckolds all 30 awry," the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my Lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vic's were the best. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queen herself, stand up; and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York. Having 40 staid here as long as I thought fit, to my infinite content, it being the greatest pleasure I could wish now to see at Court, I went home, leaving them dancing.

Thus ends this year, with great mirth to me and my wife. Our condition being thus:—we are at present spending a night or two at my Lord's lodgings at Whitehall. Our home at the Navy Office, which is and hath a pretty while been in good 50 condition, finished and made very convenient. By my last year's diligence in my office, blessed be God! I am come to a good de-

gree of knowledge therein; and am acknowledged so by all the world, even the Duke himself, to whom I have a good access: and by that, and by my being Commissioner for Tangier, he takes much notice of me; and I doubt not but, by the continuance of the same endeavors, I shall in a little time come to be a man much taken notice of in the world, specially being come to so great an esteem with Mr. Coventry. Public matters stand thus: The King is bringing, it is said, his family, and navy, and all other his charges to a less expense. In the mean time, himself following his pleasures more than with good advice he would do; at least, to be seen to all the world to do so. His dalliance with my Lady Castlemaine being public, every day, to his great reproach; and his favoring of none at Court so much as those that are the confidants of his pleasure, as Sir H. Bennet and Sir Charles Barkeley; which, good God, put it into his heart to mend, before he makes himself too much contemned by his people for it! The Duke of Monmouth is in so great splendor at Court, and so dandled by the King, that some doubt that, if the King should have no child by the Queen, which there is yet no appearance of, whether he would not be acknowledged for a lawful son; and that there will be a difference follow between the Duke of York and him; which God prevent! My Lord Chancellor is threatened by people to be questioned, the next sitting of the Parliament, by some spirits that do not love to see him so great: but certainly he is a good servant to the King. The Queen Mother is said to keep too great 40 a court now; and her being married to my Lord St. Albans is commonly talked of; and that they had a daughter between them in France; how true, God knows. The bishops are high, and go on without any diffidence in pressing uniformity; and the presbyters seem silent in it, and either conform or lay down, though without doubt they expect a turn, and would be glad these endeavors of the other Fanatics would take effect; there having been a plot lately found, for which four have been publicly tried at the Old Bailey and hanged. My Lord Sandwich is still in good esteem,

and now keeping his Christmas in the country; and I in good esteem, I think, as any man can be, with him. Mr. Moore is very sickly, and I doubt will hardly get over his late fit of sickness, that still hangs on him. In fine, for the good condition of myself, wife, family, and estate, in the great degree that it is, and for the public state of the nation, so quiet as it is, the Lord God be praised!

[1662-63].

[January] 13th. My poor wife rose by five o'clock in the morning, before day, and went to market and bought fowls and many other things for dinner, with which I was highly pleased, and the chine of beef was down also before six o'clock, and my own jack, of which I was doubtful, do
 carry it very well, things being put in
 order, and the cook come. By and by comes
 Dr. Clerke and his lady, his sister, and a
 she-cousin, and Mr. Pierce and his wife,
 which was all my guests. I had for them,
 after oysters, at first course, a hash of
 rabbits and lamb, and a rare chine of beef.
 Next, a great dish of roasted fowl, cost
 me about 30s., and a tart, and then fruit
 and cheese. My dinner was noble, and
 enough. I had my house mighty clean and
 neat; my room below with a good fire in
 it; my dining-room above and my chamber
 being made a withdrawing-chamber; and
 my wife's a good fire, also. I find my new
 table very proper, and will hold nine or ten
 people well, but eight with great room. At
 supper, had a good sack posset and cold
 meat, and sent my guests away about ten
 o'clock at night, both them and myself
 highly pleased with our management of
 this day; and indeed their company was
 very fine, and Mrs. Clerke a very witty,
 fine lady, though a little conceited and
 proud. I believe this day's feast will cost
 me near £5.

19th. To wait on my Lord Sandwich,
 whom I found not very well, and Dr.
 Clerke with him. He is feverish, and hath
 sent for Mr. Pierce to let him blood. Then
 to the Duke; and in his closet discoursed as
 we used to do, and then broke up. Singled
 out Mr. Coventry into the matted gallery,

and there I told him the complaints I meet
 every day about our Treasurer's or his
 people's paying no money but at the gold-
 smiths' shops, where they are forced to
 pay fifteen, or twenty sometimes, per cent.
 for their money, which is a most horrid
 shame, and that which must not be suf-
 fered. Nor is it likely that the Treasurer
 —at least, his people—will suffer Maynell
 the goldsmith to go away with £10,000 per
 annum, as he do now get, by making peo-
 ple pay after this manner for their money.
 To Mr. Povy's, where really he made a
 most excellent and large dinner, of their
 variety, even to admiration, he bidding us,
 in a frolic, to call for what we had a
 mind, and he would undertake to give it us;
 and we did for prawns, swan, venison,
 after I had thought the dinner was quite
 done, and he did immediately produce it,
 which I thought great plenty, and he
 seems to set up his rest in this plenty, and
 the neatness of his house, which he after
 dinner showed me, from room to room,
 so beset with delicate pictures; and, above
 all, a piece of perspective in his closet in
 the low parlor: his stable, where was some
 most delicate horses, and the very racks
 painted and mangers, with a neat leaden
 painted cistern, and the walls done with
 Dutch tiles, like my chimneys. But still,
 above all things, he bid me go down into
 his wine-cellar, where, upon several
 shelves, there stood bottles of all sorts of
 wine, new and old, with labels pasted upon
 each bottle, and in the order and plenty
 as I never saw books in a bookseller's
 shop; and herein, I observe, he puts his
 highest content, and will accordingly com-
 mend all that he hath; but still they de-
 serve to be so. Here dined with me Dr.
 Moore. To my Lord Chancellor's, where
 the King was to meet my Lord Treasurer
 and many great men, to settle the revenue
 of Tangier. I staid talking a while there,
 but the King not coming, I walked to my
 brother's. This day by Dr. Clerke I was
 told the occasion of my Lord Chesterfield's
 going and taking his lady, my Lord
 Ormond's daughter, from Court. It seems,
 he not only hath been long jealous of the
 Duke of York, but did find them two
 talking together, though there were others

in the room, and the lady, by all opinions, a most good, virtuous woman. He, the next day, of which the Duke was warned by somebody that saw the passion my Lord Chesterfield was in the night before, went and told the Duke how much he did apprehend himself wronged, in his picking out his lady of the whole Court to be the subject of his dishonor; which the Duke did answer with great calmness, not seeming to understand the reason of complaint, and that was all that passed: but my lord did presently pack his lady into the country in Derbyshire, near the Peak; which is become a proverb at Court, to send a man's wife to the Peak when she vexes him.

[1663].

[April] 4th. After dinner to Hyde Park; 20 Mrs. Wright and I in one coach, and all the rest of the women in Mrs. Turner's; Roger Pepys being gone in haste to the Parliament about the carrying this business of the Papists, in which it seems there is a great contest on both sides. At the Park was the King, and in another coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every turn. This being my feast, in lieu of what I should have had a few 30 days ago, for the cutting of the stone, very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the more for that my dinner was great, and most neatly dressed by our own only maid. We had a fricassee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie, a most rare pie, a dish of anchovies, good wine of several 40 sorts, and all things mighty noble, and to my great content.

20th. To Mr. Grant's. There saw his prints, which he showed me, and indeed are the best collection of anything almost that ever I saw, there being the prints of most of the greatest houses, churches, and antiquities in Italy and France, and brave cuts. I had not time to look them over as I ought. With Sir G. Carteret and Sir 50 John Minnes to my Lord Treasurer's, thinking to have spoken about getting money for paying the Yards; but we found

him with some ladies at cards: and so, it being a bad time to speak, we parted. This day the little Duke of Monmouth was married at Whitehall, in the King's chamber; and to-night is a great supper and dancing at his lodgings, near Charing Cross. I observed his coat at the tail of his coach: he gives the arms of England, Scotland, and France, quartered upon some 10 other fields; but what it is that speaks his being a bastard I know not.

[May] 4th. The dancing-master come, whom standing by, seeing him instructing my wife, when he had done with her, he would needs have me try the steps of a coranto; and what with his desire and my wife's importunity, I did begin, and then was obliged to give him entry money 10s., and am become his scholar. The truth is, I think it is a thing very useful for any gentleman. To St. James's, where Mr. Coventry, Sir W. Pen, and I staid for the Duke's coming in, but not coming, we walked to Whitehall; and meeting the King, we followed him into the Park, where Mr. Coventry and he talking of building a new yacht out of his private purse, he having some contrivance of his own. The talk being done, we fell off to 30 Whitehall, leaving the King in the Park; and going back, met the Duke going towards St. James's to meet us. So he turned back again, and to his closet at Whitehall; and there, my Lord Sandwich present, we did our weekly errand, and so broke up; and I to the garden with my Lord Sandwich; after we had sat an hour at the Tangier Committee, and after talking largely of his own businesses, we began to talk how matters are at Court: and though he did not flatly tell me any such thing, yet I do suspect that all is not kind between the King and the Duke, and that the King's fondness to the little Duke do occasion it; and it may be that there is some fear of his being made heir to the crown. But this my Lord did not tell me, but is my guess only; and that my Lord Chancellor is without doubt falling past 50 hopes.

11th. On foot to Greenwich, where, going, I was set upon by a great dog, who got hold of my garters, and might have

done me hurt; but, Lord! to see in what a maze I was, that, having a sword about me, I never thought of it, or had the heart to make use of it, but might, for want of that courage, have been worried. With Sir W. Pen to St. James's, where we attended the Duke of York: and, among other things, Sir G. Carteret and I had a great dispute about the different value of the pieces of eight rated by Mr. Creed at 4s. 10 and 5d., and by Mr. Pitts at 4s. and 9d., which was the greatest husbandry to the King? he proposing that the greatest sum was; which is as ridiculous a piece of ignorance as could be imagined. However, it is to be argued at the Board, and reported to the Duke next week; which I shall do with advantage, I hope. I went homeward, after a little discourse with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, who tells me that my Lady Castlemaine hath now got lodgings near the King's chamber at Court; and that the other day Dr. Clerke and he did dissect two bodies, a man and a woman, before the King, with which the King was highly pleased. I called upon Mr. Crumlum, and did give him the 10s. remaining not laid out, of the £5 I promised him for the school, with which he will buy strings, and golden letters upon the books I did give 30 them.

12th. A little angry with my wife for minding nothing now but the dancing-master, having him come twice a day, which is folly.

14th. Met Mr. Moore: and with him to an alehouse in Holborn; where in discourse he told me that he fears the King will be tempted to endeavor the setting the crown upon the little Duke, which may cause troubles; which God forbid, unless it be his due! He told me my Lord do begin to settle to business again; and that the King did send for him the other day to my Lady Castlemaine's, to play at cards, where he lost £50; for which I am sorry, though he says my Lord was pleased at it, and said he would be glad at any time to lose £50 for the King to send for him to play, which I do not so well like. This day we received 50 a basket from my sister Pall, made by her, of paper, which hath a great deal of labor in it for country innocent work.

18th. I walked to Whitehall, and into the Park, seeing the Queen and Maids of Honor passing through the house, going to the Park. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart is a fine woman, and they say now a common mistress to the King, as my Lady Castlemaine is; which is a great pity. Taking a coach to Mrs. Clerke's—took her, and my wife, and Ashwell, and a Frenchman, a kinsman of hers, to the Park; where we saw many fine faces, and one exceeding handsome, in a white dress over her head, with many others very beautiful. Home, talking much of what we had observed to-day of the poor household stuff of Mrs. Clerke, and her show and flutter that she makes in the world; and pleasing myself in my own house and manner of living more than ever I did, by seeing how much better and more substantially I live than others do.

31st. (Lord's day.) After dinner, read part of the new play of *The Five Hours' Adventure*, which though I have seen it twice, yet I never did admire or understand it enough—it being a play of the greatest plot that ever I expect to see. Made up my month's accounts, and find myself clear worth £726. This month the greatest news is the height and heat that the Parliament is in, in inquiring into the revenue, which displeases the Court, and their backwardness to give the King any money. Their inquiring into the selling of places do trouble a great many; among the chief, my Lord Chancellor, against whom particularly it is carried, and Mr. Coventry; for which I am sorry. The King of France was given out to be poisoned and dead; but it proves to be the measles: and he is well, or likely to be soon well again. I find myself growing in the esteem and credit that I have in the office, and I hope falling to my business again will confirm me in it.

[July] 3d. Mr. Moore tells me great news that my Lady Castlemaine is fallen from Court, and this morning retired. He gives me no account of the reason, but that it is so; for which I am sorry; and yet, if the King do it to leave off not only her, but all other mistresses, I should be heartily glad of it, that he may fall to look after business. I hear my Lord Bristol is con-

demned at Court for his speech, and that my Lord Chancellor grows great again. With Mr. Creed over the water to Lambeth; but could not see the Archbishop's hearse: so over the fields to Southwark. I spent half an hour in St. Mary Overy's Church, where are fine monuments of great antiquity.

13th. I walked to the Temple; and there, from my cousin Roger, hear that the Judges have this day brought in their answer to the Lords, that the articles against my Lord Chancellor are not treason; and to-morrow they are to bring in their arguments to the House for the same. This day also the King did send my Lord Chamberlain to the Lords, to tell them from him that the most of the articles against my Lord Chancellor he himself knows to be false. I met the Queen Mother walking in the Pell Mell, led by my Lord St. Albans. And finding many coaches at the gate, I found upon inquiry that the Duchess is brought to bed of a boy; and hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honor to the Park; and, seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid walking up and down. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress, a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la négligence*, mighty pretty: and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine, who rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she 'light, did anybody press, as she seemed to expect, and staid for it, to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humor, and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of, and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauties and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But,

above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

[October] 20th. This evening, at my Lord's lodgings, Mrs. Sarah talking with my wife and I how the Queen do, and how the King tends her, being so ill. She tells us that the Queen's sickness is the spotted fever; that she was as full of the spots as a leopard: which is very strange that it should be no more known; but perhaps it is not so. And that the King do seem to take it much to heart, for that he hath wept before her; but, for all that, that he hath not missed one night, since she was sick, of supping with my Lady Castlemaine; which I believe is true, for she says that her husband hath dressed the suppers every night; and I confess I saw him myself coming through the street dressing up a great supper to-night, which Sarah says is also for the King and her: which is a very strange thing.

29th. Up, it being Lord Mayor's day, Sir Anthony Bateman. This morning was brought home my new velvet cloak—that is, lined with velvet, a good cloth the outside—the first that ever I had in my life, and I pray God it may not be too soon now that I begin to wear it. I thought it better to go without it because of the crowd, and so I did not wear it. At noon I went to Guildhall; and, meeting with Mr. Proby, Sir R. Ford's son, and Lieutenant-Colonel Baron, a City commander, we went up and down to see the tables; where under every salt there was a bill of fare, and at the end of the table the persons proper for the table. Many were the tables, but none in the Hall but the Mayor's and the Lords of the Privy Council that had napkins or knives, which was very strange. We went into the buttery, and there staid and talked, and then into the Hall again, and there wine was offered, and they drunk, I only drinking some hypocras, which do not

break my vow, it being, to the best of my present judgment, only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine. If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I do hope and think I am not. By and by met with Creed: and we, with the others, went within the several courts, and there saw the tables prepared for the ladies, and judges, and bishops: all great signs of a great dinner to come. By and by, about one o'clock, before the Lord Mayor come, come into the Hall, from the room where they were first led into, the Chancellor, Archbishop before him, with the Lords of the Council, and other bishops, and they to dinner. Anon comes the Lord Mayor, who went up to the lords, and then to the other tables to bid welcome; and so all to dinner. I set near Proby, Baron, and Creed at the Merchant Strangers' table; where ten good dishes, to a mess, with plenty of wine of all sorts, of which I drunk none; but it was very displeasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drunk out of earthen pitchers, and wooden dishes. It happened that after the lords had half dined, come the French Ambassador up to the lords' table, where he was to have sat; he would not sit down nor dine with the Lord Mayor, who was not yet come, nor have a table to himself, which was offered; but in a discontent went away again. After I had dined, I and Creed rose and went up and down the house, and up to the ladies' room, and there staid gazing upon them. But though there were many and fine, both young and old, yet I could not discern one handsome face there; which was very strange. I expected music, but there was none but only trumpets and drums, which displeased me. The dinner, it seems, is made by the Mayor and two Sheriffs for the time being, the Lord Mayor paying one half, and they the other. And the whole, Proby says, is reckoned to come to about 7 or £800 at most. Being wearied with looking upon a company of ugly women, Creed and I went away, and took coach, and through Cheapside, and there saw the pageants, which were very silly. The Queen mends apace, they say; but yet talks idle still.

30th. At my periwig-maker's, and there

showed my wife the periwig made for me, and she likes it very well, and so to my brother's, and to buy a pair of bodice for her.

[1663-64].

[January] 21st. Up, and after sending my wife to my aunt Wight's, to get a place to see Turner hanged, I to the 'Change; and seeing people flock in the City, I inquired, and found that Turner was not yet hanged. So I went among them to Leadenhall Street, at the end of Lyme Street, near where the robbery was done; and to St. Mary Axe, where he lived. And there I got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart, in great pain, above an hour before the execution was done; he delaying the time by long discourses and prayers, one after another, in hopes of a reprieve; but none come, and at last he was flung off the ladder in his cloak. A comely-looking man he was, and kept his countenance to the end: I was sorry to see him. It was believed there were at least 12 to 14,000 people in the street. To the Coffee-house, and heard the full of Turner's discourse on the cart, which was chiefly to clear himself of all things laid to his charge but this fault for which he now suffers, which he confesses. He deplored the condition of his family, but his chief design was to lengthen time, believing still a reprieve would come, though the Sheriff advised him to expect no such thing, for the King was resolved to grant none. To my aunt Wight's, where Dr. Burnet did tell me how poorly the Sheriffs did endeavor to get one jewel returned by Turner, after he was convicted, as a due to them, and not to give it to Mr. Tryon, the true owner, but ruled against them, to their great dishonor.

[February] 3d. To the Mitre tavern, and there met with W. Howe come to buy wine for my Lord against his going down to Hinchinbroke, and I private with him, a great while discoursing of my Lord's strangeness to me; but he answers that I have no reason to think any such thing, but that my Lord is only in general a more reserved man than he was before. My wife is full of sad stories of her good-natured father, and roguish brother, who is going

for Holland, and his wife, to be a soldier. In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee-house there, where I never was before: where Dryden, the poet, I knew at Cambridge, and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole, of our College. And, had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse. But I could not tarry, and, as it was late, they were all ready to go away.

8th. Mr. Pierce told me how the King still do dote upon his women, even beyond all shame: and that the good Queen will of herself stop before she goes sometimes into her dressing-room, till she knows whether the King be there, for fear he should be, as she hath sometimes taken him, with Mrs. Stewart; and that some of the best parts of the Queen's jointure are, contrary to faith and against the opinion of my Lord Treasurer and his Council, bestowed or rented, I know not how, to my Lord FitzHarding and Mrs. Stewart and others of that crew: that the King do dote infinitely upon the Duke of Monmouth, apparently as one that he intends to have succeed him. God knows what will be the end of it!

[March] 18th. Up betimes, and walked to my brother's, where a great while putting things in order against anon; and so to Wotton, my shoemaker, and there got a pair of shoes blacked on the soles against anon for me: so to my brother's. To church, and, with the grave-maker, chose a place for my brother to lie in, just under my mother's pew. But to see how a man's tombs are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for sixpence he would, as his own words were, "I will justle them together but I will make room for him"; speaking of the fulness of the middle aisle, where he was to lie; and that he would, for my father's sake, do my brother, that is dead, all the civility he can; which was to disturb other corpses that are not quite rotten, to make room for him; and methought his manner of speaking it was very remarkable; as of a thing that now was in his power to do a man a courtesy or not. I dressed myself, and so did my servant

Bess; and so to my brother's again: whither, though invited, as the custom is, at one or two o'clock, they come not till four or five. But, at last, one after another, they come, many more than I bid; and my reckoning that I bid was one hundred and twenty; but I believe there was nearer one hundred and fifty. Their service was six biscuits apiece, and what they pleased of burnt claret. My cousin Joyce Norton kept the wine and cakes above; and did give out to them that served, who had white gloves given them. But, above all, I am beholden to Mrs. Holden, who was most kind, and did take mighty pains not only in getting the house and everything else ready, but this day in going up and down to see the house filled and served, in order to mine and their great content, I think: the men sitting by themselves in some rooms, and the women by themselves in others, very close, but yet room enough. Anon to church, walking out into the street to the conduit, and so across the street; and had a very good company along with the corpse. And, being come to the grave as above, Dr. Pierson, the minister of the parish, did read the service for burial: and so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave: and so all broke up; and I and my wife, and Madam Turner and her family, to her brother's, and by and by fell to a barrel of oysters, cake, and cheese, of Mr. Honiwood's, with him, in his chamber and below, being too merry for so late a sad work. But, Lord! to see how the world makes nothing of the memory of a man, an hour after he is dead! And, indeed, I must blame myself; for, though at the sight of him dead and dying I had real grief for a while, while he was in my sight, yet presently after, and ever since, I have had very little grief indeed for him.

[1664].

[August] 23d. Talking with my wife, and angry about her desiring to have a French maid all of a sudden, which I took to arise from yesterday's being with her mother. But that went over, and so she be well qualified, I care not much whether she be French or no, so a Protestant. I went

into New Bridewell, in my way to Mr. Cole, and there I saw the new model, and is very handsome: several at work—among others, one pretty strumpet brought in last night, which works very lazily. I did give them 6*d.* to drink. The Dutch East India Fleet are now come home safe, which we are sorry for. Our fleets on both sides are hastening out to Guinea.

[October] 13th. Taking leave of my wife, I by coach to the Red Lion in Aldersgate Street, and there, by agreement, met W. Joyce and Tom Trice, and mounted—I upon a very fine mare that Sir W. Warren helps me to—and so very merrily rode till it was very dark, I leading the way through the dark to Welling, and there to supper and to bed. But very bad accommodation at the Swan. In my way to Brampton, in this day's journey, I met with Mr. White, Cromwell's chaplain that was, and had a great deal of discourse with him. Among others, he tells me that Richard is, and hath long been, in France, and is now going into Italy. He owns publicly that he do correspond with him, and return him all his money. That Richard hath been in some straits in the beginning; but relieved by his friends. That he goes by another name, but do not disguise himself, nor deny himself to any man that challenges him. He tells me, for certain, that offers had been made to the old man of marriage between the King and his daughter to have obliged him, but he would not. He thinks, with me, that it never was in his power to bring in the King with the consent of any of his officers about him; and that he scorned to bring him in as Monk did, to secure himself and deliver everybody else. When I told him of what I found writ in a French book of one Monsieur Sorbière that gives an account of his observations here in England; among other things, he says, that it is reported that Cromwell did, in his lifetime, transpose many of the bodies of the kings of England from one grave to another, and that, by that means, it is not known certainly whether the head that is now set up upon a post be that of Cromwell, or of one of the kings; Mr. White tells me that he believes he never had so poor a low thought in him to trouble him-

self about it. He says the hand of God is much to be seen; that all his children are in good condition enough as to estate, and that their relations that betrayed their family are all now either hanged or very miserable.

[December] 31st. To my accounts of the whole year till past twelve at night, it being bitter cold, but yet I was well satisfied with my work; and above all, to find myself, by the great blessing of God, worth £1349, by which, as I have spent very largely, so I have laid up above £500 this year above what I was worth this day twelvemonth. The Lord make me forever thankful to His holy name for it! Soon as ever the clock struck one, I kissed my wife in the kitchen by the fireside, wishing her a merry new year.

So ends the old year, I bless God, with great joy to me, not only from my having made so good a year of profit, as having spent £420 and laid up £540, and upwards; but I bless God I never have been in so good plight as to my health in so very cold weather as this is, nor indeed in any hot weather, these ten years, as I am at this day, and have been these four or five months. But I am at a great loss to know whether it be my hare's foot, or taking every morning of a pill of turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gown. My family is my wife, in good health, and happy with her; her woman Mercer, a pretty, modest, quiet maid; her chambermaid Bess, her cook-maid Jane, the little girl Susan, and my boy, which I have had about half a year, Tom Edwards, which I took from the King's chapel; and as pretty and loving quiet a family I have as any man in England. My credit in the world and my office grows daily, and I am in good esteem with everybody, I think. My troubles of my uncle's estate pretty well over; but it comes to be of little profit to us, my father being much supported by my purse. But great vexations remain upon my father and me from my brother Tom's death and ill condition, both to our disgrace and discontent, though no great reason for either. Public matters are all in a hurry about a Dutch war. Our preparations great; our provocations against them great; and,

after all our presumption, we are now afraid as much of them as we lately contemned them. Everything else in the State quiet, blessed be God! My Lord Sandwich at sea with the fleet, at Portsmouth; sending some about to cruise for taking of ships, which we have done to a great number. This Christmas I judged it fit to look over all my papers and books, and to tear all that I found either boyish or not to be worth keeping, or fit to be seen, if it should please God to take me away suddenly.

[1664-65].

[January] 9th. Walked to Whitehall. In my way saw a woman that broke her thigh, by her heels slipping up upon the frosty street. I saw the Royal Society bring their new book, wherein is nobly writ their charter and laws, and comes to be signed by the Duke as a Fellow; and all the Fellows are to be entered there, and lie as a monument; and the King hath put his, with the word Founder. Holmes was this day sent to the Tower, but I perceive it is made matter of jest only; but if the Dutch should be our masters, it may come to be of earnest to him, to be given over to them for a sacrifice, as Sir W. Raleigh was. To a Tangier Committee, where I was accosted and most highly complimented by my Lord Bellassis, our new governor, beyond my expectation; and I may make good use of it. Our patent is renewed, and he and my Lord Barkeley and Sir Thomas Ingram put in as commissioners.

20th. To my bookseller's, and there took home Hook's book of microscopy, a most excellent piece, and of which I am very proud. Homeward, in my way buying a hare, and taking it home, which arose upon my discourse to-day with Mr. Batten, in Westminster Hall, who showed me my mistake that my hare's foot hath not the joint to it; and assures me he never had his colic since he carried it about him: and it is a strange thing how fancy works, for I no sooner handled his foot but I become very well, and so continue.

21st. Mr. Povy carried me to Somerset House, and there showed me the Queen

Mother's chamber and closet, most beautiful places for furniture and pictures; and so down the great stone stairs to the garden, and tried the brave echo upon the stairs; which continues a voice so long as the singing three notes, concords, one after another, they all three shall sound in consort together a good while most pleasantly. To a Tangier Committee, where I saw nothing ordered by judgment, but great heat and passion and faction now in behalf of my Lord Bellassis, and to the reproach of my Lord Teviott. So away with Mr. Povy—a simple fellow I now find him, to his utter shame, in this business of accounts, as none but a sorry fool would have discovered himself; and yet, in little, light, sorry things, very cunning; yet, in the principal, the most ignorant man I ever met with in so great trust as he is. Now mighty well, and truly I can but impute it to my fresh hare's foot.

[February] 19th. (Lord's day.) Hearing by accident of my maid's letting in a roguing Scotch woman that haunts the office, to help them to wash and scour in our house, and that very lately, I fell mightily out, and made my wife, to the disturbance of the house and neighbors, to beat our little girl, and then we shut her down into the cellar, and there she lay all night.

20th. Rode into the beginning of my Lord Chancellor's new house, near St. James's: which common people have already called Dunkirk-house, from their opinion of his having a good bribe for the selling of that town. And very noble I believe it will be. Near that is my Lord Barkeley beginning another on one side, and Sir J. Denham on the other. To the Sun tavern, where we dined merry, but my club and the rest come to 7*s.* 6*d.*, which was too much.

21st. My wife busy in going with her woman to the hot-house to bathe herself, after her long being within doors in the dirt, so that she now pretends to a resolution of being hereafter very clean. How long it will hold I can guess. I dined with Sir W. Batten and my lady, they being nowadays very fond of me. My Lady Sandwich tells me how my Lord Castlemaine is coming over from France, and

it is believed will soon be made friends with his lady again. What mad freaks the Maids of Honor at Court have: that Mrs. Jennings, one of the Duchess's maids, the other day dressed herself like an orange wench, and went up and down and cried oranges; till, falling down, or by some accident, her fine shoes were discerned, and she put to a great deal of shame; that such as these tricks, being ordinary, and worse among them, thereby few will venture upon them for wives: my Lady Castelmaine will in merriment say that her daughter, now above a year old or two, will be the first maid in the Court that will be married. This day my Lord Sandwich writ me word from the Downs that he is like to be in town this week.

[1665].

[May] 13th. To the 'Change, after office, and received my watch from the watchmaker, and a very fine one it is, given me by Briggs, the scrivener. But, Lord, to see how much of my old folly and childishness hangs upon me still, that I cannot forbear carrying my watch in my hand, in the coach, all this afternoon, and seeing what o'clock it is one hundred times, and am apt to think with myself how could I be so long without one; though I remember, since, I had one, and found it a trouble, and resolved to carry one no more about me while I lived. Troubled at a letter from Mr. Cholmly from Tangier, wherein he do advise me how people are at work to overthrow our victualing business, by which I shall lose £300 per annum. I am much obliged to him for this secret kindness, and look after this.

24th. To the Coffee-house, where all the news is of the Dutch being gone out, and of the plague growing upon us in this town; and of remedies against it: some saying one thing, and some another.

26th. In the evening by water to the Duke of Albemarle, whom I found mightily off the hooks, that the ships are not gone out of the river; which vexed me to see.

28th. (Lord's day.) I hear that Nixon is condemned to be shot to death, for his cowardice, by a Council of War. To Sir

Philip Warwick's to dinner, where abundance of company come in unexpectedly; and here I saw one pretty piece of household stuff, as the company increaseth, to put a larger leaf upon an oval table. After dinner, much good discourse with Sir Philip, who, I find, I think a most pious good man, and a professor of a philosophical manner of life, and principles like Epictetus. Thence to my Lady Sandwich's, where, to my shame, I had not been a great while. Here, upon my telling her a story of my Lord Rochester's running away on Friday night last with Mrs. Mallett, the great beauty and fortune of the north, who had supped at Whitehall with Mrs. Stewart, and was going home to her lodgings with her grandfather, my Lord Haly, by coach; and was at Charing Cross seized on by both horse- and foot-men, and forcibly taken from him, and put into a coach with six horses, and two women provided to receive her, and carried away. Upon immediate pursuit, my Lord of Rochester, for whom the King had spoke to the lady often, but with no success, was taken at Uxbridge; but the lady is not yet heard of, and the King mighty angry, and the lord sent to the Tower. Hereupon my Lady did confess to me, as a great secret, her being concerned in this story; for if this match breaks between my Lord Rochester and her, then, by the consent of all her friends, my Lord Hinchinbroke stands fair, and is invited for her. She is worth, and will be at her mother's death, who keeps but a little from her, £2500 per annum. Pray God give a good success to it! But my poor Lady, who is afraid of the sickness, and resolved to be gone into the country, is forced to stay in town a day or two, or three, about it, to see the event of it. Thence to see my Lady Pen, where my wife and I were shown a fine rarity: of fishes kept in a glass of water, that will live so forever; and finely marked they are, being foreign.

[June] 7th. This morning my wife and mother rose about two o'clock; and with Mercer, Mary, the boy, and W. Hewer, as they had designed, took boat, and down to refresh themselves on the water to Gravesend. To the Dolphin tavern, where Sir J.

Minnes, Lord Brouncker, Sir Thomas Harvey, and myself dined, upon Sir G. Carteret's charge, and very merry we were, Sir Thomas Harvey being a very droll. To the New Exchange, and there drunk whey, with much entreaty getting it for our money, and they would not be intreated to let us have one glass more. So took water to Fox Hall, to the Spring Garden, and there walked an hour or two with great pleasure, saving our minds ill at ease concerning the fleet and my Lord Sandwich: but we have no news of them, and ill reports run up and down of his being killed, but without ground. Here staid, pleasantly walking, and spending but *6d.* till nine at night. The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, ²⁰ and "Lord have mercy upon us!" writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and chaw, which took away the apprehension. By water home, where weary with walking, and with the mighty heat of the weather, and for my wife's not coming home, I staying walking in the garden till twelve at night, when it begun to lighten exceedingly, through the greatness of the heat. Then, despairing of her coming home, I to bed.

[July] 26th. To Greenwich, to the Park, where I heard the King and Duke are come by water this morn from Hampton Court. They asked me several questions. The King mightily pleased with his new ⁴⁰ buildings there. I followed them to Castle's ship, in building, and there met Sir W. Batten, and thence to Sir G. Carteret's, where all the morning with them; they not having any but the Duke of Monmouth, and Sir W. Killigrew, and one gentleman, and a page more. Great variety of talk, and was often led to speak to the King and Duke. By and by they to dinner, and all to dinner and sat down to the King, saving myself, which, though I could not in modesty expect, yet, God forgive my pride!

I was sorry I was there, that Sir W. Batten should say that he could sit down where I could not. The King having dined, he came down, and I went in the barge with him, I sitting at the door. Down to Woolwich, and there I just saw and kissed my wife, and saw some of her painting, which is very curious; and away again to the King, and back again with him in the barge, hearing him and the Duke talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And, God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men, though, blessed be God! they are both princes of great nobleness and spirits. The Duke of Monmouth is the most skittish leaping gallant that ever I saw, always in action, vaulting, or leaping, or clambering. Sad news of the death of so many in the parish of the plague, forty last night. The bell always going. To the Exchange, where I went up and sat talking with my beauty, Mrs. Batelier, a great while, who is indeed one of the finest women I ever saw in my life. This day poor Robin Shaw at Backwell's died, and Backwell himself now in Flanders. The King himself asked about Shaw, and being told he was dead, said he was very sorry for it. The sickness is got into our parish this week, and is got, indeed, everywhere; so that I begin to think of setting things in order, which I pray God enable me to put, both as to soul and body.

[September] 6th. To London, to pack up more things; and there I saw fires burning in the street, as it is through the whole City, ⁴⁰ by the Lord Mayor's order. Thence by water to the Duke of Albemarle's: all the way fires on each side of the Thames, and strange to see in broad daylight two or three burials upon the Bankside, one at the very heels of another: doubtless, all of the plague; and yet at least forty or fifty people going along with every one of them. The Duke mighty pleasant with me; telling me that he is certainly informed that the Dutch ⁵⁰ were not come home upon the 1st instant, and so he hopes our fleet may meet with them.

[1665-66].

[February] 10th. To the office. This day comes first Sir Thomas Harvey after the plague, having been out of town all this while. He was coldly received by us, and he went away before we rose also, to make himself appear a man less necessary. To supper, and to bed, being nowadays, for these four or five months, mightily troubled with my snoring in my sleep, and know not how to remedy it.

23d. To my Lord Sandwich's, who did lie the last night at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It being fine walking in the morning, and the streets full of people again. There I staid, and the house full of people come to take leave of my Lord, who this day goes out of town upon his embassy towards Spain; and I was glad to find Sir W. Coventry to come, though I know it is only a piece of courtship. To Mr. Hales's, and my wife's picture pleases me well, and I begin to doubt the picture of my Lady Peters my wife takes her posture from, and which is an excellent picture, is not of his making—it is so master-like. Comes Mrs. Knipp to see my wife, and I spent all the night talking with this baggage, and teaching her my song of "Beauty, retire," which she sings and makes go most rarely, and a very fine song it seems to be. She also entertained me with repeating many of her own and others' parts of the playhouse, which she do most excellently; and tells me the whole practices of the playhouse and players, and is in every respect most excellent company. So I supped, and was merry at home all the evening, and the rather it being my birthday 33 years, for which God be praised that I am in so good a condition of health and estate, and everything else as I am, beyond expectation, in all.

[March] 10th. I find at home Mrs. Pierce and Knipp come to dine with me. We were mighty merry; and, after dinner, I carried them and my wife out by coach to the New Exchange, and there I did give my Valentine, Mrs. Pierce, a dozen pairs of gloves and a pair of silk stockings, and Knipp for company, though my wife had,

by my consent, laid out 20s. on her the other day, six pair of gloves. The truth is, I do indulge myself a little the more in pleasure, knowing that this is the proper age of my life to do it; and, out of my observation that most men that do thrive in the world do forget to take pleasure during the time that they are getting their estate, but reserve that till they have got one, and then it is too late for them to enjoy it.

[1666].

[April] 15th. (Lord's day.) Walked into the Park to the Queen's chapel, and there heard a good deal of their mass, and some of their music, which is not so contemptible, I think, as our people would make it, it pleasing me very well; and, indeed, better than the anthem I heard afterwards at Whitehall, at my coming back. I staid till the King went down to receive the sacrament, and stood in his closet with a great many others, and there saw him receive it, which I never did see the manner of before. But I do see very little difference between the degree of the ceremonies used by our people in the administration thereof and that in the Roman Church, saving that, methought, our chapel was not so fine, nor the manner of doing it so glorious, as it was in the Queen's chapel. Thence walked to Mr. Pierce's, and there dined: very good company and good discourse, they being able to tell me all the businesses of the Court; the amours and the mad doings that are there: how for certain Mrs. Stewart is become the King's mistress; and that the King hath many bastard children that are known and owned, besides the Duke of Monmouth. To the Park, and thence home to Mr. Pierce again; and he being gone forth, she, and I, and the children, out by coach to Kensington, to where we were the other day, and, with great pleasure, staid till night; and were mighty late getting home, the horses tiring and stopping. The horses at Ludgate Hill made a final stop; so there I lighted, and with a link walked home.

[May] 8th. Comes Mr. Downing, the anchor-smith, who had given me 50 pieces in gold the last month, to speak for him

to Sir W. Coventry, for his being smith at Deptford; but, after I had got it granted to him, he finds himself not fit to go on with it, so lets it fall. I, therefore, in honor and conscience, took him home, and forced him to take the money again, and glad to have given him so much cause to speak well of me.

9th. To Whitehall, and heard the Duke commend Deane's ship, the *Rupert*, before the *Defiance*, built by Castle, in hearing of Sir W. Batten, which pleased me mightily. To Pierce's, where I find Knipp. Thence with them to Cornhill, to call and choose a chimney-piece for Pierce's closet. My wife mightily vexed at my being abroad with these women; and, when they were gone, called them I know not what, which vexed me, having been so innocent with them.

[June] 10th. (Lord's day.) I met with Pierce, the surgeon, who is lately come from the fleet, and tells me that all the commanders, officers, and even the common seamen, do condemn every part of the late conduct of the Duke of Albemarle: both in his fighting at all, running among them in his retreat, and running the ships on ground; so as nothing can be worse spoken of. That Holmes, Spragg, and Smith do all the business, and the old and wiser commanders nothing: so as Sir Thomas Tedd-
 30 man, whom the King and all the world speak well of, is mightily discontented, as being wholly slighted. He says we lost more after the *Prince* came than before, too. The *Prince* was so maimed as to be forced to be towed home. He says all the fleet confess their being chased home by the Dutch; and yet the body of the Dutch that did it was not above forty sail at most; and yet this put us into the fright, as to
 40 bring all our ships on ground. He says, however, that the Duke of Albemarle is as high almost as ever, and pleases himself to think that he hath given the Dutch their bellies full, without sense of what he hath lost us; and talks how he knows now the way to beat them. But he says that even Smith himself, one of his creatures, did himself condemn the late conduct from the
 50 beginning to the end. He tells me further how the Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham, go-

ing at noonday with all his gentlemen with him to visit her in Scotland Yard; she declaring she will not be his mistress, as Mrs. Price, to go up and down the Privy-stairs, but will be owned publicly; and so she is. Mr. Brouncker, it seems, was the pimp to bring it about; and my Lady Castlemaine, who designs thereby to fortify herself by the Duke; there being a falling-out the other day between the King and her: on this occasion, the Queen, in ordinary talk before the ladies in her drawing-room, did say to my Lady Castlemaine that she feared the King did take cold by staying so late abroad at her house. She answered, before them all, that he did not stay so late abroad with her, for he went betimes thence (though he do not before one, two, or three in the morning), but must stay somewhere
 20 else. The King then coming in, and over-hearing, did whisper in the ear aside, and told her she was a bold, impertinent woman, and bid her to be gone out of the Court, and not come again till he sent for her; which she did presently, and went to a lodging in the Pell Mell, and kept there two or three days, and then sent to the King to know whether she might send for her things away out of her house. The King sent to her, she must first come and view them: and so she come, and the King went to her, and all friends again. He tells me she did, in her anger, say she would be even with the King, and print his letters to her; so, putting all together, we are, and are like to be, in a sad condition; we are endeavoring to raise money by borrowing it of the City; but I do not think the City will lend a farthing. Sir G. Carteret and I
 40 walked an hour in the churchyard, under Henry the Seventh's Chapel, he being lately come from the fleet; and tells me, as I hear from everybody else, that the management in the late fight was bad, from top to bottom. That several said that this would not have been if my Lord Sandwich had had the ordering of it. Nay, he tells me that certainly, had my Lord Sandwich had the misfortune to have done as they have
 50 done, the King could not have saved him. There is, too, nothing but discontent among the officers; and all the old, experienced men are slighted. He tells me, to my ques-

tion, but as a great secret, that the dividing of the fleet did proceed first from a proposition from the fleet, though agreed to hence; but he confesses it arose from want of due intelligence. He do, however, call the fleet's retreat on Sunday a very honorable one, and that the Duke of Albermarle did do well in it, and it would have been well if he had done it sooner, rather than venture the loss of the fleet and crown, as he must have done, if the *Prince* had not come. He was surprised when I told him I heard that the King did intend to borrow some money of the City, and would know who had spoke of it to me; I told him Sir Ellis Layton this afternoon. He says it is a dangerous discourse, for that the City certainly will not be invited to do it; and then, for the King to ask it and be denied, will be the beginning of our sorrow. He seems to fear we shall all fall to pieces among ourselves. This evening we hear that Sir Christopher Mings is dead of his late wounds; and Sir W. Coventry did commend him to me in a most extraordinary manner. But this day, after three days' trial in vain, and the hazard of the spoiling of the ship in lying till next spring, besides the disgrace of it, news is brought that the *Loyal London* is launched at Deptford.

July 1st. (Lord's day.) Comes Sir W. Pen to town, which I little expected, having invited my lady and her daughter Pegg to dine with me to-day; which at noon they did, and Sir W. Pen with them; and pretty merry we were. And, though I do not love him, yet I find it necessary to keep in with him; his good service at Sheerness in getting out the fleet being much taken notice of, and reported to the King and Duke, even from the Prince and Duke of Albemarle themselves, and made the most of to me and them by Sir W. Coventry; therefore, I think it discretion, great and necessary discretion, to keep in with him. To the Tower several times, about the business of the pressed men, and late at it till twelve at night, shipping of them. But, Lord! how some poor women did cry; and in my life I never did see such natural expression of passion as I did here, in some women's bewailing themselves, and running to every parcel of

men that were brought, one after another, to look for their husbands, and wept over every vessel that went off, thinking they might be there, and looking after the ship as far as ever they could by moonlight, that it grieved me to the heart to hear them. Besides, to see poor, patient, laboring men and housekeepers, leaving poor wives and families, taken up on a sudden by strangers, was very hard, and that without press-money, but forced against all law to be gone. It is a great tyranny.

7th. Creed tells me, he finds all things mighty dull at Court; and that they now begin to lie long in bed; it being, as we suppose, not seemly for them to be found playing and gaming as they used to be; nor that their minds are at ease enough to follow those sports, and yet not knowing how to employ themselves, though there be work enough for their thoughts and councils and pains, they keep long in bed. But he thinks with me that there is nothing in the world can help us but the King's personal looking after his business and his officers, and that, with that, we may yet do well; but otherwise must be undone; nobody at this day taking care of anything, nor hath anybody to call him to account for it. To bed; and it proved the hottest night that ever I was in in my life, and thundered and lightened all night long, and rained hard. But, Lord! to see in what fear I lay a good while, hearing of a little noise of somebody walking in the house: so rung the bell, and it was my maids going to bed about one o'clock in the morning. But the fear of being robbed, having so much money in the house, was very great, and is still so, and do much disquiet me.

10th. To the office; the yard being very full of women, I believe above three hundred, coming to get money for their husbands and friends that are prisoners in Holland; and they lay clamoring, and swearing, and cursing us, that my wife and I were afraid to send a venison-pasty that we have for supper to-night to the cook's to be baked, for fear of their offering violence to it: but it went, and no hurt done. To the Tower, to speak with Sir John Robinson about the bad condition of the pressed men for want of clothes. Home,

and there find my wife and the two Mrs. Bateliers walking in the garden; and then they and we and Mrs. Mercer, the mother, and her daughter Anne, and our Mercer, to supper to a good venison-pasty and other good things, and had a good supper, and very merry—Mistresses Bateliers being both very good-humored. We sang and talked, and then led them home, and there they made us drink; and, among other things, did show us, in cages, some birds brought from Bordeaux, that are all fat, and, examining one of them, they are so, almost all fat. Their name is ortolans, which are brought over to the King for him to eat, and indeed are excellent things.

21st. At noon walked in the garden with Commissioner Pett, newly come to town, who tells me how infinite the disorders are among the commanders and all officers of the fleet. No discipline: nothing but swearing and cursing, and everybody doing what they please; and the generals, understanding no better, suffer it, to the reproaching of this Board, or whoever it will be. He himself hath been challenged twice to the field, or something as good, by Sir Edward Spragg and Captain Seamons. He tells me that captains carry, for all the late orders, what men they please. So that he fears, and I do no less, that God Almighty cannot bless us while we keep in this disorder that we are in: he observing to me, too, that there is no man of council or advice in the fleet; and, the truth is that the gentlemen-captains will undo us, for they are not to be kept in order, their friends about the King and Duke, and their own houses, are so free, that it is not for any person but the Duke himself to have any command over them.

[August] 14th. (Thanksgiving day.) Comes Mr. Foley and his man with a box of great variety of carpenter's and joiner's tools, which I had bespoke, which please me mightily, but I will have more. Povy tells me how mad my letter makes my Lord Peterborough, and what a furious letter he hath writ to me in answer, though it is not come yet. This did trouble me; for, though there be no reason, yet to have a nobleman's mouth open against a man may do a man hurt; so I endeavored to have

found him out and spoke with him, but could not. So to the chapel, and heard a piece of the Dean of Westminster's sermon, and a special good anthem before the King, after sermon. After dinner, with my wife and Mercer to the Bear Garden, where I have not been, I think, of many years, and saw some good sport of the bulls tossing the dogs—one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We had a great many hectors in the same box with us, and one very fine went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager; which was a strange sport for a gentleman; where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first; which I pledged with my hat off. We supped at home, and very merry. And then about nine to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the fire and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets; and there mighty merry, my Lady Pen and Pegg going thither with us, and Nan Wright, till about twelve at night, flinging our fireworks, and burning one another, and the people over the way. And, at last, our business being most spent, we went into Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle-grease and soot, till most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up, and to my house; and there I made them drink, and upstairs we went, and then fell into dancing, W. Batelier dancing well, and dressing, him and I, and one Mr. Banister, who, with my wife, come over also with us, like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's, like a boy, and mighty mirth we had, and Mercer danced a jig; and Nan Wright and my wife and Pegg Pen put on periwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry; and then parted, and to bed.

19th. (Lord's day.) Comes by agreement Mr. Reeves, bringing me a lantern, with pictures in glass, to make strange things appear on a wall, very pretty. We did also at night see Jupiter and his girdle and satellites, very fine, with my twelve-foot glass, but could not Saturn, he being very dark. Spong and I had also several fine discourses upon the globes, this afternoon, particularly why the fixed stars do not

rise and set at the same hour all the year long, which he could not demonstrate, nor I neither.

[September] 2d. (Lord's day.) Some of our maids 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 night-gown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the backside of Mark 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 closet 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 down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the waterside, 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 Steele Yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavoring 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 waterside, to another.

And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they 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, endeavoring 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 everything, 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 schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down; I to Whitehall, with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat; and there up to the King's closet in the chapel, where people come about me, and I 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 York 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 Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and, here and there, sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, 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 tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's 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. 20 By this time, it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone: 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 closet, 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 inquire 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 40 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 Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lombard Street, and further: and, among others, I now saw my little goldsmith Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house 50 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 street, and carried them below and above bridge too. 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 Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the waterside; 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 Buttulph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not, by the waterside, 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 virginals in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park; 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 increasing, 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 fire-drops. 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 alehouse on the Bank-side, 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 50 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 along: 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 ruin. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods; but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry, and moonshine 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 tallies 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.

[November] 14th. To Knipp's lodging, whom I find not ready to go home with me; and there staid reading of Waller's verses, while she finished dressing, her husband being by. Her lodging very mean, and the condition she lives in; yet makes a show without doors, God bless us! I carried him along with us into the City, and set him down in Bishopsgate Street, and then home with her. She tells me how Smith, of the Duke's house, hath killed a man upon a quarrel in play; which makes everybody sorry, he being a good actor, and, they say, a good man, however this happens. The ladies of the Court do much bemoan him. Here she and me alone at dinner to some good victuals, that we could not put off, that was intended for the great dinner of my Lord Hinchinbroke's, if he had come. My wife and I intended to have seen my Lady Jemimah at Whitehall, but the Exchange Street was so full of coaches, everybody, as they say, going thither to

make themselves fine against to-morrow night, we could not do anything, only my wife so see her brother. Sir G. Carteret tells me that, just now, my Lord Hollis had been with him, and wept to think in what a condition we are fallen. He showed me my Lord Sandwich's letter to him, complaining of the lack of money, which Sir G. Carteret is at a loss how in the world to get the King to supply him with, and wishes him, for that reason, here; for that he fears he will be brought to disgrace there, for want of supplies. To the Pope's Head, where all the Houblons were, and Dr. Croone. Dr. Croone told me that, at the meeting at Gresham College to-night, which, it seems, they now have every Wednesday again, there was a pretty experiment of the blood of one dog let out, till he died, into the body of another on one side, while all his own run out on the other side. The first died upon the place, and the other very well, and likely to do well. This did give occasion to many pretty wishes, as of the blood of a Quaker to be let into an archbishop, and such like; but, as Dr. Croone says, may, if it takes, be of mighty use to man's health, for the mending of bad blood by borrowing from a better body.

[December] 8th. The great Proviso passed the House of Parliament yesterday; which makes the King and Court mad, the King having given order to my Lord Chamberlain to send to the playhouses and brothels, to bid all the Parliament-men that were there to go to the Parliament presently. This is true, it seems; but it was carried against the Court by thirty or forty voices. It is a Proviso to the Poll Bill, that there shall be a committee of nine persons that shall have the inspection upon oath, and power of giving others, of all the accounts of the money given and spent for this war. This hath a most sad face, and will breed very ill blood. He tells me, brought in by Sir Robert Howard, who is one of the King's servants, at least hath a great office, and hath got, they say, £20,000 since the King come in. Mr. Pierce did also tell me as a great truth, as being told it by Mr. Cowley, who was by, and heard it, that Tom Killigrew should publicly tell

the King that his matters were coming into a very ill state; but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he, "There is a good, honest, able man, that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the Court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it." This, he says, is most true; but the King do not profit by any of this, but lays all aside, and remembers nothing, but to his pleasures again; which is a sorrowful consideration. To the King's playhouse, and there did see a good part of *The English Monsieur*, which is a mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well; but, above all, little Nelly, that I am mightily pleased with the play, and much with the house, more than ever I expected, the women doing better than ever I expected, and very fine women. Here I was in pain to be seen, and hid myself; but, as God would have it, Sir John Chichly come, and sat just by me. I hear that this Proviso in Parliament is mightily ill taken by all the Court party as a mortal blow, and that, that strikes deep into the King's prerogative, which troubles me mightily. In much fear of ill news of our colliers. A fleet of two hundred sail, and fourteen Dutch men-of-war between them and us; and they coming home with small convoy; and the City in great want, coals being at £3 3s. per chaldron, as I am told. I saw smoke in the ruins this very day.

12th. Sir H. Cholmly did with grief tell me how the Parliament hath been told plainly that the King hath been heard to say that he would dissolve them rather than pass this bill with the Proviso; but tells me that the Proviso is removed, and now carried that it shall be done by a bill by itself. He tells me how the King hath lately paid above £30,000 to clear debts of my Lady Castlemaine's; and that she and her husband are parted forever, upon good terms, never to trouble one another more. He says that he hears £400,000 hath gone into the Privy-purse since this war; and

that it is that hath consumed so much of our money, and makes the King and Court so mad to be brought to discover it. The very good news is just come of our four ships from Smyrna come safe without convoy even into the Downs, without seeing any enemy; which is the best, and indeed only considerable good news to our Exchange, since the burning of the City; and it is strange to see how it do cheer up men's hearts. Here I saw shops now come to be in this Exchange, and met little Batelier, who sits here but at £3 per annum, whereas he sat at the other at £100, which he says he believes will prove of as good account to him now as the other did at that rent. From the 'Change to Captain Cocke's, and there, by agreement, dined, and there was Charles Porter, Temple Fenn, De Busty, whose bad English and pleasant discourses was exceeding good entertainment, Matt Wren, Major Cooper, and myself, mighty merry and pretty discourse. They talk for certain that now the King do follow Mrs. Stewart wholly, and my Lady Castlemaine not above once a week; that the Duke of York do not haunt my Lady Denham so much; that she troubles him with matters of state, being of my Lord Bristol's faction, and that he avoids; that she is ill still. News this day from Brampton, of Mr. Ensum, my sister's sweetheart, being dead: a clown.

19th. Talked of the King's family with Mr. Hingston, the organist. He says many of the music are ready to starve, they being five years behindhand for their wages: nay, Evans, the famous man upon the harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the alms of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark at night without one link, but that Mr. Hingston met it by chance, and did give 12d. to buy two or three links. Thence I up to the Lords' House to inquire for my Lord Bellassis; and there hear how at a conference this morning between the two Houses about the business of the Canary Company, my Lord Buckingham leaning rudely over my Lord Marquis Dorchester, my Lord Dorchester removed his elbow. Duke of Buckingham asked him whether he was uneasy; Dorchester replied yes, and that he durst not

do this were he anywhere else: Buckingham replied, yes he would, and that he was a better man than himself; Dorchester said that he lied. With this Buckingham struck off his hat, and took him by his periwig, and pulled it aside, and held him. My Lord Chamberlain and others interposed, and, upon coming into the House, the Lords did order them both to the Tower, whither they are to go this afternoon. I down into the Hall, and there the Lieutenant of the Tower took me with him, and would have me to the Tower to dinner; where I dined at the head of his table, next his lady, who is comely and seeming sober and stately, but very proud and very cunning, or I am mistaken, and wanton, too. This day's work will bring the Lieutenant of the Tower £350. Thence home, and upon Tower Hill saw about 3 or 400 seamen get together; and one, standing upon a pile of bricks, made his sign, with his handkercher, upon his stick, and called all the rest to him, and several shouts they gave. This made me afraid; so I got home as fast as I could. But by and by Sir W. Batten and Sir R. Ford do tell me that the seamen have been at some prisons, to release some seamen, and the Duke of Albemarle is in arms, and all the Guards at the other end of the town; and the Duke of Albemarle is gone with some forces to Wapping, to quell the seamen; which is a thing of infinite disgrace to us. I sat long talking with them; and, among other things, Sir R. Ford did make me understand how the House of Commons is a beast not to be understood, it being impossible to know beforehand the success almost of any small plain thing, there being so many to think and speak to any business, and they of so uncertain minds and interests and passions. He did tell me, and so did Sir W. Batten, how Sir Allen Broderick and Sir Allen Apsly did come drunk the other day into the House, and did both speak for half an hour together, and could not be either laughed, or pulled, or bid to sit down and hold their peace, to the great contempt of the King's servants and cause; which I am grieved at with all my heart.

31st. To my accounts, wherein, at last, I find them clear and right; but, to my great discontent, do find that my gettings this

year have been £573 less than my last: it being this year in all but £2,986; whereas, the last, I got £3,560. And then again my spendings this year have exceeded my spendings the last by £644: my whole spendings last year being but £509; whereas this year, it appears, I have spent £1,154, which is a sum not fit to be said that ever I should spend in one year, before I am master of a better estate than I am. Yet, blessed be God! and I pray God make me thankful for it, I do find myself worth in money, all good, above £6,200; which is above £1,800 more than I was the last year. Thus ends this year of public wonder and mischief to this nation, and, therefore, generally wished by all people to have an end. Myself and family well, having four maids and one clerk, Tom, in my house, and my brother, now with me, to spend time in order to his preferment. Our health all well, public matters in a most sad condition; seamen discouraged for want of pay, and are become not to be governed: nor, as matters are now, can any fleet go out next year. Our enemies, French and Dutch, great, and grow more by our poverty. The Parliament backward in raising, because jealous of the spending of the money; the City less and less likely to be built again, everybody settling elsewhere, and nobody encouraged to trade. A sad, vicious, negligent Court, and all sober men there fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year; from which, good God deliver us! One thing I reckon remarkable in my own condition is that I am come to abound in good plate, so as at all entertainments to be served wholly with silver plates, having two dozen and a half.

[1666-67].

[February] 18th. To the King's house, to *The Maid's Tragedy*; but vexed all the while with two talking ladies and Sir Charles Sedley; yet pleased to hear their discourse, he being a stranger. And one of the ladies would, and did sit with her mask on, all the play, and, being exceedingly witty as ever I heard woman, did talk most pleasantly with him; but was, I believe, a virtuous woman, and of quality. He would fain know who she was, but she would not

tell; yet did give him many pleasant hints of her knowledge of him, by that means setting his brains at work to find out who she was, and did give him leave to use all means to find out who she was, but pulling off her mask. He was mighty witty, and she also making sport with him very inoffensively, that a more pleasant rencontre I never heard. But by that means lost the pleasure of the play wholly, to which now and then Sir Charles Sedley's exceptions against both words and pronouncing were very pretty.

[March] 2d. After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see *The Maiden Queen*, a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and, the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.

[1667].

[July 29th.] . . . To Whitehall; and, looking out of the window into the garden, I saw the King, whom I have not had any desire to see since the Dutch came upon the coast first to Sheerness, for shame that I should see him, or he me, methinks, after such a dishonor, come upon the garden; with him two or three idle lords; and instantly after him, in another walk, my Lady Castlemaine, led by Bab. May: at which I was surprised, having but newly heard the stories of the King and her being parted forever. So I took Mr. Povy, who was there, aside, and he told me all—how imperious this woman is, and hectors the King to whatever she will. It seems she is with child, and the King says he did not get it: with that she made a slighting "puh" with her mouth, and went out of the house, and never came in again till the King went to Sir Daniel Harvey's to pray her; and so she

is come to-day, when one would think his mind should be full of some other cares, having but this morning broken up such a Parliament, with so much discontent, and so many wants upon him, and but yesterday heard such a sermon against adultery. But it seems she hath told the King that, whoever did get it, he should own it; and the bottom of the quarrel is this:—She is fallen in love with young Jermyn, who hath of late been with her oftener than the King, and is now going to marry my Lady Falmouth; the King is mad at her entertaining Jermyn, and she is mad at Jermyn's going to marry from her: so they are all mad; and thus the kingdom is governed! But he tells me for certain that nothing is more sure than that the King, and Duke of York, and the Chancellor are desirous and laboring all they can to get an army, whatever the King says to the Parliament; and he believes that they are at last resolved to stand and fall all three together: so that he says in terms that the match of the Duke of York with the Chancellor's daughter hath undone the nation. He tells me also that the King hath not greater enemies in the world than those of his own family; for there is not an officer in the house almost but curses him for letting them starve, and there is not a farthing of money to be raised for the buying them bread. To walk in the garden with my wife, telling her of my losing £300 a year by my place that I am to part with, which do a little trouble me, we must live with somewhat more thrift. Many guns were heard this afternoon, it seems, at Whitehall and in the Temple garden very plain; but what it should be nobody knows, unless the Dutch be driving our ships up the river. To-morrow we shall know.

[September] 9th. After dinner, Creed and I and my wife to the Bear Garden, to see a prize fought there. To Whitehall; and here do hear, by Tom Killigrew and Mr. Progers, that for certain news is come of Harman's having spoiled nineteen of twenty-two French ships, somewhere about the Barbados, I think they said; but wherever it is, it is a good service, and very welcome. I fell in talk with Tom Killigrew about music, and he tells me that he will bring me to the best music in England, of

which, indeed, he is master, and that is two Italians and Mrs. Yates, who, he says, is come to sing the Italian manner as well as ever he heard any: he says that Knipp won't take pains enough, but that she understands her part so well upon the stage that no man nor woman in the house do the like. To the Bear Garden, where now the yard was full of people, and those most of them seamen, striving by force to get in, that I was afraid to be seen among them, but got into the alehouse, and so by a back way was put into the bull-house, where I stood a good while all alone among the bulls, and was afraid I was among the bears, too; but by and by the door opened. I got into the common pit; and there, with my cloak about my face, I stood and saw the prize fought, till one of them, a shoemaker, was so cut in both his wrists that he could not fight any longer, and then they broke off: his enemy was a butcher. The sport very good, and various humors to be seen among the rabble that is there. To Sir W. Batten's, to invite them to dinner on Wednesday next, having a whole buck come from Hampton Court, by the warrant which Sir Stephen Fox did give me.

16th. Sir H. Cholmly was with me a good while; who tells me that the Duke of York's child is christened, the Duke of Albemarle and the Marquis of Worcester godfathers, and my Lady Suffolk godmother; and they have named it Edgar, which is a brave name. But it seems they are more joyful in the Chancellor's family, at the birth of this prince, than in wisdom they should, for fear it should give the King cause of jealousy. Sir H. Cholmly thinks there may possibly be some persons that would be glad to have the Queen removed to some monastery, or somewhere or other, to make room for a new wife; for they will all be unsafe under the Duke of York. He says the King and Parliament will agree; that is, that the King will do anything that they will have him. At the New Exchange, I staid reading Mrs. Phillips' poems till my wife and Mercer called me to Mrs. Pierce's, by invitation to dinner, where I find her painted, which makes me loathe her, and the nastiest poor dinner that made me sick. Here I met with "a Fourth Advice

to the Painter upon the coming in of the Dutch to the River and end of the war," that made my heart ache to read, it being too sharp, and so true. Here I also saw a printed account of the examinations taken, touching the burning of the City of London, showing the plot of the Papists therein; which, it seems, hath been ordered to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, in Westminster Palace. My wife and Mercer and I away to the King's playhouse, to see *The Scornful Lady*; but it being now three o'clock there was not one soul in the pit; whereupon, for shame, we could not go in, but, against our wills, went all to see *Tu Quoque* again, where there was pretty store of company. Here we saw Madam Morland who is grown mighty fat, but is very comely. But one of the best parts of our sport was a mighty pretty lady that sat behind us, that did laugh so heartily and constantly that it did me good to hear her. Thence to the King's house, upon a wager of mine with my wife, that there would be no acting there to-day, there being no company: so I went in and found a pretty good company there, and saw their dance at the end of the play.

[November] 13th. To Westminster; where I find the House sitting, and in a mighty heat about Commissioner Pett, that they would have him impeached, though the committee have yet brought in but part of their report: and this heat of the House is much heightened by Sir Thomas Clifford telling them that he was the man that did, out of his own purse, employ people at the outports to prevent the King of Scots to escape after the battle of Worcester. The House was in a great heat all this day about it; and at last it was carried, however, that it should be referred back to the committee to make further inquiry. By and by I met with Mr. Wren, who tells me that the Duke of York is in as good condition as is possible for a man in his condition of the small-pox. He, I perceive, is mightily concerned in the business of my Lord Chancellor, the impeachment against whom is gone up to the House of Lords; and great differences there are in the Lords' House about it, and the lords are very high one against another. To the Duke of York's house, and

there saw *The Tempest* again, which is very pleasant, and full of so good variety that I cannot be more pleased almost in a comedy, only the seaman's part a little too tedious. To my chamber, and do begin anew to bind myself to keep my old vows, and among the rest not to see a play till Christmas but once in every other week, and have laid aside £10, which is to be lost to the poor if I do. This day Mr. Chichly told me, with a seeming trouble, that the House have stopped his son Jack (Sir John) his going to France, that he may be a witness against my Lord Sandwich: which do trouble me, though he can, I think, say little.

[December] 24th. By coach to St. James's, it being about six at night; my design being to see the ceremonies, this night being the eve of Christmas, at the Queen's chapel. I got in almost up to the rail, and with a great deal of patience staid from nine at night to two in the morning, in a very great crowd; and there expected, but found nothing extraordinary, there being nothing but a high mass. The Queen was there, and some ladies. But, Lord! what an odd thing it was for me to be in a crowd of people, here a footman, there a beggar, here a fine lady, there a zealous poor Papist, and here a Protestant, two or three together, come to see the show. I was afraid of my pocket being picked very much. But all things very rich and beautiful; and I see the Papists have the wit, most of them, to bring cushions to kneel on, which I wanted, and was mighty troubled to kneel. All being done, I was sorry for my coming, and missing of what I expected; which was, to have had a child born and dressed there, and a great deal of do: but we broke up, and nothing like it done: and there I left people receiving the sacrament: and the Queen gone, and ladies; only my Lady Castlemaine, who looked prettily in her night-clothes. So took my coach, which waited, and through Covent Garden, to set down two gentlemen and a lady, who come thither to see also, and did make mighty mirth in their talk of the folly of this religion. Drank some burnt wine at the Rose tavern door, while the constables came, and two or three bellmen went by.

[1667-68].

[January] 17th. Much discourse of the duel yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes, and one Jenkins, on one side, and my Lord of Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot, and one Bernard Howard, on the other side: and all about my Lady Shrewsbury, who is at this time, and hath for a great while been, a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him, and they met yesterday in a close near Barn Elms, and there fought: and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his arms; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all, in a little measure, wounded. This will make the world think that the King hath good councilors about him, when the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest man about him, is a fellow of no more sobriety than to fight about a mistress. And this may prove a very bad accident to the Duke of Buckingham, but that my Lady Castlemaine do rule all at this time as much as ever she did, and she will, it is believed, keep all matters well with the Duke of Buckingham: though this is a time that the King will be very backward, I suppose, to appear in such a business. And it is pretty to hear how the King had some notice of this challenge a week or two ago, and did give it to my Lord General to confine the Duke, or take security that he should not do any such thing as fight: and the General trusted to the King that he, sending for him, would do it, and the King trusted to the General; and so, between them both, as everything else of greatest moment do, do fall between two stools. The whole House full of nothing but the talk of this business; and it is said that my Lord Shrewsbury's case is to be feared, that he may die too; and that may make it much worse for the Duke of Buckingham: and I shall not be much sorry for it, that we may have some sober man come in his room to assist in the Government. Creed tells me of Mr. Harry Howard's giving the Royal Society a piece of ground next to his house, to build a college on, which is a most generous act. And he tells me

he is a very fine person, and understands and speaks well; and no rigid Papist neither, but one that would not have a Protestant servant leave his religion, which he was going to do, thinking to recommend himself to his master by it; saying that he had rather have an honest Protestant than a knavish Catholic. I was not called in to the Council; and, therefore, home, first informing myself that my Lord Hinchingbroke hath been married this week to my Lord Burlington's daughter; so that, that great business is over; and I am mighty glad of it, though I am not satisfied that I have not a favor sent me, as I see Attorney Montagu and the Vice-Chamberlain have.

[February] 6th. Sir H. Cholmly tells me how the Parliament, which is to meet again to-day, are likely to fall heavy on the business of the Duke of Buckingham's pardon; and I shall be glad of it: and that the King hath put out of the Court the two Hydes, my Lord Chancellor's two sons, and also the Bishops of Rochester and Winchester, the latter of whom should have preached before him yesterday, being Ash Wednesday, and had his sermon ready, but was put by; which is great news. My wife being gone before, I to the Duke of York's play-house; where a new play of Etherege's, called *She Would if She Could*; and though I was there by two o'clock, there was 1000 people put back that could not have room in the pit; and I at last, because my wife was there, made shift to get into the 18d. box, and there saw; but, Lord! how full was the house, and how silly the play, there being nothing in the world good in it, and few people pleased in it. The King was there; but I sat mightily behind, and could see but little, and hear not all. The play being done, I into the pit to look for my wife, it being dark and raining, but could not find her; and so staid going between the two doors and through the pit an hour and a half, I think, after the play was done; the people staying there till the rain was over, and to talk with one another. And, among the rest, here was the Duke of Buckingham to-day openly sat in the pit; and there I found him with my Lord Buckhurst, and Sedley, and Etherege the poet;

the last of whom I did hear mightily find fault with the actors, that they were out of humor, and had not their parts perfect, and that Harris did do nothing, nor could so much as sing a ketch in it; and so was mightily concerned: while all the rest did, through the whole pit, blame the play as a silly, dull thing, though there was something very roguish and witty; but the design of the play, and end mighty insipid. At last I did find my wife; and with her was Betty Turner, Mercer, and Deb. So I got a coach, and a humor took us, and I carried them to Hercules Pillars, and there did give them a kind of a supper of about 7s., and very merry, and home round the town, not through the ruins; and it was pretty how the coachman by mistake drives us into the ruins from London-wall into Coleman Street: and would persuade me that I lived there. And the truth is, I did think that he and the linkman had contrived some roguery; but it proved only a mistake of the coachman; but it was a cunning place to have done us a mischief in, as any I know, to drive us out of the road into the ruins, and there stop, while nobody could be called to help us. But we come safe home.

20th. The House most of the morning upon the business of not prosecuting the first victory; which they have voted one of the greatest miscarriages of the whole war, though they cannot lay the fault anywhere yet, because Harman is not come home. Dined, and by one o'clock to the King's house: a new play, *The Duke of Lerma*, of Sir Robert Howard's: where the King and Court was; and Knipp and Nell spoke the prologue most excellently, especially Knipp, who spoke beyond any creature I ever heard. The play designed to reproach our King with his mistresses, that I was troubled for it, and expected it should be interrupted; but it ended all well, which saved all.

[March] 5th. With these thoughts I lay troubling myself till six o'clock, restless, and at last getting my wife to talk to me to comfort me, which she at last did, and made me resolve to quit my hands of this office, and endure the trouble no longer than till I can clear myself of it. So with

great trouble, but yet with some ease, from this discourse with my wife, I up, and at my office, whither come my clerks, and so I did huddle the best I could some more notes for my discourse to-day, and by nine o'clock was ready, and did go down to the Old Swan, and there by boat, with T. Harvey and W. Hewer with me, to Westminster, where I found myself come time enough, and my brethren all ready. But I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day; and, to comfort myself, did go to the Dog and drink half-a-pint of mulled sack, and in the Hall [Westminster] did drink a dram of brandy at Mrs. Hewlett's; and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly. So we all up to the lobby; and, between eleven or twelve o'clock, were called in, with the mace before us, into the House, where a mighty full House: and we stood at the bar, namely, Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir T. Harvey, and myself, W. Pen being in the House, as a member. I perceive the whole House was full of expectation of our defense what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the report of the committee, I began our defense most acceptably and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or loss, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker; but we withdrew. And there all my fellow-officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard; and my fellow-officers were overjoyed in it; and we were called in again by and by to answer only one question, touching our paying tickets to ticket-mongers; and so out; and we were in hopes to have had a vote this day in our favor, and so the generality of the House was; but my speech, being so long, many had gone out to dinner and come in again half-drunk; and then there are two or three that are professed enemies to us and everybody else; among others, Sir T. Littleton, Sir Thomas Lee, Mr. Wiles, the coxcomb whom I saw

heretofore at the cock-fighting, and a few others; I say, these did rise up and speak against the coming to a vote now, the House not being full, by reason of several being at dinner, but most because that the House was to attend the King this afternoon, about the business of religion, wherein they pray him to put in force all the laws against Nonconformists and Papists; and this prevented it, so that they put it off to to-morrow come se'nnight. However, it is plain we have got great ground, and everybody says I have got the most honor that any could have had opportunity of getting; and so our hearts mightily overjoyed at this success. We all to dinner to my Lord Brouncker's—that is to say, myself, T. Harvey, and W. Pen, and there dined; and thence with Sir Anthony Morgan, who is an acquaintance of Brouncker's, a very wise man, we after dinner to the King's house, and there saw part of *The Discontented Colonel*. To my wife, whom W. Hewer had told of my success, and she overjoyed; and, after talking a while, I betimes to bed, having had no quiet rest a good while.

[1668].

[July] 18th. My old acquaintance, Will Swan, to see me, who continues a factious fanatic still, and I do use him civilly, in expectation that those fellows may grow great again. They say the King of France is making a war again, in Flanders, with the King of Spain; the King of Spain refusing to give him all that he says was promised him in that treaty. Creed told me this day how when the King was at my Lord Cornwallis's, when he went last to Newmarket, that being there on a Sunday, the Duke of Buckingham did in the afternoon make an obscene sermon to him out of Canticles.

19th. (Lord's day.) Come Mr. Cooper, Hales, Harris, Mr. Butler, that wrote *Hudibras*, and Mr. Cooper's cousin Jack; and by and by come Mr. Reeves and his wife, whom I never saw before: and there we dined: a good dinner, and company that pleased me mightily, being all eminent men in their way. Spent all the afternoon in talk and mirth, and in the evening parted.

27th. To see my Lord Crewe, whom I find up; and did wait on him; but his face sore, but in hopes to do now very well again. Thence to Cooper's, where my wife's picture almost done, and mighty fine indeed. So over the water with my wife, and Deb., and Mercer, to Spring Garden, and there eat and walked; and observe how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people's arbors 10 where there are not men, and almost force the women; which troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age: and so we away by water, with much pleasure home.

[September] 1st. To Bartholomew Fair, and there saw several sights; among others, the mare that tells money, and many things, to admiration; and, among others, come to me, when she was bid to go to him of the company that most loved a pretty wench in a corner. And this did cost me 12d. to the horse, which I had flung him before, and did give me occasion to kiss a mighty *belle fille* that was exceeding plain, but *fort belle*.

2d. Fast-day for the burning of London, strictly observed.

3d. To my bookseller's, for Hobbes's *Leviathan*, which is now mightily called for; and what was heretofore sold for 8s. I now give 24s. for, at the second hand, and is sold for 30s., it being a book the bishops will not let be printed again.

4th. At the office all the morning; and at noon my wife, and Deb., and Mercer, and W. Hewer and I to the Fair, and there, at the old house, did eat a pig, and was pretty merry, but saw no sights, my wife having a mind to see the play *Bartholomew Fair* with puppets. And it is an excellent 40 play; the more I see it, the more I love the wit of it; only the business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale, and of no use, they being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest. And here Knipp come to us, and sat with us, and thence took coach in two coaches, and losing one another, my wife, and Knipp, and I to Hercules Pillars, and there supped, and I did take from her mouth the words and notes of her song of 50 "The Lark," which pleases me mightily. And so set her at home, and away we home, where our company come before us. This

night Knipp tells us that there is a Spanish woman lately come over that pretends to sing as well as Mrs. Knight; both of whom I must endeavor to hear.

[October] 23d. To my Lord Sandwich's, where I find my Lord within, but busy, private; and so I staid a little talking with the young gentlemen: and so away with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, towards Tyburn, to see the people executed; but come too late, it being done: two men and a woman hanged. In the afternoon comes my cousin, Sidney Pickering, to bring my wife and me his sister's favor for her wedding, which is kindly done. Pierce do tell me, among other news, the late frolic and debauchery of Sir Charles Sedley and Buckhurst, running up and down all the night, almost naked, through the streets; and at last fighting, and being beat by the watch and clapped up all night; and how the King takes their parts; and my Lord Chief Justice Keeling hath laid the constable by the heels to answer it next sessions: which is a horrid shame. How the King and these gentlemen did make the fiddlers of Thetford, this last progress, to sing them all the obscene songs they could think of. How Sir W. Coventry was brought the other day to the Duchess of York by the Duke, to kiss her hand; and did acknowledge his unhappiness to occasion her so much sorrow, declaring his intentions in it, and praying her pardon; which she did give him upon his promise to make good his pretenses of innocence to her family, by his faithfulness to his master, the Duke of York. That the Duke of Buckingham is now all in all, and will ruin Coventry, if he can: and that Coventry do now rest wholly upon the Duke of York for his standing, which is a great turn. He tells me that my Lady Castlemaine, however, is a mortal enemy to the Duke of Buckingham, which I understand not; but, it seems, she is disgusted with his greatness and his ill usage of her. That the King was drunk at Saxam with Sedley, Buckhurst, &c., the night that my Lord Arlington came thither, and would not give him audience, or could not: which is true, for it was the night that I was there, and saw the King go up to his chamber, and was told that the King had been drinking. He tells me, too, that the

Duke of York did the next day chide Bab. May for his occasioning the King's giving himself up to these gentlemen, to the neglecting of my Lord Arlington: to which he answered merrily that there was no man in England that had a head to lose, durst do what they do, every day, with the King, and asked the Duke of York's pardon: which is a sign of a mad world; God bless us out of it!

[1668-69].

[January 12th.] . . . This evening I observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself was not mighty fond, because of some hard words she did give me at noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which, God knows, it was upon the business of the office unexpectedly: but I to bed, not thinking but she would come after me. But waking by and by, out of a slumber, which I usually fall into presently after my coming into the bed, I found she did not prepare to come to bed, but got fresh candles, and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold, too. At this being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to bed; so, after an hour or two, she silent, and I now and then praying her to come to bed, she fell out into a fury, that I was a rogue, and false to her. I did, as I might truly, deny it, and was mightily troubled, but all would not serve. At last, about one o'clock, she come to my side of the bed, and drew my curtain open, and with the tongs red hot at the ends, made as if she did design to pinch me with them, at which, in dismay, I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down; and did by little and little, very sillily, let all the discourse fall; and about two, but with much seeming difficulty, come to bed, and there lay well all night, and long in bed talking together, with much pleasure, it being, I know, nothing but her doubt of my going out yesterday, without telling her of my going, which did vex her, poor wretch! last night, and I cannot blame her jealousy, though it do vex me to the heart.

15th. To Sir W. Coventry, where with him a good while in his chamber, talking of the great factions at Court at this day, even to the sober engaging of great persons, and differences, and making the King cheap and

ridiculous. It is about my Lady Harvey's being offended at Doll Common's acting of Sempronia, to imitate her; for which she got my Lord Chamberlain, her kinsman, to imprison Doll: upon which my Lady Castlemaine made the King to release her, and to order her to act it again, worse than ever, the other day, where the King himself was; and since it was acted again, and my Lady Harvey provided people to hiss her and fling oranges at her: but it seems the heat is come to a great height, and real troubles at Court about it. Through the Park, where I met the King and the Duke of York, and so walked with them; and I did give the Duke of York thanks for his favor to me yesterday, at the Committee of Tangier, in my absence, where some business was brought forward which the Duke of York would not suffer to go on without my presence at the debate. And he answered me just thus: that he ought to have a care of him that do the King's business in the manner that I do, and words of more force than that. . . .

[February] 17th. The King dining yesterday at the Dutch Ambassador's, after dinner they drank and were pretty merry: and, among the rest of the King's company, there was that worthy fellow my Lord of Rochester, and Tom Killigrew, whose mirth and raillery offended the former so much that he did give Tom Killigrew a box on the ear in the King's presence, which do give much offense to the people here at Court, to see how cheap the King makes himself, and the more for that the King hath not only passed by the thing, and pardoned it to Rochester already, but this very morning the King did publicly walk up and down, and Rochester I saw with him as free as ever, to the King's everlasting shame, to have so idle a rogue his companion. How Tom Killigrew takes it, I do not hear. I do also this day hear that my Lord Privy Seal do accept to go Lieutenant into Ireland; but whether it be true or no, I cannot tell. To Colonel Middleton's, to the burial of his wife, where we were all invited, and much more company, and had each of us a ring: and so towards evening to our church, where there was a sermon preached by Mills, and so home. Comes Castle to me, to desire me to

go to Mr. Pedly this night, he being to go out of town to-morrow morning, which I, therefore, did, by hackney-coach, first going to Whitehall to meet with Sir W. Coventry, but missed him. But here I had a pleasant rencontre of a lady in mourning, that, by the little light I had, seemed handsome. I passing by her, did observe she looked back again and again upon me, I suffering her to go before, and it being now dusk. She went into the little passage towards the Privy Water-Gate, and I followed, but missed her; but coming back again, I observed she returned, and went to go out of the Court. I followed her, and took occasion, in the new passage now built, where the walk is to be, to take her by the hand, to lead her through, which she willingly accepted, and I led her to the Great Gate, and there left her, she telling me, of her own accord, that she was going as far as Charing Cross; but my boy was at the gate, and so I durst not go out with her. So to Lincoln's Inn, where to Mr. Pedly, with whom I spoke, and did my business presently: and I find him a man of good language, and mighty civil, and I believe very upright: and so home, where W. Batelier was, and supped with us, and I did reckon this night what I owed him; and I do find that the things my wife, of her own head, hath taken, together with my own, which comes not to above £5, comes to about £22. But it is the last, and so I am the better contented; and they are things that are not trifles, but clothes, gloves, shoes, hoods, &c. So, after supper, to bed. At church there was my Lord Brouncker and Mrs. Williams in our pew, the first time they were ever there, or that I knew that either of them would go to church.

[March] 2d. Home, and there I find my company come, namely, Madam Turner, Dyke, The., and Betty Turner, and Mr. Bellwood, formerly their father's clerk, but now set up for himself—a conceited, silly fellow, but one they make mightily of—my cousin Roger Pepys, and his wife, and two daughters. I had a noble dinner for them, as I almost ever had, and mighty merry, and particularly myself pleased with looking on Betty Turner, who is mighty pretty. After dinner, we fell one to one talk, and another

to another, and looking over my house, and closet, and things; and The. Turner to write a letter to a lady in the country, in which I did, now and then, put in half a dozen words, and sometimes five or six lines, and then she as much, and made up a long and good letter, she being mighty witty really, though troublesome-humored with it. And thus till night, that our music come, and the office ready and candles, and also W. Batelier and his sister Susan come, and also Will. Howe and two gentlemen more, strangers, which, at my request yesterday, he did bring to dance, called Mr. Ireton and Mr. Starkey. We fell to dancing, and continued, only with intermission for a good supper, till two in the morning, the music being Greeting, and another most excellent violin, and theorbo, the best in town. And so with mighty mirth and pleased with their dancing of jigs, afterwards several of them, and, among others, Betty Turner, who did it mighty prettily; and lastly, W. Batelier's "Blackmore and Blackmore Mad"; and then to a country-dance again, and so broke up with extraordinary pleasure, as being one of the days and nights of my life spent with the greatest content; and that which I can but hope to repeat again a few times in my whole life. This done, we parted, the strangers home, and I did lodge my cousin Pepys and his wife in our blue chamber. My cousin Turner, her sister, and The., in our best chamber; Bab., Betty, and Betty Turner, in our own chamber; and myself and my wife in the maids' bed, which is very good. Our maids in the coachman's bed; the coachman with the boy in his settle-bed, and Tom where he uses to lie. And so I did, to my great content, lodge at once in my house, with the greatest ease, fifteen, and eight of them strangers of quality. My wife this day put on first her French gown, called a sac, which becomes her very well, brought her over by W. Batelier.

[1669].

[May] 19th. With my coach to St. James's; and there finding the Duke of York gone to muster his men, in Hyde Park, I alone with my boy thither, and there saw more, walking out of my coach as other

gentlemen did, of a soldier's trade, than ever I did in my life: the men being mighty fine, and their commanders, particularly the Duke of Monmouth; but methought their trade but very easy as to the mustering of their men, and the men but indifferently ready to perform what was commanded, in the handling of their arms. Here the news was first talked of Harry Killigrew's being wounded in nine places last night, by foot-¹⁰ men, in the highway, going from the Park in a hackney-coach towards Hammersmith, to his house at Turnham Green: they being supposed to be my Lady Shrewsbury's men, she being by, in her coach with six horses; upon an old grudge of his saying openly that he had intrigued with her. Thence by and by to Whitehall, and there I waited upon the King and Queen all dinner-time, in the Queen's lodgings, she being in her white²⁰ pinner, and appearing like a woman with child; and she seemed handsomer plain so, than when dressed. And by and by, dinner done, I out, and to walk in the Gallery, for the Duke of York's coming out; and there, meeting Mr. May, he took me down about four o'clock to Mr. Cheffinch's lodgings, and all alone did get me a dish of cold chickens, and good wine; and I dined like³⁰ a prince, being before very hungry and empty. By and by the Duke of York comes, and readily took me to his closet, and received my petition, and discoursed about my eyes, and pitied me, and with much kindness did give me his consent to be absent, and approved of my proposition to go into Hol-

land to observe things there, of the Navy; but would first ask the King's leave, which he anon did, and did tell me that the King would be a good master to me (these were his words) about my eyes, and do like of my going into Holland, but do advise that nobody should know of my going thither, and that I should pretend to go into the country somewhere, which I liked well. In discourse¹⁰ this afternoon, the Duke of York did tell me that he was the most amazed at one thing just now, that ever he was in his life, which was that the Duke of Buckingham did just now come into the Queen's bedchamber, where the King was, with much mixed company, and, among others, Tom Killigrew, the father of Harry, who was last night wounded so as to be in danger of death, and his man is quite dead; and Buck-²⁰ingham there did say that he had spoke with someone that was by, which person all the world must know must be his mistress, my Lady Shrewsbury, who says that they did not mean to hurt, but beat him, and that he did run first at them with his sword; so that he do hereby clearly discover that he knows who did it, and is of conspiracy with them, being of known conspiracy with her, which the Duke of York did seem to be pleased³⁰ with, and said it might, perhaps, cost him his life in the House of Lords: and I find was mightily pleased with it, saying it was the most impudent thing, as well as the most foolish, that ever he knew man to do in all his life.

JOHN EVELYN (1620-1706)

DIARY

[1818].

[1660].

29th. [May]. This day, his Majesty, Charles the Second came to London, after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being seventeen years. This was also his birthday, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords, and shouting with inexpressible joy; the ways ¹⁰ strewn with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry; fountains running with wine; the Mayor, Aldermen, and all the Companies, in their liveries, chains of gold, and banners; Lords and Nobles, clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windows and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the ²⁰ City, even from two in the afternoon till nine at night.

I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God. And all this was done without one drop of blood shed, and by that very army which rebelled against him: but it was the Lord's doing, for such a restoration was never mentioned in any history, ancient or modern, since the return of the Jews from their Babylonish captivity; nor so joyful ³⁰ a day and so bright ever seen in this nation, this happening when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.

4th June. I received letters of Sir Richard Browne's landing at Dover, and also letters from the Queen, which I was to deliver at Whitehall, not as yet presenting myself to his Majesty, by reason of the infinite concourse of people. The eagerness of men, women, and children to see his ⁴⁰ Majesty, and kiss his hands, was so great

that he had scarce leisure to eat for some days, coming as they did from all parts of the nation; and the King, being as willing to give them that satisfaction, would have none kept out, but gave free access to all sorts of people.

Addressing myself to the Duke, I was carried to his Majesty, when very few noblemen were with him, and kissed his hands, being very graciously received. I then returned home, to meet Sir Richard Browne, who came not till the 8th, after nineteen years exile, during all which time he kept up in his chapel the liturgy and offices of the Church of England, to his no small honor, and in a time when it was so low, and as many thought utterly lost, that in various controversies both with Papists and Sectaries, our divines used to ²⁰ argue for the visibility of the Church, from his chapel and congregation.

I was all this week to and fro at Court about business.

22nd [December]. The marriage of the Chancellor's daughter being now newly owned, I went to see her, she being Sir Richard Browne's intimate acquaintance when she waited on the Princess of Orange; she was now at her father's, at Worcester ³⁰ House, in the Strand. We all kissed her hand, as did also my Lord Chamberlain (Manchester) and Countess of Northumberland. This was a strange change—can it succeed well?—I spent the evening at St. James's, whither the Princess Henrietta was retired during the fatal sickness of her sister, the Princess of Orange, now come over to salute the King her brother. The Princess gave my wife an extraordinary ⁴⁰ compliment and gracious acceptance, for the "Character" she had presented her the

day before, and which was afterwards printed.

[1660-61].

5th [January]. I visited my Lord Chancellor Clarendon, with whom I had been well acquainted abroad.

6th. Dr. Allestree preached at the Abbey, after which four bishops were consecrated, Hereford, Norwich, * * *

This night was suppressed a bloody insurrection of some *Fifth-Monarchy enthusiasts*. Some of them were examined at the Council the next day, but could say nothing to extenuate their madness and unwarrantable zeal.

I was now chosen (and nominated by his Majesty for one of the Council), by suffrage of the rest of the members, a Fellow of the Philosophic Society now meeting at Gresham College, where was an assembly of divers learned gentlemen. This being the first meeting since the King's return; but it had been begun some years before at Oxford, and was continued with interruption here in London during the Rebellion.

There was another rising of the Fanatics, in which some were slain.

16th. I went to the Philosophic Club, where was examined the Torricellian experiment. I presented my Circle of Mechanical Trades, and had recommended to me the publishing what I had written of Chalcography.

25th. After divers years since I had seen any play, I went to see acted *The Scornful Lady*, at a new theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

30th. Was the first solemn fast and day of humiliation to deplore the sins which had so long provoked God against this afflicted Church and people, ordered by Parliament to be annually celebrated to expiate the guilt of the execrable murder of the late King.

This day (Oh, the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcasses of those arch-rebels, Cromwell, Bradshawe (the judge who condemned his Majesty), and Ireton (son-in-law to the Usurper), dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the Kings, to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there from nine in the morning till six at night,

and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit; thousands of people who had seen them in all their pride being spectators. Look back at October 22, 1658, and be astonished! and fear God and honor the King; but meddle not with them who are given to change!

[1661].

8th [May]. His Majesty rode in state, with his imperial crown on, and all the peers in their robes, in great pomp to the Parliament now newly chosen (the old one being dissolved); and, that evening, declared in Council his intention to marry the Infanta of Portugal.

22nd. The Scotch Covenant was burnt by the common hangman in divers places in London. Oh, prodigious change!

29th. This was the first anniversary appointed by Act of Parliament to be observed as a day of general thanksgiving for the miraculous restoration of his Majesty: our vicar preaching on Psalm cxviii. 24, requiring us to be thankful and rejoice, as indeed we had cause.

13th September. I presented my *Fumifugium* dedicated to his Majesty, who was pleased that I should publish it by his special commands, being much gratified with it.

18th. This day was read our petition to his Majesty for his royal grant, authorizing our Society to meet as a corporation, with several privileges.

An exceeding sickly, wet autumn.

1st October. I sailed this morning with his Majesty in one of his yachts (or pleasure-boats), vessels not known among us till the Dutch East India Company presented that curious piece to the King; being very excellent sailing vessels. It was on a wager between his other new pleasure-boat, built frigate-like, and one of the Duke of York's; the wager 100l.; the race from Greenwich to Gravesend and back. The King lost it going, the wind being contrary, but saved stakes in returning. There were divers noble persons and lords on board, his Majesty sometime steering himself. His barge and kitchen-boat attended. I brake fast this morning with the King at return in his smaller vessel, he being pleased to take

me and only four more, who were noblemen, with him; but dined in his yacht, where we all eat together with his Majesty. In this passage he was pleased to discourse to me about my book inveighing against the nuisance of the smoke of London, and proposing expedients how, by removing those particulars I mentioned, it might be reformed; commanding me to prepare a bill against the next session of Parliament, being, as he said, resolved to have something done in it. Then he discoursed to me of the improvement of gardens and buildings, now very rare in England comparatively to other countries. He then commanded me to draw up the matter of fact happening at the bloody encounter which then had newly happened between the French and Spanish Ambassadors near the Tower, contending for precedence, at the reception of the Swedish Ambassador; giving me order to consult Sir William Compton, Master of the Ordnance, to inform me of what he knew of it, and with his favorite, Sir Charles Berkeley, captain of the Duke's Life-guard, then present with his troop and three foot-companies; with some other reflections and instructions, to be prepared with a declaration to take off the reports which went about of his Majesty's partiality in the affairs, and of his officers' and spectators' rudeness whilst the conflict lasted. So I came home that night, and went next morning to London, where from the officers of the Tower, Sir William Compton, Sir Charles Berkeley, and others who were attending at this meeting of the Ambassadors three days before, having collected what I could, I drew up a Narrative in vindication of his Majesty, and the carriage of his officers and standers-by. . . .

26th [November]. I saw *Hamlet Prince of Denmark* played; but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad.

[1661-62].

6th [January]. This evening, according to custom, his Majesty opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself in the Privy-chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his 100l. (The year be-

fore he won 1500l.) The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about 1000l., and left them still at passage, cards, &c. At other tables, both there and at the Groom-porter's, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion amongst some losers; sorry am I that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a court which ought to be an example of virtue to the rest of the kingdom.

9th. I saw acted *The Third Part of the Siege of Rhodes*. In this acted the fair and famous comedian called Roxalana, from the part she performed; and I think it was the last, she being taken to be the Earl of Oxford's miss (as at this time they began to call lewd women). It was in recitative music.

[1662].

7th May. I waited on Prince Rupert to our Assembly, where we tried several experiments in Mr. Boyle's *vacuum*. A man thrusting in his arm, upon exhaustion of the air, had his flesh immediately swelled so as the blood was near bursting the veins: he drawing it out, we found it all speckled.

25th. I went this evening to London, in order to our journey to Hampton Court, to see the new Queen, who, having landed at Portsmouth, had been married to the King a week before by the Bishop of London.

30th. The Queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingales, or guard-infantes, their complexions olivader and sufficiently unagreeable. Her Majesty in the same habit, her foretop long and turned aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and, though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out; for the rest, lovely enough.

29th [August]. The Council and Fellows of the Royal Society went in a body to Whitehall, to acknowledge his Majesty's royal grace in granting our charter, and vouchsafing to be himself our Founder; when the President made an eloquent speech, to which his Majesty gave a gracious reply, and we all kissed his hand. Next day, we

went in like manner with our address to my Lord Chancellor, who had much promoted our patent: he received us with extraordinary favor. In the evening, I went to the Queen Mother's court, and had much discourse with her.

15th [October]. I this day delivered my *Discourse concerning Forest Trees* to the Society, upon occasion of certain queries sent to us by the Commissioners of his Majesty's Navy, being the first book that was printed by order of the Society, and by their printer, since it was a corporation.

[1663].

24th October. Mr. Edward Philips came to be my son's preceptor: this gentleman was nephew to Milton, who wrote against Salmasius's *Defensio*; but was not at all infected with his principles, though brought up by him.

[1664].

5th October. To our Society. There was brought a new-invented instrument of music, being a harpsichord with gut-strings, sounding like a concert of viols with an organ, made vocal by a wheel and a zone of parchment that rubbed horizontally against the strings.

29th. Was the most magnificent triumph by water and land of the Lord Mayor. I dined at Guildhall at the upper table, placed next to Sir H. Bennett, Secretary of State, opposite to my Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Buckingham, who sat between Monsieur Comminges, the French Ambassador, Lord Treasurer, the Dukes of Ormond and Albemarle, Earl of Manchester, Lord Chamberlain, and the rest of the great officers of state. My Lord Mayor came twice up to us, first drinking in the golden goblet his Majesty's health, then the French King's as a compliment to the Ambassador; we returned my Lord Mayor's health, the trumpets and drums sounding. The cheer was not to be imagined for the plenty and rarity, with an infinite number of persons at the tables in that ample hall. The feast was said to cost 1000*l*. I slipped away in the crowd, and came home late.

[1664-65].

24th [February]. Dr. Fell, Canon of Christ Church, preached before the King, on 15 ch. Romans, v. 2, a very formal discourse, and in blank verse, according to his manner; however, he is a good man.—Mr. Philips, preceptor to my son, went to be with the Earl of Pembroke's son, my Lord Herbert.

[1665].

30th [June]. To Chatham; and, 1st July, to the fleet with Lord Sandwich, now Admiral, with whom I went in a pinnace to the buoy of the Nore, where the whole fleet rode at anchor; went on board the *Prince*, of ninety brass ordnance, haply the best ship in the world, both for building and sailing; she had 700 men. They made a great huzza, or shout, at our approach, three times. Here we dined with many noblemen, gentlemen, and volunteers, served in plate and excellent meat of all sorts. After dinner, came his Majesty, the Duke, and Prince Rupert. Here I saw the King knight Captain Custance for behaving so bravely in the late fight. It was surprising to behold the good order, decency, and plenty of all things in a vessel so full of men. The ship received a hundred cannon shot in her body. Then I went on board the *Charles*, to which after a gun was shot off, came all the flag-officers to his Majesty, who there held a General Council, which determined that his Royal Highness should adventure himself no more this summer. I came away late, having seen the most glorious fleet that ever spread sails. We returned in his Majesty's yacht with my Lord Sandwich and Mr. Vice-Chamberlain, landing at Chatham on Sunday morning.

16th [July]. There died of the plague in London this week 1100; and in the week following, above 2000. Two houses were shut up in our parish.

2nd August. A solemn fast through England to deprecate God's displeasure against the land by pestilence and war; our Doctor preaching on 26 Levit. v. 41, 42, that the means to obtain remission of punishment was not to repine at it, but humbly to submit to it

5th September. To Chatham, to inspect my charge, with 900*l.* in my coach.

7th. Came home, there perishing near 10,000 poor creatures weekly; however, I went all along the City and suburbs from Kent Street to St. James's, a dismal passage, and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, not knowing whose turn it might be next. I went to the Duke of Albemarle for a pest-ship, to wait on our infected men, who were not a few.

17th. Receiving a letter from Lord Sandwich of a defeat given to the Dutch, I was forced to travel all Sunday. I was exceedingly perplexed to find that near 3000 prisoners were sent to me to dispose of, being more than I had places fit to receive and guard.

25th. My Lord Admiral being come from the fleet to Greenwich, I went thence with him to the Cock-pit, to consult with the Duke of Albemarle. I was peremptory that, unless we had 10,000*l.* immediately, the prisoners would starve, and it was proposed it should be raised out of the East India prizes now taken by Lord Sandwich. They being but two of the commission, and so not empowered to determine, sent an express to his Majesty and Council, to know what they should do. In the mean time, I had five vessels, with competent guards, to keep the prisoners in for the present, to be placed as I should think best. After dinner (which was at the General's) I went over to visit his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth.

28th. To the General again, to acquaint him of the deplorable state of our men for want of provisions: returned with orders.

27th [October]. The Duke of Albemarle was going to Oxford, where both Court and Parliament had been most part of the summer. There was no small suspicion of my Lord Sandwich having permitted divers commanders, who were at the taking of the East India prizes, to break bulk, and to take to themselves jewels, silks, &c.: though I believe some whom I could name filled their pockets, my Lord Sandwich himself had the least share. However, he underwent the blame, and it created him enemies, and pre-

possessed the Lord General, for he spake to me of it with much zeal and concern, and I believe laid load enough on Lord Sandwich at Oxford.

8th December. To my Lord Albemarle (now returned from Oxford), who was declared General at Sea, to the no small mortification of that excellent person the Earl of Sandwich, whom the Duke of Albemarle not only suspected faulty about the prizes, but less valiant; himself imagining how easy a thing it were to confound the Hollanders, as well now as heretofore he fought against them upon a more disloyal interest.

[1666].

6th. [June]. Came Sir Daniel Harvey from the General, and related the dreadful encounter, on which his Majesty commanded me to despatch an extraordinary physician and more chirurgeons. It was on the solemn fast-day when the news came; his Majesty, being in the chapel, made a sudden stop to hear the relation, which being with much advantage on our side, his Majesty commanded that public thanks should immediately be given as for a victory. The Dean of the chapel going down to give notice of it to the other Dean officiating; and notice was likewise sent to St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. But this was no sooner over than news came that our loss was very great both in ships and men; that the *Prince* frigate was burnt, and as noble a vessel of 90 brass guns lost; and the taking of Sir George Ayscue, and exceeding shattering of both fleets; so as both being obstinate, both parted rather for want of ammunition and tackle than courage; our General retreating like a lion; which exceedingly abated of our former joy. There was, however, orders given for bonfires and bells; but, God knows, it was rather a deliverance than a triumph. So much it pleased God to humble our late over-confidence that nothing could withstand the Duke of Albemarle, who, in good truth, made too forward a reckoning of his success now, because he had once beaten the Dutch in another quarrel; and being ambitious to outdo the Earl of Sandwich, whom he had prejudicated as deficient in courage.

17th. Came his Majesty, the Duke, and many noblemen. After Council, we went to prayers. My business being despatched, I returned to Chatham, having lain but one night in the *Royal Charles*; we had a tempestuous sea. I went on shore at Sheerness, where they were building an arsenal for the fleet, and designing a royal fort with a receptacle for great ships to ride at anchor; but here I beheld the sad spectacle, more than half that gallant bulwark of the kingdom miserably shattered, hardly a vessel entire, but appearing rather so many wrecks and hulls, so cruelly had the Dutch mangled us. The loss of the *Prince*, that gallant vessel, had been a loss to be universally deplored, none knowing for what reason we first engaged in this ungrateful war; we lost, besides, nine or ten more, and near 600 men slain and 1100 wounded, 2000 prisoners; to balance which, perhaps we might destroy eighteen or twenty of the enemy's ships, and 700 or 800 poor men.

2nd September. This fatal night, about ten, began the deplorable fire, near Fish Street, in London.

3rd. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole City in dreadful flames near the waterside; all the houses from the bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed; and so returned, exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place; and saw the whole south part of the City burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so uni-

versal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency, or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard, or seen, but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments; leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other. For the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here, we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other side, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round-about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus, I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—
non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem:

the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

7th . . . The people, who now walked about the ruins, appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather, in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces. Also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the City streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapor, continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated. The bye-lanes and narrow streets were quite filled up with rubbish; nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some church, or hall, that had some remarkable tower, or pinnacle remaining.

I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed, and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss; and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in, and refresh them with provisions.

In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the City. There was, in truth, some days before, great suspicion of those two nations joining; and now that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so

terrify that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they run from their goods, and, taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamor and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole Court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards, to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the City, where such as had friends, or opportunity, got shelter for the present; to which his Majesty's proclamation also invited them.

Still, the plague continuing in our parish, I could not, without danger, adventure to our church.

10th September. I went again to the ruins; for it was now no longer a city.

10th October. This day was ordered a general fast through the nation, to humble us on the late dreadful conflagration, added to the plague and war, the most dismal judgments that could be inflicted; but which indeed we highly deserved for our prodigious ingratitude, burning lusts, dissolute court, profane and abominable lives, under such dispensations of God's continued favor in restoring Church, Prince, and people from our late intestine calamities, of which we were altogether unmindful, even to astonishment. This made me resolve to go to our parish assembly, where our Doctor preached on Luke xix. 41: piously applying it to the occasion. After which, was a collection for the distressed losers in the late fire.

18th. To Court. It being the first time his Majesty put himself solemnly into the Eastern fashion of vest, changing doublet, stiff collar, bands and cloak, into a comely dress, after the Persian mode, with girdles or straps, and shoe-strings and garters into buckles, of which some were set with precious stones, resolving never to alter

it, and to leave the French mode, which had hitherto obtained to our great expense and reproach. Upon which, divers courtiers and gentlemen gave his Majesty gold by way of wager that he would not persist in this resolution. I had some time before presented an invective against that unconstancy, and our so much affecting the French fashion, to his Majesty; in which I took occasion to describe the comeliness and usefulness of the Persian clothing, in the very same manner his Majesty now clad himself. This pamphlet I entitled *Tyrannus, or the Mode*, and gave it to the King to read. I do not impute to this discourse the change which soon happened, but it was an identity that I could not but take notice of.

This night was acted my Lord Broghill's tragedy, called *Mustapha*, before their Majesties at Court, at which I was present; very seldom going to the public theaters for many reasons now, as they were abused to an atheistical liberty; foul and undecent women now (and never till now) permitted to appear and act, who inflaming several young noblemen and gallants, became their misses, and to some, their wives. Witness the Earl of Oxford, Sir R. Howard, Prince Rupert, the Earl of Dorset, and another greater person than any of them, who fell into their snares, to the reproach of their noble families, and ruin of both body and soul. I was invited by my Lord Chamberlain to see this tragedy, exceedingly well written, though in my mind I did not approve of any such pastime in a time of such judgments and calamities.

[1667].

28th [June]. I went to Chatham, and thence to view not only what mischief the Dutch had done; but how triumphantly their whole fleet lay within the very mouth of the Thames, all from the North Foreland, Margate, even to the buoy of the Nore—a dreadful spectacle as ever Englishmen saw, and a dishonor never to be wiped off! Those who advised his Majesty to prepare no fleet this spring deserved—I know what—but—

Here in the river off Chatham, just before the town, lay the carcass of the *London* (now the third time burnt), the *Royal Oak*, the *James*, &c. yet smoking; and now, when the mischief was done, we were making trifling forts on the brink of the river. Here were yet forces, both of horse and foot, with General Middleton continually expecting the motions of the enemy's fleet. I had much discourse with him, who was an experienced commander. I told him I wondered the King did not fortify Sheerness and the Ferry; both abandoned.

1st August. I received the sad news of Abraham Cowley's death, that incomparable poet and virtuous man, my very dear friend, and was greatly deplored.

3rd. Went to Mr. Cowley's funeral, whose corpse lay at Wallingford House, and was thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with six horses and all funeral decency, near a hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following; among these, all the wits of the town, divers bishops and clergymen. He was interred next Geoffrey Chaucer, and near Spenser. A goodly monument is since erected to his memory.

Now did his Majesty again dine in the presence, in ancient state, with music and all the court-ceremonies, which had been interrupted since the late war.

17th. To the funeral of Mr. Farrington, a relation of my wife's.

There was now a very gallant horse to be baited to death with dogs; but he fought them all, so as the fiercest of them could not fasten on him, till the men run him through with their swords. This wicked and barbarous sport deserved to have been punished in the cruel contrivers to get money, under pretense that the horse had killed a man, which was false. I would not be persuaded to be a spectator.

21st. Saw the famous Italian puppet-play, for it was no other.

24th. I was appointed, with the rest of my brother Commissioners, to put in execution an order of Council for freeing the prisoners-at-war in my custody at Leeds Castle, and taking off his Majesty's extraordinary charge, having called before us the French and Dutch agents. The peace

was now proclaimed, in the usual form, by the Heralds-at-arms.

25th. After evening service, I went to visit Mr. Vaughan, who lay at Greenwich, a very wise and learned person, one of Mr. Selden's executors and intimate friends.

27th. Visited the Lord Chancellor, to whom his Majesty had sent for the seals a few days before; I found him in his bed-chamber, very sad. The Parliament had accused him, and he had enemies at Court, especially the buffoons and ladies of pleasure, because he thwarted some of them, and stood in their way; I could name some of the chief. The truth is, he made few friends during his grandeur among the royal sufferers, but advanced the old rebels. He was, however, though no considerable lawyer, one who kept up the form and substance of things in the nation with more solemnity than some would have had. He was my particular kind friend, on all occasions. The Cabal, however, prevailed, and that party in Parliament. Great division at Court concerning him, and divers great persons interceding for him.

[1670].

16th June. I went with some friends to the Bear Garden, where was cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bear- and bull-baiting, it being a famous day for all these butcherly sports, or rather barbarous cruelties. The bulls did exceeding well, but the Irish wolf-dog exceeded, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature indeed, who beat a cruel mastiff. One of the bulls tossed a dog full into a lady's lap as she sat in one of the boxes at a considerable height from the arena. Two poor dogs were killed, and so all ended with the ape on horseback, and I most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime, which I had not seen, I think, in twenty years before.

4th November. Saw the Prince of Orange, newly come to see the King, his uncle; he has a manly, courageous, wise countenance, resembling his mother and the Duke of Gloucester, both deceased.

I now also saw that famous beauty, but in my opinion of a childish, simple, and baby face, Mademoiselle Querouaille, lately

Maid of Honor to Madame, and now to be so to the Queen.

24th. I dined with the Treasurer, where was the Earl of Rochester, a very profane wit.

15th December. It was the thickest and darkest fog on the Thames that was ever known in the memory of man, and I happened to be in the very midst of it. I supped with Monsieur Zulestein, late Governor to the late Prince of Orange.

[1670-71].

18th [January]. This day, I first acquainted his Majesty with that incomparable young man, Gibbon, whom I had lately met with in an obscure place by mere accident, as I was walking near a poor solitary thatched house, in a field in our parish, near Sayes Court. I found him shut in; but looking in at the window, I perceived him carving that large cartoon, or crucifix, of Tintoretto, a copy of which I had myself brought from Venice, where the original painting remains. I asked if I might enter; he opened the door civilly to me, and I saw him about such a work as for the curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactness, I never had before seen in all my travels. I questioned him why he worked in such an obscure and lonesome place; he told me it was that he might apply himself to his profession without interruption, and wondered not a little how I found him out. I asked if he was unwilling to be made known to some great man, for that I believed it might turn to his profit; he answered, he was yet but a beginner, but would not be sorry to sell off that piece; on demanding the price, he said £100. In good earnest, the very frame was worth the money, there being nothing in nature so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons about it, and yet the work was very strong; in the piece was more than one hundred figures of men, &c. I found he was likewise musical, and very civil, sober, and discreet in his discourse. There was only an old woman in the house. So, desiring leave to visit him sometimes, I went away.

Of this young artist, together with my

manner of finding him out, I acquainted the King, and begged that he would give me leave to bring him and his work to Whitehall, for that I would adventure my reputation with his Majesty that he had never seen anything approach it, and that he would be exceedingly pleased, and employ him. The King said he would himself go see him. This was the first notice his Majesty ever had of Mr. Gibbon.

1st March. I caused Mr. Gibbon to bring to Whitehall his excellent piece of carving, where being come, I advertised his Majesty, who asked me where it was; I told him in Sir Richard Browne's (my father-in-law) chamber, and that if it pleased his Majesty to appoint whither it should be brought, being large and though of wood heavy, I would take care for it. "No," says the King, "show me the way, I'll go to Sir Richard's chamber," which he immediately did, walking along the entries after me; as far as the ewry, till he came up into the room, where I also lay. No sooner was he entered and cast his eye on the work but he was astonished at the curiosity of it; and having considered it a long time, and discoursed with Mr. Gibbon, whom I brought to kiss his hand, he commanded it should be immediately carried to the Queen's side to show her. It was carried up into her bedchamber, where she and the King looked on and admired it again; the King, being called away, left us with the Queen, believing she would have bought it, it being a crucifix; but, when his Majesty was gone, a French peddling woman, one Madame de Boord, who used to bring petticoats and fans and baubles out of France to the ladies, began to find fault with several things in the work, which she understood no more than an ass or a monkey, so as in a kind of indignation I caused the person who brought it to carry it back to the chamber, finding the Queen so much governed by an ignorant Frenchwoman, and this incomparable artist had his labor only for his pains, which not a little displeased me; and he was fain to send it down to his cottage again; he not long after sold it for 80*l.*, though well worth 100*l.*, without the frame, to Sir George Viner.

His Majesty's Surveyor, Mr. Wren, faithfully promised me to employ him. I having also bespoke his Majesty for his work at Windsor, which my friend, Mr. May, the architect there, was going to alter, and repair universally; for, on the next day, I had a fair opportunity of talking to his Majesty about it, in the lobby next the Queen's side, where I presented him with some sheets of my history. I thence walked with him through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between * * * and Mrs. Nelly, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and * * * standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the King walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation.

[1671].

9th and 10th October. I went, after evening-service, to London, in order to a journey of refreshment with Mr. Treasurer, to Newmarket, where the King then was, in his coach with six brave horses, which we changed thrice, first, at Bishop-Stortford, and last, at Chesterford; so, by night, we got to Newmarket, where Mr. Henry Jermyn (nephew to the Earl of St. Alban's) lodged me very civilly. We proceeded immediately to Court, the King and all the English gallants being there at their autumnal sports. Supped at the Lord Chamberlain's; and, the next day, after dinner, I was on the heath, where I saw the great match run between Woodcock and Flatfoot, belonging to the King and to Mr. Eliot of the Bedchamber, many thousands being spectators; a more signal race had not been run for many years.

This over, I went that night with Mr. Treasurer to Euston, a palace of Lord Arlington's, where we found Monsieur Colbert (the French Ambassador), and the famous new French Maid of Honor, Mademoiselle Querouaille, now coming to be in great favor with the King. Here was also the Countess of Sunderland, and several lords and ladies, who lodged in the house.

During my stay here with Lord Arlington, near a fortnight, his Majesty came almost every second day with the Duke, who commonly returned to Newmarket; but the King often lay here, during which time I had twice the honor to sit at dinner with him, with all freedom. It was universally reported that the fair lady — was bedded one of these nights, and the stocking flung, after the manner of a married bride; I acknowledge she was for the most part in her undress all day, and that there was fondness and toying with that young wanton; nay, it was said I was at the former ceremony; but it is utterly false; I neither saw nor heard of any such thing whilst I was there, though I had been in her chamber, and all over that apartment late enough, and was myself observing all passages with much curiosity. However, it was with confidence believed she was first made a *miss*, as they call these unhappy creatures, with solemnity at this time.

On Sunday, a young Cambridge divine preached an excellent sermon in the chapel, the King and the Duke of York being present.

21st. Quitting Euston, I lodged this night at Newmarket, where I found the jolly blades racing, dancing, feasting, and reveling, more resembling a luxurious and abandoned rout than a Christian court. The Duke of Buckingham was now in mighty favor, and had with him that impudent woman, the Countess of Shrewsbury, with his band of fiddlers, &c.

Next morning, in company with Sir Bernard Gascoyne and Lord Hawley, I came in the Treasurer's coach to Bishop-Stortford, where he gave us a noble supper. The following day, to London, and so home.

[1672].

4th April. I went to see the fopperies of the Papists at Somerset House and York House, where now the French Ambassador had caused to be represented our Blessed Savior at the Pascal Supper with his Disciples, in figures and puppets made as big as the life, of wax-works, curiously clad and sitting round a large table, the room

nobly hung, and shining with innumerable lamps and candles: this was exposed to all the world; all the City came to see it. Such liberty had the Roman Catholics at this time obtained.

1st August. I was at the marriage of Lord Arlington's only daughter (a sweet child if ever there was any) to the Duke of Grafton, the King's natural son by the Duchess of Cleveland; the Archbishop of Canterbury officiating, the King and all the grandees being present. I had a favor given me by my lady; but took no great joy at the thing for many reasons.

[1673].

30th [March]. Easter day. Myself and son received the blessed communion, it being his first time, and with that whole week's more extraordinary preparation. I beseech God to make him a sincere good Christian, whilst I endeavor to instil into him the fear and love of God, and discharge the duty of a father.

At the sermon *coram Rege*, preached by Dr. Sparrow, Bishop of Exeter, to a most crowded auditory; I staid to see whether, according to custom, the Duke of York received the communion with the King; but he did not, to the amazement of everybody. This being the second year he had forborne, and put it off, and within a day of the Parliament sitting, who had lately made so severe an Act against the increase of Popery, gave exceeding grief and scandal to the whole nation, that the heir of it, and the son of a martyr for the Protestant religion, should apostatize. What the consequence of this will be, God only knows, and wise men dread.

26th April. Dr. Lamplugh preached at St. Martin's, the holy sacrament following, which I partook of, upon obligation of the late Act of Parliament, enjoining everybody in office, civil or military, under penalty of £500, to receive it within one month before two authentic witnesses; being engrossed on parchment, to be afterwards produced in the Court of Chancery, or some other Court of Record; which I did at the Chancery-bar, as being one of the Council of Plantations and Trade; taking then also

the oath of allegiance and supremacy, signing the clause in the said Act against transubstantiation.

5th November. This night the youths of the City burnt the Pope in effigy, after they had made procession with it in great triumph, they being displeased at the Duke for altering his religion, and marrying an Italian lady.

30th. On St. Andrew's day, I first saw ¹⁰ the new Duchess of York, and the Duchess of Modena, her mother.

1st December. To Gresham College, whither the City had invited the Royal Society by many of their chief aldermen and magistrates, who gave us a collation, to welcome us to our first place of assembly, from whence we had been driven to give place to the City, on their making it their Exchange, on the dreadful conflagration, ²⁰ till their new Exchange was finished, which it now was. The Society having till now been entertained and having met at Arundel House.

[1673-74].

5th January. I saw an Italian opera in music, the first that had been in England of this kind.

[1674].

27th June. Mr. Dryden, the famous poet and now laureate, came to give me a visit. It was the anniversary of my marriage, and the first day I went into my new little cell and cabinet, which I built below towards the south court, at the east end of the parlor.

[1675].

15th [June]. This afternoon came Monsieur Querouaille and his lady, parents to the famous beauty and * * * * * favorite at Court, to see Sir R. Browne, with whom they were intimately acquainted in Bretagne, at the time Sir Richard was sent to Brest to supervise his Majesty's sea-affairs, during the later part of the King's banishment. This gentleman's house was not a mile from Brest; Sir Richard made an ⁵⁰ acquaintance there, and, being used very civilly, was obliged to return it here, which he did. He seemed a soldierly person and a

good fellow, as the Bretons generally are; his lady had been very handsome, and seemed a shrewd understanding woman. Conversing with him in our garden, I found several words of the Breton language the same with our Welsh. His daughter was now made Duchess of Portsmouth, and in the height of favor; but he never made any use of it.

10th [September]. I was casually ¹⁰ showed the Duchess of Portsmouth's splendid apartment at Whitehall, luxuriously furnished, and with ten times the richness and glory beyond the Queen's; such massy pieces of plate, whole tables, and stands of incredible value.

[1678].

15th [November]. The Queen's birth-²⁰ day. I never saw the Court more brave, nor the nation in more apprehension and consternation. Coleman and one Staly had now been tried, condemned, and executed. On this, Oates grew so presumptuous as to accuse the Queen of intending to poison the King; which certainly that pious and virtuous lady abhorred the thoughts of, and Oates's circumstances made it utterly ³⁰ unlikely in my opinion. He probably thought to gratify some who would have been glad his Majesty should have married a fruitful lady; but the King was too kind a husband to let any of these make impression on him. However, divers of the Popish peers were sent to the Tower, accused by Oates; and all the Roman Catholic lords were by a new Act forever excluded the Parliament; which was a mighty blow. ⁴⁰ The King's, Queen's, and Duke's servants were banished, and a test to be taken by everybody who pretended to enjoy any office of public trust, and who would not be suspected of Popery. I went with Sir William Godolphin, a member of the Commons' House, to the Bishop of Ely (Dr. Peter Gunning), to be resolved whether masses were idolatory, as the text expressed it, which was so worded that several good Protestants scrupled, and Sir William, though a learned man and excellent divine himself, had some doubts about it. The Bishop's opinion was that he

might take it, though he wished it had been otherwise worded in the text.

[1679].

24th [April]. The Duke of York, voted against by the Commons for his recusancy, went over to Flanders; which made much discourse.

4th June. I dined with Mr. Pepys in the Tower, he having been committed by the House of Commons for misdemeanors in the Admiralty when he was Secretary; I believed he was unjustly charged. Here I saluted my Lords Stafford and Petre, who were committed for the Popish Plot.

28th [November]. Came over the Duke of Monmouth from Holland unexpectedly to his Majesty; whilst the Duke of York was on his journey to Scotland, whither the King sent him to reside and govern. The bells and bonfires of the City at this arrival of the Duke of Monmouth publishing their joy, to the no small regret of some at Court. This Duke, whom for distinction they called the Protestant Duke (though the son of an abandoned woman), the people made their idol.

[1680].

12th December. This evening, looking out of my chamber-window towards the west, I saw a meteor of an obscure bright color, very much in shape like the blade of a sword, the rest of the sky very serene and clear. What this may portend, God only knows; but such another phenomenon I remember to have seen in 1640, about the trial of the great Earl of Strafford, preceding our bloody Rebellion. I pray God avert His judgments! We have had of late several comets, which though I believe appear from natural causes, and of themselves operate not, yet I cannot despise them. They may be warnings from God, as they commonly are forerunners of His animadversions. After many days and nights of snow, cloudy and dark weather, the comet was very much wasted.

[1681-82].

10th [March]. This day was executed Colonel Vrats, and some of his accom-

plices, for the execrable murder of Mr. Thynn, set on by the principal Koningsmark. He went to execution like an undaunted hero, as one that had done a friendly office for that base coward, Count Koningsmark, who had hopes to marry his widow, the rich Lady Ogle, and was acquitted by a corrupt jury, and so got away. Vrats told a friend of mine who accom-

10 panied him to the gallows, and gave him some advice, that he did not value dying of a rush, and hoped and believed God would deal with him like a gentleman. Never man went so unconcerned for his sad fate.

[1683].

28th [June]. After the Popish Plot, there was now a new and (as they called it) a

20 Protestant Plot discovered, that certain lords and others should design the assassination of the King and the Duke as they were to come from Newmarket, with a general rising of the nation, and especially of the City of London, disaffected to the present Government. Upon which were committed to the Tower the Lord Russell, eldest son of the Earl of Bedford, the Earl of Essex, Mr. Algernon Sidney, son to the

30 old Earl of Leicester, Mr. Trenchard, Hampden, Lord Howard of Escrick, and others. A proclamation was issued against my Lord Grey, the Duke of Monmouth, Sir Thomas Armstrong, and one Ferguson, who had escaped beyond sea; of these some were said to be for killing the King, others for only seizing on him, and persuading him to new counsels, on the pretense of the danger of Popery, should the Duke live to succeed, who was now again admitted to the councils and cabinet secrets. The Lords Essex and Russell were much deplored, for believing they had any evil intention against the King or the Church; some thought they were cunningly drawn in by their enemies for not approving some late counsels and management relating to France, to Popery, to the persecution of the Dissenters, &c. They were discovered by the Lord Howard

50 of Escrick and some false brethren of the club, and the design happily broken; had it taken effect, it would, to all appearance, have exposed the Government to unknown

and dangerous events; which God avert!

Was born my grand-daughter at Sayes Court, and christened by the name of Martha Maria, our vicar officiating. I pray God bless her, and may she choose the better part!

13th July. As I was visiting Sir Thomas Yarborough and his lady in Covent Garden, the astonishing news was brought to us of the Earl of Essex having cut his throat, having been but three days a prisoner in the Tower, and this happening on the very day and instant that Lord Russell was on his trial, and had sentence of death. This accident exceedingly amazed me, my Lord Essex being so well known by me to be a person of such sober and religious deportment, so well at his ease, and so much obliged to the King. It is certain the King and Duke were at the Tower, and passed by his window about the same time this morning, when my lord asking for a razor, shut himself into a closet, and perpetrated the horrid act. Yet it was wondered by some how it was possible he should do it in the manner he was found, for the wound was so deep and wide that, being cut through the gullet, wind-pipe, and both the jugulars, it reached to the very vertebræ of the neck, so that the head held to it by a very little skin as it were; the gapping too of the razor, and cutting his own fingers, was a little strange; but more, that having passed the jugulars he should have strength to proceed so far, that an executioner could hardly have done more with an ax. There were odd reflections upon it.

The fatal news coming to Hicks's Hall upon the article of my Lord Russell's trial, was said to have had no little influence on the jury and all the bench to his prejudice. Others said that he had himself on some occasions hinted that in case he should be in danger of having his life taken from him by any public misfortune, those who thirsted for his estate should miss of their aim; and that he should speak favorably of that Earl of Northumberland, and some others, who made away with themselves; but these are discourses so unlike his sober and prudent conversation that I have no inclination to credit them. What might instigate him to this devilish act, I am not

able to conjecture. My Lord Clarendon, his brother-in-law, who was with him but the day before, assured me he was then very cheerful, and declared it to be the effect of his innocence and loyalty; and most believe that his Majesty had no severe intentions against him, though he was altogether inexorable as to Lord Russell and some of the rest. For my part, I believe the crafty and ambitious Earl of Shaftesbury had brought them into some dislike of the present carriage of matters at Court, not with any design of destroying the monarchy (which Shaftesbury had in confidence and for unanswerable reasons told me he would support to his last breath, as having seen and felt the misery of being under mechanic tyranny), but perhaps of setting up some other whom he might govern, and frame to his own platonic fancy, without much regard to the religion established under the hierarchy, for which he had no esteem; but when he perceived those whom he had engaged to rise, fail of his expectations, and the day past, reproaching his accomplices that a second day for an exploit of this nature was never successful, he gave them the slip, and got into Holland, where the fox died, three months before these unhappy lords and others were discovered or suspected. Everyone deplored Essex and Russell, especially the last, as being thought to have been drawn in on pretense only of endeavoring to rescue the King from his present councilors, and secure religion from Popery, and the nation from arbitrary government, now so much apprehended; whilst the rest of those who were fled, especially Ferguson and his gang, had doubtless some bloody design to get up a Commonwealth, and turn all things topsy-turvy. Of the same tragical principles is Sydney.

I had this day much discourse with Monsieur Pontaq, son to the famous and wise prime President of Bordeaux. This gentleman was owner of that excellent vignoble of Pontaq and O'Brien, from whence come the choicest of our Bordeaux wines; and I think I may truly say of him, what was not so truly said of St. Paul, that much learning had made him mad. He had studied well in philosophy, but chiefly the

Rabbins, and was exceedingly addicted to cabalistical fancies, an eternal hablador, and half distracted by reading abundance of the extravagant Eastern Jews. He spake all languages, was very rich, had a handsome person, and was well-bred, about forty-five years of age.

19th July. George, Prince of Denmark, who had landed this day, came to marry the Lady Anne, daughter to the Duke; so I returned home, having seen the young gallant at dinner at Whitehall.

20th. Several of the conspirators of the lower form were executed at Tyburn; and the next day.

21st. Lord Russell was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the executioner giving him three butcherly strokes. The speech he made, and the paper which he gave the Sheriff declaring his innocence, the nobleness of the family, the piety and worthiness of the unhappy gentleman, wrought much pity, and occasioned various discourses on the plot.

25th. I again saw Prince George of Denmark: he had the Danish countenance, blonde, of few words, spake French but ill, seemed somewhat heavy, but reported to be valiant, and indeed he had bravely rescued and brought off his brother, the King of Denmark, in a battle against the Swedes, when both these kings were engaged very smartly.

28th. He was married to the Lady Anne at Whitehall. Her court and household to be modeled as the Duke's, her father, had been; and they to continue in England.

4th October . . . Following his Majesty this morning through the Gallery, I went with the few who attended him, into the Duchess of Portsmouth's *dressing-room* within her bedchamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly out of her bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her; but that which engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, whilst her Majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's ladies in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabric of French

tapestry, for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germain, and other palaces of the French King, with huntings, figures, and landscapes, exotic fowls, and all to the life rarely done. Then for Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney-furniture, sconces, branches, braseras, &c., all of massy silver and out of number, besides some of her Majesty's best paintings.

Surfeiting of this, I dined at Sir Stephen Fox's and went contented home to my poor, but quiet villa. What contentment can there be in the riches and splendor of this world, purchased with vice and dishonor?

23rd [November]. The Duke of Monmouth, till now proclaimed traitor on the pretended plot for which Lord Russell was lately beheaded, came this evening to Whitehall and rendered himself, on which were various discourses.

[1683-84].

24th [January]. The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops furnished, and full of commodities, even to a printing-press, where the people and ladies took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down when printed on the Thames: this humor took so universally that it was estimated the printer gained £5 a day, for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, &c. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other stairs to and fro, as in the streets, sleds, sliding with skates, a bull-baiting, horse- and coach-races, puppet-plays and interludes, cooks, tipping, and other lewd places, so that it seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgment on the land, the trees not only splitting as if lightning-struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so locked up with ice that no vessels could stir out or come in. The fowls, fish, and birds, and

all our exotic plants and greens universally perishing. Many parks of deer were destroyed, and all sorts of fuel so dear that there were great contributions to preserve the poor alive. Nor was this severe weather much less intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spain and the most southern tracts. London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea-coal that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breathe. Here was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers other tradesmen work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents.

[1684].

28th [March]. There was so great a concourse of people with their children to be touched for the Evil that six or seven were crushed to death by pressing at the chyrurgeon's door for tickets. The weather began to be more mild and tolerable; but there was not the least appearance of any spring.

30th. *Easter day*. The Bishop of Rochester preached before the King; after which his Majesty, accompanied with three of his natural sons, the Dukes of Northumberland, Richmond, and St. Alban's (sons of Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Nelly), went up to the altar; the three boys entering before the King within the rails, at the right hand, and three bishops on the left: London (who officiated), Durham, and Rochester, with the Sub-dean, Dr. Holder. The King, kneeling before the altar, making his offering, the bishops first received, and then his Majesty; after which he retired to a canopied seat on the right hand. Note, there was perfume burnt before the office began. I had received the sacrament at Whitehall early with the Lords and Household, the Bishop of London officiating. Then went to St. Martin's, where Dr. Tenison preached (recovered from the smallpox); then went again to Whitehall as above. In the afternoon, went to St. Martin's again.

15th [November]. Being the Queen's birthday, there were fireworks on the Thames before Whitehall, with pageants of castles, forts, and other devices of girandolas, serpents, the King and Queen's arms and mottoes, all represented in fire, such as had not been seen here. But the most remarkable was the several fires and skirmishes in the very water, which actually moved a long way, burning under the water, now and then appearing above it, giving reports like muskets and cannon, with grenados and innumerable other devices. It is said it cost £1,500. It was concluded with a ball, where all the young ladies and gallants danced in the great hall. The Court had not been so brave and rich in apparel since his Majesty's restoration.

[1684-85].

4th February. I went to London, hearing his Majesty had been the Monday before (2nd February) surprised in his bed-chamber with an apoplectic fit, so that if, by God's providence, Dr. King (that excellent chyrurgeon as well as physician) had not been accidentally present to let him blood (having his lancet in his pocket), his Majesty had certainly died that moment; which might have been of direful consequence, there being nobody else present with the King save this doctor and one more, as I am assured. It was a mark of the extraordinary dexterity, resolution, and presence of mind in the doctor, to let him blood in the very paroxysm, without staying the coming of other physicians, which regularly should have been done, and for want of which he must have a regular pardon, as they tell me. This rescued his Majesty for the instant, but it was only a short reprieve. He still complained, and was relapsing, often fainting, with sometimes epileptic symptoms, till Wednesday, for which he was cupped, let blood in both jugulars, and both vomit and purges, which so relieved him that on Thursday hopes of recovery were signified in the public Gazette, but that day about noon, the physicians thought him feverish. This they seemed glad of, as being more easily allayed and methodically dealt with

than his former fits; so as they prescribed the famous Jesuit's powder; but it made him worse, and some very able doctors who were present did not think it a fever, but the effect of his frequent bleeding and other sharp operations used by them about his head, so that probably the powder might stop the circulation, and renew his former fits, which now made him very weak. Thus he passed Thursday night with great difficulty, when complaining of a pain in his side, they drew twelve ounces more of blood from him; this was by six in the morning on Friday, and it gave him relief, but it did not continue, for being now in much pain, and struggling for breath, he lay dozing, and, after some conflicts, the physicians despairing of him, he gave up the ghost at half an hour after eleven in the morning, being the sixth of February, 1685, in the 36th year of his reign, and 54th of his age.

Prayers were solemnly made in all the churches, especially in both the Court chapels, where the chaplains relieved one another every half quarter of an hour from the time he began to be in danger till he expired, according to the form prescribed in the Church-offices. Those who assisted his Majesty's devotions were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Durham, and Ely, but more especially Dr. Ken, the Bishop of Bath and Wells. It is said they exceedingly urged the receiving holy sacrament, but his Majesty told them he would consider of it, which he did so long till it was too late. Others whispered that the bishops and lords, except the Earls of Bath and Feversham, being ordered to withdraw the night before, Huddleston, the priest, had presumed to administer the Popish offices. He gave his breeches and keys to the Duke, who was almost continually kneeling by his bedside, and in tears. He also recommended to him the care of his natural children, all except the Duke of Monmouth, now in Holland, and in his displeasure. He entreated the Queen to pardon him (not without cause); who a little before had sent a bishop to excuse her not more frequently visiting him, in regard of her excessive grief, and withal that his Majesty would forgive it if at any

time she had offended him. He spake to the Duke to be kind to the Duchess of Cleveland, and especially Portsmouth, and that Nelly might not starve.

Thus died King Charles II., of a vigorous and robust constitution, and in all appearance promising a long life. He was a prince of many virtues, and many great imperfections; debonaire, easy of access, not bloody nor cruel; his countenance fierce, his voice great, proper of person, every motion became him; a lover of the sea, and skillful in shipping; not affecting other studies, yet he had a laboratory, and knew of many empirical medicines and the easier mechanical mathematics; he loved lanting and building, and brought in a politer way of living, which passed to luxury and intolerable expense. He had a particular talent in telling a story, and facetious passages, of which he had innumerable; this made some buffoons and vicious wretches too presumptuous and familiar, not worthy the favor they abused. He took delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bedchamber, where he often suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and indeed made the whole court nasty and stinking. He would doubtless have been an excellent prince, had he been less addicted to women, who made him uneasy, and always in want to supply their unmeasurable profusion, to the detriment of many indigent persons who had signally served both him and his father. He frequently and easily changed favorites to his great prejudice.

As to other public transactions, and unhappy miscarriages, 'tis not here I intend to number them; but certainly never had king more glorious opportunities to have made himself, his people, and all Europe happy, and prevented innumerable mischiefs, had not his too easy nature resigned him to be managed by crafty men, and some abandoned and profane wretches who corrupted his otherwise sufficient parts, disciplined as he had been by many afflictions during his banishment, which gave him much experience and knowledge of men and things; but those wicked creatures took him from off all application becoming so great a king. The history of his

reign will certainly be the most wonderful for the variety of matter and accidents, above any extant in former ages: the sad tragical death of his father, his banishment and hardships, his miraculous restoration, conspiracies against him, parliaments, wars, plagues, fires, comets, revolutions abroad happening in his time, with a thousand other particulars. He was ever kind to me, and very gracious upon all occasions, and therefore I cannot without ingratitude but deplore his loss, which for many respects, as well as duty, I do with all my soul.

His Majesty being dead, the Duke, now King James II., went immediately to Council, and before entering into any business, passionately declaring his sorrow, told their lordships that, since the succession had fallen to him, he would endeavor to follow the example of his predecessor in his clemency and tenderness to his people; that, however he had been misrepresented as affecting arbitrary power, they should find the contrary; for that the laws of England had made the King as great a monarch as he could desire; that he would endeavor to maintain the Government both in Church and State, as by law established, its principles being so firm for monarchy, and the members of it showing themselves so good and loyal subjects; and that, as he would never depart from the just rights and prerogatives of the crown, so he would never invade any man's property; but as he had often adventured his life in defense of the nation, so he would still proceed, and preserve it in all its lawful rights and liberties.

This being the substance of what he said, the lords desired it might be published, as containing matter of great satisfaction to a jealous people upon this change, which his Majesty consented to. Then were the Council sworn, and a proclamation ordered to be published that all officers should continue in their stations, that there might be no failure of public justice, till his further pleasure should be known. Then the King rose, the lords accompanying him to his bedchamber, where, whilst he reposed himself, tired indeed as he was with grief and watching, they returned again into the

Council-chamber to take order for the *proclaiming* his Majesty, which (after some debate) they consented should be in the very form his grandfather, King James I. was, after the death of Queen Elizabeth; as likewise that the lords, &c., should proceed in their coaches through the City for the more solemnity of it. Upon this was I, and several other gentlemen waiting in the Privy gallery, admitted into the Council-chamber to be witness of what was resolved on. Thence with the lords, the Lord Marshal and heralds, and other Crown-officers being ready, we first went to Whitehall-gate, where the lords stood on foot bareheaded, whilst the Herald proclaimed his Majesty's title to the imperial crown and succession according to the form, the trumpets and kettle-drums having first sounded three times, which ended with the people's acclamations. Then a herald called the lords' coaches according to rank. myself accompanying the solemnity in my Lord Cornwallis's coach, first to Temple Bar, where the Lord Mayor and his brethren met us on horseback, in all their formalities, and proclaimed the King; hence to the Exchange in Cornhill, and so we returned in the order we set forth. Being come to Whitehall, we all went and kissed the King and Queen's hands. He had been on the bed, but was now risen and in his undress. The Queen was in bed in her apartment, but put forth her hand, seeming to be much afflicted, as I believe she was, having deported herself so decently upon all occasions since she came into England, which made her universally beloved.

Thus concluded this sad and not joyful day.

I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'night I was witness of, the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, &c., a French boy singing love songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them;

upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, was all in the dust.

It was enjoined that those who put on mourning should wear it as for a father, in the most solemn manner.

[1686].

29th [December]. I went to hear the music of the Italians in the new chapel, now first opened publicly at Whitehall for the Popish service. Nothing can be finer than the magnificent marble work and architecture at the end, where are four statues, representing St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul, and the Church, in white marble, the work of Mr. Gibbon, with all the carving and pillars of exquisite art and great cost. The altar-piece is the Salutation; the volto in *fresco*, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, according to their tradition, with our Blessed Savior, and a world of figures painted by Verrio. The throne where the King and Queen sit is very glorious, in a closet above, just opposite to the altar. Here we saw the Bishop in his miter and rich copes, with six or seven Jesuits and others in rich copes, sumptuously habited, often taking off and putting on the Bishop's miter, who sat in a chair with arms pontifically, was adored and censured by three Jesuits in their copes; then he went to the altar and made divers cringes, then censuring the images and glorious tabernacle placed on the altar, and now and then changing place: the crosier, which was of silver, was put into his hand with a world of mysterious ceremony, the music playing, with singing. I could not have believed I should ever have seen such things in the King of England's palace, after it had pleased God to enlighten this nation; but our great sin has, for the present, eclipsed the blessing, which I hope He will in mercy and His good time restore to its purity.

Little appearance of any winter as yet.

[1687].

10th [April]. In the last week, there was issued a Dispensation from all obliga-

tions and tests, by which Dissenters and Papists especially had public liberty of exercising their several ways of worship, without incurring the penalty of the many laws and Acts of Parliament to the contrary. This was purely obtained by the Papists, thinking thereby to ruin the Church of England, being now the only church which so admirably and strenuously opposed their superstition. There was a wonderful course of people at the Dissenters' meeting-house in this parish, and the parish-church left exceeding thin. What this will end in, God Almighty only knows; but it looks like confusion, which I pray God avert.

[1688].

18th [May]. The King enjoining the ministers to read his Declaration for giving liberty of conscience (as it was styled) in all the churches of England, this evening, six bishops, Bath and Wells, Peterborough, Ely, Chichester, St. Asaph, and Bristol, in the name of all the rest of the bishops, came to his Majesty to petition him that he would not impose the reading of it to the several congregations within their dioceses; not that they were averse to the publishing it for want of due tenderness towards Dissenters, in relation to whom they should be willing to come to such a temper as should be thought fit, when that matter might be considered and settled in Parliament and Convocation; but that, the Declaration being founded on such a dispensing power as might at pleasure set aside all laws ecclesiastical and civil, it appeared to them illegal, as it had done to the Parliament in 1661 and 1672, and that it was a point of such consequence that they could not so far make themselves parties to it as the reading of it in church in time of divine service amounted to.

The King was so far incensed at this address that he with threatening expressions commanded them to obey him in reading it at their perils, and so dismissed them.

10th [June]. A young Prince born, which will cause disputes.

About two o'clock, we heard the Tower-ordnance discharged, and the bells ring for

the birth of a Prince of Wales. This was very surprising, it having been universally given out that her Majesty did not look till the next month.

18th [*December*]. I saw the King take barge to Gravesend at twelve o'clock—a sad sight! The Prince comes to St. James's, and fills Whitehall with Dutch guards. A Council of Peers meet about an expedient to call a Parliament; adjourn to the House of Lords. The Chancellor, Earl of Peterborough, and divers others taken. The Earl of Sunderland flies; Sir Edward Hales, Walker, and others, taken and secured.

All the world go to see the Prince at St. James's, where there is a great court. There I saw him, and several of my acquaintance who came over with him. He is very stately, serious, and reserved. The English soldiers sent out of town to disband them; not well pleased.

24th. The King passes into France, whither the Queen and child were gone a few days before.

26th. The Peers and such Commoners as were members of the Parliament at Oxford, being the last of Charles II. meeting, desire the Prince of Orange to take on him the disposal of the public revenue till a Convention of Lords and Commons should meet in full body, appointed by his circular letters to the shires and boroughs, 22nd January. I had now quartered upon me a Lieutenant-Colonel and eight horses.

30th. This day prayers for the Prince of Wales were first left off in our church.

[1688-89].

21st [*February*]. Dr. Burnet preached at St. James's on the obligation to walk worthy of God's particular and signal deliverance of the Nation and Church.

I saw the *new Queen* and *King* proclaimed the very next day after her coming to Whitehall, Wednesday, 13th February, with great acclamation and general good reception. Bonfires, bells, guns, &c. It was believed that both, especially the Princess, would have showed some (seeming) reluctance at least, of assuming her father's crown, and made some apology, testifying by her regret that he should by his mis-

management necessitate the nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, which would have showed very handsomely to the world, and according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, that there was no intention of deposing the King, but of succoring the nation; but nothing of all this appeared; she came into Whitehall laughing and jolly, as to a wedding, so as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undress, as it was reported, before her women were up, went about from room to room to see the convenience of Whitehall; lay in the same bed and apartment where the late Queen lay, and within a night or two sat down to play at basset, as the Queen her predecessor used to do. She smiled upon and talked to everybody, so that no change seemed to have taken place at Court since her last going away, save that infinite crowds of people thronged to see her, and that she went to our prayers. This carriage was censured by many. She seems to be of a good nature, and that she takes nothing to heart: whilst the Prince her husband has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderful serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affairs: Holland, Ireland, and France calling for his care.

Divers bishops and noblemen are not at all satisfied with this so sudden assumption of the crown, without any previous sending, and offering some conditions to the absent King; or, on his not returning, or not assenting to those conditions, to have proclaimed him Regent; but the major part of both Houses prevailed to make them King and Queen immediately, and a crown was tempting. This was opposed and spoken against with such vehemence by Lord Clarendon (her own uncle), that it put him by all preferment, which must doubtless have been as great as could have been given him. My Lord of Rochester his brother overshot himself, by the same carriage and stiffness, which their friends thought they might have well spared when they saw how it was like to be overruled, and that it had been sufficient to have declared their dissent with less passion, acquiescing in due time.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and some of the rest, on scruple of conscience and to salve the oaths they had taken, entered their protests and hung off, especially the Archbishop, who had not all this while so much as appeared out of Lambeth. This occasioned the wonder of many who observed with what zeal they contributed to the Prince's expedition, and all the while also rejecting any proposals of sending again to the absent King; that they should now raise scruples, and such as created much division among the people, greatly rejoicing the old courtiers, and especially the Papists.

Another objection was, the invalidity of what was done by a Convention only, and the as yet unabrogated laws; this drew them to make themselves on the 22nd [February] a Parliament, the new King passing the Act with the crown on his head. The lawyers disputed, but necessity prevailed, the Government requiring a speedy settlement.

Innumerable were the crowds who solicited for and expected offices; most of the old ones were turned out. Two or three white staves were disposed of some days before, as Lord Steward, to the Earl of Devonshire; Treasurer of the Household, to Lord Newport; Lord Chamberlain to the King, to my Lord of Dorset; but there were as yet none in offices of the Civil Government save the Marquis of Halifax as Privy Seal. A council of thirty was chosen, Lord Derby president, but neither Chancellor nor Judges were yet declared, the new Great Seal not yet finished.

[1689-90].

19th [February]. I dined with the Marquis of Carmarthen (late Lord Danby), where was Lieutenant-General Douglas, a very considerate and sober commander, going for Ireland. He related to us the exceeding neglect of the English soldiers, suffering severely for want of clothes and necessaries this winter, exceedingly magnifying their courage and bravery during all their hardships. There dined also Lord Lucas, Lieutenant of the Tower, and the Bishop of St. Asaph.—The Privy Seal was again put in commission, Mr. Cheny (who

married my kinswoman, Mrs. Pierrepont), Sir Thomas Knatchbull, and Sir P. W. Pultney.—The imprudence of both sexes was now become so great and universal, persons of all ranks keeping their courtesans publicly, that the King had lately directed a letter to the bishops to order their clergy to preach against that sin, swearing, &c., and to put the ecclesiastical laws in execution without any indulgence.

[1690].

24th [June]. Dined with Mr. Pepys, who the next day was sent to the Gate-house, and several great persons to the Tower, on suspicion of being affected to King James; amongst them was the Earl of Clarendon, the Queen's uncle. King William having vanquished King James in Ireland, there was much public rejoicing. It seems the Irish in King James's army would not stand, but the English-Irish and French made great resistance. Schomberg was slain, and Dr. Walker, who so bravely defended Londonderry. King William received a slight wound by the grazing of a cannon bullet on his shoulder, which he endured with very little interruption of his pursuit. Hamilton, who broke his word about Tyrconnel, was taken. It is reported that King James is gone back to France. Drogheda and Dublin surrendered, and if King William be returning, we may say of him as Cæsar said, *Veni, vidi, vici*. But to alloy much of this, the French fleet rides in our channel, ours not daring to interpose, and the enemy threatening to land.

[1691].

10th April. This night, a sudden and terrible fire burnt down all the buildings over the stone gallery at Whitehall to the water-side, beginning at the apartment of the late Duchess of Portsmouth (which had been pulled down and rebuilt no less than three times to please her), and consuming other lodgings of such lewd creatures, who debauched both King Charles II. and others, and were his destruction.

[1692].

29th [May]. Though this day was set apart expressly for celebrating the memorable birth, return, and restoration of the late King Charles II., there was no notice taken of it, nor any part of the office annexed to the Common Prayer-book made use of, which I think was ill done, in regard his restoration not only redeemed us from anarchy and confusion, but restored the Church of England as it were miraculously.

[1694-95].

8th [March]. I supped at the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry's, who related to me the pious behavior of the Queen in all her sickness, which was admirable. She never inquired of what opinion persons were, who were objects of charity; that, on opening a cabinet, a paper was found wherein she had desired that her body might not be opened, or any extraordinary expense at her funeral, whenever she should die. This paper was not found in time to be observed. There were other excellent things under her own hand, to the very least of her debts, which were very small, and everything in that exact method as seldom is found in any private person. In sum, she was such an admirable woman, abating for taking the crown without a more due apology, as does, if possible, outdo the renowned Queen Elizabeth.

[1699].

11th June. After a long drought, we had a refreshing shower. The day before, there was a dreadful fire at Rotherhithe, near the Thames side, which burnt divers ships, and consumed near three hundred houses.—Now died the famous Duchess of Mazarine; she had been the richest lady in Eu-

rope. She was niece of Cardinal Mazarine, and was married to the richest subject in Europe, as is said. She was born at Rome, educated in France, and was an extraordinary beauty and wit, but dissolute and impatient of matrimonial restraint, so as to be abandoned by her husband, and banished, when she came into England for shelter, lived on a pension given her here, and is reported to have hastened her death by intemperate drinking strong spirits. She has written her own story and adventures, and so has her other extravagant sister, wife to the noble family of Colonna.

24th [November]. I signed Dr. Blackwall's election to be the next year's Boyles Lecturer.

Such horrible robberies and murders were committed as had not been known in this nation; atheism, profaneness, blasphemy, amongst all sorts, portended some judgment if not amended; on which a society was set on foot, who obliged themselves to endeavor the reforming of it, in London and other places, and began to punish offenders and put the laws in more strict execution: which God Almighty prosper! —A gentle, calm, dry, temperate weather all this season of the year, but now came sharp, hard frost, and mist, but calm.

[1699-1700].

24th [February]. The season warm, gentle, and exceeding pleasant.—Divers persons of quality entered into the Society for Reformation of Manners; and some lectures were set up, particularly in the City of London. The most eminent of the clergy preached at Bow Church, after reading a declaration set forth by the King to suppress the growing wickedness; this began already to take some effect as to common swearing, and oaths in the mouths of people of all ranks.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628–1688)

GRACE ABOUNDING TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS;
OR, A BRIEF RELATION OF THE EXCEEDING MERCY OF GOD IN CHRIST,
TO HIS POOR SERVANT JOHN BUNYAN

[1666].

1. In this my relation of the merciful working of God upon my soul, it will not be amiss, if, in the first place, I do, in a few words, give you a hint of my pedigree, and manner of bringing up; that thereby the goodness and bounty of God towards me may be the more advanced and magnified before the sons of men.

2. For my descent then, it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation; my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land. Wherefore I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood, or of a high-born state, according to the flesh; though, all things considered, I magnify the heavenly Majesty, for that by this door He brought me into this world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the Gospel.

3. But yet, notwithstanding the meanness and inconsiderableness of my parents, it pleased God to put it into their hearts to put me to school, to learn both to read and write; the which I also attained, according to the rate of other poor men's children; though, to my shame I confess, I did soon lose that little I learned, and that even almost utterly, and that long before the Lord did work His gracious work of conversion upon my soul.

4. As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it was indeed according to the course of this world, and "the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience" (Eph. ii. 2, 3). It was my delight to be "taken captive by the Devil at his will" (2 Tim. ii. 26). Being filled with all unrighteousness: the

which did also so strongly work and put forth itself, both in my heart and life, and that from a child, that I had but few equals, especially considering my years, which were tender, being few, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God.

5. Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I also have with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord that even in my childhood He did scare and affright me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with dreadful visions; for often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have in my bed been greatly afflicted, while asleep, with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who still, as I then thought, labored to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid.

6. Also I should, at these years, be greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the day of judgment, and that both night and day, and should tremble at the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire; still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last amongst those devils and hellish fiends who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of eternal darkness, "unto the judgment of the great day."

7. These things, I say, when I was but a child but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul that when in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life

and Heaven, that I should often wish either that there had been no Hell, or that I had been a devil—supposing they were only tormentors; that if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor than be tormented myself.

8. A while after, these terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been: wherefore, with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins to my lusts, and delighted in all transgression against the law of God: so that, until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader of all the youth that kept me company, into all manner of vice and ungodliness.

9. Yea, such prevalency had the lusts and fruits of the flesh in this poor soul of mine that, had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had not only perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but had also laid myself open even to the stroke of those laws which bring some to disgrace and open shame before the face of the world.

10. In these days, the thoughts of religion were very grievous to me; I could neither endure it myself, nor that any other should; so that, when I have seen some read in those books that concerned Christian piety, it would be as it were a prison to me. Then I said unto God, "Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of Thy ways" (Job xxi. 14). I was now void of all good consideration, Heaven and Hell were both out of sight and mind; and as for saving and damning, they were least in my thoughts. O Lord, Thou knowest my life, and my ways were not hid from Thee.

11. Yet this I well remember, that though I could myself sin with the greatest delight and ease, and also take pleasure in the vile-ness of my companions; yet, even then, if I have at any time seen wicked things, by those who professed goodness, it would make my spirit tremble. As once, above all the rest, when I was in my height of vanity, yet hearing one to swear that was reckoned for a religious man, it had so great a stroke upon my spirit that it made my heart to ache.

12. But God did not utterly leave me, but

followed me still, not now with convictions, but judgments; yet such as were mixed with mercy. For once I fell into a creek of the sea, and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me alive. Besides, another time, being in the field with one of my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway; so I, having a stick in my hand, struck her over the back; and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers; by which act, had not God been merciful unto me, I might, by my desperation, have brought myself to mine end.

13. This also have I taken notice of with thanksgiving; when I was a soldier, I, with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which, when I had consented, he took my place; and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot into the head with a musket bullet, and died.

14. Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of mine own salvation.

15. Presently after this, I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father was counted godly. This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both, yet this she had for her part, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety*, which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I should sometimes read with her, wherein I also found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me; but all this while I met with no conviction. She also would be often telling of me what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house, and amongst his neighbors; what a strict and holy life he lived in his day, both in word and deed.

16. Wherefore these books with this re-

lation, though they did not reach my heart, to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to religion: so that, because I knew no better, I fell in very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit, to go to church twice a day, and that too with the foremost; and there should very devoutly both say and sing as others did, yet retaining my wicked life; but withal, I was so overrun with a spirit of superstition that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things, both the high place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else belonging to the church; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and without doubt greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the holy temple, to do His work therein.

17. This conceit grew so strong in little time upon my spirit that, had I but seen a priest, though never so sordid and debauched in his life, I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him; yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them, supposing they were the ministers of God, I could have lain down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them; their name, their garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch me.

18. After I had been thus for some considerable time, another thought came into my mind; and that was, whether we were of the Israelites, or no? For finding in the Scriptures that they were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, if I were one of this race, my soul must needs be happy. Now, again, I found within me a great longing to be resolved about this question, but could not tell how I should. At last I asked my father of it; who told me, No, we were not. Wherefore then I fell in my spirit as to the hopes of that, and so remained.

19. But all this while, I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin; I was kept from considering that sin would damn me, what religion soever I followed, unless I was found in Christ. Nay, I never thought of him, nor whether there was one, or no. Thus man, while blind, doth wander, but wearieith himself with vanity, for he know-

eth not the way to the city of God (Eccles. x. 15).

20. But one day, amongst all the sermons our parson made, his subject was, to treat of the Sabbath day, and of the evil of breaking that, either with labor, sports, or otherwise. Now I was, notwithstanding my religion, one that took much delight in all manner of vice, and especially that was the day that I did solace myself therewith, wherefore I fell in my conscience under his sermon, thinking and believing that he made that sermon on purpose to show me my evil doing; and at that time I felt what guilt was, though never before, that I can remember; but then I was, for the present, greatly loaden therewith, and so went home when the sermon was ended, with a great burden upon my spirit.

21. This, for that instant, did benumb the sinews of my best delights, and did embitter my former pleasures to me; but behold, it lasted not, for before I had well dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course: but oh! how glad was I that this trouble was gone from me, and that the fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore, when I had satisfied nature with my food, I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming I returned with great delight.

22. But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game at cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from Heaven into my soul, which said, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to Heaven, or have thy sins and go to Hell?" At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to Heaven, and was, as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other my ungodly practices.

23. I had no sooner thus conceived in my mind but suddenly this conclusion was fastened on my spirit, for the former hint did set my sins again before my face, that I had been a great and grievous sinner, and

that it was now too late for me to look after Heaven; for Christ would not forgive me, nor pardon my transgressions. Then I fell to musing upon this also; and while I was thinking on it, and fearing lest it should be so, I felt my heart sink in despair, concluding it was too late; and therefore I resolved in my mind I would go on in sin: for, thought I, if the case be thus, my state is surely miserable; miserable if I leave my sins, and but miserable if I follow them; I can but be damned, and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins as to be damned for few.

24. Thus I stood in the midst of my play, before all that then were present; but yet I told them nothing: but I say, I having made this conclusion, I returned desperately to my sport again; and I well remember that presently this kind of despair did so possess my soul that I was persuaded I could never attain to other comfort than what I should get in sin; for Heaven was gone already, so that on that I must not think; wherefore I found within me a great desire to take my fill of sin, still studying what sin was yet to be committed, that I might taste the sweetness of it; and I made as much haste as I could to fill my belly with its delicacies, lest I should die before I had my desire; for that I feared greatly. In these things, I protest before God, I lie not, neither do I feign this sort of speech; these were really, strongly, and with all my heart, my desires; the good Lord, whose mercy is unsearchable, forgive me my transgressions.

25. And I am very confident that this temptation of the Devil is more usual amongst poor creatures than many are aware of, even to overrun their spirits with a scurvy and seared frame of heart, and numbing of conscience; which frame, he stilly and slyly supplieth with such despair that though not much guilt attendeth the soul, yet they continually have a secret conclusion within them that there is no hopes for them; for they have loved sins, "therefore after them they will go" (Jer. ii. 25; xviii. 12).

26. Now therefore I went on in sin with great greediness of mind, still grudging that I could not be so satisfied with it as I would. This did continue with me about a month,

or more; but one day, as I was standing at a neighbor's shop-window, and there cursing and swearing, and playing the madman, after my wonted manner, there sat within the woman of the house, and heard me, who, though she was a very loose and ungodly wretch, yet protested that I swore and cursed at that most fearful rate that she was made to tremble to hear me; and told me further that I was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that ever she heard in all her life; and that I, by thus doing, was able to spoil all the youth in a whole town, if they came but in my company.

27. At this reproof I was silenced, and put to secret shame, and that too, as I thought, before the God of Heaven; wherefore, while I stood there, and hanging down my head, I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing; for, thought I, I am so accustomed to it that it is in vain for me to think of a reformation, for I thought it could never be.

28. But how it came to pass, I know not; I did from this time forward so leave my swearing that it was a great wonder to myself to observe it; and, whereas before I knew not how to speak unless I put an oath before, and another behind, to make my words have authority, now I could, without it, speak better, and with more pleasantness than ever I could before. All this while I knew not Jesus Christ, neither did I leave my sports and plays.

29. But quickly after this I fell in company with one poor man that made profession of religion; who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures, and of the matters of religion; wherefore, falling into some love and liking to what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading, but especially with the historical part thereof; for, as for Paul's epistles, and Scriptures of that nature, I could not away with them, being as yet but ignorant, either of the corruptions of my nature, or of the want and worth of Jesus Christ to save me.

30. Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation, both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for

my way to Heaven; which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there get help again, for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

31. Thus I continued about a year; all which time our neighbors did take me to be a very godly man, a new and religious man, and did marvel much to see such a great and famous alteration in my life and manners; and, indeed, so it was, though yet I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; and, truly, as I have well seen since, had I then died, my state had been most fearful; well, this, I say, continued about a twelvemonth or more.

32. But, I say, my neighbors were amazed at this my great conversion, from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life; and, truly, so they well might; for this my conversion was as great as for Tom of Bedlam to become a sober man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face, and behind my back. Now, I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But, oh! when I understood that these were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well. For though, as yet, I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and, indeed, I did all I did either to be seen of or to be well spoken of by man. And thus I continued for about a twelvemonth or more.

33. Now, you must know that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it, yet my mind hankered; wherefore I should go to the steeple-house, and look on it, though I durst not ring. But I thought this did not become religion neither, yet I forced myself, and would look on still; but quickly after, I began to think, How if one of the bells should fall? Then I chose to stand

under a main beam that lay overthwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking there I might stand sure; but then I should think again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple-door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough; for, if a bell should then fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding.

34. So, after this, I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go farther than the steeple-door; but then it came into my head, How, if the steeple itself should fall? And this thought, it may fall for aught I know, when I stood and looked on, did continually so shake my mind that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

35. Another thing was my dancing; I was a full year before I could quite leave that; but all this while, when I thought I kept this or that commandment, or did, by word or deed, anything that I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience; and should think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me; yea, to relate it in mine own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I.

36. But poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein had not God, in mercy, showed me more of my state of nature.

37. But upon a day, the good providence of God did cast me to Bedford, to work on my calling; and in one of the streets of that town I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, and talking about the things of God; and being now willing to hear them discourse, I drew near to hear what they said, for I was now a brisk talker also myself in the matters of religion, but now I may say, I heard, but I understood not; for they were far above, out of my reach; for their talk was about a new birth, the work of God on their hearts, also how they were convinced of their miserable state by

nature; they talked how God had visited their souls with His love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted, and supported against the temptations of the Devil. Moreover, they reasoned of the suggestions and temptations of Satan in particular; and told to each other by which they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults. They also discoursed of their own wretchedness of heart, of their unbelief; and did contemn, slight, and abhor their own righteousness, as filthy and insufficient to do them any good.

38. And methought they spake as if joy did make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world, as if they were people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned among their neighbors (Num. xxiii. 9).

39. At this I felt my own heart began to shake, as mistrusting my condition to be naught; for I saw that in all my thoughts about religion and salvation the new birth did never enter into my mind, neither knew I the comfort of the Word and promise, nor the deceitfulness and treachery of my own wicked heart. As for secret thoughts, I took no notice of them; neither did I understand what Satan's temptations were, nor how they were to be withstood and resisted, etc.

40. Thus, therefore, when I had heard and considered what they said, I left them, and went about my employment again, but their talk and discourse went with me; also my heart would tarry with them, for I was greatly affected with their words, both because by them I was convinced that I wanted the true tokens of a truly godly man, and also because by them I was convinced of the happy and blessed condition of him that was such a one.

41. Therefore I should often make it my business to be going again and again into the company of these poor people, for I could not stay away; and the more I went amongst them, the more I did question my condition; and as I still do remember, pres-

ently I found two things within me at which I did sometimes marvel, especially considering what a blind, ignorant, sordid, and ungodly wretch but just before I was; the one was a very great softness and tenderness of heart, which caused me to fall under the conviction of what by Scripture they asserted; and the other was a great bending in my mind to a continual meditating on it, and on all other good things which at any time I heard or read of.

42. By these things my mind was now so turned that it lay like a horse leech at the vein, still crying out, Give, give (Prov. xxx. 15); yea, it was so fixed on eternity, and on the things about the Kingdom of Heaven, that is, so far as I knew, though as yet, God knows, I knew but little; that neither pleasures, nor profits, nor persuasions, nor threats could loosen it, or make it let go his hold; and though I may speak it with shame, yet it is in very deed a certain truth, it would then have been as difficult for me to have taken my mind from Heaven to earth as I have found it often since to get it again from earth to Heaven.

43. One thing I may not omit: There was a young man in our town to whom my heart before was knit more than to any other, but he being a most wicked creature for cursing, and swearing, and whoring, I now shook him off, and forsook his company; but about a quarter of a year after I had left him, I met him in a certain lane, and asked him how he did; he, after his old swearing and mad way, answered, he was well. But, "Harry," said I, "why do you swear and curse thus? What will become of you, if you die in this condition?" He answered me in a great chafe, "What would the Devil do for company if it were not for such as I am?"

44. About this time I met with some Ranters' books that were put forth by some of our countrymen, which books were also highly in esteem by several old professors; some of these I read, but was not able to make a judgment about them; wherefore as I read in them, and thought upon them, feeling myself unable to judge, I should betake myself to hearty prayer in this manner: "O Lord, I am a fool, and not able to know the truth from error: Lord, leave me not to my

own blindness, either to approve of or condemn this doctrine; if it be of God, let me not despise it; if it be of the Devil, let me not embrace it. Lord, I lay my soul, in this matter, only at Thy foot; let me not be deceived, I humbly beseech Thee." I had one religious intimate companion all this while, and that was the poor man that I spoke of before; but about this time he also turned a most devilish Ranter, and gave himself up to all manner of filthiness, especially uncleanness; he would also deny that there was a God, angel, or spirit; and would laugh at all exhortations to sobriety. When I labored to rebuke his wickedness, he would laugh the more, and pretend that he had gone through all religions, and could never light on the right till now. He told me also that in a little time I should see all professors turn to the ways of the Ranters. Wherefore, ²⁰ abominating those cursed principles, I left his company forthwith, and became to him as great a stranger as I had been before a familiar.

45. Neither was this man only a temptation to me; but my calling lying in the country, I happened to light into several people's company, who, though strict in religion formerly, yet were also swept away by these Ranters. These would also talk with me of their ways, and condemn me as legal and dark; pretending that they only had attained to perfection that could do what they would, and not sin. Oh! these temptations were suitable to my flesh, I being but a young man, and my nature in its prime; but God, who had, as I hope, designed me for better things, kept me in the fear of His name, and did not suffer me to accept of such principles. And blessed be God, who ⁴⁰ put it into my heart to cry to Him to be kept and directed, still distrusting mine own wisdom; for I have since seen even the effect of that prayer, in His preserving me not only from ranting errors, but from those also that have sprung up since. The Bible was precious to me in those days.

46. And now, methought, I began to look into the Bible with new eyes, and read as I never did before; and especially the Epistles of the Apostle Paul were sweet and pleasant to me; and, indeed, I was then

never out of the Bible, either by reading or meditation; still crying out to God, that I might know the truth, and way to Heaven and glory.

47. And as I went on and read, I lighted on that passage, "To one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; and to another faith," etc. (1 Cor. xii. 8, 9). ¹⁰ And though, as I have since seen, that by this Scripture the Holy Ghost intends, in special, things extraordinary, yet on me it did then fasten with conviction, that I did want things ordinary, even that understanding and wisdom that other Christians had. On this word I mused, and could not tell what to do, especially this word *faith* put me to it, for I could not help it, but sometimes must question whether I had any faith or no; for I feared that it shut me out of all the blessings that other good people had given them of God; but I was loath to conclude I had no faith in my soul; for if I do so, thought I, then I shall count myself a very castaway indeed.

48. No, said I with myself, though I am convinced that I am an ignorant sot, and that I want those blessed gifts of knowledge and understanding that other good people have; yet, at a venture, I will conclude I am not altogether faithless, though I know not what faith is. For it was showed me, and that too, as I have since seen, by Satan, that those who conclude themselves in a faithless state have neither rest nor quiet in their souls; and I was loath to fall quite into despair.

49. Wherefore, by this suggestion, I was for a while made afraid to see my want of faith; but God would not suffer me thus to undo and destroy my soul, but did continually, against this my blind and sad conclusion, create still within me such suppositions, insomuch that I might in this deceive myself, that I could not rest content until I did now come to some certain knowledge whether I had faith or no; this always running in my mind, But how if you want faith indeed? But how can you tell you have faith? And, besides, I saw for certain, if I had not, ⁵⁰ I was sure to perish forever.

50. So that though I endeavored at the first to look over the business of faith, yet

in a little time I, better considering the matter, was willing to put myself upon the trial whether I had faith or no. But, also, poor wretch, so ignorant and brutish was I that I knew to this day no more how to do it than I know how to begin and accomplish that rare and curious piece of art which I never yet saw nor considered.

51. Wherefore, while I was thus considering, and being put to my plunge about it, for you must know that as yet I had in this matter broken my mind to no man, only did hear and consider, the tempter came in with his delusion, that there was no way for me to know I had faith but by trying to work some miracle; urging those Scriptures that seem to look that way, for the enforcing and strengthening his temptation. Nay, one day as I was betwixt Elstow and Bedford, the temptation was hot upon me to try if I had faith by doing of some miracle: which miracle at that time was this, I must say to the puddles that were in the horse pads, Be dry; and to the dry places, Be you the puddles. And truly, one time I was a-going to say so indeed; but just as I was about to speak, this thought came into my mind, But go under yonder hedge and pray first, that God would make you able. But when I had concluded to pray, this came hot upon me, that if I prayed, and came again and tried to do it, and yet did nothing notwithstanding, then be sure I had no faith, but was a castaway and lost. Nay, thought I, if it be so, I will never try yet, but will stay a little longer.

52. So I continued at a great loss; for I thought, if they only had faith, which could do so wonderful things, then I concluded that, for the present, I neither had it, nor yet, for time to come, were ever like to have it. Thus I was tossed betwixt the Devil and my own ignorance, and so perplexed, especially at some times, that I could not tell what to do.

53. About this time, the state and happiness of these poor people at Bedford was thus, in a dream or vision, represented to me. I saw, as if they were set on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark

clouds. Methought, also, betwixt me and them I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain; now, through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass; concluding that, if I could, I would go even into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun.

54. About this wall I thought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage by which I might enter therein; but none could I find for some time. At the last, I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through which I attempted to pass; but the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many efforts to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well-nigh quite beat out by striving to get in; at last, with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head, and after that, by a sidling striving, my shoulders, and my whole body; then was I exceeding glad, and went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun.

55. Now, this mountain and wall, etc., was thus made out to me—the mountain signified the church of the living God; the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of His merciful face on them that were therein; the wall, I thought, was the Word, that did make separation between the Christians and the world; and the gap which was in this wall, I thought, was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father (John xiv. 6, Matt. vii. 14). But forasmuch as the passage was wonderful narrow, even so narrow that I could not, but with great difficulty, enter in thereat, it showed me that none could enter into life but those that were in downright earnest, and unless also they left this wicked world behind them; for here was only room for body and soul, but not for body and soul, and sin.

56. This resemblance abode upon my spirit many days; all which time I saw myself in a forlorn and sad condition, but yet was provoked to a vehement hunger and desire to be one of that number that did sit in the sunshine. Now also I should pray wherever I was, whether at home or abroad, in house or field, and should also often, with lifting up of heart, sing that of the 51st

Psalm, *O Lord, consider my distress; for as yet I knew not where I was.*

57. Neither as yet could I attain to any comfortable persuasion that I had faith in Christ; but, instead of having satisfaction, here I began to find my soul to be assaulted with fresh doubts about my future happiness; especially with such as these, Whether I was elected? But how, if the day of grace should now be past and gone?

58. By these two temptations I was very much afflicted and disquieted; sometimes by one, and sometimes by the other of them. And first, to speak of that about my questioning my election, I found at this time that, though I was in a flame to find the way to Heaven and glory, and though nothing could beat me off from this, yet this question did so offend and discourage me that I was, especially at some times, as if the very strength of my body also had been taken away by the force and power thereof. This Scripture did also seem to me to trample upon all my desires, "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy" (Rom. ix. 16).

59. With this Scripture I could not tell what to do; for I evidently saw that unless the great God, of His infinite grace and bounty, had voluntarily chosen me to be a vessel of mercy, though I should desire, and long, and labor until my heart did break, no good could come of it. Therefore, this would still stick with me, How can you tell that you are elected? And what if you should not? How then?

60. O Lord, thought I, what if I should not, indeed? It may be you are not, said the tempter; it may be so, indeed, thought I. Why, then, said Satan, you had as good leave off, and strive no further; for if, indeed, you should not be elected and chosen of God, there is no talk of your being saved; "For it is neither of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy."

61. By these things I was driven to my wits' end, not knowing what to say, or how to answer these temptations. Indeed, I little thought that Satan had thus assaulted me, but that rather it was my own prudence, thus to start the question; for, that the elect only attained eternal life, that I, without

scruple, did heartily close withal; but that myself was one of them, there lay all the question.

62. Thus, therefore, for several days, I was greatly assaulted and perplexed, and was often, when I have been walking, ready to sink where I went, with faintness in my mind; but one day, after I had been so many weeks oppressed and cast down therewith, as I was now quite giving up the ghost of all my hopes of ever attaining life, that sentence fell with weight upon my spirit, "Look at the generations of old and see; did ever any trust in the Lord, and was confounded?"

63. At which I was greatly lightened and encouraged in my soul; for thus, at that very instant, it was expounded to me, Begin at the beginning of Genesis, and read to the end of the Revelations, and see if you can find that there was ever any that trusted in the Lord and was confounded. So, coming home, I presently went to my Bible to see if I could find that saying, not doubting but to find it presently; for it was so fresh, and with such strength and comfort on my spirit, that I was as if it talked with me.

64. Well, I looked, but I found it not; only it abode upon me; then I did ask first this good man and then another, if they knew where it was, but they knew no such place. At this I wondered, that such a sentence should so suddenly, and with such comfort and strength, seize and abide upon my heart, and yet that none could find it, for I doubted not but it was in Holy Scripture.

65. Thus I continued above a year, and could not find the place; but at last, casting my eye into the Apocrypha books, I found it in Ecclesiasticus ii. 10. This, at the first, did somewhat daunt me; but because, by this time, I had got more experience of the love and kindness of God, it troubled me the less; especially when I considered that, though it was not in those texts that we call holy and canonical, yet forasmuch as this sentence was the sum and substance of many of the promises, it was my duty to take the comfort of it; and I bless God for that word, for it was of God to me: that word doth still, at times, shine before my face.

66. After this, that other doubt did come with strength upon me, But how if the day of grace should be past and gone? How if

you have overstood the time of mercy? Now, I remember that one day, as I was walking into the country, I was much in the thoughts of this, But how if the day of grace be past? And to aggravate my trouble, the tempter presented to my mind those good people of Bedford, and suggested thus unto me, that these being converted already, they were all that God would save in those parts; and that I came too late, for these had got the blessing before I came.

67. Now was I in great distress, thinking in very deed that this might well be so; wherefore I went up and down bemoaning my sad condition, counting myself far worse than a thousand fools, for standing off thus long, and spending so many years in sin as I had done; still crying out, Oh, that I had turned sooner! Oh, that I had turned seven years ago! It made me also angry with myself to think that I should have no more wit but to trifle away my time till my soul and Heaven were lost.

68. But when I had been long vexed with this fear, and was scarce able to take one step more, just about the same place where I received my other encouragement, these words broke in upon my mind, "Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled"; "And yet there is room" (Luke xiv. 22, 23). These words, but especially them, "And yet there is room," were sweet words to me; for, truly, I thought that by them I saw there was place enough in Heaven for me; and, moreover, that when the Lord Jesus did speak these words, he then did think of me; and that he, knowing that the time would come that I should be afflicted with fear that there was no place left for me in his bosom, did before speak this word, and leave it upon record, that I might find help thereby against this vile temptation. This, I then verily believed.

69. In the light and encouragement of this word, I went a pretty while; and the comfort was the more when I thought that the Lord Jesus should think on me so long ago, and that he should speak them words on purpose for my sake; for I did then think, verily, that he did on purpose speak them, to encourage me withal.

70. But I was not without my temptations to go back again; temptations, I say, both

from Satan, mine own heart, and carnal acquaintance; but I thank God these were outweighed by that sound sense of death and of the day of judgment, which abode, as it were, continually in my view; I should often also think on Nebuchadnezzar, of whom it is said, "He had given him all the kingdoms of the earth" (Dan. v. 19). Yet, thought I, if this great man had all his portion in this world, one hour in hell-fire would make him forget all. Which consideration was a great help to me.

71. I was almost made, about this time, to see something concerning the beasts that Moses counted clean and unclean. I thought those beasts were types of men; the clean, types of them that were the people of God; but the unclean, types of such as were the children of the wicked one. Now, I read that the clean beasts chewed the cud; that is, thought I, they show us we must feed upon the Word of God. They also parted the hoof; I thought that signified we must part, if we would be saved, with the ways of ungodly men. And also, in further reading about them, I found that, though we did chew the cud as the hare, yet if we walked with claws like a dog, or if we did part the hoof like the swine, yet if we did not chew the cud as the sheep, we were still, for all that, but unclean; for I thought the hare to be a type of those that talk of the Word, yet walk in the ways of sin; and that the swine was like him that parteth with his outward pollutions, but still wanteth the Word of faith, without which there could be no way of salvation, let a man be never so devout (Deut. xiv.). After this I found, by reading the Word, that those that must be glorified with Christ in another world must be called by him here; called to the partaking of a share in his Word and righteousness, and to the comforts and first fruits of his spirit, and to a peculiar interest in all those heavenly things which do indeed fore-fit the soul for that rest and house of glory which is in Heaven above.

72. Here, again, I was at a very great stand, not knowing what to do, fearing I was not called; for, thought I, If I be not called, what then can do me good? None but those who are effectually call in inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. But oh! how I now

loved those words that spake of a Christian's calling! as when the Lord said to one, "Follow me," and to another, "Come after me." And oh! thought I, that He would say so to me too, how gladly would I run after Him!

73. I cannot now express with what longings and breakings in my soul I cried to Christ to call me. Thus I continued for a time, all on a flame to be converted to Jesus Christ; and did also see at that day such glory in a converted state that I could not be contented without a share therein. Gold! could it have been gotten for gold, what could I have given for it! had I had a whole world, it had all gone ten thousand times over for this, that my soul might have been in a converted state.

74. How lovely now was everyone in my eyes that I thought to be converted men and women! they shone, they walked like a people that carried the broad seal of Heaven about them. Oh! I saw the lot was fallen to them in pleasant places, and they had a goodly heritage (Ps. xvi. 6). But that which made me sick was that of Christ, in Mark, "He went up into a mountain and called to him whom he would, and they came unto him" (Mark iii. 13).

75. This Scripture made me faint and fear, yet it kindled fire in my soul. That which made me fear was this, lest Christ should have no liking to me, for he called "whom he would." But oh! the glory that I saw in that condition did still so engage my heart that I could seldom read of any that Christ did call but I presently wished, Would I had been in their clothes; would I had been born Peter; would I had been born John; or would I had been by and had heard him when he called them, how would I have cried, O Lord, call me also. But oh! I feared he would not call me.

76. And truly the Lord let me go thus many months together and showed me nothing; either that I was already, or should be, called hereafter. But at last, after much time spent, and many groans to God, that I might be made partaker of the holy and heavenly calling, that Word came in upon me: "I will cleanse their blood that I have not cleansed: for the Lord dwelleth in Zion" (Joel iii. 21). These words I thought were sent to encourage me to wait still upon God,

and signified unto me that if I were not already, yet time might come I might be in truth converted unto Christ.

77. About this time I began to break my mind to those poor people in Bedford, and to tell them my condition, which, when they had heard, they told Mr. Gifford of me, who himself also took occasion to talk with me, and was willing to be well persuaded of me, though I think but from little grounds: but he invited me to his house, where I should hear him confer with others about the dealings of God with the soul; from all which I still received more conviction, and from that time began to see something of the vanity and inward wretchedness of my wicked heart, for as yet I knew no great matter therein; but now it began to be discovered unto me, and also to work at that rate for wickedness as it never did before. Now I evidently found that lusts and corruptions would strongly put forth themselves within me, in wicked thoughts and desires, which I did not regard before; my desires also for Heaven and life began to fail. I found also that, whereas before my soul was full of longing after God, now my heart began to hanker after every foolish vanity; yea, my heart would not be moved to mind that that was good; it began to be careless, both of my soul and Heaven; it would now continually hang back, both to and in every duty; and was as a clog on the leg of a bird to hinder her from flying.

78. Nay, thought I, now I grow worse and worse; now am I farther from conversion than ever I was before. Wherefore I began to sink greatly in my soul, and began to entertain such discouragement in my heart as laid me low as Hell. If now I should have burned at a stake, I could not believe that Christ had love for me; alas, I could neither hear him, nor see him, nor feel him, nor savor any of his things; I was driven as with a tempest, my heart would be unclean, the Canaanites would dwell in the land.

79. Sometimes I would tell my condition to the people of God, which, when they heard, they would pity me, and would tell me of the promises; but they had as good have told me that I must reach the sun with my finger as have bidden me receive or rely

upon the promise; and as soon as I should have done it, all my sense and feeling was against me; and I saw I had a heart that would sin, and that lay under a law that would condemn.

80. These things have often made me think of that child which the father brought to Christ, who, while he was yet a-coming to him, was thrown down by the Devil, and also so rent and torn by him that he lay and wallowed, foaming (Luke ix. 42, Mark ix. 20).

81. Further, in these days I should find my heart to shut itself up against the Lord, and against His Holy Word. I have found my unbelief to set, as it were, the shoulder to the door to keep Him out, and that too even then when I have with many a bitter sigh cried, Good Lord, break it open; Lord, break these gates of brass, and cut these bars of iron asunder (Ps. cvii. 16). Yet that word would sometimes create in my heart a peaceable pause, "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me" (Is. xlv. 5).

82. But all this while as to the act of sinning, I never was more tender than now; I durst not take a pin or a stick, though but so big as a straw, for my conscience now was sore, and would smart at every touch; I could not now tell how to speak my words, for fear I should misplace them. Oh, how gingerly did I then go in all I did or said! I found myself as on a miry bog that shook if I did but stir; and was there left both of God and Christ, and the Spirit, and all good things.

83. But, I observe, though I was such a great sinner before conversion, yet God never much charged the guilt of the sins of my ignorance upon me; only He showed me I was lost if I had not Christ, because I had been a sinner; I saw that I wanted a perfect righteousness to present me without fault before God, and this righteousness was nowhere to be found but in the person of Jesus Christ.

84. But my original and inward pollution, that, that was my plague and my affliction; that, I say, at a dreadful rate, always putting forth itself within me; that I had the guilt, to amazement; by reason of that, I was more loathsome in my own eyes than was a toad; and I thought I was so in God's

eyes too; sin and corruption, I said, would as naturally bubble out of my heart as water would bubble out of a fountain. I thought now that everyone had a better heart than I had; I could have changed heart with anybody; I thought none but the Devil himself could equalize me for inward wickedness and pollution of mind. I fell, therefore, at the sight of my own vileness, deeply into despair; for I concluded that this condition that I was in could not stand with a state of grace. Sure, thought I, I am forsaken of God; sure I am given up to the Devil, and to a reprobate mind; and thus I continued a long while, even for some years together.

85. While I was thus afflicted with the fears of my own damnation, there were two things would make me wonder; the one was, when I saw old people hunting after the things of this life, as if they should live here always; the other was, when I found professors much distressed and cast down when they met with outward losses; as of husband, wife, child, etc. Lord, thought I, what ado is here about such little things as these! What seeking after carnal things by some, and what grief in others for the loss of them! If they so much labor after and spend so many tears for the things of this present life, how am I to be bemoaned, pitied, and prayed for! My soul is dying, my soul is damning. Were my soul but in a good condition, and were I but sure of it, oh! how rich should I esteem myself, though blessed but with bread and water; I should count those but small afflictions, and should bear them as little burdens. "A wounded spirit who can bear?"

86. And though I was thus troubled, and tossed, and afflicted, with the sight and sense and terror of my own wickedness, yet I was afraid to let this sight and sense go quite off my mind; for I found that, unless guilt of conscience was taken off the right way, that is, by the blood of Christ, a man grew rather worse for the loss of his trouble of mind, than better. Wherefore, if my guilt lay hard upon me, then I should cry that the blood of Christ might take it off; and if it was going off without it (for the sense of sin would be sometimes as if it would die, and go quite away), then I would also strive to fetch it upon my heart again,

by bringing the punishment for sin in hell-fire upon my spirits; and should cry, Lord, let it not go off my heart, but the right way, but by the blood of Christ, and by the application of Thy mercy, through him, to my soul; for that Scripture lay much upon me, "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22). And that which made me the more afraid of this was, because I had seen some who, though when they were under wounds of conscience, then they would cry and pray; but they seeking rather present ease from their trouble, than pardon for their sin, cared not how they lost their guilt, so they got it out of their mind; and, therefore, having got it off the wrong way, it was not sanctified unto them; but they grew harder and blinder, and more wicked after their trouble. This made me afraid, and made me cry to God the more, that it might not be so with me.

87. And now was I sorry that God had made me a man, for I feared I was a reprobate; I counted man as unconverted, the most doleful of all the creatures. Thus being afflicted and tossed about my sad condition, I counted myself alone, and above the most of men unblest.

88. Yea, I thought it impossible that ever I should attain to so much goodness of heart as to thank God that He had made me a man. Man indeed is the most noble by creation, of all creatures in the visible world; but by sin he has made himself the most ignoble. The beasts, birds, fishes, etc., I blessed their condition, for they had not a sinful nature, they were not obnoxious to the wrath of God; they were not to go to hell-fire after death; I could therefore have rejoiced, had my condition been as any of theirs.

89. In this condition I went a great while; but when comforting time was come, I heard one preach a sermon upon those words in the Song (iv. 1), "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair." But at that time he made these two words, "My love," his chief and subject matter; from which, after he had a little opened the text, he observed these several conclusions: 1. That the church, and so every saved soul, is Christ's love, when loveless. 2. Christ's love without a cause. 3. Christ's love when hated

of the world. 4. Christ's love when under temptation, and under desertion. 5. Christ's love from first to last.

90. But I got nothing by what he said at present, only when he came to the application of the fourth particular, this was the word he said: If it be so, that the saved soul is Christ's love when under temptation and desertion, then, poor tempted soul, when thou art assaulted and afflicted with temptation, and the hidings of God's face, yet think on these two words, "My love," still.

91. So as I was a-going home, these words came again into my thoughts; and I well remember, as they came in, I said thus in my heart, What shall I get by thinking on these two words? This thought had no sooner passed through my heart but the words began thus to kindle in my spirit, "Thou art my love, thou art my love," twenty times together; and still as they ran thus in my mind, they waxed stronger and warmer, and began to make me look up; but being as yet between hope and fear, I still replied in my heart, But is it true, but is it true? At which, that sentence fell in upon me, He "wist not that it was true which was done by the angel" (Acts xii. 9).

92. Then I began to give place to the Word, which, with power, did over and over make this joyful sound within my soul, Thou art my love, thou art my love; and nothing shall separate thee from my love; and with that, Rom. viii. 39 came into my mind. Now was my heart filled full of comfort and hope, and now I could believe that my sins should be forgiven me; yea, I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God that I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home; I thought I could have spoken of His love, and His mercy to me, even to the very crows that sat upon the plowed lands before me, had they been capable to have understood me; wherefore I said in my soul, with much gladness, Well, I would I had a pen and ink here, I would write this down before I go any farther, for surely I will not forget this forty years hence; but alas! within less than forty days, I began to question all again; which made me begin to question all still.

93. Yet still at times, I was helped to believe that it was a true manifestation of

grace unto my soul, though I had lost much of the life and savor of it. Now about a week or fortnight after this, I was much followed by this Scripture, "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you" (Luke xxii. 31). And sometimes it would sound so loud within me, yea, and as it were call so strongly after me, that once above all the rest, I turned my head over my shoulder, thinking verily that some man had, behind me, called to me; being at a great distance, methought he called so loud; it came, as I have thought since, to have stirred me up to prayer, and to watchfulness; it came to acquaint me that a cloud and a storm was coming down upon me, but I understood it not.

94. Also, as I remember, that time that it called to me so loud was the last time that it sounded in mine ear; but methinks I hear still with what a loud voice these words, "Simon, Simon," sounded in mine ears. I thought verily, as I have told you, that somebody had called after me, that was half a mile behind me; and although that was not my name, yet it made me suddenly look behind me, believing that he that called so loud meant me.

95. But so foolish was I, and ignorant, that I knew not the reason of this sound; which, as I did both see and feel soon after, was sent from Heaven as an alarm, to awaken me to provide for what was coming; only it would make me muse and wonder in my mind, to think what should be the reason that this Scripture, and that at this rate, so often and so loud, should still be sounding and rattling in mine ears; but, as I said before, I soon after perceived the end of God therein.

96. For about the space of a month after, a very great storm came down upon me, which handled me twenty times worse than all I had met with before: it came stealing upon me, now by one piece, then by another; first, all my comfort was taken from me, then darkness seized upon me, after which whole floods of blasphemies, both against God, Christ, and the Scriptures, were poured upon my spirit, to my great confusion and astonishment. These blasphemous thoughts were such as also stirred up questions in me, against the very being of

God, and of His only beloved Son; as, whether there were, in truth, a God, or Christ, or no? And whether the Holy Scriptures were not rather a fable, and cunning story, than the holy and pure Word of God?

97. The tempter would also much assault me with this, How can you tell but that the Turks had as good Scriptures to prove their Mahomet the Savior, as we have to prove our Jesus is? And, could I think that so many ten thousands, in so many countries and kingdoms, should be without the knowledge of the right way to Heaven; if there were indeed a Heaven, and that we only, who live in a corner of the earth, should alone be blessed therewith? Everyone doth think his own religion rightest, both Jews and Moors and Pagans! and how if all our faith, and Christ, and Scriptures, should be but a think-so too?

98. Sometimes I have endeavored to argue against these suggestions, and to set some of the sentences of blessed Paul against them; but, alas! I quickly felt, when I thus did, such arguings as these would return again upon me, Though we made so great a matter of Paul, and of his words, yet how could I tell but that in very deed, he being a subtle and cunning man, might give himself up to deceive with strong delusions; and also take both that pains and travail to undo and destroy his fellows?

99. These suggestions, with many other which at this time I may not, nor dare not utter, neither by word nor pen, did make such a seizure upon my spirit, and did so overweigh my heart, both with their number, continuance, and fiery force, that I felt as if there were nothing else but these from morning to night within me; and as though, indeed, there could be room for nothing else; and also concluded that God had, in very wrath to my soul, given me up unto them, to be carried away with them, as with a mighty whirlwind.

100. Only by the distaste that they gave unto my spirit, I felt there was something in me that refused to embrace them. But this consideration I then only had, when God gave me leave to swallow my spittle, otherwise the noise, and strength, and force of these temptations, would drown and overflow; and as it were, bury all such thoughts

or the remembrance of any such thing. While I was in this temptation, I should often find my mind suddenly put upon it, to curse and swear, or to speak some grievous thing against God, or Christ His Son, and of the Scriptures.

101. Now I thought, surely I am possessed of the Devil; at other times again, I thought I should be bereft of my wits; for instead of lauding and magnifying God the Lord with others, if I have but heard Him spoken of, presently some most horrible blasphemous thought or other would bolt out of my heart against Him; so that whether I did think that God was, or again did think there were no such thing, no love, nor peace, nor gracious disposition could I feel within me.

102. These things did sink me into very deep despair; for I concluded that such things could not possibly be found amongst them that loved God. I often, when these temptations have been with force upon me, did compare myself in the case of such a child whom some gipsy hath by force took up under her apron, and is carrying from friend and country; kick sometimes I did, and also scream and cry; but yet I was as bound in the wings of the temptation, and the wind would carry me away. I thought also of Saul, and of the evil spirit that did possess him; and did greatly fear that my condition was the same with that of his (1 Sam. xvi. 14).

103. In these days, when I have heard others talk of what was the sin against the Holy Ghost, then would the tempter so provoke me to desire to sin that sin that I was as if I could not, must not, neither should be quiet until I had committed that; now, no sin would serve but that; if it were to be committed by speaking of such a word, then I have been as if my mouth would have spoken that word, whether I would or no; and in so strong a measure was this temptation upon me that often I have been ready to clap my hand under my chin, to hold my mouth from opening; and to that end also I have had thoughts at other times, to leap with my head downward, into some muck-hill hole or other, to keep my mouth from speaking.

104. Now I blessed the condition of the dog and toad, and counted the estate of

everything that God had made far better than this dreadful state of mine, and such as my companions was; yea, gladly would I have been in the condition of dog or horse, for I knew they had no soul to perish under the everlasting weights of Hell for sin, as mine was like to do. Nay, and though I saw this, felt this, and was broken to pieces with it, yet that which added to my sorrow was that I could not find that with all my soul I did desire deliverance. That Scripture did also tear and rend my soul, in the midst of these distractions, "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked" (Is. lvii. 20, 21).

161. I was much about this time tempted to content myself by receiving some false opinion; as that there should be no such thing as a day of judgment, that we should not rise again, and that sin was no such grievous thing; the tempter suggesting thus, For if these things should indeed be true, yet to believe otherwise, would yield you ease for the present. If you must perish, never torment yourself so much beforehand; drive the thoughts of damning out of your mind, by possessing your mind with some such conclusions that atheists and Ranters do use to help themselves withal.

162. But, oh! when such thoughts have led through my heart, how, as it were, within a step, hath death and judgment been in my view! methought the judge stood at the door, I was as if it was come already; so that such things could have no entertainment. But, methinks, I see by this that Satan will use any means to keep the soul from Christ; he loveth not an awakened frame of spirit; security, blindness, darkness, and error is the very kingdom and habitation of the wicked one.

163. I found it hard work now to pray to God, because despair was swallowing me up; I thought I was, as with a tempest, driven away from God, for always when I cried to God for mercy, this would come in, It is too late, I am lost, God hath let me fall; not to my correction, but condemnation; my sin is unpardonable; and I know,

concerning Esau, how that, after he had sold his birthright, he would have received the blessing, but was rejected. About this time, I did light on that dreadful story of that miserable mortal, Francis Spira; a book that was to my troubled spirit as salt, when rubbed into a fresh wound; every sentence in that book, every groan of that man, with all the rest of his actions in his dolours, as his tears, his prayers, his gnashing of teeth, his wringing of hands, his twining and twisting, languishing and pining away under that mighty hand of God that was upon him, was as knives and daggers in my soul; especially that sentence of his was frightful to me, "Man knows the beginning of sin, but who bounds the issues thereof?" Then would the former sentence, as the conclusion of all, fall like a hot thunderbolt again upon my conscience; "for you know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

164. Then was I struck into a very great trembling, insomuch that at some times I could, for whole days together, feel my very body, as well as my mind, to shake and totter under the sense of the dreadful judgment of God, that should fall on those that have sinned that most fearful and unpardonable sin. I felt also such a clogging and heat at my stomach, by reason of this my terror, that I was, especially at some times, as if my breast-bone would have split in sunder; then I thought of that concerning Judas, who, by his falling headlong, burst asunder, and all his bowels gushed out (Acts i. 18).

253. Now I shall go forward to give you a relation of other of the Lord's dealings with me, of his dealings with me at sundry other seasons, and of the temptations I then did meet withal. I shall begin with what I met with when I first did join in fellowship with the people of God in Bedford. After I had propounded to the church that my desire was to walk in the order and ordinances of Christ with them, and was also admitted by them; while I thought of that blessed ordinance of Christ, which was his last supper with his Disciples before his

death, that Scripture, "This do in remembrance of me" (Luke xxii. 19), was made a very precious word unto me; for by it the Lord did come down upon my conscience with the discovery of his death for my sins; and as I then felt, did as if he plunged me in the virtue of the same. But, behold, I had not been long a partaker at that ordinance, but such fierce and sad temptations did attend me at all times therein, both to blaspheme the ordinance, and to wish some deadly thing to those that then did eat thereof; that, lest I should at any time be guilty of consenting to these wicked and fearful thoughts, I was forced to bend myself all the while to pray to God to keep me from such blasphemies; and also to cry to God to bless the bread and cup to them as it went from mouth to mouth. The reason of this temptation I have thought since was, because I did not, with that reverence as became me, at first approach to partake thereof.

254. Thus I continued for three-quarters of a year, and could never have rest nor ease; but at last the Lord came in upon my soul with that same Scripture by which my soul was visited before; and after that I have been usually very well and comfortable in the partaking of that blessed ordinance, and have, I trust, therein discerned the Lord's body as broken for my sins, and that his precious blood hath been shed for my transgressions.

255. Upon a time I was somewhat inclining to a consumption, wherewith, about the spring, I was suddenly and violently seized with much weakness in my outward man, insomuch that I thought I could not live. Now began I afresh to give myself up to a serious examination after my state and condition for the future, and of my evidences for that blessed world to come; for it hath, I bless the name of God, been my usual course, as always, so especially in the day of affliction, to endeavor to keep my interest in the life to come clear before my eye.

256. But I had no sooner begun to recall to mind my former experience of the goodness of God to my soul, but there came flocking into my mind an innumerable company of my sins and transgressions, amongst which these were at this time most to my

affliction, namely, my deadness, dulness, and coldness in holy duties; my wanderings of heart, of my wearisomeness in all good things, my want of love to God, His ways, and people, with this at the end of all, Are these the fruits of Christianity? are these the tokens of a blessed man?

257. At the apprehension of these things my sickness was doubled upon me, for now was I sick in my inward man, my soul was clogged with guilt; now also was my former experience of God's goodness to me quite taken out of my mind, and hid as if it had never been, nor seen. Now was my soul greatly pinched between these two considerations, Live I must not, die I dare not; now I sunk and fell in my spirit, and was giving up all for lost; but as I was walking up and down in the house, as a man in a most woeful state, that word of God took hold of my heart, Ye are "justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. iii. 24). But oh, what a turn it made upon me!

258. Now was I as one awakened out of some troublesome sleep and dream, and listening to this heavenly sentence, I was as if I had heard it thus expounded to me: Sinner, thou thinkest that because of thy sins and infirmities I cannot save thy soul, but behold my Son is by me, and upon him I look, and not on thee, and will deal with thee according as I am pleased with him. At this I was greatly lightened in my mind, and made to understand that God could justify a sinner at any time; it was but His looking upon Christ, and imputing of his benefits to us, and the work was forthwith done.

259. And as I was thus in a muse, that Scripture also came with great power upon my spirit, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us," etc. (Tit. iii. 5, 2 Tim. i. 9). Now was I got on high; I saw myself within the arms of grace and mercy; and though I was before afraid to think of a dying hour, yet now I cried, Let me die. Now death was lovely and beautiful in my sight; for I saw we shall never live indeed till we be gone to the other world. Oh, methought, this life is but a slumber in comparison of that above; at this time also I

saw more in those words, "Heirs of God" (Rom. viii. 17), than ever I shall be able to express while I live in this world. "Heirs of God"! God himself is the portion of the saints. This I saw and wondered at, but cannot tell you what I saw.

260. Again, as I was at another time very ill and weak, all that time also the tempter did beset me strongly, for I find he is much for assaulting the soul when it begins to approach towards the grave, then is his opportunity, laboring to hide from me my former experience of God's goodness; also setting before me the terrors of death and the judgment of God, insomuch that at this time, through my fear of miscarrying forever, should I now die, I was as one dead before death came, and was as if I had felt myself already descending into the pit; methought, I said, there was no way, but to Hell I must; but behold, just as I was in the midst of those fears, these words of the angels carrying Lazarus into Abraham's bosom darted in upon me, as who should say, So it shall be with thee when thou dost leave this world. This did sweetly revive my spirit, and help me to hope in God; which, when I had with comfort mused on a while, that word fell with great weight upon my mind, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Cor. xv. 55). At this I became both well in body and mind at once, for my sickness did presently vanish, and I walked comfortably in my work for God again.

261. At another time, though just before I was pretty well and savory in my spirit, yet suddenly there fell upon me a great cloud of darkness, which did so hide from me the things of God and Christ that I was as if I had never seen or known them in my life; I was also so overrun in my soul, with a senseless, heartless frame of spirit, that I could not feel my soul to move or stir after grace and life by Christ; I was as if my loins were broken, or as if my hands and feet had been tied or bound with chains. At this time also I felt some weakness to seize upon my outward man, which made still the other affliction the more heavy and uncomfortable to me.

262. After I had been in this condition some three or four days, as I was sitting by

the fire, I suddenly felt this word to sound in my heart, I must go to Jesus; at this my former darkness and atheism fled away, and the blessed things of Heaven were set within my view. While I was on this sudden thus overtaken with surprise, "Wife," said I, "is there ever such a Scripture, I must go to Jesus?" She said she could not tell; therefore I sat musing still to see if I could remember such a place; I had not sat above two or three minutes but that came bolting in upon me, "And to an innumerable company of angels," and withal, Hebrews the twelfth, about the mount Sion, was set before mine eyes (ver. 22-4).

263. Then with joy I told my wife, "Oh now I know, I know!" But that night was a good night to me, I never had but few better; I longed for the company of some of God's people that I might have imparted unto them what God had showed me. Christ was a precious Christ to my soul that night; I could scarce lie in my bed for joy, and

peace, and triumph, through Christ; this great glory did not continue upon me until morning, yet that twelfth of the author to the Hebrews (ver. 22-4) was a blessed Scripture to me for many days together after this.

264. The words are these, "Ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in Heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Through this blessed sentence the Lord led me over and over, first to this word, and then to that, and showed me wonderful glory in every one of them. These words also have oft since this time been great refreshment to my spirit. Blessed be God for having mercy on me.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM

[1678, 1684].

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a Den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back (Isa. lxiv. 6; Luke xiv. 33; Ps. xxxviii. 4; Hab. ii. 2; Acts xvi. 31). I looked, and saw him open the book and read therein; and, as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?" (Acts ii. 37).

In this plight, therefore, he went home and refrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he brake his mind to

his wife and children; and thus he began to talk to them. "O my dear wife," said he, "and you the children of my bowels, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me; moreover, I am for certain informed that this our city will be burned with fire from Heaven, in which fearful overthrow both myself, with thee, my wife, and you my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape can be found, whereby we may be delivered." At this his relations were sore amazed; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his head; therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day; wherefore, in-

This world.

He knows no way of escape as yet.

stead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So, when the morning was come, they would know how he did. He told them, Worse and worse: he also set to talking to them again: but they began to be hardened. They also thought to drive away his dis-temper by harsh and surly carriages to him; sometimes they would deride, sometimes

*Carnal physic
for a sick soul.* they would chide, and some-
times they would quite neg-
lect him. Wherefore he be-
gan to retire himself to his chamber, to pray
for and pity them, and also to condole his
own misery; he would also walk solitarily
in the fields, sometimes reading, and some-
times praying: and thus for some days he
spent his time.

Now, I saw, upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was, as he was wont, reading in his book, and greatly dis-
tressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?"

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?" (Job xxxiii. 23).

He answered, "Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment (Heb. ix. 27), and I find that I am not willing to do the first (Job xvi. 21), nor able to do the second (Ezek. xxii. 14)."

Christian no sooner leaves the World but
meets

Evangelist, who lovingly him greets
With tidings of another; and doth show
Him how to mount to that from this below.

Then said Evangelist, "Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils?" The man answered, "Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet (Isa. xxx. 33). And, Sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit to go to judgment, and from thence to execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry."

Then said Evangelist, "If this be thy condition, why standest thou still?" He answered, "Because I know not whither to go." Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, "Flee from the wrath to come" (Matt. iii. 7).

*Conviction of
the necessity
of flying.*

The man therefore read it, and looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, "Whither must I fly?" Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, "Do you see yonder wicket-gate?" (Matt. vii. 13, 14). The man said, "No." Then said the other, "Do you see yonder shining light?" (Ps. cxix. 105; 2 Pet. i. 19). He said, "I think I do." Then said Evangelist, "Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto: so shalt thou see the gate; at which when thou knockest it shall be told thee what thou shalt do."

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now, he had not run far from his own door but, his wife and children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, "Life! life! eternal life!" (Luke xiv. 26). So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain (Gen. xix. 17).

*Christ and the
way to him
cannot be
found without
the Word.*

The neighbors also came out to see him run (Jer. xx. 10); and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return; and, among those that did so, there were two that resolved to fetch him back by force.

*They that fly
from the wrath
to come are a
gazing-stock
to the world.*

The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable. Now by this time the man was got a good distance from them; but, however, they were resolved to pursue him, which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the man, "Neighbors, wherefore are ye come?" They said, "To persuade you to go back with us." But he said, "That can by no means be; you dwell," said he, "in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born: I see it to be so; and dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than

*Obstinate and
Pliable follow
him.*

the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone: be content, good neighbors, and go along with me."

OBST. What! said Obstinate, and leave our friends and our comforts behind us?

CHR. Yes, said Christian (for that was his name), because that ALL which you shall forsake is not worthy to be compared with a little of that which I am seeking to enjoy (2 Cor. iv. 18); and if you will go along with me, and hold it, you shall fare as I myself; for there, where I go, is enough and to spare (Luke xv. 17). Come away, and prove my words.

OBST. What are the things you seek, since you leave all the world to find them?

CHR. I seek an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away (1 Pet. i. 4), and it is laid up in Heaven, and safe there (Heb. xi. 16), to be bestowed, at the time appointed, on them that diligently seek it. Read it so, if you will, in my book.

OBST. Tush! said Obstinate, away with your book. Will you go back with us or no?

CHR. No, not I, said the other, because I have laid my hand to the plow (Luke ix. 62).

OBST. Come then, neighbor Pliable, let us turn again, and go home without him; there is a company of these crazy-headed coxcombs that, when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than seven men that can render a reason (Prov. xxvi. 16).

PLI. Then said Pliable, Don't revile; if what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours: my heart inclines to go with my neighbor.

OBST. What! more fools still! Be ruled by me, and go back; who knows whither such a brain-sick fellow will lead you? Go back, go back, and be wise.

CHR. Nay, but do thou come with thy neighbor, Pliable; there are such things to

Christian and Obstinate pull for Pliable's soul.

be had which I spoke of, and many more glories besides.

If you believe not me, read here in this book; and for the truth of what is expressed

therein, behold all is confirmed by the blood of him that made it (Heb. ix. 17-21).

PLI. Well, neighbor Obstinate, said Pliable, I begin to come to a point; I intend to go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him; but, my good companion, do you know the way to this desired place?

Pliable contented to go with Christian.

CHR. I am directed by a man whose name is Evangelist to speed me to a little gate that is before us, where we shall receive instructions about the way.

PLI. Come, then, good neighbor, let us be going. Then they went both together.

OBST. And I will go back to my place, said Obstinate; I will be no companion of such misled, fantastical fellows.

Obstinate goes railing back.

Now, I saw in my dream that, when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain; and thus they began their discourse.

Talk between Christian and Pliable.

CHR. Come, neighbor Pliable, how do you do? I am glad you are persuaded to go along with me. Had even Obstinate himself felt what I have felt of the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.

PLI. Come, neighbor Christian, since there are none but us two here, tell me now further what the things are, and how to be enjoyed, whither we are going.

CHR. I can better conceive of them with my mind than speak of them with my tongue; but yet, since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my book.

God's things unspeakable.

PLI. And do you think that the words of your book are certainly true?

CHR. Yes, verily; for it was made by Him that cannot lie (Tit. i. 2).

PLI. Well said; what things are they?

CHR. There is an endless kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting life to be given us, that we may inhabit that kingdom forever (Isa. xlv. 17; John x. 28, 29).

PLI. Well said; and what else?

CHR. There are crowns of glory to be given us, and garments that will make us shine like the sun in the firmament of heaven! (2 Tim. iv. 8; Rev. iii. 4; Matt. xiii. 43).

PLI. This is very pleasant; and what else?

CHR. There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow; for He that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes (Isa. xxv. 6-8; Rev. vii. 17, xxi. 4).

PLI. And what company shall we have there?

CHR. There we shall be with seraphims and cherubims, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them (Isa. vi. 2). There also you shall meet with thousands and ten thousands that have gone before us to that place; none of them are hurtful, but loving and holy; everyone walking in the sight of God, and standing in His presence with acceptance forever (1 Thes. iv. 16, 17; Rev. v. 11). In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns (Rev. iv. 4); there we shall see the holy virgins with their golden harps (Rev. xiv. 1-5); there we shall see men that by the world were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love that they bare to the Lord of the place, all well, and clothed with immortality as with a garment (John xii. 25; 2 Cor. v. 4).

PLI. The hearing of this is enough to ravish one's heart. But are these things to be enjoyed? How shall we get to be sharers thereof?

CHR. The Lord, the Governor of the country, hath recorded that in this book; the substance of which is: If we be truly willing to have it, He will bestow it upon us freely (Isa. lv. 1, 2; John vi. 37, vii. 37; Rev. xxi. 6, xxii. 17).

PLI. Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things; come on, let us mend our pace.

CHR. I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this burden that is on my back.

Now, I saw in my dream that just as they had ended this talk they drew near to a very miry slough, that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

The Slough of Despond.

CHR. I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this burden that is on my back.

PLI. Then said Pliable, Ah! neighbor Christian, where are you now?

CHR. Truly, said Christian, I do not know.

PLI. At this Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect betwixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me. And, with that, he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house: so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

It is not enough to be pliable.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone:

but still he endeavored to struggle to that side of the slough that was still further from his own house, and next to the wicket-gate; the which he did, but could not get out, because of the burden that was upon his back: but I beheld in my dream that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him what he did there.

Christian in trouble seeks still to get further from his own house.

CHR. Sir, said Christian, I was bid go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, that I might escape the wrath to come; and as I was going thither I fell in here.

HELP. But why did not you look for the steps?

The Promises.

CHR. Fear followed me so hard that I fled the next way and fell in.

HELP. Then said he, Give me thy hand: so he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way (Ps. xl. 2).

Help lifts him up.

Then I stepped to him that plucked him out, and said, "Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the City of Destruction to yonder gate, is it that this plat is not mended, that poor travelers might go thither with more security?" And he said unto me, "This miry slough is such a place as cannot be mended; it is the descent

*What makes
the Slough of
Despond.*

whither the scum and filth that attends conviction for sin doth continually run, and therefore it is called the Slough of Despond; for still, as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition, there ariseth in his soul many fears, and doubts, and discouraging apprehensions, which all of them get together, and settle in this place. And this is the reason of the badness of this ground.

"It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad (Isa. xxxv. 3, 4). His laborers also have, by the direction of his Majesty's surveyors, been for above these sixteen hundred years employed about this patch of ground, if perhaps it might have been mended: yea, and to my knowledge," said he, "here have been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cart-loads, yea, millions of wholesome instructions, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the King's dominions, and they that can tell say they are the best materials to make good ground of the place; if so be, it might have been mended, but it is the Slough of Despond still, and so will be when they have done what they can.

"True, there are, by the direction of the Lawgiver, certain good and substantial steps, placed even through the very midst of the slough; but at such time as this place doth much spew out its filth, as it doth against change of weather, these steps are hardly seen; or, if they be, men, through the dizziness of their heads, step beside, and then they are bemired to purpose, notwithstanding the steps be there; but the ground is good when they are once got in at the gate" (1 Sam. xii. 23).

Now, I saw in my dream that by this time Pliable was got home to his house again, so that his neighbors came to visit

*Pliable got
home, and is
visited of his
neighbors.*

him; and some of them called him wise man for coming back, and some called him fool for hazard-ing himself with Christian: others, again, did mock at his cowardliness; saying, "Surely, since you began to venture, I would not have been so base to have

given out for a few difficulties." So Pliable sat sneaking among them. But at last he got more confidence, and then they all turned their tales, and began to deride poor Christian behind his back. And thus much concerning Pliable.

Now, as Christian was walking solitarily by himself, he espied one afar off, come crossing over the field to meet him; and their hap was to meet just as they were crossing the way of each other. The gentleman's name that met him was Mr. Worldly Wiseman: he dwelt in the town of Carnal Policy, a very great town, and also hard-by from whence Christian came. This man, then, meeting with Christian, and having some inkling of him—for Christian's setting forth from the City of Destruction was much noised abroad, not only in the town where he dwelt, but also it began to be the town talk in some other places—Mr. Worldly Wiseman, therefore, having some guess of him, by beholding his laborious going, by observing his sighs and groans, and the like, began thus to enter into some talk with Christian.

WORLD. How now, good fellow, whither away after this burdened manner?

CHR. A burdened manner, indeed, as ever I think poor creature had! And whereas you ask me, Whither away? I tell you, Sir, I am going to yonder wicket-gate before me; for there, as I am informed, I shall be put into a way to be rid of my heavy burden.

WORLD. Hast thou a wife and children?

CHR. Yes; but I am so laden with this burden that I cannot take that pleasure in them as formerly; methinks I am as if I had none (1 Cor. vii. 29).

WORLD. Wilt thou hearken unto me if I give thee counsel?

CHR. If it be good, I will; for I stand in need of good counsel.

WORLD. I would advise thee, then, that thou with all speed get thyself rid of thy burden; for thou wilt never be settled in thy mind till then; nor canst thou enjoy the benefits of the

*His entertain-
ment by them
at his return.*

*Mr. Worldly
Wiseman meets
with Christian.*

*Talk betwixt
Mr. Worldly
Wiseman and
Christian.*

*Mr. Worldly
Wiseman's
counsel to
Christian.*

blessing which God hath bestowed upon thee till then.

CHR. That is that which I seek, forever to be rid of this heavy burden; but get it off myself, I cannot; nor is there any man in our country that can take it off my shoulders; therefore am I going this way, as I told you, that I may be rid of my burden.

WORLD. Who bid thee go this way to be rid of thy burden?

CHR. A man that appeared to me to be a very great and honorable person; his name, as I remember, is Evangelist.

WORLD. I beshrew him for his counsel! there is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than is that unto

Mr. Worldly Wiseman condemned Evangelist's counsel.

which he hath directed thee; and that thou shalt find, if thou wilt be ruled by his counsel. Thou hast met with something, as I perceive already; for I see the dirt of the Slough of Despond is upon thee; but that slough is the beginning of the sorrows that do attend those that go on in that way. Hear me, I am older than thou; thou art like to meet with, in the way which thou goest, wearisomeness, painfulness, hunger, perils, nakedness, sword, lions, dragons, darkness, and, in a word, death, and what not! These things are certainly true, having been confirmed by many testimonies. And why should a man so carelessly cast away himself, by giving heed to a stranger?

CHR. Why, Sir, this burden upon my back is more terrible to me than are all these things which you have mentioned; nay, methinks I care not what I meet with in the way, if so be I can also meet with deliverance from my burden.

WORLD. How camest thou by the burden at first?

CHR. By reading this book in my hand.

WORLD. I thought so; and it is happened unto thee as to other weak men, who, meddling with things too high for them, do suddenly fall into thy distractions; which distractions do not only unman men, as thine, I perceive, has done thee,

Worldly Wiseman does not like that men should be serious in reading the Bible.

but they run them upon desperate ventures to obtain they know not what.

CHR. I know what I would obtain; it is ease for my heavy burden.

WORLD. But why wilt thou seek for ease this way, seeing so many dangers attend it? especially since, hadst thou but patience to hear me, I could direct thee to the obtaining of what thou desirest, without the dangers that thou in this way wilt run thyself into; yea, and the remedy is at hand. Besides, I will add that, instead of those dangers, thou shalt meet with much safety, friendship, and content.

CHR. Pray, Sir, open this secret to me.

WORLD. Why, in yonder village—the village is named Morality—there dwells a gentleman whose name is Legality, a very judicious man, and a man of a very good name, that has skill to help men off with such burdens as thine are from their shoulders: yea, to my knowledge, he hath done a great deal of good this way; ay, and besides, he hath skill to cure those that are somewhat crazed in their wits with their burdens. To him, as I said, thou mayest go, and be helped presently. His house is not quite a mile from this place, and if he should not be at home himself, he hath a pretty young man to his son, whose name is Civility, that can do it (to speak on) as well as the old gentleman himself; there, I say, thou mayest be eased of thy burden; and if thou art not minded to go back to thy former habitation, as, indeed, I would not wish thee, thou mayest send for thy wife and children to thee to this village, where there are houses now standing empty, one of which thou mayest have at reasonable rates; provision is there also cheap and good; and that which will make thy life the more happy is, to be sure, there thou shalt live by honest neighbors, in credit and good fashion.

Now was Christian somewhat at a stand; but presently he concluded, If this be true, which this gentleman hath said, my wisest course is to take his advice; and with that he thus further spoke.

Whether Mr. Worldly Wiseman prefers morality before the strait gate.

Christian snared by Mr. Worldly Wiseman's words.

CHR. Sir, which is my way to this honest man's house?

Mount Sinai WORLD. Do you see yonder high hill?

CHR. Yes, very well.

WORLD. By that hill you must go, and the first house you come at is his.

So Christian turned out of his way to go to Mr. Legality's house for help; but, behold, when he was got now hard by the hill, it seemed so high, and also that side of it that was next the way-side did hang so much over, that Christian was afraid to venture further, lest the hill should fall on his head; wherefore there he stood still, and wotted not what to do. Also his burden now seemed heavier to him than while he was in his way. There came also flashes of fire out of the hill, that made Christian afraid that he should be burned (Exod. xix. 16, 18). Here, therefore, he sweat and did quake for fear (Heb. xii. 21).

Christian afraid that Mount Sinai would fall on his head.

When Christians unto carnal men give ear, Out of their way they go, and pay for 't dear; For Master Worldly Wiseman can but show A saint the way to bondage and to woe.

And now he began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel. And with that he saw Evangelist coming to meet him; at the sight also of whom he began to blush for shame. So Evangelist drew nearer and nearer; and coming up to him, he looked upon him with a severe and dreadful countenance, and thus began to reason with Christian.

Evangelist findeth Christian under Mount Sinai, and looketh severely upon him.

EVAN. What dost thou here, Christian? said he: at which words Christian knew not what to answer; wherefore at present he stood speechless before him. Then said Evangelist further, Art not thou the man that I found crying without the walls of the City of Destruction?

CHR. Yes, dear Sir, I am the man.

EVAN. Did not I direct thee the way to the little wicket-gate?

CHR. Yes, dear Sir, said Christian.

EVAN. How is it, then, that thou art so quickly turned aside? for thou art now out of the way.

CHR. I met with a gentleman so soon as I had got over the Slough of Despond, who persuaded me that I might, in the village before me, find a man that could take off my burden.

EVAN. What was he?

CHR. He looked like a gentleman, and talked much to me, and got me at last to yield; so I came hither: but when I beheld this hill, and how it hangs over the way, I suddenly made a stand, lest it should fall on my head.

EVAN. What said that gentleman to you?

CHR. Why, he asked me whither I was going. And I told him.

EVAN. And what said he then?

CHR. He asked me if I had a family. And I told him. "But," said I, "I am so laden with the burden that is on my back that I cannot take pleasure in them as formerly."

EVAN. And what said he then?

CHR. He bid me with speed get rid of my burden; and I told him it was ease that I sought. "And", said I, "I am therefore going to yonder gate, to receive further direction how I may get to the place of deliverance." So he said that he would show me a better way, and shorter, not so attended with difficulties as the way, Sir, that you set me in; "which way", said he, "will direct you to a gentleman's house that hath skill to take off these burdens"; so I believed him, and turned out of that way into this, if haply I might be soon eased of my burden. But when I came to this place, and beheld things as they are, I stopped for fear (as I said) of danger: but I now know not what to do.

EVAN. Then, said Evangelist, stand still a little, that I may show thee the words of God. So he stood trembling. Then said Evangelist, See that ye refuse not him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from Heaven (Heb. xii. 25). He said, moreover, Now the just shall

live by faith: but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him (Heb. x. 36). He also did

Evangelist convinces Christian of his error.

thus apply them: Thou art the man that art running into this misery; thou hast begun to reject the counsel of the Most High, and to draw back thy foot from the way of peace, even almost to the hazarding of thy perdition.

Then Christian fell down at his feet as dead, crying, "Woe is me, for I am undone!" At the sight of which, Evangelist caught him by the right hand, saying, "All manner of sin and blasphemies shall be forgiven unto men" (Matt. xii. 31). "Be not faithless, but believing" (John xx. 27). Then did Christian again a little revive, and stood up trembling, as at first, before Evangelist.

Then Evangelist proceeded, saying, Give more earnest heed to the things that I shall tell thee of. I will now show thee who it was that deluded thee, and who it was also to whom he sent thee. The man that met thee is one Worldly Wiseman, and rightly is he so called; partly, because he savoreth only the doctrine of this world (1 John iv. 5), (therefore he always goes to the town of Morality to church): and partly, because he loveth that doctrine best, for it saveth him best from the cross (Gal. vi. 12).

And because he is of this carnal temper, therefore he seeketh to prevent my ways, though right. Now there are three things in this man's counsel that thou must utterly abhor.

1. His turning thee out of the way. 2. His laboring to render the cross odious to thee. And, 3. His setting thy feet in that way that leadeth unto the administration of death.

First, thou must abhor his turning thee out of the way; and thine own consenting thereto: because this is to reject the counsel of God for the sake of the counsel of a Worldly Wiseman. The Lord says, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate" (Luke xiii. 24), the gate to which I send thee; for "strait is the gate that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it" (Matt. vii. 14). From this little wicket-gate, and from the way thereto, hath this wicked man turned thee, to the bringing of thee almost to de-

struction; hate, therefore, his turning thee out of the way, and abhor thyself for hearkening to him.

Secondly, Thou must abhor his laboring to render the cross odious unto thee; for thou art to prefer it "before the treasures in Egypt" (Heb. xi. 25, 26). Besides, the King of Glory hath told thee that he that "will save his life shall lose it" (Mark viii. 35; John xii. 25; Matt. x. 39). And, "He that cometh after me, and hateth not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke xiv. 26). I say, therefore, for man to labor to persuade thee that that shall be thy death, without which, THE TRUTH hath said, thou canst not have eternal life; this doctrine thou must abhor.

Thirdly, Thou must hate his setting of thy feet in the way that leadeth to the ministration of death. And for this thou must consider to whom he sent thee, and also how unable that person was to deliver thee from thy burden.

He to whom thou wast sent for ease, being by name Legality, is the son of the bond-woman which now is in bondage with her children (Gal. iv. 21-27); and is, in a mystery, this Mount Sinai, which thou hast feared will fall on thy head. Now, if she, with her children, are in bondage, how canst thou expect by them to be made free? This Legality, therefore, is not able to set thee free from thy burden. No man was as yet ever rid of his burden by him; no, nor ever is like to be: ye cannot be justified by the works of the law; for by the deeds of the law no man living can be rid of his burden; therefore, Mr. Worldly Wiseman is an alien, and Mr. Legality is a cheat; and for his son Civility, notwithstanding his simpering looks, he is but a hypocrite and cannot help thee. Believe me, there is nothing in all this noise that thou hast heard of these sottish men, but a design to beguile thee of thy salvation, by turning thee from the way in which I had set thee. After this, Evangelist called aloud to the heavens for confirmation of what he had said: and with that there came words and fire out of the mountain under which poor Christian stood, that

The bond-woman.

Mr. Worldly Wiseman described by Evangelist.

Evangelist discovers the deceit of Mr. Worldly Wiseman.

made the hair of his flesh stand up. The words were thus pronounced: "As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse; for it is written, Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. iii. 10).

Now Christian looked for nothing but death, and began to cry out lamentably; even cursing the time in which he met with Mr. Worldly Wiseman; still calling himself a thousand fools for hearkening to his counsel: he also was greatly ashamed to think that this gentleman's arguments, flowing only from the flesh, should have the prevalency with him as to cause him to forsake the right way. This done, he applied himself again to Evangelist in words and sense as follows:—

CHR. Sir, what think you? Is there hope? 20

Christian inquires if he may yet be happy.

May I now go back and go up to the wicket-gate? Shall I not be abandoned for this, and sent back from thence

ashamed? I am sorry I have hearkened to this man's counsel. But may my sin be forgiven?

EVAN. Then said Evangelist to him, Thy sin is very great, for by it thou hast com-

Evangelist comforts him.

mitted two evils: thou hast forsaken the way that is good, to tread in forbidden

paths; yet will the man at the gate receive thee, for he has good-will for men; only, said he, take heed that thou turn not aside again, "lest thou perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little" (Ps. ii. 12). Then did Christian address himself to go back; and Evangelist, after he had kissed him, gave him one smile, and bid him God-speed. So he went on with haste, neither spake he to any man by the way; nor, if any asked him, would he vouchsafe them an answer. He went like one that was all the while treading on forbidden ground, and could by no means think himself safe till again he was got into the way which he left to follow Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel. So, in process of time Christian got up to the gate. Now, over the gate there was written, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. vii. 8).

"He that will enter in must first without

Stand knocking at the Gate, nor need he doubt

That is a KNOCKER but to enter in;
For God can love him, and forgive his sin."

He knocked, therefore, more than once or twice, saying:—

"May I now enter here? Will he within
Open to sorry me, though I have been
An undeserving rebel? Then shall I
Not fail to sing his lasting praise on high."

At last there came a grave person to the gate, named Good-will, who asked who was there, and whence he came, and what he would have.

CHR. Here is a poor burdened sinner. I come from the City of Destruction, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would, therefore, Sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are willing to let me in?

GOOD-WILL. I am willing with all my heart, said he; and with that he opened the gate.

The gate will be opened to broken-hearted sinners.

So when Christian was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said Christian, "What means that?" The other told him. "A little distance from this gate, there is erected a strong castle, of which Beelzebub is the captain; from thence, both he and them that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they can enter in."

Satan envies those that enter the strait gate.

Then said Christian, "I rejoice and tremble." So when he was got in, the man of the gate asked him who directed him thither.

Christian entered the gate with joy and trembling.

CHR. Evangelist bid me come hither, and knock (as I did); and he said that you, Sir, would tell me what I must do.

GOOD-WILL. An open door is set before thee, and no man can shut it.

CHR. Now I begin to reap the benefits of my hazards.

Talk between Good-will and Christian.

GOOD-WILL. But how is it that you came alone?

CHR. Because none of my neighbors saw their danger, as I saw mine.

GOOD-WILL. Did any of them know of your coming?

CHR. Yes; my wife and children saw me at the first, and called after me to turn again; also, some of my neighbors stood crying and calling after me to return; but I put my fingers in my ears, and so came on my way.

GOOD-WILL. But did none of them follow you, to persuade you to go back?

CHR. Yes, both Obstinate and Pliable; but when they saw that they could not prevail, Obstinate went railing back, but Pliable came with me a little way.

GOOD-WILL. But why did he not come through?

CHR. We, indeed, came both together, until we came at the Slough of Despond, into the which we also suddenly

A man may have company when he sets out for Heaven, and yet go thither alone.

fell. And then was my neighbor, Pliable, discouraged, and would not adventure further. Wherefore, getting out again on that side next to his own house, he told me I should possess the brave country alone for him; so he went his way, and I came mine—he after Obstinate, and I to this gate.

GOOD-WILL. Then said Good-will, Alas, poor man! is the celestial glory of so small esteem with him that he counteth it not worth running the hazards of a few difficulties to obtain it?

CHR. Truly, said Christian, I have said the truth of Pliable, and if I should also say all the truth of myself, it will appear there is no betterment betwixt him and myself. It

Christian accuseth himself before the man at the gate.

is true, he went back to his own house, but I also turned aside to go in the way of death, being persuaded there-
to by the carnal arguments of one Mr. Worldly Wiseman.

GOOD-WILL. Oh! did he light upon you? What! he would have had you a-sought for ease at the hands of Mr. Legality. They are, both of them, a very cheat. But did you take his counsel?

CHR. Yes, as far as I durst; I went to find out Mr. Legality, until I thought that the mountain that stands by his house would have fallen upon my head; wherefore, there I was forced to stop.

GOOD-WILL. That mountain has been the death of many, and will be the death of many more; it is well you escaped being by it dashed in pieces.

CHR. Why, truly, I do not know what had become of me there had not Evangelist happily met me again as I was musing in the midst of my dumps; but it was God's mercy that he came to me again, for else I had never come hither. But now I am come, such a one as I am, more fit, indeed, for death, by that mountain, than thus to stand talking with my Lord; but, oh, what a favor is this to me, that yet I am admitted entrance here!

GOOD-WILL. We make no objections against any, notwithstanding all that they have done before they came hither.

Christian comforted again.

They are "in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37); and therefore, good Christian, come a little way with me, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? THAT is the way thou must go; it was cast up by the patriarchs, prophets, Christ, and his Apostles; and it is as straight as a rule can make it. This is the way thou must go.

Christian directed yet on his way.

CHR. But, said Christian, are there no turnings or no windings, by which a stranger may lose his way?

Christian afraid of losing his way.

GOOD-WILL. Yes, there are many ways butt down upon this, and they are crooked and wide. But thus thou mayest distinguish the right from the wrong, the right only being straight and narrow (Matt. vii. 14).

Then I saw in my dream that Christian asked him further if he could not help him off with his burden that was upon his back; for as yet he had not got rid thereof, nor could he by any means get it off without help.

Christian weary of his burden.

He told him, "As to thy burden, be content to bear it until thou comest to the place of deliverance; for there it will fall from thy back of itself."

There is no deliverance from the guilt and burden of sin, but by the death and blood of Christ.

Then Christian began to Christ.

gird up his loins and to address himself to his journey. So the other told him that, by that he was gone some distance from the gate, he would come at the House of the Interpreter, at whose door he should knock, and he would show him excellent things. Then Christian took his leave of his friend, and he again bid him Godspeed.

Christian comes to the House of the Interpreter.

Then he went on till he came to the House of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over; at last one came to the door, and asked

who was there.

CHR. Sir, here is a traveler, who was bid by an acquaintance of the good-man of this house to call here for my profit; I would therefore speak with the master of the house. So he called for the master of the house, who, after a little time, came to Christian, and asked him what he would have.

CHR. Sir, said Christian, I am a man that am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to the Mount Zion; and I was told by the man that stands at the gate, at the head of this way, that if I called here, you would show me excellent things, such as would be a help to me in my journey.

He is entertained.

told by the man that stands at the gate, at the head of this way, that if I called here, you

INTER. Then said the Interpreter, Come in; I will show that which will be profitable to thee. So he commanded his man to light the candle, and bid Christian follow him: so he had him into a private room, and bid his man open a door; the which when he had

Christian sees a grave picture.

done, Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hang up against the wall; and this was the fashion of it. It had eyes

The fashion of the picture.

lifted up to Heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back. It stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over his head.

CHR. Then said Christian, What meaneth this?

INTER. The man whose picture this is, is one of a thousand, he can beget children (1 Cor. iv. 15), travail in birth with children (Gal. iv. 19), and nurse them himself when they are born. And whereas thou

seest him with his eyes lift up to Heaven, the best of books in his hand, and the law of truth writ on his lips, it is to show thee that his work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners; even as also thou seest him stand as if he pleaded with men; and whereas thou seest the world as cast behind him, and that a crown hangs over his head, that is to show thee that slighting

The meaning of the picture.

and despising the things that are present, for the love that he hath to his Master's service, he is sure in the world that comes next to have glory for his reward. Now, said the Interpreter, I have showed thee this picture first, because the man whose picture this is, is the only man whom the Lord of the place whither thou art going hath

Why he showed him the picture first.

authorized to be thy guide in all difficult places thou mayest meet with in the way; wherefore, take good heed to what I have showed thee, and bear well in thy mind what thou hast seen, lest in thy journey thou meet with some that pretend to lead thee right, but their way goes down to death.

Then he took him by the hand, and led him into a very large parlor that was full of dust, because never swept; the which, after he had reviewed a little while, the Interpreter called for a man to sweep. Now when he began to sweep, the dust began so abundantly to fly about that Christian had almost therewith been choked. Then said the Interpreter to a damsel that stood by, "Bring hither the water, and sprinkle the room"; the which, when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure.

CHR. Then said Christian, What means this?

INTER. The Interpreter answered, This parlor is the heart of a man that was never sanctified by the sweet grace of the Gospel; the dust is his original sin, and inward corruptions, that have defiled the whole man. He that began to sweep at first is the Law; but she that brought water, and did sprinkle it, is the Gospel. Now, whereas thou sawest that so soon as the first began to sweep the dust did so fly about that the room by him could not be cleansed, but that thou wast almost choked therewith, this is to show thee

that the law, instead of cleansing the heart (by its working) from sin, doth revive, put strength into, and increase it in the soul, even as it doth discover and forbid it, for it doth not give power to subdue (Rom. vii. 6; 1 Cor. xv. 56; Rom. v. 20).

Again, as thou sawest the damsel sprinkle the room with water, upon which it was cleansed with pleasure, this is to show thee that when the Gospel comes in the sweet and precious influences thereof to the heart, then, I say, even as thou sawest the damsel lay the dust by sprinkling the floor with water, so is sin vanquished and subdued, and the soul made clean through the faith of it, and consequently fit for the King of Glory to inhabit (John xv. 3; Eph. v. 26; Acts xv. 9; Rom. xvi. 25, 26; John xv. 13).

I saw, moreover, in my dream, that the Interpreter took him by the hand, and had

He showed him Passion and Patience.

Passion seemed to be much discontented; but Patience was very quiet. Then Christian asked, "What

Passion will have all now. Patience is for waiting.

year, but he will have all now; but Patience is willing to wait."

Then I saw that one came to Passion, and brought him a bag of treasure, and poured it down at his feet: the which he took up and rejoiced therein, and withal laughed Patience to scorn. But I beheld but a while, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but rags.

CHR. Then said Christian to the Interpreter, Expound this matter more fully to me.

INTER. So he said, These two lads are figures: Passion, of the men of this world; and Patience, of the men of that which is to come; for, as here thou seest, Passion will have all now this year, that is to say, in

The matter expounded.

this world; so are the men of this world: they must have all their good things now; they cannot stay till next year, that is, until the next world, for their portion of good. That proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," is of more authority with them than are all the divine testimonies of the good of the world to come. But as thou sawest that he had quickly lavished all away, and had presently left him nothing but rags, so will it be with all such men at the end of this world.

The worldly man for a bird in the hand.

CHR. Then said Christian, Now I see that Patience has the best wisdom, and that upon many accounts. First, because he stays for the best things. Second, and also because he will have the glory of his, when the other has nothing but rags.

Patience has the best wisdom.

INTER. Nay, you may add another, to wit, the glory of the next world will never wear out; but these are suddenly gone. Therefore Passion had not so much reason to laugh at Patience because he had his good things first, as Patience will have to laugh at Passion because he had his best things last; for first must give place to last,

because last must have his time to come; but last gives place to nothing, for there is not another to succeed. He, therefore, that hath his portion first must needs have a time to spend it; but he that hath his portion last must have it lastingly; therefore it is said of Dives, "Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented" (Luke xvi. 25).

Things that are first must give place; but things that are last are lasting.

CHR. Then I perceive it is not best to covet things that are now, but to wait for things to come.

Dives had his good things first.

INTER. You say the truth: "For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal" (2 Cor. iv. 18). But though this be so, yet since things present and our fleshy appetite are such near neighbors one to

The first things are but temporal.

another; and again, because things to come and carnal sense are such strangers one to another; therefore it is that the first of these so suddenly fall into amity, and that distance is so continued between the second.

Then I saw in my dream that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand and led him into a place where was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it, always casting much water upon it, to quench it; yet did the fire burn higher and hotter.

Then said Christian, "What means this?"

The Interpreter answered, "This fire is the work of grace that is wrought in the heart; he that casts water upon it, to extinguish and put it out, is the Devil; but in that thou seest the fire notwithstanding burn higher and hotter, thou shalt also see the reason of that." So he had him about to the back side of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, of the which he did also continually cast, but secretly, into the fire.

Then said Christian, "What means this?"

The Interpreter answered, "This is Christ, who continually, with the oil of his grace, maintains the work already begun in the heart: by the means of which, notwithstanding what the Devil can do, the souls of his people prove gracious still (2 Cor. xii. 9). And in that thou sawest that the man stood behind the wall to maintain the fire, that is to teach thee that it is hard for the tempted to see how this work of grace is maintained in the soul."

I saw also that the Interpreter took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where was built a stately palace, beautiful to behold; at the sight of which Christian was greatly delighted. He saw also, upon the top thereof, certain persons walking, who were clothed all in gold.

Then said Christian, "May we go in thither?"

Then the Interpreter took him, and led him up towards the door of the palace; and behold, at the door stood a great company of men, as desirous to go in, but durst not. There also sat a man at a little distance from the door, at a table-side, with a book and his ink-horn before him, to take the name of him that should enter therein; he saw also that in the doorway stood many men in

armor to keep it, being resolved to do the men that would enter what hurt and mischief they could. Now was Christian somewhat in amaze. At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man that sat there

The valiant man.

to write, saying, "Set down my name, Sir": the which when he had done, he saw the man draw his sword, and put an helmet upon his head, and rush toward the door upon the armed men, who laid upon him with deadly force; but the man, not at all discouraged, fell to cutting and hacking most fiercely. So after he had received and given many wounds to those that attempted to keep him out, he cut his way through them all (Acts xiv. 22), and pressed forward into the palace, at which there was a pleasant voice heard from those that were within, even of those that walked upon the top of the palace, saying—

"Come in, come in;
Eternal glory thou shalt win."

So he went in, and was clothed with such garments as they. Then Christian smiled and said, "I think verily I know the meaning of this."

"Now," said Christian, "let me go hence." "Nay, stay," said the Interpreter, "till I have showed thee a little more, and after that thou shalt go on thy way." So he took him by the hand again, and led him into a very dark room, where there sat a man in an iron cage.

Despair like an iron cage.

Now the man, to look on, seemed very sad; he sat with his eyes looking down to the ground, his hands folded together, and he sighed as if he would break his heart. Then said Christian, "What means this?" At which the Interpreter bid him talk with the man.

Then said Christian to the man, "What art thou?" The man answered, "I am what I was not once."

CHR. What wast thou once?

MAN. The man said, I was once a fair and flourishing professor, both in mine own eyes, and also in the eyes of others; I once was, as I thought, fair for the Celestial City,

and had then even joy at the thoughts that I should get thither (Luke viii. 13).

CHR. Well, but what art thou now?

MAN. I am now a man of despair, and am shut up in it, as in this iron cage. I cannot get out. Oh, now I cannot!

CHR. But how camest thou in this condition?

MAN. I left off to watch and be sober; I laid the reins upon the neck of my lusts; I sinned against the light of the Word and the goodness of God; I have grieved the Spirit, and he is gone; I tempted the Devil, and he is come to me; I have provoked God to anger, and He has left me: I have so hardened my heart that I cannot repent.

Then said Christian to the Interpreter, "But is there no hope for such a man as this?" "Ask him," said the Interpreter. "Nay," said Christian, "pray, Sir, do you."

INTER. Then said the Interpreter, Is there no hope, but you must be kept in the iron cage of despair?

MAN. No, none at all.

INTER. Why, the Son of the Blessed is very pitiful.

MAN. I have crucified him to myself afresh (Heb. vi. 6); I have despised his person (Luke xix. 14); I have despised his righteousness; I have "counted his blood an unholy thing"; I have "done despite to the Spirit of Grace" (Heb. x. 28, 29). Therefore I have shut myself out of all the promises, and there now remains to me nothing but threatenings, dreadful threatenings, fearful threatenings of certain judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour me as an adversary.

INTER. For what did you bring yourself into this condition?

MAN. For the lusts, pleasures, and profits of this world; in the enjoyment of which I did then promise myself much delight: but now every one of those things also bite me, and gnaw me like a burning worm.

INTER. But canst thou not now repent and turn?

MAN. God hath denied me repentance. His Word gives me no encouragement to believe; yea, Himself hath shut me up in this iron cage; nor can all the men in the world let me out. O eternity! eternity! how

shall I grapple with the misery that I must meet with in eternity!

INTER. Then said the Interpreter to Christian, Let this man's misery be remembered by thee, and be an everlasting caution to thee.

CHR. Well, said Christian, this is fearful! God help me to watch and be sober, and to pray that I may shun the cause of this man's misery! Sir, is it not time for me to go on my way now?

INTER. Tarry till I shall show thee one thing more, and then thou shalt go on thy way.

So he took Christian by the hand again, and led him into a chamber, where there was one rising out of bed; and as he put on his raiment, he shook and trembled. Then said Christian, "Why doth this man thus tremble?" The Interpreter then bid him tell to Christian the reason of his so doing. So he began and said, "This night, as I was in my sleep, I dreamed, and behold the heavens grew exceeding black; also it thundered and lightened in most fearful wise, that it put me into an agony. So I looked up in my dream, and saw the clouds rack at an unusual rate, upon which I heard a great sound of a trumpet, and saw also a man sit upon a cloud, attended with the thousands of Heaven; they were all in flaming fire: also the heavens were in a burning flame. I heard then a voice saying, 'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment'; and with that the rocks rent, the graves opened, and the dead that were therein came forth. Some of them were exceeding glad, and looked upward; and some sought to hide themselves under the mountains (1 Cor. xv. 52; 1 Thes. iv. 16; Jude 14; John v. 28, 29; 2 Thes. i. 7, 8; Rev. xx. 11-14; Isa. xxvi. 21; Micah vii. 16, 17; Ps. v. 1-3; Dan. vii. 10). Then I saw the man that sat upon the cloud open the book, and bid the world draw near. Yet there was, by reason of a fierce flame which issued out and came from before him, a convenient distance betwixt him and them, as betwixt the judge and the prisoners at the bar (Mal. iii. 2, 3; Dan. vii. 9, 10). I heard it also proclaimed to them that attended on the man that sat on the cloud, 'Gather together the tares, the chaff, and stubble, and cast them into the burning lake' (Matt. iii. 12; xiii.

30; Mal. iv. 1). And with that, the bottomless pit opened, just whereabout I stood; out of the mouth of which there came, in an abundant manner, smoke and coals of fire, with hideous noises. It was also said to the same persons, 'Gather my wheat into the garner' (Luke iii. 17). And with that I saw many caught up and carried away into the clouds, but I was left behind (1 Thes. iv. 16, 17). I also sought to hide myself, but I could not, for the man that sat upon the cloud still kept his eye upon me: my sins also came into my mind; and my conscience did accuse me on every side (Rom. iii. 14, 15). Upon this I awaked from my sleep."

CHR. But what was it that made you so afraid of this sight?

MAN. Why, I thought that the day of judgment was come, and that I was not ready for it: but this frightened me most, that the angels gathered up several, and left me behind; also the pit of Hell opened her mouth just where I stood. My conscience, too, afflicted me; and, as I thought, the Judge had always His eye upon me, showing indignation in His countenance.

Then said the Interpreter to Christian, "Hast thou considered all these things?"

CHR. Yes, and they put me in hope and fear.

INTER. Well, keep all things so in thy mind that they may be as a goad in thy sides, to prick thee forward in the way thou must go. Then Christian began to gird up his loins and to address himself to his journey. Then said the Interpreter, The Comforter be always with thee, good Christian, to guide thee in the way that leads to the City. So Christian went on his way, saying—

"Here I have seen things rare and profitable; Things pleasant, dreadful, things to make me stable

In what I have begun to take in hand;
Then let me think on them, and understand
Wherefore they showed me were, and let me be

Thankful, O good Interpreter, to thee."

Now I saw in my dream that the highway up which Christian was to go was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation (Isa. xxvi. 1). Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run,

but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulcher. So I saw in my dream that just as Christian came up with the cross his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do till it came to the mouth of the sepulcher, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armor for his back; and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

Christian has no armor for his back.

Christian's resolution at the approach of Apollyon.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales, like a fish (and they are his pride), he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him.

APOL. Whence come you? and whither are you bound?

CHR. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

APOL. By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects, for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it, then, that

Discourse betwixt Christian and Apollyon.

thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now, at one blow, to the ground.

CHR. I was born, indeed, in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, "for the wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23); therefore, when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if, perhaps, I might mend myself.

APOL. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee; but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back: what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

CHR. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes; and how can I, with fairness, go back with thee?

APOL. Thou hast done in this, according to the proverb, "Changed a bad for a worse"; but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

CHR. I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him; how, then, can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor?

APOL. Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

CHR. What I promised thee was in my nonage; and, besides, I count the Prince under whose banner now I stand is able to absolve me; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee; and besides, O thou destroying Apollyon! to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his government, his company and country, better than thine; and, therefore, leave off to persuade me further; I am his servant, and I will follow him.

APOL. Consider, again, when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that, for the most part, his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors

against me and my ways.

How many of them have been put to shameful deaths; and, besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never came yet from the place where he is to deliver any that served him out of their hands; but

Apollyon pleads the grievous ends of Christians, to dissuade Christian from persisting in his way.

as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them; and so I will deliver thee.

CHR. His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end; and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account; for, for present deliverance, they do not much expect it, for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his and the glory of the angels.

APOL. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him; and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

CHR. Wherein, O Apollyon! have I been unfaithful to him?

APOL. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldest have staid till thy Prince had taken it off; thou didst sinfully sleep and lose thy choice thing; thou wast, also,

Apollyon pleads Christian's infirmities against him.

almost persuaded to go back, at the sight of the lions; and when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vain-glory in all that thou sayest or doest.

CHR. All this is true, and much more which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honor is merciful and ready to forgive; but, besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country, for there I sucked them in; and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

APOL. Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, I am an enemy to

Apollyon in a rage falls upon Christian. this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people; I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

CHR. Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

APOL. Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter: prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul.

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him: and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon

Christian wounded in his understanding, faith, and conversation. wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian

again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and

Apollyon casteth down to the ground the Christian. wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, "I am sure of thee

now." And with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life: but as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise" (Micah vii. 8); and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his

mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us" (Rom. viii. 37). And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more (James iv. 7).

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight—he spake like a dragon;

and, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile, and look upward; but it was the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

A more unequal match can hardly be,—Christian must fight an angel; but you see, The valiant man by handling sword and shield, Doth make him, though a dragon, quit the field.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, "I will here give thanks to Him that delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to Him that did help me against Apollyon." And so he did, saying—

Christian gives God thanks for deliverance.
 "Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
 Design'd my ruin; therefore to this end
 He sent him harness'd out: and he with rage
 That hellish was, did fiercely me engage.
 But blessed Michael helped me, and I,
 By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly.
 Therefore to Him let me give lasting praise,
 And thank and bless His holy name always."

Then there came to him a hand, with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which Christian took, and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat

Christian goes on his journey with his sword drawn in his hand.

down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before; so, being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand; for he said, "I know not but some other enemy may be at hand." But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

Now I saw in my dream that these two men [Christian and Hopeful] went in at the gate: and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them—the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the City rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord." I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever" (Rev. v. 13).

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the City shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord" (Rev. iv. 8). And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

Now while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw Ignorance come up to the river-side; but he soon got over, and that without half that difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place one Vain-hope, a

Ignorance comes up to the river.

ferryman, that with his boat helped him over; so he, as the other I saw, did ascend the hill, to come up to the gate, only he came alone; neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was come up to the gate, he looked up to the writing that was above, and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him; but he was asked by the men that looked over the top of the gate, "Whence came you? and what would you have?" He answered, "I have eat and drank in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our streets." Then they asked him for his certificate, that they might go in and show it to the King; so he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, "Have you none?" But the man answered never a word. So they told the King, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two Shining Ones that conducted Christian and Hopeful to the City, to go out and take Ignorance, and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air, to the door that I saw in the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to Hell, even from the gates of Heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction! So I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

Vain-hope does ferry him over.

THOMAS TRAHERNE (1636?-1674)

POETICAL WORKS

[1903].

THE SALUTATION

I

These little limbs,
These eyes and hands which here I find,
These rosy cheeks wherewith my life begins,
Where have ye been? Behind
What curtain were ye from me hid so long?
Where was, in what abyss, my speaking tongue?

2

When silent I,
So many thousand thousand years,
Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie,
10 How could I smiles or tears,
Or lips or hands or eyes or ears perceive?
Welcome ye treasures which I now receive.

3

I that so long
Was nothing from Eternity,
Did little think such joys as ear or tongue,
To celebrate or see:
Such sounds to hear, such hands to feel, such feet,
Beneath the skies, on such a ground to meet.

4

New burnish'd joys!
20 Which yellow gold and pearl excel!
Such sacred treasures are the limbs in boys,
In which a soul doth dwell;
Their organized joints, and azure veins
More wealth include, than all the world contains.

5

From dust I rise,
And out of nothing now awake,

These brighter regions which salute mine eyes,
 A gift from God I take.
 The earth, the seas, the light, the day, the skies,
 30 The sun and stars are mine; if those I prize.

6

Long time before
 I in my mother's womb was born,
 A God preparing did this glorious store,
 The world for me adorn.
 Into this Eden so divine and fair,
 So wide and bright, I come His son and heir.

7

A stranger here
 Strange things doth meet, strange glories see.
 Strange treasures lodg'd in this fair world appear.
 40 Strange all, and new to me.
 But that they mine should be, who nothing was,
 That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

•
 WONDER

I

How like an angel came I down!
 How bright are all things here!
 When first among His works I did appear,
 Oh how their glory me did crown?
 The world resembled His *Eternity*,
 In which my soul did walk;
 And ev'rything that I did see,
 Did with me talk.

2

The skies in their magnificence,
 10 The lively, lovely air;
 Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
 The stars did entertain my sense,
 And all the works of God so bright and pure,
 So rich and great did seem,
 As if they ever must endure,
 In my esteem.

3

A native health and innocence
 Within my bones did grow,
 And while my God did all His glories show,
 20 I felt a vigor in my sense

RESTORATION LITERATURE

That was all spirit. I within did flow
 With seas of life, like wine;
 I nothing in the world did know,
 But 'twas divine.

4

Harsh ragged objects were conceal'd,
 Oppressions, tears, and cries,
 Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping eyes
 Were hid: and only things reveal'd,
 Which heav'nly spirits, and the angels prize.
 30 The state of innocence
 And bliss, not trades and poverties,
 Did fill my sense.

5

The streets were pav'd with golden stones,
 The boys and girls were mine,
 Oh how did all their lovely faces shine!
 The sons of men were holy ones.
 In joy, and beauty, then appear'd to me,
 And ev'rything which here I found,
 While like an angel I did see,
 40 Adorn'd the ground.

6

Rich diamond and pearl and gold
 In ev'ry place was seen;
 Rare splendors, yellow, blue, red, white, and green.
 Mine eyes did ev'rywhere behold.
 Great wonders cloth'd with glory did appear,
 Amazement was my bliss.
 That and my wealth was ev'rywhere:
 No joy to this!

7

Curs'd and devis'd proprieties,
 50 With envy, avarice,
 And fraud, those fiends that spoil ev'n Paradise,
 Fled from the splendor of mine eyes.
 And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds,
 I dream'd not aught of those,
 But wander'd over all men's grounds,
 And found repose.

8

Proprieties themselves were mine,
 And hedges ornaments;

Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents
 60 Did not divide my joys, but all combine.
 Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteem'd
 My joys by others worn ;
 For me they all to wear them seem'd
 When I was born.

SILENCE

A quiet silent person may possess
 All that is great or high in blessedness.
 The inward work is the supreme : for all
 The other were occasion'd by the Fall.
 A man that seemeth idle to the view
 Of others may the greatest bus'ness do.
 Those acts which Adam in his innocence
 Performed, carry all the excellence.
 These outward busy acts he knew not, were
 10 But meaner matters, of a lower sphere.
 Building of churches, giving to the poor,
 In dust and ashes lying on the floor,
 Administ'ring of justice, preaching peace,
 Plowing and toiling for a forc'd increase,
 With visiting the sick, or governing
 The rude and ignorant : this was a thing
 As then unknow'n. For neither ignorance
 Nor poverty, nor sickness did advance
 Their banner in the world, till Sin came in :
 20 These therefore were occasion'd all by Sin.
 The first and only work he had to do
 Was in himself to feel his bliss, to view
 His sacred treasures, to admire, rejoice,
 Sing praises with a sweet and heav'nly voice,
 See, prize, give hearty thanks within, and love,
 Which is the high and only work, above
 Them all. And this at first was mine ; these were
 My exercises of the highest sphere.
 To see, approve, take pleasure, and rejoice,
 30 Within, is better than an empty voice :
 No melody in words can equal that ;
 The sweetest organ, lute, or harp is flat,
 And dull, compar'd thereto. And oh that still
 I might admire my Father's love and skill !
 This is to honor, worship, and adore,
 This is to *fear* Him : nay it is far more.
 It is t' enjoy Him, and to imitate
 The life and glory of His high estate.
 'Tis to receive with holy reverence,
 40 To understand His gifts, and with a sense
 Of pure devotion, and humility,
 To prize His works, His love to magnify.
 O happy ignorance of other things,
 Which made me present with the King of Kings !

RESTORATION LITERATURE

And like Him too! All spirit, life, and pow'r,
 All love and joy, in His eternal bow'r.
 A world of innocence as then was mine,
 In which the joys of Paradise did shine,
 And while I was not here, I was in Heav'n,
 50 Not resting one, but ev'ry day in sev'n.
 Forever minding, with a lively sense,
 The Universe in all its excellence.
 No other thoughts did intervene, to cloy,
 Divert, extinguish, or eclipse my joy.
 No other customs, new-found wants, or dreams
 Invented here polluted my pure streams.
 No aloes or dregs, no wormwood star,
 Was seen to fall into the sea from far.
 No rotten soul did, like an apple, near
 60 My soul approach. There's no contagion here.
 An unperceived Donor gave all pleasures,
 There nothing was but I, and all my treasures.
 In that fair world one only was the friend,
 One golden stream, one spring, one only end.
 There only one did sacrifice and sing
 To only one Eternal Heav'nly King.
 The union was so strait between them two,
 That all was either's which my soul could view.
 His gifts, and my possessions, both our treasures;
 70 He mine, and I the ocean of His pleasures.
 He was an ocean of delights from whom
 The living springs and golden streams did come:
 My bosom was an ocean into which
 They all did run. And me they did enrich.
 A vast and infinite capacity
 Did make my bosom like the Deity,
 In whose mysterious and celestial mind
 All ages and all worlds together shin'd.
 Who though He nothing said did always reign,
 80 And in Himself eternity contain.
 The world was more in me than I in it.
 The King of Glory in my soul did sit.
 And to Himself in me He always gave
 All that He takes delight to see me have.
 For so my spirit was an endless sphere,
 Like God himself, and Heav'n and earth was there.

THE PERSON

I

Ye sacred limbs,
 A richer blazon I will lay
 On you than first I found:
 That like celestial kings,
 Ye might with ornaments of joy
 Be always crown'd.

A deep vermilion on a red,
 On that a scarlet I will lay,
 With gold I'll crown your head,
 10 Which like the sun shall ray.
 With robes of glory and delight
 I'll make you bright.
 Mistake me not, I do not mean to bring
 New robes, but to display the thing:
 Nor paint, nor cloth, nor crown, nor add a ray,
 But glorify by taking all away.

2

The naked things
 Are most sublime, and brightest show,
 When they alone are seen:
 20 Men's hands than angels' wings
 Are truer wealth ev'n here below:
 For those but seem.
 Their worth they then do best reveal,
 When we all metaphors remove,
 For metaphors conceal,
 And only vapors prove.
 They best are blazon'd when we see
 The anatomy,
 Survey the skin, cut up the flesh, the veins
 30 Unfold: the glory there remains.
 The muscles, fibres, arteries, and bones
 Are better far than crowns and precious stones.

3

Shall I not then
 Delight in these most sacred treasures
 Which my Great Father gave,
 Far more than other men
 Delight in gold? Since these are pleasures
 That make us brave!
 Far braver than the pearl and gold
 40 That glitter on a lady's neck!
 The rubies we behold,
 The diamonds that deck
 The hands of queens, compar'd unto
 The hands we view;
 The softer lilies, and the roses are
 Less ornaments to those that wear
 The same, than are the hands, and lips, and eyes
 Of those who those false ornaments so prize.

4

Let Verity
 50 Be thy delight: let me esteem

RESTORATION LITERATURE

True wealth far more than toys:
 Let sacred riches be,
 While falsèr treasures only seem,
 My real joys.
 For golden chains and bracelets are
 But gilded manacles, whereby
 Old Satan doth ensnare,
 Allure, bewitch the eye.
 Thy gifts, O God, alone I'll prize,
 My tongue, my eyes,
 60 My cheeks, my lips, my ears, my hands, my feet;
 Their harmony is far more sweet;
 Their beauty true. And these in all my ways
 Shall themes become, and organs of Thy praise.

THE CIRCULATION

I

As fair ideas from the sky,
 Or images of things,
 Unto a spotless mirror fly,
 On unperceived wings;
 And lodging there affect the sense,
 As if at first they came from thence;
 While being there, they richly beautify
 The place they fill, and yet communicate
 Themselves, reflecting to the seer's eye,
 10 Just such is our estate.
 No praise can we return again,
 No glory in ourselves possess,
 But what derived from without we gain,
 From all the mysteries of blessedness.

2

No man breathes out more vital air
 Than he before suck'd in.
 Those joys and praises must repair
 To us, which 'tis a sin
 To bury in a senseless tomb.
 20 An earthly weight must be the heir
 Of all those joys the holy angels prize,
 He must a king, before a priest become,
 And gifts receive, or ever sacrifice.
 'Tis blindness makes us dumb.
 Had we but those celestial eyes,
 Whereby we could behold the sum
 Of all His bounties, *we should overflow*
With praises, did we but their causes know.

3

All things to circulations owe
 30 Themselves; by which alone
 They do exist. They cannot show
 A sigh, a word, a groan,
 A color, or a glimpse of light,
 The sparkle of a precious stone,
 A virtue, or a smell; a lovely sight,
 A fruit, a beam, an influence, a tear;
 But they another's livery must wear:
 And borrow matter first,
 Before they can communicate.
 Whatever's empty is accur'd:
 And this doth show that we must some estate
 Possess, or never can communicate.

4

A sponge drinks in that water which
 Is afterwards express'd.
 A lib'ral hand must first be rich:
 Who blesseth must be bless'd.
 The thirsty earth drinks in the rain,
 The trees suck moisture at their roots,
 Before the one can lavish herbs again,
 50 Before the other can afford us fruits.
 No tenant can raise corn, or pay his rent,
 Nor can ev'n have a lord,
 That has no land. No spring can vent,
 No vessel any wine afford
 Wherein no liquor's put. No empty purse
 Can pounds or talents of itself disburse.

5

Flame that ejects its golden beams,
 Sups up the grosser air;
 To seas, that pour out their streams
 60 In springs, those streams repair;
 Receiv'd ideas make even dreams.
 No fancy painteth foul or fair
 But by the ministry of inward light,
 That in the spirits cherisheth its sight.
 The moon returneth light, and some men say
 The very sun no ray
 Nor influence could have, did it
 No foreign aids, no food admit.
 The earth no exhalations would afford,
 70 Were not its spirits by the sun restor'd.

All things do first receive, that give.
 Only 'tis God above,
 That from, and in Himself doth live,
 Whose all-sufficient love
 Without original can flow,
 And all the joys and glories show
 Which mortal man can take delight to know.
 He is the primitive eternal spring,
 The endless ocean of each glorious thing.
 80 The soul a vessel is,
 A spacious bosom to contain
 All the fair treasures of His bliss
 Which run like rivers from, into the main,
 And all it doth receive returns again.

CENTURIES OF MEDITATIONS

[1908].

THE FIRST CENTURY

I

An empty book is like an infant's soul, in which anything may be written. It is capable of all things, but containeth nothing. I have a mind to fill this with profitable wonders. And since love made you put it into my hands, I will fill it with those truths you love without knowing them: and with those things which, if it be possible, shall 10 show my love; to you, in communicating most enriching truths: to Truth, in exalting her beauties in such a soul.

II

Do not wonder that I promise to fill it with those truths you love, but know not; for though it be a maxim in the schools *that there is no love of a thing unknown,* 20 yet I have found that things unknown have a secret influence on the soul, and like the center of the earth unseen violently attract it. We love we know not what, and therefore everything allures us. As iron at a distance is drawn by the loadstone, there being some invisible communications between them, so is there in us a world of love to somewhat, though we know not what in the world that should be. There are 30

invisible ways of conveyance by which some great thing doth touch our souls, and by which we tend to it. Do you not feel yourself drawn with the expectation and desire of some Great Thing?

III

I will open my mouth in parables, I will utter things that have been kept secret from the foundation of the world. Things strange yet common, incredible, yet known; most high, yet plain; infinitely profitable, but not esteemed. Is it not a great thing that you should be Heir of the World? Is it not a great enriching verity? In which the fellowship of the mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God lies concealed! The thing hath been from the creation of the world, but hath not so been explained as that the interior beauty should be understood. It is my design therefore in such a plain manner to unfold it that my friendship may appear in making you possessor of the whole world.

IV

I will not by the noise of bloody wars and the dethroning of kings advance you to

glory, but by the gentle ways of peace and love. As a deep friendship meditates and intends the deepest designs for the advancement of its objects, so doth it show itself in choosing the sweetest and most delightful methods, whereby not to weary but please the person it desireth to advance. Where love administers physic, its tenderness is expressed in balms and cordials. It hateth corrosives, and is rich in its administrations. Even so God, designing to show His love in exalting you, hath chosen the ways of ease and repose by which you should ascend. And I after His similitude will lead you into paths plain and familiar, where all envy, rapine, bloodshed, complaint and malice shall be far removed; and nothing appear but contentment and thanksgiving. Yet shall the end be so glorious that angels durst not hope for so great a one till they had seen it.

v

The fellowship of the mystery that hath been hid in God since the creation is not only the contemplation of His love in the work of redemption, though that is wonderful, but the end for which we are redeemed; a communion with Him in all His glory. For which cause St. Peter saith, "The God of all grace hath called us unto His eternal glory by Jesus Christ." His eternal glory by the methods of His divine wisdom being made ours; and our fruition of it the end for which our Savior suffered.

vi

True love, as it intendeth the greatest gifts, intendeth also the greatest benefits. It contenteth not itself in showing great things unless it can make them greatly useful. For love greatly delighteth in seeing its object continually seated in the highest happiness. Unless therefore I could advance you higher by the uses of what I give, my love could not be satisfied in giving you the whole world. But because when you enjoy it you are advanced to the throne of God and may see His love, I rest well pleased in bestowing it. It will make you to see your own greatness, the truth of the

Scriptures, the amiableness of Virtue, and the beauty of Religion. It will enable you also to contemn the world, and to overflow with praises.

vii

To contemn the world and to enjoy the world are things contrary to each other. How then can we contemn the world, which we are born to enjoy? Truly there are two worlds. One was made by God, the other by men. That made by God was great and beautiful. Before the Fall it was Adam's joy and the temple of his glory. That made by men is a Babel of confusions: invented riches, pomps, and vanities, brought in by Sin. Give all (saith Thomas à Kempis) for all. Leave the one that you may enjoy the other.

viii

What is more easy and sweet than meditation? Yet in this hath God commended His love, that by meditation it is enjoyed. As nothing is more easy than to think, so nothing is more difficult than to think well. The easiness of thinking we received from God; the difficulty of thinking well proceeded from ourselves. Yet in truth, it is far more easy to think well than ill, because good thoughts be sweet and delightful: evil thoughts are full of discontent and trouble. So that an evil habit and custom have made it difficult to think well, not Nature. For by nature nothing is so difficult as to think amiss.

ix

Is it not easy to conceive the world in your mind? To think the heavens fair? The sun glorious? The earth fruitful? The air pleasant? The sea profitable? And the Giver bountiful? Yet these are the things which it is difficult to retain. For could we always be sensible of their use and value, we should be always delighted with their wealth and glory.

x

To think well is to serve God in the interior court: to have a mind composed of divine thoughts, and set in frame, to be like Him within. To conceive aright and to

enjoy the world is to conceive the Holy Ghost, and to see His love: which is the mind of the Father. And this more pleaseth Him than many worlds, could we create as fair and great as this. For when you are once acquainted with the world, you will find the goodness and wisdom of God so manifest therein that it was impossible another, or better should be made. Which being made to be enjoyed, nothing can please or serve Him more than the soul that enjoys it. For that soul doth accomplish the end of His desire in creating it.

XXIV

Is it not a sweet thing to have all covetousness and ambition satisfied, suspicion and infidelity removed, courage and joy infused? Yet is all this in the fruition of the world attained. For thereby God is seen in all His wisdom, power, goodness, and glory.

XXV

Your enjoyment of the world is never right till you so esteem it that everything in it is more your treasure than a king's exchequer full of gold and silver. And that exchequer yours also in its place and service. Can you take too much joy in your Father's works? He is Himself in everything. Some things are little on the outside, and rough and common, but I remember the time when the dust of the streets were as precious as gold to my infant eyes, and now they are more precious to the eye of reason.

XXVI

The services of things and their excellencies are spiritual; being objects not of the eye, but of the mind, and you more spiritual by how much more you esteem them. Pigs eat acorns, but neither consider the sun that gave them life, nor the influences of the heavens by which they were nourished, nor the very root of the tree from whence they came. This being the work of angels, who in a wide and clear light see even the sea that gave them moisture: and feed upon that acorn spiritually while they know the ends for which it was

created, and feast upon all these as upon a world of joys within it; while to ignorant swine that eat the shell it is an empty husk of no taste nor delightful savor.

XXVII

You never enjoy the world aright till you see how a sand exhibiteth the wisdom and power of God; and prize in everything the service which they do you, by manifesting His glory and goodness to your soul, far more than the visible beauty on their surface, or the material services they can do your body. Wine by its moisture quenqueth my thirst, whether I consider it or no: but to see it flowing from His love who gave it unto man, quenqueth the thirst even of the holy angels. To consider it, is to drink it spiritually. To rejoice in its diffusion, is to be of a public mind. And to take pleasure in all the benefits it doth to all, is heavenly, for so they do in Heaven. To do so, is to be divine and good, and to imitate our Infinite and Eternal Father.

XXVIII

Your enjoyment of the world is never right till every morning you awake in Heaven; see yourself in your Father's palace; and look upon the skies, the earth, and the air as celestial joys: having such a reverend esteem of all as if you were among the angels. The bride of a monarch, in her husband's chamber, hath no such causes of delight as you.

XXIX

You never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars; and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and kings in scepters, you never enjoy the world.

XXX

Till your spirit filleth the whole world, and the stars are your jewels; till you are

as familiar with the ways of God in all ages as with your walk and table; till you are intimately acquainted with that shady nothing out of which the world was made; till you love men so as to desire their happiness, with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own; till you delight in God for being good to all—you never enjoy the world. Till you more feel it than your private estate, and are more present in the hemisphere, considering the glories and the beauties there, than in your own house; till you remember how lately you were made, and how wonderful it was when you came into it; and more rejoice in the palace of your glory than if it had been made but to-day morning.

XXXI

Yet further, you never enjoy the world ²⁰

aright till you so love the beauty of enjoying it that you are covetous and earnest to persuade others to enjoy it. And so perfectly hate the abominable corruption of men in despising it that you had rather suffer the flames of Hell than willingly be guilty of their error. There is so much blindness and ingratitude and damned folly in it. The world is a mirror of infinite beauty, yet no man sees it. It is a temple of majesty, yet no man regards it. It is a region of light and peace, did not men disquiet it. It is the Paradise of God. It is more to man since he is fallen than it was before. It is the place of angels and the gate of Heaven. When Jacob waked out of his dream, he said "*God is here, and I wist it not. How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and the gate of Heaven.*"

THE THIRD CENTURY

I

Will you see the infancy of this sublime and celestial greatness? Those pure and virgin apprehensions I had from the womb, and that divine light wherewith I was born are the best unto this day, wherein I can see the Universe. By the gift of God they attended me into the world, and by His special favor I remember them till now. ¹⁰ Verily they seem the greatest gifts His wisdom could bestow, for without them all other gifts had been dead and vain. They are unattainable by book, and therefore I will teach them by experience. Pray for them earnestly; for they will make you angelical, and wholly celestial. Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I when I was a child.

II

All appeared new, and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger, which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. My knowledge was divine. I knew by intuition

those things which since my apostasy I collected again by the highest reason. My very ignorance was advantageous. I seemed as one brought into the Estate of Innocence. All things were spotless and pure and glorious: yea, and infinitely mine, and joyful and precious. I knew not that there were any sins, or complaints, or laws. I dreamed not of poverties, contentions, or vices. All ¹⁰ tears and quarrels were hidden from mine eyes. Everything was at rest, free and immortal. I knew nothing of sickness or death or rents or exaction, either for tribute or bread. In the absence of these I was entertained like an angel with the works of God in their splendor and glory, I saw all in the peace of Eden; Heaven and earth did sing my Creator's praises, and could not make more melody to Adam than to me. All time ²⁰ was eternity, and a perpetual Sabbath. Is it not strange that an infant should be heir of the whole world, and see those mysteries which the books of the learned never unfold?

III

The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlast-

ing to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The men! Oh what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! 10 Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street, and playing, were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die; but all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the light of the day, and something infinite behind everything appeared: which talked 20 with my expectation and moved my desire. The city seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it. I knew no churlish 30 proprieties, nor bounds, nor divisions: but all proprieties and divisions were mine; all treasures and the possessors of them. So that with much ado I was corrupted, and made to learn the dirty devices of this world. Which now I unlearn, and become, as it were, a little child again that I may enter into the Kingdom of God.

IV

Upon those pure and virgin apprehensions which I had in my infancy, I made this poem:

I

That childish thoughts such joys in-
inspire,
Doth make my wonder, and His glory 50
higher,
His bounty, and my wealth more
great:

It shows His kingdom, and His work
complete.

In which there is not anything
Not meet to be the joy of Cherubim.

2

He in our childhood with us walks,
And with our thoughts mysteriously
He talks;

He often visiteth our minds,
But cold acceptance in us ever finds:
We send Him often griev'd away,
Who else would show us all His king-
dom's joy.

3

O Lord, I wonder at Thy love,
Which did my infancy so early move:
But more at that which did forbear
And move so long, though slighted
many a year:

But most of all, at last that Thou
Thyself should'st me convert, I scarce
know how.

4

Thy gracious motions oft in vain
Assaulted me: my heart did hard re-
main

Long time! I sent my God away
Griev'd much, that He could not give
me His joy.

I careless was, nor did regard
The end for which He all those
thoughts prepar'd.

5

But now, with new and open eyes,
I see beneath, as if I were above the
skies,

And as I backward look again
See all His thoughts and mine most
clear and plain.

He did approach, He me did woo;
I wonder that my God this thing
would do.

6

From nothing taken first I was;
What wondrous things His glory
brought to pass!

Now in the world I Him behold,
And me, enveloped in precious gold;
In deep abysses of delights,
In present hidden glorious benefits.

7

Those thoughts His goodness long
before
Prepar'd as precious and celestial ¹⁰
store:

With curious art in me inlaid,
That childhood might itself alone be
said

My tutor, teacher, guide to be,
Instructed then ev'n by the Deity.

v

Our Savior's meaning, when he said, *He* ²⁰
must be born again and become a little child
that will enter into the Kingdom of Heaven
is deeper far than is generally believed. It
is not only in a careless reliance upon Di-
vine Providence that we are to become little
children, or in the feebleness and shortness
of our anger and simplicity of our passions,
but in the peace and purity of all our soul.
Which purity also is a deeper thing than is
commonly apprehended. For we must dis- ³⁰
robe ourselves of all false colors, and un-
clothe our souls of evil habits; all our
thoughts must be infant-like and clear; the
powers of our soul free from the leaven
of this world, and disentangled from men's
conceits and customs. Grit in the eye or
yellow jaundice will not let a man see those
objects truly that are before it. And there-
fore it is requisite that we should be as very
strangers to the thoughts, customs, and ⁴⁰
opinions of men in this world, as if we were
but little children. So those things would
appear to us only which do to children when
they are first born. Ambitions, trades, lux-
uries, inordinate affections, casual and acci-
dental riches invented since the Fall, would
be gone, and only those things appear which
did to Adam in Paradise, in the same light
and in the same colors: God in His works,
glory in the light, love in our parents, men, ⁵⁰
ourselves, and the face of Heaven; every
man naturally seeing those things, to the
enjoyment of which he is naturally born.

VI

Everyone provideth objects, but few pre-
pare senses whereby, and light wherein, to
see them. Since therefore we are born to
be a burning and shining light, and what-
ever men learn of others, they see in the
light of others' souls, I will in the light of
my soul show you the Universe. Perhaps
it is celestial, and will teach you how
beneficial we may be to each other. I am
sure it is a sweet and curious light to me:
which, had I wanted, I would have given
all the gold and silver in all worlds to have
purchased. But it was the gift of God and
could not be bought with money. And by
what steps and degrees I proceeded to that
enjoyment of all eternity which now I pos-
sess I will likewise show you. A clear and
familiar light it may prove unto you.

VII

The first light which shined in my in-
fancy in its primitive and innocent clarity
was totally eclipsed: insomuch that I was
fain to learn all again. If you ask me how
it was eclipsed? Truly by the customs and
manners of men, which like contrary winds
blew it out; by an innumerable company
of other objects, rude, vulgar, and worthless
things, that like so many loads of earth and
dung did overwhelm and bury it; by the
impetuous torrent of wrong desires in all
others whom I saw or knew that carried me
away and alienated me from it; by a whole
sea of other matters and concernments that
covered and drowned it; finally by the evil
influence of a bad education that did not
foster and cherish it. All men's thoughts
and words were about other matters. They
all prized new things which I did not dream
of. I was a stranger and unacquainted with
them; I was little, and revered their
authority; I was weak, and easily guided by
their example: ambitious also, and desirous
to approve myself unto them. And finding
no one syllable in any man's mouth of those
things, by degrees they vanished, my
thoughts (as indeed what is more fleeting
than a thought?) were blotted out; and at
last all the celestial, great, and stable treas-

ures to which I was born as wholly forgotten as if they had never been.

VIII

Had any man spoken of it, it had been the most easy thing in the world, to have taught me, and to have made me believe that Heaven and earth was God's house, and that He gave it me. That the sun was mine, and that men were mine, and that cities and kingdoms were mine also: that earth was better than gold, and that water, every drop of it was a precious jewel. And that these were great and living treasures, and that all riches whatsoever else was dross in comparison. From whence I clearly find how docible our nature is in natural things, were it rightly entreated. And that our misery proceedeth ten thousand times more from the outward bondage of opinion and custom than from any inward corruption or depravation of Nature; and that it is not our parents' loins, so much as our parents' lives, that enthral and blinds us. Yet is all our corruption derived from Adam: inasmuch as all the evil examples and inclinations of the world arise from his sin. But I speak it in the presence of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ: in my pure primitive virgin light, while my apprehensions were natural, and unmixed, I cannot remember but that I was ten thousand times more prone to good and excellent things than evil. But I was quickly tainted and fell by others.

IX

It was a difficult matter to persuade me that the tinsel ware upon a hobby-horse was a fine thing. They did impose upon me, and obtrude their gifts that made me believe a ribbon or a feather curious. I could not see where was the curiousness or fineness. And to teach me that a purse of gold was of any value seemed impossible, the art by which it becomes so, and the reasons for which it is accounted so, were so deep and hidden to my inexperience. So that Nature is still nearest to natural things, and farthest off from preternatural; and to esteem that the reproach of Nature is an

error in them only who are unacquainted with it. Natural things are glorious, and to know them glorious: but to call things preternatural, natural, monstrous. Yet all they do it, who esteem gold, silver, houses, lands, clothes, etc., the riches of Nature, which are indeed the riches of invention. Nature knows no such riches; but art and error makes them. Not the God of Nature, but Sin only was the parent of them. The riches of Nature are our souls and bodies, with all their faculties, senses, and endowments. And it had been the easiest thing in the whole world [to teach me] that all felicity consisted in the enjoyment of all the world, that it was prepared for me before I was born, and that nothing was more divine and beautiful.

X

Thoughts are the most present things to thoughts, and of the most powerful influence. My soul was only apt and disposed to great things; but souls to souls are like apples to apples, one being rotten rots another. When I began to speak and go, nothing began to be present to me but what was present to me in their thoughts. Nor was anything present to me any other way than it was so to them. The glass of imagination was the only mirror wherein anything was represented or appeared to me. All things were absent which they talked not of. So I began among my play-fellows to prize a drum, a fine coat, a penny, a gilded book, etc., who before never dreamed of any such wealth. Goodly objects to drown all the knowledge of Heaven and earth! As for the heavens and the sun and stars, they disappeared, and were no more unto me than the bare walls. So that the strange riches of man's invention quite overcame the riches of Nature, being learned more laboriously and in the second place.

XI

By this let nurses, and those parents that desire holy children, learn to make them possessors of Heaven and earth betimes; to remove silly objects from before them, to magnify nothing but what is great indeed, and to talk of God to them, and of His

works and ways before they can either speak or go. For nothing is so easy as to teach the truth, because the nature of the thing confirms the doctrine: as when we say the sun is glorious, a man is a beautiful creature, sovereign over beasts and fowls and fishes, the stars minister unto us, the world was made for you, etc. But to say this house is yours, and these lands are another man's, and this bauble is a jewel and this gewgaw a fine thing, this rattle makes music, etc., is deadly barbarous and uncouth to a little child; and makes him suspect all you say, because the nature of the thing contradicts your words. Yet doth that blot out all noble and divine ideas, dissettle his foundation, render him uncertain in all things, and divide him from God. To teach him those objects are little vanities, and that though God made them, by the ministry of man, yet better and more glorious things are more to be esteemed, is natural and easy.

XII

By this you may see who are the rude and barbarous Indians: for verily there is no savage nation under the cope of Heaven that is more absurdly barbarous than the Christian world. They that go naked and drink water and live upon roots are like Adam or angels in comparison of us. But they indeed that call beads and glass buttons jewels, and dress themselves with feather, and buy pieces of brass and broken hafts of knives of our merchants are somewhat like us. But we pass them in barbarous opinions, and monstrous apprehensions, which we nickname civility and the mode, amongst us. I am sure those barbarous people that go naked come nearer to Adam, God, and angels in the simplicity of their wealth, though not in knowledge.

XIII

You would not think how these barbarous inventions spoil your knowledge. They put grubs and worms in men's heads that are enemies to all pure and true apprehensions, and eat out all their happiness. They make it impossible for them, in whom they reign, to believe there is any excellency in the

works of God, or to taste any sweetness in the nobility of Nature, or to prize any common, though never so great a blessing. They alienate men from the life of God, and at last make them to live without God in the world. To live the life of God is to live to all the works of God, and to enjoy them in His image, from which they are wholly diverted that follow fashions. Their fancies are corrupted with other jingles.

XIV

Being swallowed up therefore in the miserable gulf of idle talk and worthless vanities, thenceforth I lived among dreams and shadows, like a prodigal son feeding upon husks with swine. A comfortless wilderness full of thorns and troubles the world was, or worse: a waste place covered with idleness and play, and shops, and markets, and taverns. As for churches, they were things I did not understand, and schools were a burden: so that there was nothing in the world worth the having, or enjoying, but my game and sport, which also was a dream, and being passed wholly forgotten. So that I had utterly forgotten all goodness, bounty, comfort, and glory: which things are the very brightness of the glory of God; for lack of which therefore He was unknown.

XV

Yet sometimes in the midst of these dreams, I should come a little to myself, so far as to feel I wanted something, secretly to expostulate with God for not giving me riches, to long after an unknown happiness, to grieve that the world was so empty, and to be dissatisfied with my present state because it was vain and forlorn. I had heard of angels, and much admired that here upon earth nothing should be but dirt and streets and gutters; for as for the pleasures that were in great men's houses I had not seen them; and it was my real happiness they were unknown. For because nothing deduced me, I was the more inquisitive.

XVI

Once I remember (I think I was about 4 years old) when I thus reasoned with my-

self, sitting in a little obscure room in my father's poor house: If there be a God, certainly He must be infinite in goodness; and that I was prompted to, by a real whispering instinct of Nature. And if He be infinite in goodness, and a perfect being in wisdom and love, certainly He must do most glorious things, and give us infinite riches; how comes it to pass therefore that I am so poor? Of so scanty and narrow a fortune, enjoy-¹⁰ ing few and obscure comforts? I thought I could not believe Him a God to me, unless all His power were employed to glorify me. I knew not then my soul, or body; nor did I think of the heavens and the earth, the rivers and the stars, the sun or the seas: all those were lost, and absent from me. But when I found them made out of nothing for me, then I had a God indeed, whom I could praise, and rejoice in.

XVII

Sometimes I should be alone, and without employment, when suddenly my soul would return to itself, and forgetting all things in the whole world which mine eyes had seen, would be carried away to the ends of the earth; and my thoughts would be deeply engaged with inquiries: How the earth did end? Whether walls did bound it,³⁰ or sudden precipices? Or whether the heavens by degrees did come to touch it; so that the face of the earth and Heaven were so near that a man with difficulty could creep under? Whatever I could imagine was inconvenient, and my reason, being posed, was quickly wearied. What also upheld the earth (because it was heavy) and kept it from falling; whether pillars,⁴⁰ or dark waters? And if any of these, what then upheld those, and what again those, of which I saw there would be no end? Little did I think that the earth was round, and

the world so full of beauty, light, and wisdom. When I saw that, I knew by the perfection of the work there was a God, and was satisfied, and rejoiced. People underneath, and fields and flowers, with another sun and another day, pleased me mightily: but more when I knew it was the same sun that served them by night, that served us by day.

XVIII

Sometimes I should soar above the stars, and inquire how the heavens ended, and what was beyond them. Concerning which by no means could I receive satisfaction. Sometimes my thoughts would carry me to the creation, for I had heard now that the world which at first I thought was eternal had a beginning: how therefore that begin-²⁰ ning was, and why it was, why it was no sooner, and what was before, I mightily desired to know. By all which I easily perceive that my soul was made to live in communion with God, in all places of His dominion, and to be satisfied with the highest reason in all things. After which it so eagerly aspired, that I thought all the gold and silver in the world but dirt, in comparison of satisfaction in any of these. Sometimes I wondered why men were made no bigger. I would have had a man as big as a giant, a giant as big as a castle, and a castle as big as the heavens. Which yet would not serve: for there was infinite space beyond the heavens, and all was defective and but little in comparison; and for him to be made infinite, I thought it would be to no purpose, and it would be inconvenient. Why also there was not a better sun, and better stars, a better sea, and better creatures I much admired. Which thoughts produced that poem upon moderation, which afterwards was written. Some part of the verses are these:

XIX

In making bodies Love could not express
Itself, or art, unless it made them less.
Oh what a monster had in man been seen,
Had ev'ry thumb or toe a mountain been!
What worlds must he devour when he did eat!
What oceans drink! yet could not all his meat,

- Or stature, make him like an angel shine ;
 Or make his soul in glory more divine.
 A soul it is that makes us truly great,
 10 Whose little bodies make us more complete.
 An understanding that is infinite,
 And endless, wide, and everlasting sight,
 That can enjoy all things and nought exclude,
 Is the most sacred greatness may be view'd.
 'Twas inconvenient that his bulk should be
 An endless hill ; he nothing then could see :
 No figure have, no motion, beauty, place,
 No color, feature, member, light, or grace.
 A body like a mountain is but cumber.
 20 An endless body is but idle lumber :
 It spoils converse, and time itself devours,
 While meat in vain, in feeding idle pow'rs ;
 Excessive bulk being most injurious found,
 To those conveniences which men have crown'd :
 His wisdom did His power here repress,
 God made man greater while He made him less.

XX

The excellencies of the sun I found to be
 of another kind than that splendor after
 which I sought, even in unknown and in-
 visible services : and that God by modera-
 tion wisely bounding His almighty power,
 had, to my eternal amazement and wonder,
 made all bodies far greater than if they
 were infinite : there not being a sand nor 10
 mote in the air that is not more excellent
 than if it were infinite. How rich and ad-

mirable then is the Kingdom of God, where
 the smallest is greater than an infinite treas-
 ure ! Is not this incredible ? Certainly to the
 placits and doctrines of the schools : till we
 all consider that infinite worth shut up in
 the limits of a material being is the only
 way to a real infinity. God made nothing
 infinite in bulk, but everything there where
 it ought to be. Which, because moderation
 is a virtue observing the golden mean, in
 some other parts of the former poem is thus
 expressed :

XXI

- His power bounded, greater is in might,
 Than if let loose, 'twere wholly infinite.
 He could have made an endless sea by this,
 But then it had not been a sea of bliss.
 Did waters from the center to the skies
 Ascend, 'twould drown whatever else we prize.
 The ocean bounded in a finite shore
 Is better far because it is no more.
 No use nor glory would in that be seen,
 10 His power made it endless in esteem.
 Had not the sun been bounded in its sphere,
 Did all the world in one fair flame appear,
 And were that flame a real infinite,
 'Twould yield no profit, splendor, nor delight.
 Its corps confin'd, and beams extended be
 Effects of wisdom in the Deity.
 One star made infinite would all exclude,

RESTORATION LITERATURE

An earth made infinite could ne'er be view'd:
 But one be'ng fashion'd for the other's sake,
 20 He, bounding all, did all most useful make:
 And which is best, in profit and delight
 Though not in bulk, they all are infinite.

XXII

These liquid, clear satisfactions were the emanations of the highest reason, but not achieved till a long time afterwards. In the mean time I was sometimes, though seldom, visited and inspired with new and more vigorous desires after that bliss which Nature whispered and suggested to me. Every new thing quickened my curiosity, and raised my expectation. I remember once the first time I came into a magnificent or noble dining-room, and was left there alone, I rejoiced to see the gold and state and carved imagery, but when all was dead, and there was no motion, I was weary of it, and departed dissatisfied. But afterwards, when I saw it full of lords and ladies, and music and dancing, the place which once seemed not to differ from a solitary den had now entertainment, and nothing of tediousness but pleasure in it. By which I perceived (upon a reflection made long after) that men and women are when well understood a principal part of our true felicity. By this I found also that nothing that stood still could by doing so be a part of happiness; and that affection, though it were invisible, was the best of motions. But the august and glorious exercise of virtue was more solemn and divine, which yet I saw not. And that all men and angels should appear in Heaven.

XXIII

Another time in a lowering and sad evening, being alone in the field, when all things were dead and quiet, a certain want and horror fell upon me, beyond imagination. The unprofitableness and silence of the place dissatisfied me; its wideness terrified me; from the utmost ends of the earth fears surrounded me. How did I know but dangers might suddenly arise from the east, and invade me from the unknown regions beyond the seas? I was a weak and little child, and had forgotten there was a man

alive in the earth. Yet something also of hope and expectation comforted me from every border. This taught me that I was concerned in all the world, and that in the remotest borders the causes of peace delight me, and the beauties of the earth when seen were made to entertain me; that I was made to hold a communion with the secrets of Divine Providence in all the world; that a remembrance of all the joys I had from my birth ought always to be with me; that the presence of cities, temples, and kingdoms ought to sustain me, and that to be alone in the world was to be desolate and miserable. The comfort of houses and friends, the clear assurance of treasures everywhere, God's care and love, His goodness, wisdom, and power, His presence and watchfulness in all the ends 20 of the earth, were my strength and assurance forever; and that these things, being absent to my eye, were my joys and consolations, as present to my understanding as the wideness and emptiness of the Universe which I saw before me.

XXIV

When I heard of any new kingdom beyond the seas, the light and glory of it pleased me immediately, it rose up within me, and I was enlarged wonderfully. I entered into it, I saw its commodities, rarities, springs, meadows, riches, inhabitants, and became possessor of that new room, as if it had been prepared for me, so much was I magnified and delighted in it. When the Bible was read, my spirit was present in other ages. I saw the light and splendor of them: the land of Canaan, the Israelites entering into it, the ancient glory of the Amorites, their peace and riches, their cities, houses, vines and fig-trees, the long prosperity of their kings, their milk and honey, their slaughter and destruction, with the joys and triumphs of God's people; all which entered into me, and God among

them. I saw all and felt all in such a lively manner as if there had been no other way to those places but in spirit only. This showed me the liveliness of interior presence, and that all ages were for most glorious ends, accessible to my understanding, yea with it, yea within it. For without changing place in myself I could behold and enjoy all those: anything when it was proposed, though it was ten thousand ages ago, being always before me.

xxv

When I heard any news I received it with greediness and delight, because my expectation was awakened with some hope that my happiness and the thing I wanted

was concealed in it. Glad tidings, you know, from a far country brings us our salvation: and I was not deceived. In Jury was Jesus killed, and from Jerusalem the Gospel came. Which when I once knew, I was very confident that every kingdom contained like wonders and causes of joy, though that was the fountain of them. As it was the first fruits, so was it the pledge of what I shall receive in other countries. Thus also when any curious cabinet, or secret in chemistry, geometry or physic was offered to me, I diligently looked in it, but when I saw it to the bottom and not my happiness, I despised it. These imaginations and this thirst of news occasioned these reflections:

xxvi

ON NEWS

I

News from a foreign country came,
 As if my treasure and my wealth lay there:
 So much it did my heart enflame
 'Twas wont to call my soul into mine ear!
 Which thither went to meet
 Th' approaching sweet:
 And on the threshold stood,
 To entertain the unknown good.
 It hover'd there,
 10 As if 'twould leave mine ear,
 And was so eager to embrace
 The joyful tidings as they came,
 'Twould almost leave its dwelling place,
 To entertain the same.

2

As if the tidings were the things,
 My very joys themselves, my foreign treasure,
 Or else did bear them on their wings;
 With so much joy they came, with so much pleasure.
 My soul stood at the gate
 20 To recreate
 Itself with bliss: and to
 Be pleas'd with speed. A fuller view
 It fain would take,
 Yet journeys back would make
 Unto my heart: as if 'twould fain
 Go out to meet, yet stay within

RESTORATION LITERATURE

To fit a place, to entertain,
And bring the tidings in.

3

What sacred instinct did inspire
30 My soul in childhood with a hope so strong?
What secret force mov'd my desire,
T' expect my joys beyond the seas, so young?
Felicity I knew
Was out of view:
And being here alone,
I saw that happiness was gone
From me! For this
I thirsted absent bliss,
And thought that sure beyond the seas,
40 Or else in something near at hand
I knew not yet (since nought did please
I knew), my bliss did stand.

4

But little did the infant dream
That all the treasures of the world were by:
And that himself was so the cream
And crown of all, which round about did lie:
Yet thus it was. The gem,
The diadem,
The ring enclosing all
50 That stood upon this earthly ball;
The heav'nly eye,
Much wider than the sky,
Wherein they all included were,
The glorious soul that was the king
Made to possess them, did appear
A small and little thing!

XXVII

Among other things there befell me a most infinite desire of a book from Heaven. For observing all things to be rude and superfluous here upon earth, I thought the ways of felicity to be known only among the holy angels; and that unless I could receive information from them, I could never be happy. This thirst hung upon me a long 10 time; till at last I perceived that the God of angels had taken care of me, and prevented my desires. For He had sent the book I wanted before I was born; and prepared it for me, and also commended and sent it unto me, in a far better manner than

I was able to imagine. Had some angel brought it to me, which was the best way wherein I could then desire it, it would have been a peculiar favor, and I should have thought myself therein honored above all mankind. It would have been the soul of this world, the light of my soul, the spring of life, and a fountain of happiness. You cannot think what riches and delights I promised myself therein. It would have been a mine of rarities, curiosities, and wonders, to have entertained the powers of my soul, to have directed me in the way of life, and to have fed me with pleasures unknown to the whole world.

XXVIII

Had some angel brought it miraculously from Heaven, and left it at my foot, it had been a present meet for Seraphims. Yet had it been a dream in comparison of the glorious way wherein God prepared it. I must have spent time in studying it, and with great diligence have read it daily to drink in the precepts and instructions it contained. It had in a narrow, obscure manner come unto me, and all the world had been ignorant of felicity but I. Whereas now there are thousands in the world, of whom I, being a poor child, was ignorant, that in temples, universities, and secret closets enjoy felicity, whom I saw not in shops, or schools, or trades; whom I found not in streets or at feasts, or taverns, and therefore thought not to be in the world, who enjoy communion with God, and have fellowship with the angels every day. And these I discerned to be a great help unto me.

XXIX

This put me upon two things: upon inquiring into the matter contained in the Bible, and into the manner wherein it came unto me. In the matter I found all the glad tidings my soul longed after in its desire of news; in the manner, that the wisdom of God was infinitely greater than mine, and that He had appeared in His wisdom exceeding my desires. Above all things I desired some great lord, or mighty king, that having power in his hand, to give me all kingdoms, riches, and honors, was willing to do it. And by that book I found that there was an eternal God, who loved me infinitely, that I was His son, that I was to overcome death and to live forever, that He created the world for me, that I was to reign in His throne and to inherit all things. Who would have believed this had not that Book told me? It told me also that I was to live in communion with Him, in the image of His life and glory, that I was to enjoy all His treasures and pleasures, in a more perfect manner than I could devise, and that all the truly amiable and glorious persons in the world were to be my friends and companions.

XXX

Upon this I had enough. I desired no more the honors and pleasures of this world, but gave myself to the illimited and clear fruition of that: and to this day see nothing wanting to my felicity but mine own perfection. All other things are well; I only, and the sons of men about me, are disordered. Nevertheless could I be what I ought, their very disorders would be my enjoyments. For all things shall work together for good to them that love God. And if the disorders, then certainly the troubles, and if the troubles, much more the vanities of men would be mine. Not only their enjoyments, but their very errors and distractions, increasing my felicity. So that being heir of the whole world alone, I was to walk in it, as in a strange, marvelous, and amiable possession, and alone to render praises unto God for its enjoyment.

XXXI

This taught me that those fashions and tinsel vanities, which you and I despised awhile, fetching a little course about, became ours. And that the wisdom of God in them also was very conspicuous. For it becometh His goodness to make all things treasures: and His power is able to bring light out of darkness, and good out of evil. Nor would His love endure but that I also should have a wisdom whereby I could draw order out of confusion. So that it is my admiration and joy, that while so many thousand wander in darkness, I am in the light, and that while so many dote upon false treasures and pierce themselves through with many sorrows, I live in peace, and enjoy the delights of God and Heaven.

XXXII

In respect of the matter, I was very sure that angels and Cherubims could not bring unto me better tidings than were in the Scriptures contained, could I but believe them to be true, but I was dissatisfied about the manner, and that was the ground of my unbelief. For I could not think that God, being love, would neglect His son, and

therefore surely I was not His son, nor He love: because He had not ascertained me more carefully, that the Bible was His book from Heaven. Yet I was encouraged to hope well, because the matter was so excellent, above my expectation. And when I searched into it, I found the way infinitely better than if all the angels in Heaven had brought it to me.

XXXIII

Had the angels brought it to me alone, these several inconveniences had attended the vision:— (1) It had been but one sudden act wherein it was sent me, whereas now God hath been all ages in preparing it; (2) It had been done by inferior ministers, whereas now it is done by God himself; (3) Being Satan is able to transform himself into an angel of light, I had been still dubious, till having recourse to the excellency of the matter, by it I was informed and satisfied; (4) Being corrupted, that one miracle would have been but like a single spark upon green wood, it would have gone out immediately, whereas I needed ten thousand miracles to seal it, yea and to awaken me to the meditation of the matter that was revealed to me; (5) Had it been revealed no other way, all the world had been dark and empty round about me, whereas now it is my joy and my delight and treasure, being full of knowledge, light, and glory; (6) Had it been revealed at no other time, God had now only been good unto me, whereas He hath manifested His love in all ages, and been carefully and most wisely revealing it from the beginning of the world; (7) Had He revealed it to no other person, I had been weak in faith, being solitary and sitting alone like a sparrow upon the housetop, who now have the concurrent and joint affections of kingdoms and ages. Yea, notwithstanding the disadvantage of this weakness, I must have gone abroad, and published this faith to others, both in love to God, and love to men. For I must have done my duty, or the Book would have done me no good, and love to God and men must have been my duty, for without that I could never be happy. Yea finally,

had not the Book been revealed before, neither had God been glorious, nor I blessed, for He had been negligent of other persons, His goodness had been defective to all ages, whom now I know to be God by the universality of His love unto mankind, and the perfection of His wisdom to every person.

10

XXXIV

To talk now of the necessity of bearing all calamities and persecutions in preaching is little; to consider the reproaches, mockings, and derisions I must have endured of all the world, while they scoffed at me for pretending to be the only man that had a Book from Heaven is nothing: nor is it much to mention the impossibility of convincing others, all the world having been full of darkness, and God always silent before. All ages had been void of treasure had not the Bible been revealed till the other day, wherein now I can expatiate with perfect liberty, and everywhere see the love of God to all mankind, love to me alone. All the world being adorned with miracles, prophets, patriarchs, apostles, martyrs, revelations from Heaven, lively examples, holy souls, divine affairs for my enjoyment. The glory of God and the light of Heaven appearing everywhere, as much as it would have done in that seeming instant, had the Book I desired come unto me any other way.

XXXV

You will not believe what a world of joy this one satisfaction and pleasure brought me. Thenceforth I thought the light of Heaven was in this world: I saw it possible, and very probable, that I was infinitely beloved of Almighty God, the delights of Paradise were round about me, Heaven and earth were open to me, all riches were little things; this one pleasure being so great that it exceeded all the joys of Eden. So great a thing it was to me to be satisfied in the manner of God's revealing Himself unto mankind. Many other inquiries I had concerning the manner of His revealing Himself, in all which I am infinitely satisfied.

XXXVI

Having been at the university, and received there the taste and tincture of another education, I saw that there were things in this world of which I never dreamed; glorious secrets, and glorious persons past imagination. There I saw that logic, ethics, physics, metaphysics, geometry, astronomy, poesy, medicine, grammar,¹⁰ music, rhetoric, all kinds of arts, trades, and mechanisms that adorned the world pertained to felicity; at least there I saw those things which afterwards I knew to pertain unto it: and was delighted in it. There I saw into the nature of the sea, the heavens, the sun, the moon and stars, the elements, minerals, and vegetables. All which appeared like the king's daughter, all glorious within; and those things which my nurses, and parents, should have talked of there were taught unto me.

XXXVII

Nevertheless some things were defective too. There was never a tutor that did profess to teach felicity, though that be the mistress of all other sciences. Nor did any of us study these things but as *aliena*, which we ought to have studied as our own enjoyments. We studied to inform our knowledge, but knew not for what end we so studied. And for lack of aiming at a certain end we erred in the manner. Howbeit there we received all those seeds of knowledge that were afterwards improved; and our souls were awakened to a discerning of their faculties, and exercise of their powers.

XXXVIII

The manner is in everything of greatest concernment. Whatever good thing we do, neither can we please God, unless we do it well; nor can He please us, whatever good He does, unless He do it well. Should He give us the most perfect things in Heaven and earth to make us happy, and not give them to us in the best of all possible manners, He would but displease us;

and it were impossible for Him to make us happy. It is not sufficient therefore for us to study the most excellent things unless we do it in the most excellent of manners. And what that is, it is impossible to find till we are guided thereunto by the most excellent end, with a desire of which I flagrantly burned.

XXXIX

The best of all possible ends is the glory of God, but happiness was that I thirsted after. And yet I did not err, for the glory of God is to make us happy. Which can never be done but by giving us most excellent natures and satisfying those natures: by creating all treasures of infinite value, and giving them to us in an infinite manner, to wit, both in the best that to Omnipotence was possible. This led me to inquire whether all things were excellent, and of perfect value, and whether they were mine in propriety.

XL

It is the glory of God to give all things to us in the best of all possible manners. To study things therefore under the double notion of interest and treasure is to study all things in the best of all possible manners. Because in studying so we inquire after God's glory, and our own happiness. And indeed enter into the way that leadeth to all contentments, joys, and satisfactions, to all praises, triumphs and thanksgivings, to all virtues, beauties, adorations, and graces, to all dominion, exaltation, wisdom, and glory, to all holiness, union, and communion with God, to all patience, and courage, and blessedness, which it is impossible to meet any other way. So that to study objects for ostentation, vain knowledge, or curiosity is fruitless impertinence, though God himself and angels be the object. But to study that which will oblige us to love Him, and feed us with nobility and goodness toward men, that is blessed. And so is it to study that which will lead us to the Temple of Wisdom, and seat us in the Throne of Glory.

JOHN SELDEN (1584-1654)

TABLE-TALK

[1689].

BIBLE, SCRIPTURE

'Tis a great question how we know Scripture to be Scripture, whether by the Church, or by man's private spirit. Let me ask you how I know anything? how I know this carpet to be green? First, because somebody told me it was green; that you call the Church in your way. Then after I have been told it is green, when I see that color again I know it to be green: my own eyes tell me it is green; that you call the private spirit.

2. The English translation of the Bible is the best translation in the world, and renders the sense of the original best, taking in for the English translation the Bishops' Bible as well as King James's. The translation in King James's time took an excellent way. That part of the Bible was given to him who was most excellent in such a tongue (as the Apocrypha to Andrew Downs); and then they met together, and one read the translation, the rest holding in their hands some Bible, either of the learned tongues, or French, Spanish, Italian, &c. If they found any fault, they spoke; if not, he read on.

3. There is no book so translated as the Bible for the purpose. If I translate a French book into English, I turn it into English phrase, not into French English. *Il fait froid*: I say 'tis cold, not, it makes cold; but the Bible is rather translated into English words than into English phrase. The Hebraisms are kept, and the phrase of that language is kept: as for example, "He uncovered her shame," which is well enough so long as scholars have to do with it; but when it comes among the com-

mon people, Lord, what gear do they make of it!

4. *Scrutamini Scripturas*. These two words have undone the world. Because Christ spake it to his Disciples, therefore we must all, men, women and children, read and interpret the Scripture.

5. Henry the Eighth made a law, that all men might read the Scripture, except servants; but no woman, except ladies and gentlewomen, who had leisure and might ask somebody the meaning. The law was repealed in Edward the Sixth's days.

6. Laymen have best interpreted the hard places in the Bible, such as Johannes Picus, Scaliger, Grotius, Salmasius, Heinsius, &c.

7. If you ask which of Erasmus, Beza, or Grotius did best upon the New Testament, 'tis an idle question: for they all did well in their way. Erasmus broke down the first brick, Beza added many things, and Grotius added much to him; in whom we have either something new, or something heightened that was said before, and so 'twas necessary to have them all three.

8. The text serves only to guess by; we must satisfy ourselves fully out of the authors that lived about those times.

9. In interpreting the Scripture, many do as if a man should see one have ten pounds, which he reckoned by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: meaning four was but four units, and five five units, &c., and that he had in all but ten pounds: the other that sees him takes not the figures together as he doth, but picks here and there, and thereupon reports that he hath five pounds in one bag, and six pounds in another bag, and nine pounds in another bag, &c., when as in truth he hath but ten pounds in all,

So we pick out a text, here and there, to make it serve our turn; whereas if we take it altogether, and considered what went before and what followed after, we should find it meant no such thing.

10. Make no more allegories in Scripture than needs must. The Fathers were too frequent in them; they, indeed, before they fully understood the literal sense, looked out for an allegory. The folly whereof you may conceive thus: here at the first sight appears to me in my window a glass and a book; I take it for granted 'tis a glass and a book; thereupon, I go about to tell you what they signify: afterwards, upon nearer view, they prove no such thing; one is a box made like a book, the other is a picture made like a glass: where's now my allegory?

11. When men meddle with the literal text, the question is where they should stop. In this case, a man must venture his discretion, and do his best to satisfy himself and others in those places where he doubts; for although we call the Scripture the Word of God (as it is), yet it was writ by a man, a mercenary man, whose copy either might be false or he might make it false. For example, here were a thousand Bibles printed in England with the text thus, "Thou shalt commit adultery" the word *not* left out: might not this text be mended?

12. The Scripture may have more senses besides the literal, because God understands all things at once; but a man's writing has but one true sense, which is that which the author meant when he writ it.

13. When you meet with several readings of the text, take heed you admit nothing against the tenets of your church; but do as if you were going over a bridge; be sure you hold fast by the rail, and then you may dance here and there as you please; be sure you keep to what is settled, and then you may flourish upon your various lections.

14. The Apocrypha is bound with the Bibles of all churches that have been hitherto. Why should we leave it out? The Church of Rome has her Apocrypha, viz., Susanna and Bell and the Dragon, which she does not esteem equally with the rest of those books that we call Apocrypha.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas succeeds the Saturnalia, the same time, the same number of holidays; then the master waited upon the servant like the Lord of Misrule.

2. Our meats and our sports, much of them, have relation to Church-works. The coffin of our Christmas-pies, in shape long, is in imitation of the cratch; our choosing kings and queens on Twelfth Night hath reference to the three kings. So likewise our eating of fritters, whipping of tops, roasting of herrings, Jack of Lents, &c., they were all in imitation of Church-works, emblems of martyrdom. Our tansies at Easter have reference to the bitter herbs; though, at the same time 'twas always the fashion for a man to have a gammon of bacon to show himself to be no Jew.

CHURCH

Heretofore the kingdom let the Church alone, let them do what they would, because they had something else to think of, viz., wars; but now in time of peace we begin to examine all things, will have nothing but what we like, grow dainty and wanton; just as in a family when the heir uses to go a-hunting, he never considers how his meal is dressed, takes a bit, and away; but when he stays within, then he grows curious; he does not like this, nor he does not like that; he will have his meat dressed his own way, or peradventure he will dress it himself.

2. It hath ever been the game of the Church when the King will let the Church have no power to cry down the King and cry up the Church; but when the Church can make use of the King's power, then to bring all under the King's prerogative. The Catholics of England go one way, and the court-clergy another.

3. A glorious church is like a magnificent feast; there is all the variety that may be, but everyone chooses out a dish or two that he likes, and lets the rest alone: how glorious soever the church is, everyone chooses out of it his own religion, by which he governs himself, and lets the rest alone.

4. The laws of the Church are most

favorable to the Church, because they were the Church's own making; as the heralds are the best gentlemen, because they make their own pedigree.

5. There is a question about that article concerning the power of the Church, whether these words "of having power in controversies of faith" were not stolen in; but 'tis most certain they were in the Book of Articles that was confirmed, though in some editions they have been left out; but the article before tells you who the Church is, not the clergy, but *Cætus fidelium*.

CLERGY

Though a clergyman have no faults of his own, yet the faults of the whole tribe shall be laid upon him, so that he shall be sure not to lack.

2. The clergy would have us believe them against our own reason, as the woman would have had her husband against his own eyes: What! will you believe your own eyes before your own sweet wife!

3. The condition of the clergy towards their prince and the condition of the physician is all one; the physicians tell the prince they have agaric and rhubarb, good for him and good for his subjects' bodies; upon this he gives them leave to use it; but if it prove naught, then away with it, they shall use it no more. So the clergy tell the prince they have physic good for his soul, and good for the souls of his people; upon that he admits them; but when he finds, by experience, they both trouble him and his people, he will have no more to do with them. What is that to them, or anybody else, if a king will not go to Heaven?

4. A clergyman goes not a dram further than this, "You ought to obey your prince in general." If he does, he is lost. How to obey him, you must be informed by those whose profession it is to tell you. The parson of the Tower, a good discreet man, told Dr. Mosely (who was sent to me and the rest of the gentlemen committed the 3d. *Caroli*, to persuade us to submit to the King) that he found no such words as *Parliament, Habeas Corpus, Return, Tower, &c.*, neither in the Fathers, nor the school-

men, nor in the text; and therefore for his part he believed he understood nothing of the business. A satire upon all those clergymen that meddle with matters they do not understand.

5. All confess there never was a more learned clergy; no man taxes them with ignorance. But to talk of that is like the fellow that was a great wench; he wished God would forgive him his lechery, and lay usury to his charge. The clergy have worse faults.

6. The clergy and the laity together are never like to do well; 'tis as if a man were to make an excellent feast, and should have his apothecary and his physician come into the kitchen; the cooks, if they were left alone, would make excellent meat; but then comes the apothecary, and he puts rhubarb into one sauce and agaric into another sauce. Chain up the clergy on both sides.

DAMNATION

If the physician sees you eat anything that is not good for your body, to keep you from it he cries 'tis poison; if the divine sees you do anything that is hurtful for your soul, to keep you from it he cries you are damned.

2. To preach long, loud, and damnation is the way to be cried up. We love a man that damns us, and we run after him again to save us. If a man had a sore leg, and he should go to an honest judicious chirurgeon, and he should only bid him keep it warm, and anoint with such an oil (an oil well known) that would do the cure, haply he would not much regard him, because he knows the medicine beforehand an ordinary medicine. But if he should go to a surgeon that should tell him, "Your leg will gangrene within three days, and it must be cut off, and you will die, unless you do something that I could tell you," what listening there would be to this man! "Oh, for the Lord's sake, tell me what this is; I will give you any content for your pains."

DEVILS

Why have we none possessed with devils in England? The old answer is, the

Protestants the Devil hath already, and the Papists are so holy he dares not meddle with them. Why then beyond seas where a nun is possessed, when a Huguenot comes into the Church, does not the Devil hunt them out? The priest teaches him, "You never saw the Devil throw up a nun's coats"; mark that, the priest will not suffer it, for the people will spit at him.

2. Casting out devils is mere juggling; 10 they never cast out any but what they first cast in. They do it where for reverence no man shall dare to examine it; they do it in a corner, in a mortise-hole, not in the market-place. They do nothing but what may be done by art; they make the Devil fly out of the window, in the likeness of a bat or a rat; why do they not hold him? Why in the likeness of a bat, or a rat, or some creature? That is, why not in some 20 shape we paint him in, with claws and horns? By this trick they gain much, gain upon men's fancies, and so are revered; and certainly if the priest deliver me from him that is my most deadly enemy, I have all the reason in the world to reverence him. *Objection.* But if this be juggling, why do they punish impostures? *Answer.* For great reason, because they do not play their part well, and for fear others should 30 discover them; and so all of them ought to be of the same trade.

3. A person of quality came to my chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two devils in his head (I wondered what he meant), and just at that time one of them bid him kill me: with that I begun to be afraid, and thought he was mad. He said he knew I could cure him, and there- 40 fore entreated me to give him something; for he was resolved he would go to nobody else. I, perceiving what an opinion he had of me, and that 'twas only melancholy that troubled him, took him in hand, warranted him if he would follow my directions to cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again, which he was very willing to. In the mean time I got a card, and lapped it up handsome in a piece of taffeta, 50 and put strings to the taffeta, and when he came, gave it him to hang about his neck, withal charged him that he should not dis-

order himself neither with eating or drinking, but eat very little of supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to dinner to his house, and asked him how he did. He said he was much better, but not perfectly well, or in truth he had not dealt clearly with me. He had four devils in his head, and he perceived two of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. "Well," said I, "I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt but to get away the other two likewise." So I gave him another thing to hang about his neck. Three days after he came to me to my chamber and professed he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extremely thank me for the great care I had taken of him. I, fearing lest he might relapse into the like distemper, told him that there was none but myself and one physician more in the whole town that could cure devils in the head, and that was Dr. Harvey (whom I had prepared), and wished him, if ever he found himself ill in my absence, to go to him, for he could cure his disease as well as myself. The gentleman lived many 30 years, and was never troubled after.

HELL

There are two texts for Christ's descending into Hell: the one Psalms XVI the other Acts II, where the Bible that was in use when the Thirty-nine Articles were made has it *Hell*. But the Bible that was in Queen Elizabeth's time, when the Articles were confirmed, reads it *grave*; and so it continued till the new translation in King James's time, and then 'tis *Hell* again. But by this we may gather the Church of England declined, as much as they could, the descent; otherwise they never would have altered the Bible.

2. *He descended into Hell.* This may be the interpretation of it. He may be dead and buried, then his soul ascended into Heaven. Afterwards he descended again into *Hell*, that is, into the grave, to fetch his body, and to rise again. The ground of this interpretation is taken from the Platonic

learning, who held a metempsychosis, and when the soul did descend from Heaven to take another body, they called it *κατάβασις εἰς ἄδην*, taking *ἄδης* for the lower world, the state of mortality. Now the first Christians many of them were Platonic philosophers, and no question spake such language as was then understood amongst them. To understand by *Hell* the grave is no tautology; because the Creed first tells¹⁰ what Christ suffered, *He was crucified, dead, and buried*; then it tells us what he did, *He descended into Hell, the third day he rose again, he ascended, &c.*

INDEPENDENCY

Independency is in use at Amsterdam, where forty churches or congregations have nothing to do one with another. And 'tis no question agreeable to the primitive times, before the Emperor became Christian. For either we must say every church governed itself, or else we must fall upon that old foolish rock, that St. Peter and his successors governed all. But when the civil state became Christian, they appointed who should govern them; before they governed by agreement and consent: if you will not do this, you shall come no more amongst us. But both the Independent man and the Presbyterian man do equally exclude the civil power, though after a different manner.

2. The Independents may as well plead they should not be subject to temporal things, not come before a constable or a justice of peace, as they plead they should not be subject in spiritual things, because St. Paul says, *Is it so, that there is not a wise man amongst you?*

3. The Pope challenges all churches to be under him, the King and the two Archbishops challenge all the Church of England to be under them. The Presbyterian man divides the kingdom into as many churches as there be presbyteries; and your Independent would have every congregation a church by itself.

THE KING OF ENGLAND

The King can do no wrong; that is, no process can be granted against him. What

must be done then? Petition him, and the King writes upon the petition *soit droit fait*, and sends it to the chancery, and then the business is heard. His confessor will not tell him he can do no wrong.

2. There's a great deal of difference between head of the Church and supreme governor, as our canons call the King. Conceive it thus: there is in the Kingdom of England a College of Physicians; the King is supreme governor of those, but not head of them, nor president of the College, nor the best physician.

3. After the dissolution of abbeys, they did not much advance the King's supremacy, for they only cared to exclude the Pope: hence have we had several translations of the Bible put upon us. But now we must look to it; otherwise the King may put upon us what religion he pleases.

4. 'Twas the old way when the King of England had his house, there were canons to sing service in his chapel; so at Westminster in St. Stephen's Chapel where the House of Commons sits: from which canons the street called Canon-row has its name, because they lived there; and he had also the abbot and his monks, and all these the King's house.

5. The three estates are the Lords Temporal, the Bishops and the Clergy, and the Commons, as some would have it. Take heed of that, for then if two agree, the third is involved; but he is King of the three estates.

6. The King hath a seal in every court, and though the Great Seal be called *Sigillum Angliæ*, the Great Seal of England, yet 'tis not because 'tis the Kingdom's seal, and not the King's, but to distinguish it from *Sigillum Hiberniæ*, *Sigillum Scotiæ*.

7. The court of England is much altered. At a solemn dancing, first you had the grave measures, then the corantoes and the galliards, and this is kept up with ceremony; at length to trenchmore, and the cushion-dance, and then all the company dance, lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in our court, in Queen Elizabeth's time gravity and state were kept up. In King James's time things were pretty well. But in King Charles's time,

there has been nothing but trenchmore and the cushion-dance, *omnium gatherum* toly-polly, hoite come toite.

LANGUAGE

To a living tongue new words may be added, but not to a dead tongue, as Latin, Greek, Hebrew, &c.

2. *Latimer* is the corruption of *Latiner*; ¹⁰ it signifies he that interprets Latin; and though he interpreted French, Spanish, or Italian, he was called the King's Latiner, that is, the King's interpreter.

3. If you look upon the language spoken in the Saxon time and the language spoken now, you will find the difference to be just as if a man had a cloak that he wore plain in Queen Elizabeth's days, and since, here has put in a piece of red, and there a piece ²⁰ of blue, and here a piece of green, and there a piece of orange-tawny. We borrow words from the French, Italian, Latin, as every pedantic man pleases.

4. We have more words than notions, half a dozen words for the same thing. Sometimes we put a new signification to an old word, as when we call a *piece a gun*. The word *gun* was in use in England for an engine, to cast a thing from a man, long ³⁰ before there was any gunpowder found out.

5. Words must be fitted to a man's mouth. 'Twas well said of the fellow that was to make a speech for my Lord Mayor, he desired to take measure of his lordship's mouth.

LAW OF NATURE

I cannot fancy to myself what the Law of Nature means but the Law of ⁴⁰ God. How should I know I ought not to steal, I ought not to commit adultery, unless somebody had told me so? Surely 'tis because I have been told so? 'Tis not because I think I ought not to do them, nor because you think I ought not; if so, our minds might change, whence then comes the restraint? From a higher power; nothing else can bind. I cannot bind myself, for I may untie myself again; nor an equal ⁵⁰ cannot bind me, for we may untie one another; it must be a superior power, even God Almighty. If two of us make a bargain,

why should either of us stand to it? What need you care what you say, or what need I care what I say? Certainly because there is something about me that tells me *Fides est servanda*; and if we after alter our minds, and make a new bargain, there's *Fides servanda* there too.

LEARNING

No Man is the wiser for his learning; it may administer matter to work in or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.

2. Most men's learning is nothing but history duly taken up. If I quote Thomas Aquinas for some tenet, and believe it, because the schoolmen say so, that is but history. Few men make themselves masters ²⁰ of the things they write or speak.

3. The Jesuits, and the lawyers of France, and the Low-Country-men have engrossed all learning. The rest of the world make nothing but homilies.

4. 'Tis observable that in Athens, where the arts flourished, they were governed by a democracy: learning made them think themselves as wise as anybody, and they would govern as well as others; and they ³⁰ spake as it were by way of contempt, that in the East and in the North they had kings, and why? Because the most part of them followed their business; and if some one man had made himself wiser than the rest, he governed them, and they willingly submitted themselves to him. Aristotle makes the observation. And as in Athens the philosophers made the people knowing, and therefore they thought themselves wise ⁴⁰ enough to govern, so does preaching with us, and that makes us affect a democracy: for upon these two grounds we all would be governors, either because we think ourselves as wise as the best, or because we think ourselves the elect, and have the spirit, and the rest a company of reprobates that belong to the Devil.

MARRIAGE

⁵⁰ Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life 'tis most meddled with by other people.

2. Marriage is nothing but a civil contract. 'Tis true, 'tis an ordinance of God: so is every other contract; God commands me to keep it when I have made it.

3. Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Æsop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

4. We single out particulars, and apply God's providence to them. Thus when two are married and have undone one another, they cry, "It was God's providence we should come together," when God's providence does equally concur to everything.

PLEASURE

Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of pain, the enjoying of something I am in great trouble for till I have it.

2. 'Tis a wrong way to proportion other men's pleasures to ourselves; 'tis like a child's using a little bird, "O poor bird, thou shalt sleep with me;" so lays it in his bosom, and stifles it with his hot breath: the bird had rather be in the cold air. And yet too 'tis the most pleasing flattery to like what other men like.

3. 'Tis most undoubtedly true that all men are equally given to their pleasure; only thus, one man's pleasure lies one way, and another's another. Pleasures are all alike simply considered in themselves: he that hunts, or he that governs the commonwealth, they both please themselves alike, only we commend that whereby we ourselves receive some benefit; as if a man place his delight in things that tend to the common good. He that takes pleasure to hear sermons enjoys himself as much as he that hear plays; and could he that loves plays endeavor to love sermons, possibly he might bring himself to it as well as to any other pleasure. At first, it may seem harsh and tedious, but afterwards 'twould be pleasing and delightful. So it falls out in that which is the great pleasure of some men, tobacco; at first they could not abide it, and now they cannot be without it.

4. Whilst you are upon earth, enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given), and be not melancholy and

wish yourself in Heaven. If a king should give you the keeping of a castle, with all things belonging to it, orchards, gardens, &c., and bid you use them; withal promise you that, after twenty years to remove you to the court, and to make you a privy counselor; if you should neglect your castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a privy counselor, do you think the king would be pleased with you?

5. Pleasures of meat, drink, clothes, &c., are forbidden those that know not how to use them; just as nurses cry pah! when they see a knife in a child's hand; they will never say anything to a man.

PHILOSOPHY

When men comfort themselves with philosophy, 'tis not because they have got two or three sentences, but because they have digested those sentences and made them their own: so upon the matter, philosophy is nothing but discretion.

POETRY

Ovid was not only a fine poet, but, as a man may speak, a great canon lawyer, as appears in his *Fasti*, where we have more of the festivals of the old Romans than anywhere else: 'tis pity the rest are lost.

2. There is no reason plays should be in verse, either in blank or rhyme; only the poet has to say for himself that he makes something like that which somebody made before him. The old poets had no other reason but this, their verse was sung to music; otherwise it had been a senseless thing to have fettered up themselves.

3. I never converted but two (the one was Mr. Crashaw) from writing against plays, by telling him a way how to understand that place of putting on woman's apparel, which has nothing to do in the business, as neither has it, that the Fathers speak against plays in their time, with reason enough, for they had real idolatries mixed with their plays, having three altars perpetually upon the stage. The other was a Doctor of Divinity, from preaching against painting; which simply in itself is no more

hurtful than putting on my clothes, or doing anything to make myself like other folks, that I may not be odious nor offensive to the company. Indeed if I do it with an ill intention, it alters the case; so, if I put on my gloves with an intention to do a mischief, I am a villain.

4. 'Tis a fine thing for children to learn to make verse; but when they come to be men, they must speak like other men, or else they will be laughed at. 'Tis ridiculous to speak, or write, or preach in verse. As 'tis good to learn to dance, a man may learn his leg, learn to go handsomely; but 'tis ridiculous for him to dance when he should go.

5. 'Tis ridiculous for a lord to print verses; 'tis well enough to make them to please himself, but to make them public is foolish. If a man in a private chamber ²⁰ twirls his band-strings, or plays with a rush to please himself, 'tis well enough; but if he should go into Fleet Street, and sit upon a stall, and twirl a band-string, or play with a rush, then all the boys in the street would laugh at him.

6. Verse proves nothing but the quantity of syllables; they are not meant for logic.

POPE

A Pope's bull and a Pope's brief differ very much; as with us the Great Seal and the Privy Seal. The bull being the highest authority the Pope can give, the brief is of less. The bull has a leaden seal upon silk, hanging upon the instrument; the brief has *sub Annulo Piscatoris* upon the side.

2. He was a wise Pope that, when one that used to be merry with him, before he was advanced to the Popedom, refrained afterwards to come at him (presuming he was busy in governing the Christian world), the Pope sends for him, bids him come again, and says he, "We will be merry as we were before; for thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the whole world."

3. The Pope in sending relics to princes does as wenches do by their wassails at ⁵⁰ New-year's tide; they present you with a cup, and you must drink of a slabby stuff; but the meaning is, you must give them

moneys, ten times more than it is worth.

4. The Pope is infallible, where he hath power to command; that is, where he must be obeyed; so is every supreme power and prince. They that stretch his infallibility further do they know not what.

5. When a Protestant and a Papist dispute, they talk like two madmen, because they do not agree upon their principles. The one way is to destroy the Pope's power, for if he hath power to command me, 'tis not my alleging reasons to the contrary can keep me from obeying: for example, if a constable command me to wear a green suit to-morrow, and has power to make me, 'tis not my alleging a hundred reasons of the folly of it can excuse me from doing it.

6. There was a time when the Pope had power here in England, and there was excellent use made of it; for 'twas only to serve turns, as might be manifested out of the records of the kingdom, which divines know little of. If the King did not like what the Pope would have, he would forbid the Pope's legate to land upon his ground. So that the power was truly then in the King, though suffered in the Pope. But now the temporal and the spiritual power (spiritual so called, because ordained to a spiritual end) ³⁰ spring both from one fountain, they are like to twist that.

7. The Protestants in France bear office in the state, because, though their religion be different, yet they acknowledge no other king but the King of France. The Papists in England, they must have a king of their own, a Pope, that must do something in our kingdom; therefore there is no reason they should enjoy the same privileges.

8. Amsterdam admits of all religions but Papists, and 'tis upon the same account. The Papists, where'er they live, have another king at Rome; all other religions are subject to the present state, and have no prince elsewhere.

9. The Papists call our religion a parliamentary religion; but there was once, I am sure, a parliamentary Pope; Pope Urban was made Pope in England by Act of Parliament, against Pope Clement. The Act is not in the Book of Statutes, either because

he that compiled the book would not have the name of the Pope there, or else he would not let it appear that they meddled with any such thing; but 'tis upon the Rolls.

10. When our clergy preach against the Pope and the Church of Rome, they preach against themselves; and crying down their pride, their power, and their riches, have made themselves poor and contemptible enough; they did it at first to please their prince, not considering what would follow. Just as if a man were to go a journey, and seeing, at his first setting out, the way clean and fair, ventures forth in his slippers, not considering the dirt and the sloughs are a little further off, or how suddenly the weather may change.

POPERY

The demanding a noble for a dead body passing through a town came from hence in time of Popery, they carried the dead body into the church, where the priest said dirges; and twenty dirges at four pence apiece comes to a noble; but now it is forbidden by an order from my Lord Marshal; the heralds carry his warrant about them.

2. We charge the prelatical clergy with Popery, to make this odious, though we know they are guilty of no such thing: just as heretofore they called images mammets, and the adoration of images mammetry, that is, *Mahomet* and *Mahometry*; odious names, when all the world knows the Turks are forbidden images by their religion.

PRAYER

If I were a minister, I should think myself most in my office, reading of prayers, and dispensing the sacraments; and 'tis ill done to put one to officiate in the church whose person is contemptible out of it. Should a great lady, that was invited to be a gossip, in her place send her kitchen-maid, 'twould be ill taken; yet she is a woman as well as she; let her send her woman at least.

2. *You shall pray* is the right way, because according as the Church is settled, no man may make a prayer in public of his own head.

3. 'Tis not the original Common-Prayer-book. Why, show me an original Bible, or an original Magna Charta.

4. Admit the preacher prays by the spirit, yet that very prayer is common prayer to the people; they are tied as much to his words as in saying, "Almighty and most merciful Father." Is it then unlawful in the minister, but not unlawful in the people?

5. There were some mathematicians that could with one fetch of their pen make an exact circle, and with the next touch point out the center; is it therefore reasonable to banish all use of the compasses? Set forms are a pair of compasses.

6. *God hath given gifts unto men.* General texts prove nothing: let him show me John, William, or Thomas in the text, and then I will believe him. If a man hath a voluble tongue, we say he hath the gift of prayer. His gift is to pray long, that I see; but does he pray better?

7. We take care what we speak to men, but to God we may say anything.

8. The people must not think a thought towards God but as their pastors will put it into their mouths; they will make right sheep of us.

9. The English priests would do that in English which the Romish do in Latin, keep the people in ignorance; but some of the people outdo them at their own game.

10. Prayer should be short, without giving God Almighty reasons why He should grant this or that; He knows best what is good for us. If your boy should ask you a suit of clothes, and give you reasons, "otherwise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad but he will discredit you," would you endure it? You know it better than he; let him ask a suit of clothes.

11. If a servant that has been fed with good beef goes into that part of England where salmon is plenty, at first he is pleased with his salmon, and despises his beef; but after he has been there a while, he grows weary of his salmon and wishes for his good beef again. We have a while been much taken with this praying by the spirit; but in time we may grow weary of it, and wish for our common prayer.

12. 'Tis hoped we may be cured of our extemporary prayers, the same way the

grocer's boy is cured of his eating plums, when we have had our belly full of them.

PREACHING

Nothing is more mistaken than that speech, "Preach the Gospel": for 'tis not to make long harangues, as they do nowadays, but to tell the news of Christ's coming into the world; and when that is done, or where 'tis known already, the preacher's work is done.

2. Preaching in the first sense of the word ceased as soon as ever the Gospel was written.

3. When the preacher says, this is the meaning of the Holy Ghost in such a place, in sense he can mean no more than this; that is, "I by studying of the place, by comparing one place with another, by weighing what goes before, and what comes after, think this is the meaning of the Holy Ghost; and for shortness of expression I say, the Holy Ghost says thus, or this is the meaning of the Spirit of God." So the judge speaks of the King's Proclamation, "This is the intention of the King"; not that the King had declared his intention any other way to the judge, but the judge, examining the contents of the proclamation, gathers by the purport of the words the King's intention; and then for shortness of expression says, "This is the King's intention."

4. Nothing is text but what was spoken in the Bible, and meant there for person and place; the rest is application, which a discreet man may do well; but 'tis his Scripture, not the Holy Ghost.

5. Preaching by the spirit (as they call it) is most esteemed by the common people, because they cannot abide art or learning, which they have not been bred up in. Just as in the business of fencing, if one country fellow amongst the rest has been at the school, the rest will undervalue his skill, or tell him he wants valor: "You come with your school-tricks; *there's* Dick Butcher has ten times more mettle in him": so they say to the preachers, "You come with your school-learning: *there's* such a one has the spirit."

6. The tone in preaching does much in

working upon the people's affections. If a man should make love in an ordinary tone, his mistress would not regard him; and therefore he must whine. If a man should cry fire or murder in an ordinary voice, nobody would come out to help him.

7. Preachers will bring anything into the text. The young Masters of Arts preached against non-residency in the university; whereupon the heads made an order that no man should meddle with anything but what was in the text. The next day one preached upon these words, "Abraham begat Isaac": when he had gone a good way, at last he observed that Abraham was resident, for if he had been non-resident, he could never have begot Isaac; and so fell foul upon the non-residents.

8. I could never tell what often preaching meant, after a church is settled, and we know what is to be done; 'tis just as if a husbandman should once tell his servants what they are to do, when to sow, when to reap, and afterwards one should come and tell them twice or thrice a day what they know already. You must sow your wheat in October, you must reap your wheat in August, &c.

9. The main argument why they would have two sermons a day is, because they have two meals a day; the soul must be fed as well as the body. But I may as well argue, I ought to have two noses because I have two eyes, or two mouths because I have two ears. What have meals and sermons to do one with another?

10. The things between God and man are but a few, and those, forsooth, we must be told often of; but things between man and man are many; those I hear of not above twice a year, at the assizes, or once a quarter at the sessions; but few come then; nor does the minister exhort the people to go at these times to learn their duty towards their neighbor. Often preaching is sure to keep the minister in countenance, that he may have something to do.

11. In preaching they say more to raise men to love virtue than men can possibly perform, to make them do their best; as if you would teach a man to throw the bar, to make him put out his strength you bid him throw further than it is possible for

him, or any man else: throw over yonder house.

12. In preaching they do by men as writers of romances do by their chief knights, bring them into many dangers, but still fetch them off; so they put men in fear of Hell, but at last bring them to Heaven.

13. Preachers say, "Do as I say, not as I do." But if a physician had the same disease upon him that I have, and he should bid me do one thing, and he do quite another, could I believe him?

14. Preaching the same sermon to all sorts of people is as if a schoolmaster should read the same lesson to his several forms: if he reads *Amo, amas, amavi*, the highest forms laugh at him; the younger boys admire him; so 'tis in preaching to a mixed auditory. *Objection.* But it cannot be otherwise; the parish cannot be divided into several forms: what must the preacher then do in discretion? *Answer.* Why, then let him use some expressions by which this or that condition of people may know such doctrine does more especially concern them; it being so delivered that the wisest may be content to hear. For if he delivers it altogether, and leaves it to them to single out what belongs to themselves (which is the usual way), 'tis as if a man would bestow gifts upon children of several ages, two years old, four years old, ten years old, &c., and there he brings tops, pins, points, ribbons, and casts them all in a heap together upon a table before them; though the boy of ten years old knows how to choose his top, yet the child of two years old, that should have a ribbon, takes a pin, and the pin ere he be aware pricks his fingers, and then all's out of order, &c. Preaching for the most part is the glory of the preacher, to show himself a fine man. Catechizing would do much better.

15. Use the best arguments to persuade, though but few understand; for the ignorant will sooner believe the judicious of the parish than the preacher himself; and they teach when they dissipate what he has said, and believe it the sooner, confirmed by men of their own side. For betwixt the laity and the clergy there is, as it were, a continual driving of a bargain; something the clergy would still have us be at, and

therefore many things are heard from the preacher with suspicion. They are afraid of some ends which are easily assented to when they have it from some of themselves. 'Tis with a sermon as 'tis with a play; many come to see it, which do not understand it; and yet hearing it cried up by one, whose judgment they cast themselves upon, and of power with them, they swear and will die in it, that 'tis a very good play, which they would not have done if the priest himself had told them so. As in a great school, 'tis [not] the master that teaches all; the monitor does a great deal of work; it may be the boys are afraid to see the master: so in a parish 'tis not the minister does all; the greater neighbor teaches the lesser, the master of the house teaches his servant, &c.

16. First in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric. Rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root; yet I confess more are taken with rhetoric than logic, because they are caught with a free expression, when they understand not reason. Logic must be natural, or it is worth nothing at all; your rhetoric figures may be learned. That rhetoric is best which is most seasonable and most catching. An instance we have in that old blunt commander at Cadiz, who showed himself a good orator; being to say something to his soldiers, which he was not used to do, he made them a speech to this purpose: "What a shame will it be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good beef and brewess, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you that eat nothing but oranges and lemons"; and so put more courage into his men than he could have done with a more learned oration. Rhetoric is very good, or stark naught: there's no medium in rhetoric. If I am not fully persuaded, I laugh at the orator.

17. 'Tis good to preach the same thing again; for that's the way to have it learned. You see a bird by often whistling to learn a tune, and a month after record it to herself.

18. 'Tis a hard case a minister should be turned out of his living for something they inform he should say in his pulpit. We can no more know what a minister said in his sermon by two or three words picked out

of it than we can tell what tune a musician played last upon the lute, by two or three single notes.

PREDESTINATION

They that talk nothing but predestination, and will not proceed in the way of Heaven till they be satisfied in that point, do as a man that would not come to London unless at his first step he might set his foot upon the top of Paul's.

2. For a young divine to begin in his pulpit with predestination is as if a man were coming into London, and at his first step would think to set his foot, &c.

3. Predestination is a point inaccessible, out of our reach; we can make no notion of it, 'tis so full of intricacy, so full of contradiction; 'tis in good earnest, as we state it, half a dozen bulls one upon another.

4. Doctor Prideaux, in his lectures, several days used arguments to prove predestination; at last tells his auditory they are damned that do not believe it; doing herein just like schoolboys—when one of them has got an apple, or something the rest have a mind to, they use all the arguments they can to get some of it from him: "I gave you some t'other day; you shall have some with me another time." When they cannot prevail, they tell him he's a jack-anapes, a rogue, and a rascal.

PRESBYTERY

They that would bring in a new government would very fain persuade us they meet it in antiquity. Thus they interpret presbyters, when they meet the word in the Fathers. Other professions likewise pretend to antiquity. The alchemist will find his art in Virgil's *Aureus ramus*, and he that delights in optics will find them in Tacitus. When Cæsar came into England, they would persuade us they had perspective-glasses by which he could discover what they were doing upon the land, because it is said, *Positis speculis*: the meaning is, his watch or his sentinel discovered this, and this, unto him.

2. Presbyters have the greatest power of any clergy in the world, and gull the

laity most. For example; admit there be twelve laymen to six presbyters, the six shall govern the rest as they please. First because they are constant, and the others come in like churchwardens in their turns, which is a huge advantage. Men will give way to them who have been in place before them. Next, the laymen have other professions to follow: the presbyters make it their sole business; and besides, too, they learn and study the art of persuading—some of Geneva have confessed as much.

3. The presbyter with his elders about him is like a young tree fenced about with two, or three, or four stakes; the stakes defend it and hold it up, but the tree only prospers and flourishes: it may be some willow stake may bear a leaf or two, but it comes to nothing. Lay-elders are stakes, the presbyter the tree that flourishes.

4. When the queries were sent to the Assembly concerning the *Jus Divinum* of presbytery, their asking time to answer them was a satire upon themselves; for if it were to be seen in the text, they might quickly turn to the place, and show us it. Their delaying to answer makes us think there's no such thing there. They do just as you have seen a fellow do at a tavern-reckoning: when he should come to pay his reckoning, he puts his hands into his pockets, and keeps a grabbling and a fumbling, and shaking, at last tells you he has left his money at home; when all the company knew at first he had no money there; for every man can quickly find his own money.

TRUTH

The Aristotelians say all truth is contained in Aristotle in one place or another. Galileo makes Simplicius say so, but shows the absurdity of that speech, by answering, all truth is contained in a lesser compass, viz., in the alphabet. Aristotle is not blamed for mistaking sometimes, but Aristotelians for maintaining those mistakes. They should acknowledge the good they have from him, and leave him when he is in the wrong. There never breathed that person to whom mankind was more beholden.

2. The way to find out the truth is by others' mistakings; for if I was to go to

such a place, and one had gone before me on the right hand, and he was out: another had gone on the left hand, and he was out; this would direct me to keep the middle way, that peradventure would bring me to the place I desired to go.

3. In troubled water you can scarce see your face, or see it very little, till the water be quiet and stand still. So in troubled times you can see little truth; when times are ¹⁰ quiet and settled, then truth appears.

WITCHES

The law against witches does not prove there be any; but it punishes the malice of those people that use such means to take away men's lives. If one should profess that by turning his hat thrice, and crying Buzz, he could take away a man's life, ²⁰ though in truth he could do no such thing, yet this were a just law made by the State, that whosoever should turn his hat thrice, and cry Buzz, with an intention to take away a man's life, shall be put to death.

WIFE

He that hath a handsome wife, by other men is thought happy; 'tis a pleasure to look upon her, and be in her company; but the husband is cloyed with her. We are ³⁰ never content with what we have.

2. You shall see a monkey sometime, that has been playing up and down the garden, at length leap up to the top of the wall, but his clog hangs a great way below on this side: the bishop's wife is like that monkey's clog; himself is got up very high, takes place of the temporal barons, but his wife comes a great way behind.

3. 'Tis reason a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey 'tis fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks. ⁴⁰

WISDOM

A wise man should never resolve upon anything, at least never let the world know ⁵⁰ his resolution; for if he cannot arrive at that, he is ashamed. How many things did the King resolve in his declaration con-

cerning Scotland, never to do, and yet did them all! A man must do according to accidents and emergencies.

2. Never tell your resolution beforehand; but when the cast is thrown, play it as well as you can to win the game you are at. 'Tis but folly to study how to play size-ace, when you know not whether you shall throw it or no.

3. Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion, you know, called the sheep to ask her if his breath smelt: she said aye; he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and asked him: he said no; he tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox and asked him: truly he had got a cold and could not smell.

WIT

Wit and wisdom differ; wit is upon the sudden turn, wisdom is in bringing about ends.

2. Nature must be the groundwork of wit and art; otherwise whatever is done will prove but Jackpudding's work.

3. Wit must grow like fingers. If it be taken from others, 'tis like plums stuck upon black thorns; there they are for a while, but they come to nothing.

4. He that will give himself to all manner of ways to get money may be rich; so he that lets fly all he knows or thinks may by chance be satirically witty. Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich, and civility from being witty.

5. Women ought not to know their own wit, because they will still be showing it, and so spoil it; like a child that will continually be showing its fine new coat, till at ⁴⁰ length it all bedaubs it with its pah hands.

6. Fine wits destroy themselves with their own plots, in meddling with great affairs of state. They commonly do as the ape that saw the gunner put bullets in the cannon, and was pleased with it, and he would be doing so too: at last he puts himself into the piece, and so both ape and bullet were shot away together.

WOMEN

"Let the women have power of their heads, because of the angels." The reason

of the words *because of the angels* is this: The Greek Church held an opinion that angels fell in love with women; an opinion grounded upon that Genesis VI, "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair." This fancy St. Paul discreetly catches, and uses it as an argument to persuade them to modesty.

2. The grant of a place is not good by the Canon Law before a man be dead: upon this ground some mischief might be plotted against him in present possession, by poisoning or some other way. Upon the same reason a contract made with a woman during her husband's life was not valid.

3. Men are not troubled to hear a man dispraised, because they know though he be nought there's worth in others; but women are mightily troubled to hear any of them spoken against, as if the sex itself were guilty of some unworthiness.

4. Women and princes must both trust somebody; and they are happy or unhappy according to the desert of those under whose hands they fall. If a man knows how to manage the favor of a lady, her honor is safe, and so is a prince's.

YEAR

'Twas the manner of the Jews (if the year did not fall out right, but that it was dirty for the people to come up to Jerusalem, at the Feast of the Passover, or that their corn was not ripe for their first fruits) to intercalate a month, and so to have, as it

were, two Februaries, thrusting up the year still higher, March into April's place, April into May's place, &c. Whereupon it is impossible for us to know when our Savior was born, or when he died.

2. The year is either the year of the moon or the year of the sun; there's not above eleven days' difference. Our moveable feasts are according to the year of the moon; else they should be fixed.

3. Though they reckon ten days sooner beyond sea, yet it does not follow their spring is sooner than ours: we keep the same time in natural things, and their ten days sooner, and our ten days later in those things mean the selfsame time; just as twelve sous in French are ten pence in English.

4. The lengthening of days is not suddenly perceived till they are grown a pretty deal longer, because the sun, though it be in a circle, yet it seems for a while to go in a right line. For take a segment of a great circle especially, and you shall doubt whether it be straight or no. But when the sun is got past that line, then you presently perceive the days are lengthened. Thus it is in the winter and summer solstice; which is indeed the true reason of them.

5. The eclipse of the sun is when it is new moon; the eclipse of the moon when 'tis full. They say Dionysius was converted by the eclipse that happened at our Savior's death, because it was neither of these, and so could not be natural.

EDMUND WALLER (1606–1687)

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER,

For the Drawing of the Posture and Progress of His Majesty's Forces at Sea, under the Command of His Highness-Royal; Together with the Battle and Victory Obtained Over the Dutch, June 3, 1665.

[1666].

First draw the sea, that portion which between
The greater world and this of ours is seen;
Here place the British, there the Holland fleet,
Vast floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who should reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd main.
Make Heav'n concern'd, and an unusual star
Declare th' importance of the approaching war.
Make the sea shine with gallantry, and all
10 The English youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke! whose early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct show'd.
His bright sword now a dearer int'rest draws,
His brother's glory, and his country's cause.
Let thy bold pencil hope and courage spread
Through the whole navy, by that hero led;
Make all appear, where such a Prince is by,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die.
With his extraction, and his glorious mind,
20 Make the proud sails swell more than with the wind;
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, though greedy of their prey,
Stop when they find a lion in their way.
Make him bestride the ocean, and mankind
Ask his consent to use the sea and wind.
While his tall ships in the barr'd channel stand,
He grasps the Indies in his armed hand.
Paint an east wind, and make it blow away
30 Th' excuse of Holland for their navy's stay;
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to shun,
Through the cold north and rocky regions run.
To find the coast where morning first appears,
By the dark pole the wary Belgian steers;
Confessing now he dreads the English more
Than all the dangers of a frozen shore;
While from our arms, security to find,
They fly so far, they leave the day behind.
Describe their fleet abandoning the sea,

- 40 And all their merchants left a wealthy prey ;
 Our first success in war make Bacchus crown,
 And half the vintage of the year our own.
 The Dutch their wine, and all their brandy lose,
 Disarm'd of that from which their courage grows ;
 While the glad English, to relieve their toil,
 In healths to their great leader drink the spoil.
 His high command to Afric's coast extend,
 And make the Moors before the English bend ;
 Those barb'rous pirates willingly receive
 50 Conditions, such as we are pleas'd to give.
 Deserted by the Dutch, let nations know
 We can our own and their great bus'ness do ;
 False friends chastise, and common foes restrain,
 Which, worse than tempests, did infest the main.
 Within those Straits, make Holland's Smyrna fleet
 With a small squadron of the English meet ;
 Like falcons these, those like a num'rous flock
 Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.
 There paint confusion in a various shape ;
 60 Some sink, some yield ; and, flying, some escape.
 Europe and Africa, from either shore,
 Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar ;
 While the divided world in this agree,
 Men that fight so deserve to rule the sea.
 But, nearer home, thy pencil use once more,
 And place our navy by the Holland shore ;
 The world they compass'd, while they fought with Spain.
 But here already they resign the main ;
 Those greedy mariners, out of whose way
 70 Diffusive Nature could no region lay,
 At home, preserv'd from rocks and tempests, lie,
 Compell'd like others, in their beds to die.
 Their single towns th' Iberian armies press'd ;
 We all their provinces at once invest ;
 And, in a month, ruin their traffic more
 Than that long war could in an age before.
 But who can always on the billows lie ?
 The wat'ry wilderness yields no supply.
 Spreading our sails, to Harwich we resort,
 80 And meet the beauties of the British court.
 Th' illustrious Duchess, and her glorious train,
 (Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the main.
 The gazing sea-gods, since the Paphian Queen
 Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen.
 Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,
 Those deathless pow'rs for us themselves declare,
 Resolv'd the aid of Neptune's court to bring,
 And help the nation where such beauties spring ;
 The soldier here his wasted store supplies,
 90 And takes new valor from the ladies' eyes.
 Meanwhile, like bees, when stormy winter's gone,
 The Dutch (as if the sea were all their own)

RESTORATION LITERATURE

Desert their ports, and, falling in their way,
 Our Hamburg merchants are become their prey.
 Thus flourish they, before th' approaching fight;
 As dying tapers give a blazing light.

To check their pride, our fleet half-victual'd goes,
 Enough to serve us till we reach our foes;
 Who now appear so numerous and bold,
 100 The action worthy of our arms we hold.
 A greater force than that which here we find,
 Ne'er press'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
 Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome night,
 Th' impatient English scarce attend the light.
 But now the morning (heav'n severely clear!)
 To the fierce work indulgent does appear;
 And Phœbus lifts above the waves his light,
 That he might see, and thus record, the fight.

As when loud winds from diff'rent quarters rush,
 110 Vast clouds encount'ring one another crush;
 With swelling sails so, from their sev'ral coasts,
 Join the Batavian and the British hosts.
 For a less prize, with less concern and rage,
 The Roman fleets at Actium did engage;
 They, for the empire of the world they knew,
 These, for the Old contend, and for the New.
 At the first shock, with blood and powder stain'd,
 Nor heav'n, nor sea, their former face retain'd;
 Fury and art produce effects so strange,
 120 They trouble Nature, and her visage change.
 Where burning ships the banish'd sun supply,
 And no light shines, but that by which men die,
 There York appears! so prodigal is he
 Of royal blood, as ancient as the sea!
 Which down to him, so many ages told,
 Has through the veins of mighty monarchs roll'd!
 The great Achilles march'd not to the field
 Till Vulcan that impenetrable shield,
 And arms, had wrought; yet there no bullets flew,
 130 But shafts and darts which the weak Phrygians threw.
 Our bolder hero on the deck does stand
 Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land;
 Defensive arms laid by as useless here,
 Where massy balls the neighb'ring rocks do tear.
 Some pow'r unseen those princes does protect,
 Who for their country thus themselves neglect.
 Against him first Opdam his squadron leads,
 Proud of his late success against the Swedes;
 Made by that action, and his high command,
 140 Worthy to perish by a prince's hand.
 The tall Batavian in a vast ship rides,
 Bearing an army in her hollow sides;
 Yet, not inclin'd the English ship to board,
 More on his guns relies, than on his sword;
 From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd;

It miss'd the Duke, but his great heart it griev'd;
 Three worthy persons from his side it tore,
 And dy'd his garment with their scatter'd gore.
 Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,
 150 More to be valu'd than a thousand lives!
 On such a theater as this to die,
 For such a cause, and such a witness by!
 Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
 To have his blood on such an altar laid?
 The rest about him struck with horror stood,
 To see their leader cover'd o'er with blood.
 So trembled Jacob, when he thought the stains
 Of his son's coat had issued from his veins.
 He feels no wound but in his troubled thought;
 160 Before, for honor, now, revenge he fought;
 His friends in pieces torn (the bitter news
 Not brought by Fame), with his own eyes he views.
 His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
 Their worth, their love, their valor, and their truth,
 The joys of court, their mothers, and their wives,
 To follow him, abandon'd—and their lives!
 He storms and shoots, but flying bullets now,
 To execute his rage, appear too slow;
 They miss, or sweep but common souls away;
 170 For such a loss Opdam his life must pay.
 Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
 With fierce intent that hated ship to board,
 And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,
 Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
 His winged vessel like an eagle shows,
 When through the clouds to truss a swan she goes;
 The Belgian ship unmov'd, like some huge rock
 Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock.
 From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,
 180 Neglecting all the bus'ness of the day;
 Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend;
 The silent ocean does th' event attend,
 Which leader shall the doubtful vict'ry bless,
 And give an earnest of the war's success;
 When Heav'n itself, for England to declare,
 Turns ship, and men, and tackle, into air.
 Their new commander from his charge is toss'd,
 Which that young prince had so unjustly lost,
 Whose great progenitors, with better fate,
 190 And better conduct, sway'd their infant state.
 His flight towards heav'n th' aspiring Belgian took,
 But fell, like Phaëton, with thunder strook;
 From vaster hopes than his he seem'd to fall,
 That durst attempt the British Admiral;
 From her broad sides a ruder flame is thrown
 Than from the fiery chariot of the sun;
 That bears the radiant ensign of the day,
 And she, the flag that governs in the sea.

RESTORATION LITERATURE

- The Duke (ill pleas'd that fire should thus prevent
 200 The work which for his brighter sword he meant),
 Anger still burning in his valiant breast,
 Goes to complete revenge upon the rest.
 So on the guardless herd, their keeper slain,
 Rushes a tiger in the Libyan plain.
 The Dutch, accustom'd to the raging sea,
 And in black storms the frowns of heav'n to see,
 Never met tempest which more urg'd their fears,
 Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
 Fierce, goodly, young! Mars he resembles, when
 210 Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious men;
 Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,
 Both those that led, and those that gave them aid.
 Where he gives on, disposing of their fates,
 Terror and death on his loud cannon waits,
 With which he pleads his brother's cause so well,
 He shakes the throne to which he does appeal.
 The sea with spoils his angry bullets strow,
 Widows and orphans making as they go;
 Before his ship fragments of vessels torn,
 220 Flags, arms, and Belgian carcasses are borne;
 And his despairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
 Spread all their canvas to invite the wind.
 So the rude Boreas, where he lists to blow,
 Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
 Beating the shore; and, with a boist'rous rage,
 Does heav'n at once, and earth, and sea engage.
 The Dutch, elsewhere, did through the wat'ry field
 Perform enough to have made others yield;
 But English courage, growing as they fight,
 230 In danger, noise, and slaughter, takes delight;
 Their bloody task, unwearied still, they ply,
 Only restrain'd by death, or victory.
 Iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
 Like show'rs of hail, from either side are borne;
 So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
 Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!
 Ingenious to their ruin, ev'ry age
 Improves the arts and instruments of rage.
 Death-hast'ning ills Nature enough has sent,
 240 And yet men still a thousand more invent!
 But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on,
 So fierce at first, to favor us begun;
 Brandy and wine (their wonted friends) at length
 Render them useless, and betray their strength.
 So corn in fields, and in the garden, flow'rs,
 Revive and raise themselves with mod'rate show'rs,
 But overcharg'd with never ceasing rain,
 Become too moist, and bend their heads again.
 Their reeling ships on one another fall,
 250 Without a foe, enough to ruin all.
 Of this disorder, and the fav'ring wind,

The watchful English such advantage find,
 Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
 And up the so-entangled Belgians blow.
 The flame invades the powder-rooms, and then,
 Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men.
 The scorch'd Batavians on the billows float,
 Sent from their own, to pass in Charon's boat.

And now, our royal Admiral success
 260 (With all the marks of victory) does bless;
 The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,
 Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd main.
 Nearer to Holland, as their hasty flight
 Carries the noise and tumult of the fight,
 His cannons' roar, forerunner of his fame,
 Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amsterdam;
 The British thunder does their houses rock,
 And the Duke seems at ev'ry door to knock.
 His dreadful streamer (like a comet's hair,
 270 Threat'ning destruction) hastens their despair;
 Makes them deplore their scatter'd fleet as lost,
 And fear our present landing on their coast.

The trembling Dutch th' approaching Prince behold,
 As sheep a lion leaping towards their fold;
 Those piles, which serve them to repel the main,
 They think too weak his fury to restrain.
 "What wonders may not English valor work,
 Led by th' example of victorious York?
 Or, what defense against him can they make,
 280 Who, at such distance, does their country shake?
 His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow,
 And let in both the ocean, and the foe";
 Thus cry the people;—and, their land to keep,
 Allow our title to command the deep;
 Blaming their States' ill conduct, to provoke
 Those arms which freed them from the Spanish yoke.

Painter! excuse me, if I have a while
 Forgot thy art, and us'd another style;
 For, though you draw arm'd heroes as they sit,
 290 The task in battle does the Muses fit;
 They, in the dark confusion of a fight,
 Discover all, instruct us how to write;
 And light and honor to brave actions yield,
 Hid in the smoke and tumult of the field,
 Ages to come shall know that leader's toil,
 And his great name, on whom the Muses smile;
 Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace,
 And this relation with thy colors grace.

Then draw the Parliament, the nobles met,
 300 And our great monarch high above them set;
 Like young Augustus let his image be,
 Triumphant for that victory at sea,
 Where Egypt's Queen, and Eastern kings o'erthrown,
 Made the possession of the world his own.

RESTORATION LITERATURE

Last draw the Commons at his royal feet,
 Pouring out treasure to supply his fleet;
 They vow with lives and fortunes to maintain
 Their King's eternal title to the main;
 And with a present to the Duke, approve
 310 His valor, conduct, and his country's love.

OF ENGLISH VERSE

[1668].

Poets may boast, as safely vain,
 Their works shall with the world remain;
 Both, bound together, live or die,
 The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
 Last in a daily changing tongue?
 While they are new, envy prevails;
 And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
 10 The matter may betray their art;
 Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
 Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek
 Must carve in Latin, or in Greek;
 We write in sand, our language grows,
 And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast;
 The glory of his numbers lost!
 Years have defac'd his matchless strain;
 20 And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
 The shining subjects of his rage,
 Hoping they should immortal prove,
 Rewarded with success his love.

This was the gen'rous poet's scope;
 And all an English pen can hope,
 To make the fair approve his flame,
 That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
 30 If it arrive but at the date
 Of fading beauty; if it prove
 But as long-liv'd as present love.

UPON THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S TRANS-
LATION OF HORACE,
"DE ARTE POETICA," AND OF THE USE OF POETRY
[1680].

Rome was not better by her Horace taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his thought;
The poet writ to noble Piso there;
A noble Piso does instruct us here,
Gives us a pattern in his flowing style,
And with rich precepts does oblige our isle:
Britain! whose genius is in verse express'd,
Bold and sublime, but negligently dress'd.

Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
10 Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horse,
Favor his flight, and moderate his force.

Though poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill-govern'd, in the clouds is lost.
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his fancy and his judgment shows.
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,
Neglect of which no wit can recompense.

The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
20 That sacred stream! should never water weeds,
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature sow.

Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse;
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told.
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The Muses' friend, unto himself severe,
30 With silent pity looks on all that err;
But where a brave, a public action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honor is his chief delight;
Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed,
Which may the like in coming ages breed.

Here taught the fate of verses (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd),
Men will be less indulgent to their faults,
40 And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot;
Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear
May like the language of the gods appear,
Such as, of old, wise bards employ'd, to make
Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake;
Law-giving heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,

RESTORATION LITERATURE

And raising cities with their charming lutes ;
 For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
 50 And civil life was by the Muses taught.
 So wand'ring bees would perish in the air,
 Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,
 Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,
 Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive,
 To rob the flow'rs, and to forbear the spoil,
 Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil ;
 They give us food, which may with nectar vie,
 And wax, that does the absent sun supply.

OF HER MAJESTY, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1683

[1686].

What revolutions in the world have been,
 How are we chang'd since we first saw the Queen !
 She, like the sun, does still the same appear,
 Bright as she was at her arrival here !
 Time has commission mortals to impair,
 But things celestial is obliged to spare.
 May ev'ry new year find her still the same
 In health and beauty as she hither came !
 When Lords and Commons, with united voice,
 10 The Infanta nam'd, approv'd the royal choice ;
 First of our queens whom not the King alone,
 But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.
 With like consent, and like desert, was crown'd
 The glorious Prince that does the Turk confound.
 Victorious both ! his conduct wins the day,
 And her example chases vice away ;
 Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
 'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

OF THE LAST VERSES IN THE BOOK

[1686].

When we for age could neither read nor write,
 The subject made us able to indite ;
 The soul, with nobler resolutions deck'd,
 The body stooping, does herself erect.
 No mortal parts are requisite to raise
 Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.
 The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
 So, calm are we when passions are no more !
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 10 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age descries.
 The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made ;

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

OF TEA, COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY

[1690].

Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;
 Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
 The best of queens, and best of herbs, we owe
 To that bold nation which the way did show
 To the fair region where the sun does rise,
 Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
 The Muse's friend, tea does our fancy aid,
 Repress those vapors which the head invade,
 And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
 10 Fit on her birthday to salute the Queen.

ON THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES I

AT CHARING CROSS, IN THE YEAR 1674

[1690].

That the First Charles does here in triumph ride,
 See his son reign where he a martyr died,
 And people pay that rev'rence as they pass,
 (Which then he wanted!) to the sacred brass,
 Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,
 To which we owe the statue and the stone;
 But Heav'n this lasting monument has wrought,
 That mortals may eternally be taught
 Rebellion, though successful, is but vain,
 10 And kings so kill'd rise conquerors again.
 This truth the royal image does proclaim,
 Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

SONG

[1711].

Chloris! farewell. I now must go;
 For if with thee I longer stay,
 Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
 I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
 Among the rest, me hither brought;
 Finding this fame fall short of truth,
 Made me stay longer than I thought.

RESTORATION LITERATURE

For I'm engag'd by word and oath,
10 A servant to another's will;
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take,
When thou, foreknowing this abuse,
For some more worthy lover's sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse?

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault
That thou did'st thus inconstant prove;
Being by my example taught
20 To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No, Chloris! no: I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
And she distrust me reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

ANDREW MARVELL (1621–1678)

ON MR. MILTON'S PARADISE LOST

[1674].

- When I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crown'd, God's 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 ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song,
(So Samson grop'd the temple's posts in spite,
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight).
- 10 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'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain.
Or if a work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was that some less skillful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
- 20 Might hence presume the whole creation's 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 labors 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.
- 30 That majesty which through thy work doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;
And above human flight dost soar aloft,
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
- 40 Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind?

RESTORATION LITERATURE

Just Heav'n thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
 Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.
 Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
 With tinkling rhyme, 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.
 50 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 rhyme.

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 love's 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
 10 Till the conversion of the Jews.
 My vegetable love should grow
 Vaster than 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 ev'ry part,
 And the last age should show your heart.
 For, Lady, you deserve this state;
 20 Nor would I love at lower rate.
 But at my back I always hear
 Time's winged chariot hurrying near:
 And yonder all before us lie
 Deserts of vast Eternity.
 Thy beauty shall no more be found;
 Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
 My echoing song: then worms shall try
 That long preserv'd virginity:
 And your quaint honor turn to dust;
 30 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 hue
 Sits on thy skin like morning lew,
 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 devour,
 40 Than languish in his slow-chapp'd 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.

THE GARDEN

[1681].

How vainly men themselves amaze
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
 And their uncessant labors see
 Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
 Whose short and narrow verged shade
 Does prudently their toils upbraid;
 While all flow'rs and all trees do close
 To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
 10 And Innocence, thy sister dear!
 Mistaken long, I sought you then
 In busy companies of men.
 Your sacred plants, if here below,
 Only among the plants will grow.
 Society is all but rude,
 To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
 So am'rous as this lovely green.
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
 20 Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
 Little, alas, they know, or heed,
 How far these beauties hers exceed!
 Fair trees! where s'e'er your barks I wound
 No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's 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,
 30 Only that she might laurel grow.
 And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
 Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wond'rous life is this I lead!
 Ripe apples drop about my head;

RESTORATION LITERATURE

The luscious clusters of the vine
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
 The nectarine, and curious peach,
 Into my hands themselves do reach;
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
 40 Ensnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
 Withdraws into its happiness:
 The mind, that ocean where each kind
 Does straight 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.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
 50 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
 Casting the body's 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.

Such was that happy garden-state,
 While man there walk'd without a mate:
 After a place so pure, and sweet,
 60 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.

How well the skillful gard'ner drew
 Of flow'rs and herbs this dial new;
 Where from above the milder sun
 Does through a fragrant Zodiac run;
 And, as it works, th' industrious bee
 70 Computes its time as well as we.
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours
 Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs!

BERMUDAS

[1681].

Where the remote Bermudas ride
 In th' ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat, that row'd along,
 The list'ning winds receiv'd this song.
 What should we do but sing His praise
 That led us through the wat'ry maze,

Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own?
 Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
 10 That lift the deep upon their backs.
 He lands us on a grassy stage;
 Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
 He gave us this eternal spring,
 Which here enamels ev'rything;
 And sends the fowls to us in care,
 On daily visits through the air.
 He hangs in shades the orange bright,
 Like golden lamps in a green night.
 And does in the pomegranates close
 20 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet;
 And throws the melons at our feet.
 But apples, plants of such a price,
 No tree could ever bear them twice.
 With cedars, chosen by His hand,
 From Lebanon, He stores the land.
 And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 30 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast.
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple, where to sound His name.
 Oh let our voice His praise exalt,
 Till it arrive at Heaven's vault:
 Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
 Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.
 Thus sung they, in the English boat,
 An holy and a cheerful note,
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 40 With falling oars they kept the time.

THE LAST INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER

[1689].

After two sittings, now our Lady State,
 To end her picture, does the third time wait.
 But ere thou fall'st to work, first Painter, see
 It ben't too slight grown, or too hard for thee.
 Canst thou paint without colors? Then 'tis right:
 For so we too without a fleet can fight.
 Or canst thou daub a signpost, and that ill?
 'Twill suit our great debauch and little skill.
 Or hast thou mark'd how antique masters limn
 10 The aley roof, with snuff of candle dim,
 Sketching in shady smoke prodigious tools?
 'Twill serve this race of drunkards, pimps, and fools.
 But if to match our crimes thy skill presumes,

As th' Indians, draw our luxury in plumes.
 Or if to score out our compendious fame,
 With Hooke then, through the microscope, take aim
 Where, like the new Controller, all men laugh
 To see a tall louse brandish the white staff.
 Else shalt thou oft thy guiltless pencil curse,
 20 Stamp on thy palette, nor perhaps the worse.
 The painter so, long having vex'd his cloth,
 Of his hound's mouth to feign the raging froth,
 His desp'rate pencil at the work did dart,
 His anger reach'd that rage which pass'd his art;
 Chance finish'd that which art could but begin,
 And he sat smiling how his dog did grin.
 So may'st thou perfect, by a lucky blow,
 What all thy softest touches cannot do.
 Paint then St. Albans full of soup and gold,
 30 The new Court's pattern, stallion of the old.
 Him neither wit nor courage did exalt,
 But Fortune chose him for her pleasure salt.
 Paint him with drayman's shoulders, butcher's mien,
 Member'd like mules, with elephantine chine.
 Well he the title of St. Albans bore,
 For never Bacon studied nature more.
 But age, allaying now that youthful heat,
 Fits him in France to play at cards and treat.

.

Draw next a pair of tables op'ning, then
 The House of Commons clatt'ring like the men.
 Describe the court and country, both set right,
 On opp'osite points, the black against the white.
 Those having lost the nation at trick-track,
 110 These now advent'ring how to win it back.
 The dice betwixt them must the fate divide,
 As chance does still in multitudes decide.
 But here the Court does its advantage know,
 For the cheat Turnor for them both must throw.
 As some from boxes, he so from the chair
 Can strike the die and still with them goes share.
 Here, Painter, rest a little, and survey
 With what small arts the public game they play.
 For so too Rubens, with affairs of state,
 120 His lab'ring pencil oft would recreate.
 The close Cabal mark'd how the navy eats,
 And thought all lost that goes not to the cheats :
 So therefore secretly for peace decrees,
 Yet as for war the Parliament should squeeze ;
 And fix to the revenue such a sum,
 Should Goodrick silence, and strike Paston dumb ;
 Should pay land armies, should dissolve the vain
 Commons, and ever such a Court maintain,
 Hyde's avarice, Bennet's luxury should suffice.
 130 And what can these defray but the *excise*?

Excise, a monster worse than e'er before
 Frighted the midwife, and the mother tore.
 A thousand hands she has, and thousand eyes,
 Breaks into shops, and into cellars pries.
 With hundred rows of teeth the shark exceeds,
 And on all trade like cassowar she feeds:
 Chops off the piece where'er she close the jaw,
 Else swallows all down her indented maw.
 She stalks all day in streets conceal'd from sight,
 140 And flies like bats with leathern wings by night.
 She wastes the country and on cities preys.
 Her, of a female Harpy, in dog days,
 Black Birch, of all the earth-born race most hot,
 And most rapacious, like himself begot.

Ruyter the while, that had our ocean curb'd,
 Sail'd now among our rivers undisturb'd:
 Survey'd their crystal streams, and banks so green,
 And beauties ere this never naked seen.
 Through the vain sedge the bashful nymphs he ey'd;
 Bosoms, and all which from themselves they hide.
 The sun much brighter, and the skies more clear,
 530 He finds the air, and all things, sweeter here.
 The sudden change, and such a tempting sight,
 Swells his old veins with fresh blood, fresh delight.
 Like am'rous victors he begins to shave,
 And his new face looks in the English wave.
 His sporting navy all about him swim,
 And witness their complaisance in their trim.
 Their streaming silks play through the weather fair,
 And with inveigling colors court the air.
 While the red flags breathe on their topmasts high
 540 Terror and war, but want an enemy.
 Among the shrouds the seamen sit and sing,
 And wanton boys on ev'ry rope do cling.
 Old Neptune springs the tides, and water lent:
 (The gods themselves do help the provident).
 And, where the deep keel on the shallows cleaves,
 With trident's lever, and great shoulder heaves.
 Æolus their sails inspires with eastern wind,
 Puffs them along, and breathes upon them kind.
 With pearly shell the Tritons all the while
 550 Sound the sea-march, and guide to Sheppy Isle.
 So have I seen in April's bud, arise
 A fleet of clouds, sailing along the skies:
 The liquid region with their squadrons fill'd,
 The airy sterns the sun behind does gild;
 And gentle gales them steer, and Heaven drives,
 When, all on sudden, their calm bosom rives
 With thunder and lightning from each armed cloud;
 Shepherds themselves in vain in bushes shroud.
 Such up the stream the Belgic navy glides,

560 And at Sheerness unloads its stormy sides.

.

There our sick ships unrigg'd in summer lay,
 Like molting fowl, a weak and easy prey.
 For whose strong bulk earth scarce could timber find,
 The ocean water, or the heavens wind.
 Those oaken giants of the ancient race,
 That rul'd all seas, and did our Channel grace.
 The conscious stag, so once the forest's dread,
 580 Flies to the wood, and hides his armless head.
 Ruyter forthwith a squadron does untack,
 They sail securely through the River's track.
 An English pilot too (O shame, O sin!),
 Cheated of pay, was he that show'd them in.

Our wretched ships within their fate attend,
 And all our hopes now on frail chain depend:
 Engine so slight to guard us from the sea,
 It fitter seem'd to captivate a flea.
 A skipper rude shocks it without respect,
 590 Filling his sails, more force to recollect.
 Th' English from shore the iron deaf invoke
 For its last aid: "Hold, chain, or we are broke."
 But with her sailing weight, the Holland keel,
 Snapping the brittle links, does thorow reel;
 And to the rest the open'd passage shew.

Monk from the bank the dismal sight does view.
 Our feather'd gallants, which came down that day
 To be spectators safe of the *new play*,
 Leave him alone when first they hear the gun;
 600 (Cornb'ry the fleetest) and to London run.
 Our seamen, whom no danger's shape could fright,
 Unpaid, refuse to mount our ships for spite:
 Or to their fellows swim on board the Dutch,
 Which show the tempting metal in their clutch.
 Oft had he sent, of Duncombe and of Legge
 Cannon and powder, but in vain, to beg:
 And Upnor Castle's ill-deserted wall,
 Now needful, does for ammunition call.
 He finds, wheres'e'er he succor might expect,
 610 Confusion, folly, treach'ry, fear, neglect.

But when the *Royal Charles*, what rage, what grief,
 He saw seiz'd, and could give her no relief!
 That sacred keel, which had, as he, restor'd
 His exil'd sov'reign on its happy board;
 And thence the British admiral became;
 Crown'd, for that merit, with their master's name.
 That pleasure-boat of war, in whose dear side
 Secure so oft he had this foe defied:
 Now a cheap spoil, and the mean victor's slave,
 620 Taught the Dutch colors from its top to wave;
 Of former glories the reproachful thought,
 With present shame compar'd, his mind distraught.

Such from Euphrates bank, a tigress fell,
 After the robbers, for her whelps does yell:
 But sees, enrag'd, the river flow between.
 Frustrate revenge, and love, by loss more keen,
 At her own breast her useless claws does arm;
 She tears herself since him she cannot harm.
 The guards, plac'd for the chain's and fleet's defense
 630 Long since were fled on many a feign'd pretense.
 Daniel had there adventur'd, man of might;
 Sweet Painter, draw his picture while I write.
 Paint him of person tall, and big of bone,
 Large limbs, like ox, not to be kill'd but shown.
 Scarce can burnt iv'ry feign an hair so black,
 Or face so red, thine ochre and thy lack.
 Mix a vain terror in his martial look,
 And all those lines by which men are mistook.
 But when, by shame constrain'd to go on board,
 640 He heard how the wild cannon nearer roar'd;
 And saw himself confin'd, like sheep in pen;
 Daniel then thought he was in lions' den.
 But when the frightful fire-ships he saw,
 Pregnant with sulphur, to him nearer draw,
 Captain, lieutenant, ensign, all make haste,
 Ere in the fiery furnace they be cast.
 Three children tall, unsing'd, away they row,
 Like Shadrack, Meshek, and Abednego.
 Not so brave Douglas; on whose lovely chin
 650 The early down but newly did begin;
 And modest beauty yet his sex did veil,
 While envious virgins hope he is a male.
 His yellow locks curl back themselves to seek,
 Nor other courtship knew but to his cheek.
 Oft has he in chill Esk or Seine, by night,
 Harden'd and cool'd his limbs, so soft, so white;
 Among the reeds, to be espied by him,
 The nymphs would rustle; he would forward swim.
 They sigh'd and said, "Fond boy, why so untame,
 660 That flit'st love fires, reserv'd for other flame?"
 Fix'd on his ship, he fac'd that horrid day,
 And wond'ring much at those that run away:
 Nor other fear himself could comprehend,
 Than, lest Heav'n fall, ere thither he ascend.
 But entertains, the while, his time too short
 With birding at the Dutch, as if in sport:
 Or waves his sword, and could he them conjure
 Within its circle, knows himself secure.
 The fatal bark him boards with grappling fire,
 670 And safely through its port the Dutch retire:
 That precious life he yet disdains to save,
 Or with known art to try the gentle wave.
 Much him honors of his ancient race
 Inspire, nor would he his own deeds deface.
 And secret joy in his calm soul does rise,

That Monk looks on to see how Douglas dies.
 Like a glad lover, the fierce flames he meets,
 And tries his first embraces in their sheets.
 His shape exact, which the bright flames unfold,
 680 Like the sun's statue stands of burnish'd gold.
 Round the transparent fire about him glows,
 As the clear amber on the bee does close:
 And, as on angels' heads their glories shine,
 His burning locks adorn his face divine.
 But, when in his immortal mind he felt
 His alt'ring form, and solder'd limbs to melt,
 Down on the deck he laid himself, and died,
 With his dear sword reposing by his side.
 And, on the flaming plank, so rests his head
 690 As one that's warm'd himself and gone to bed.
 His ship burns down, and with his relics sinks,
 And the sad stream beneath his ashes drinks.
 Fortunate boy! if either pencil's fame,
 Or if my verse, can propagate thy name;
 When Cæta and Alcides are forgot,
 Our English youth shall sing the valiant Scot.
 Each doleful day still with fresh loss returns;
 The *Loyal London* now a third time burns.
 And the true *Royal Oak*, and *Royal James*,
 700 Allied in fate, increase, with theirs, her flames.
 Of all our navy none should now survive,
 But that the ships themselves were taught to dive:
 And the kind River in its creek them hides,
 Fraughting their pierced keels with oozy tides.
 Up to the Bridge contagious terror strook:
 The Tow'r itself with the near danger shook.
 And were not Ruyter's maw with savage cloy'd,
 Ev'n London's ashes had been then destroy'd.
 Official fear, however, to prevent
 710 Our loss, does so much more our loss augment.
 The Dutch had robb'd those jewels of the crown:
 Our merchant-men, lest they should burn, we drown
 So when the fire did not enough devour,
 The houses were demolish'd near the Tow'r.
 Those ships that yearly from their teeming hole
 Unloaded here the birth of either pole;
 Furs from the north, and silver from the west,
 From the south perfumes, spices from the east;
 From Gambo gold, and from the Ganges gems;
 720 Take a short voyage underneath the Thames.
 Once a deep river, now with timber floor'd,
 And shrunk, lest navigable, to a ford.
 Now (nothing more at Chatham left to burn)
 The Holland squadron leisurely return:
 And spite of Rupert and of Albemarle,
 To Ruyter's triumph lead the captive *Charles*.
 The pleasing sight he often does prolong:
 Her masts erect, tough cordage, timbers strong,

Her moving shape ; all these he does survey,
 730 And all admires, but most his easy prey.
 The seamen search her all, within, without :
 Viewing her strength, they yet their conquest doubt.
 Then with rude shouts, secure, the air they vex ;
 With gamesome joy insulting on her decks.
 Such the fear'd Hebrew, captive, blinded, shorn,
 Was led about in sport, the public scorn.
 Black day accurs'd ! On thee let no man hale
 Out of the port, or dare to hoist a sail,
 Or row a boat in thy unlucky hour :
 740 Thee, the year's monster, let thy dam devour.
 And constant Time, to keep his course yet right,
 Fill up thy space with a redoubled night.
 When aged Thames was bound with fetters base,
 And Medway chaste ravish'd before his face,
 And their dear offspring murder'd in their sight ;
 Thou, and thy fellows, 'heldst the odious light.
 Sad change, since first that happy pair was wed,
 When all the rivers grac'd their nuptial bed ;
 And Father Neptune promis'd to resign
 750 His empire old, to their immortal line !
 Now with vain grief their vainer hopes they rue,
 Themselves dishonor'd, and the gods untrue :
 And to each other, helpless couple, moan,
 As the sad tortoise for the sea does groan.
 But most they for their darling *Charles* complain :
 And were it burnt, yet less would be their pain.
 To see that fatal pledge of sea-command
 Now in the ravisher De Ruyter's hand,
 The Thames roar'd, swooning Medway turn'd her tide,
 760 And were they mortal, both for grief had died.

.
 Paint last the King, and a dead shade of night,
 Only dispers'd by a weak taper's light ;
 And those bright gleams that dart along and glare
 From his clear eyes, yet these too dark with care.
 There, as in the calm horror all alone,
 890 He wakes and muses of th' uneasy throne :
 Raise up a sudden shape with virgin's face,
 Though ill agree her posture, hour, or place :
 Naked as born, and her round arms behind,
 With her own tresses interwove and twin'd :
 Her mouth lock'd up, a blind before her eyes,
 Yet from beneath the veil her blushes rise ;
 And silent tears her secret anguish speak,
 Her heart throbs, and with very shame would break.
 The object strange in him no terror mov'd :
 900 He wonder'd first, then pitied, then he lov'd :
 And with kind hand does the coy vision press,
 Whose beauty greater seem'd by her distress ;
 But soon shrunk back, chill'd with her touch so cold,

And th' airy picture vanish'd from his hold.
 In his deep thoughts the wonder did increase,
 And he divin'd 'twas *England* or the *Peace*.

Express him startling next with list'ning ear,
 As one that some unusual noise does hear.

With cannon, trumpets, drums, his door surround,

910 But let some other painter draw the sound :

Thrice did he rise, thrice the vain tumult fled,
 But again thunders when he lies in bed ;

His mind secure does the known stroke repeat,
 And finds the drums Lewis's march did beat.

Shake then the room, and all his curtains tear,
 And with blue streaks infect the taper clear :
 While the pale ghosts his eye does fix'd admire
 Of grandsire Harry, and of Charles his sire.

Harry sits down, and in his open side

920 The grisly wound reveals, of which he died.

And ghastly Charles, turning his collar low,

The purple thread about his neck does show :

Then, whisp'ring to his son in words unheard,

Through the lock'd door both of them disappear'd.

The wondrous night the pensive King resolves,

And rising, straight on Hyde's disgrace resolves.

At his first step, he Castlemaine does find,

Bennet, and Coventry as't were design'd.

And they, not knowing, the same thing propose,

930 Which his hid mind did in its depths enclose.

Through their feign'd speech their secret hearts he knew ;

To her own husband, Castlemaine, untrue ;

False to his master Bristol, Arlington ;

And Coventry falser than anyone,

Who to the brother, brother would betray ;

Nor therefore trusts himself to such as they.

His father's ghost too whisper'd him one note,

That who does cut his purse will cut his throat.

But in wise anger he their crimes forbears,

940 As thieves repriev'd for executioners ;

While Hyde, provok'd, his foaming tusk does whet,

To prove them traitors, and himself the Pett.

Painter adieu, how well our arts agree ;

Poetic picture, painted poetry.

But this great work is for our monarch fit,

And henceforth Charles only to Charles shall sit.

His master-hand the ancients shall outdo,

Himself the poet and the painter too.

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CHARLES COTTON (1630–1687)

THE MORNING QUATRAINS

[1689].

The cock has crow'd an hour ago ;
'Tis time we now dull sleep forego :
Tir'd nature is by sleep redress'd,
And labor's overcome by rest.

We have outdone the work of night ;
'Tis time we rise t'attend the light,
And ere he shall his beams display,
To plot new bus'ness for the day.

None but the slothful or unsound
10 Are by the sun in feathers found ;
Nor, without rising with the sun,
Can the world's bus'ness e'er be done.

Hark, hark! the watchful chanticleer
Tells us the day's bright harbinger
Peeps o'er the eastern hills to awe
And warn night's sov'reign to withdraw.

The morning curtains now are drawn,
And now appears the blushing dawn ;
Aurora has her roses shed
20 To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread.

Xanthus and Æthon harness'd are
To roll away the burning car,
And, snorting flame, impatient bear
The dressing of the charioteer.

The sable cheeks of sullen Night
Are streak'd with rosy streams of light,
Whilst she retires away in fear
To shade the other hemisphere.

The merry lark now takes her wings,
30 And long'd-for day's loud welcome sings,
Mounting her body out of sight
As if she meant to meet the light.

Now doors and windows are unbarr'd ;
Each-where are cheerful voices heard,

RESTORATION LITERATURE

And round about "good-morrrows" fly
As if day taught humanity.

The chimneys now to smoke begin,
And the old wife sits down to spin;
Whilst Kate, taking her pail, does trip
40 Mull's swoll'n and straddling paps to strip.

Vulcan now makes his anvil ring,
Dick whistles loud, and Maud doth sing,
And Silvio with his bugle horn
Winds an imprime unto the morn.

Now through the morning doors behold
Phœbus array'd in burning gold,
Lashing his fiery steeds, displays
His warm and all-enlight'ning rays.

Now each one to his work repairs:
50 All that have hands are laborers,
And manufactures of each trade
By op'ning shops are open laid.

Hob yokes his oxen to the team;
The angler goes unto the stream;
The woodman to the purlieus hies,
The lab'ring bees to load their thighs.

Fair Amaryllis drives her flocks,
All night safe folded from the fox,
To flow'ry downs, where Colin stays
60 To court her with his roundelays.

The traveler now leaves his inn
A new day's journey to begin,
As he would post it with the day,
And early rising makes good way.

The slick-fac'd schoolboy satchel takes,
And with slow pace small riddance makes;
For why, the haste we make, you know,
To knowledge and to virtue's slow.

The fore-horse jingles on the road;
70 The waggoner lugs on his load;
The field with busy people snies;
And city rings with various cries.

The world is now a busy swarm,
All doing good or doing harm;
But let's take heed our acts be true,
For Heaven's eye sees all we do.

RESTORATION LITERATURE

Each kiss of thine creates desire ;
 Thy od'rous breath inflames love's fire
 And wakes the sleeping coal :
 10 Such a kiss to be I find
 The conversation of the mind
 And whisper of the soul.

Thanks, sweetest ; now thou'rt perfect grown,
 For by this last kiss I'm undone :
 Thou breathest silent darts ;
 Henceforth each little touch will prove
 A dang'rous stratagem in love,
 And thou wilt blow up hearts.

THE RETREAT

[1689].

I am return'd, my fair, but see
 Perfection in none but thee :
 Yet many beauties have I seen,
 And in that search a truant been,
 Through fruitless curiosity.

I've been to see each blear-ey'd star,
 Fond men durst with thy light compare ;
 And, to my admiration, find
 That all, but I, in love are blind,
 And none but thee divinely fair.

Here then I fix, and now grown wise,
 All objects, but thy face, despise ;
 Taught by my folly, now I swear,
 If you forgive me, ne'er to err,
 Nor seek impossibilities.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET
(1638–1706)

SONG

[1671].

Phyllis, for shame! let us improve
A thousand diff'rent ways
Those few short moments snatch'd by love
From many tedious days.

If you want courage to despise
The censure of the grave,
Though Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,
10 Nor can it e'er submit
To let that fop, Discretion, ride
In triumph over it.

False friends I have, as well as you,
Who daily counsel me
Fame and ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving thee.

But when the least regard I show
To fools who thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
20 Most miserably wise!

SONG

[1673].

Methinks the poor town has been troubled too long
With Phyllis and Chloris in every song,
By fools who at once can both love and despair,
And will never leave calling them cruel and fair;
Which justly provokes me in rhyme to express
The truth that I know of bonny Black Bess.

This Bess of my heart, this Bess of my soul,
Has a skin white as milk and hair black as coal;
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her waist,
10 But her round swelling thighs can scarce be embrac'd:

RESTORATION LITERATURE

Her belly is soft, not a word of the rest,
But I know what I think when I drink to the best.

The plowman and squire, the arranter clown,
At home she subdu'd in her paragon gown;
But now she adorns the boxes and pit,
And the proudest town-gallants are forc'd to submit;
All hearts fall a-leaping wherever she comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord Craven's drums.

I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,
30 For she'd outshine the ladies, paint, jewels, and all;
If a lord should but whisper his love in the crowd,
She'd sell him a bargain, and laugh out aloud;
Then the Queen, overhearing what Betty did say,
Would send Mr. Roper to take her away.

But to these that have had my dear Bess in their arms,
She's gentle, and knows how to soften her charms;
And to every beauty can add a new grace,
Having learn'd how to lisp and to trip in her pace,
And, with head on one side and a languishing eye,
30 To kill *us* by looking as if *she* would die.

SONG

[1701].

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy;
Smooth are his looks and soft his pace:
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy
That runs his link full in your face.

SONG

WRITTEN AT SEA, IN THE FIRST DUTCH WAR, 1665,
THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ENGAGEMENT

[1749].

To all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite,
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,—
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

For though the Muses should prove kind,
 And fill our empty brain,
 10 Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
 To wave the azure main,
 Our paper, pen, and ink, and we
 Roll up and down our ships at sea,—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Then if we write not by each post,
 Think not we are unkind;
 Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
 By Dutchmen or by wind:
 Our tears we'll send a speedier way;
 20 The tide shall bring them twice a day,—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

The King, with wonder and surprise,
 Will swear the seas grow bold,
 Because the tides will higher rise
 Than e'er they us'd of old;
 But let him know it is our tears
 Brings floods of grief to Whitehall stairs,—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
 30 Our sad and dismal story,
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
 And quit their fort at Goree;
 For what resistance can they find
 From men who've left their hearts behind?—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Let wind and weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind;
 Let Dutchmen vapor, Spaniards curse,
 No sorrow we shall find:
 40 'Tis then no matter how things go,
 Or who's our friend or who's our foe,—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

To pass our tedious hours away,
 We throw a merry main,
 Or else at serious ombre play;
 But why should we in vain
 Each other's ruin thus pursue?
 We were undone when we left you,—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

50 But now our fears tempestuous grow
 And cast our hopes away,
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
 Sit careless at a play;
 Perhaps permit some happier man

RESTORATION LITERATURE

To kiss your hand or flirt your fan,—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in every note,
 As if it sigh'd with each man's care
 60 For being so remote,
 Think then how often love we've made
 To you when all those tunes were play'd,—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

In justice you cannot refuse
 To think of our distress,
 When we for hopes of honor lose
 Our certain happiness:
 All those designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love,—
 70 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

And now we've told you all our loves
 And likewise all our fears,
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity from your tears;
 Let's hear of no inconstancy;
 We have too much of that at sea,—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE (1634?–1691?)

SONG

[1664].

If she be not as kind as fair,
But peevish and unhandy,
Leave her, she's only worth the care
Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy.

I would not have thee such an ass,
Hadst thou ne'er so much leisure,
To sigh and whine for such a lass
Whose pride's above her pleasure.

SONG

[1668].

To little or no purpose I spent many days
In ranging the Park, th' Exchange, and the plays;
For ne'er in my rambles, till now, did I prove
So lucky to meet with the man I could love.
Oh! how I am pleas'd when I think on this man,
That I find I must love, let me do what I can!

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than, had I a fever, when I should be well.
My passion shall kill me before I will show it,
10 And yet I would give all the world he did know it:
But oh, how I sigh when I think, should he woo me,
I cannot deny what I know would undo me!

TO A LADY, ASKING HIM HOW LONG HE WOULD LOVE HER

[1672].

It is not, Celia, in our pow'r
To say how long our love will last;
It may be we within this hour
May lose those joys we now do taste:
The blessed, that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.

Then, since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;

RESTORATION LITERATURE

But, while it does, let us take care
 10 Each minute be with pleasure pass'd.
 Were it not madness to deny
 To live, because we're sure to die?

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY

[1672].

Sweetest bud of beauty, may
 No untimely frost decay
 The early glories, which we trace
 Blooming in thy matchless face;
 But kindly op'ning, like the rose,
 Fresh beauties ev'ry day disclose,
 Such as by Nature are not shown
 In all the blossoms she has blown:
 And then, what conquest shall you make,
 10 Who hearts already daily take!
 Scorch'd in the morning with thy beams,
 How shall we bear those sad extremes
 Which must attend thy threat'ning eyes
 When thou shalt to thy noon arise?

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639-1701)

TO CHLORIS

[1668].

Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn us'd to admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
10 Like metals in the mine:
Age from no face took more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection press'd,
Fond Love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favor'd you,
20 Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art;
To make a beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
30 At first disorder'd be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

THE INDIFFERENCE

[1672]

Thanks, fair Urania, to your scorn
 I now am free, as I was born,
 Of all the pain that I endur'd;
 By your late coldness I am cur'd.

In losing me, proud nymph, you lose
 The humblest slave your beauty knows;
 In losing you, I but throw down
 A cruel tyrant from her throne.

My ranging love did never find
 10 Such charms of person and of mind;
 Y've beauty, wit, and all things know,
 But where you should your love bestow.

I unawares my freedom gave,
 And to those tyrants grew a slave;
 Would you have kept what you had won,
 You should have more compassion shown.

Love is a burthen, which two hearts,
 When equally they bear their parts,
 With pleasure carry; but no one,
 20 Alas, can bear it long alone.

I'm not of those who court their pain,
 And make an idol of disdain;
 My hope in love does ne'er expire,
 But it extinguishes desire.

SONG

[1672].

Not, Celia, that I juster am
 Or better than the rest;
 For I would change each hour like them
 Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
 By ev'ry thought I have:
 Thy face I only care to see;
 Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
 10 In thy dear self I find;
 For the whole sex can but afford
 The handsome and the kind.

Why, then, should I seek further store,
 And still make love anew?
 When change itself can give no more,
 'Tis easy to be true.

SONG

[1672].

Love still has something of the sea
 From whence his mother rose;
 No time his slaves from doubt can free,
 Nor give their thoughts repose:

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
 And in rough weather toss'd;
 They wither under cold delays,
 Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
 10 Then straight into the main
 Some angry wind in cruel sport
 The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
 Which if they chance to 'scape,
 Rivals and falsehood soon appear
 In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
 And are so long withstood,
 So slowly they receive the sum,
 20 It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
 And to defer a joy,
 Believe me, gentle Celemene,
 Offends the winged boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
 Perhaps would not remove;
 And if I gaz'd a thousand years,
 I could no deeper love.

THE KNOTTING SONG

[1694].

Hears not my Phyllis how the birds
 Their feather'd mates salute?
 They tell their passion in their words;
 Must I alone be mute?

RESTORATION LITERATURE

*Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.*

The god of love, in thy bright eyes,
Does like a tyrant reign;
But in thy heart a child he lies,
10 Without his dart or flame.
*Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.*

So many months, in silence pass'd
And yet in raging love,
Might well deserve one word at last
My passion should approve.
*Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.*

Must then your faithful swain expire,
20 And not one look obtain,
Which he, to soothe his fond desire,
Might pleasingly explain?
*Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.*

SONG

[1702].

Phyllis is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please;
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phyllis smiling,
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

10 Though, alas! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet the moment she is kind,
I forgive her all her tricks;
Which though I see,
I can't get free;
She deceiving,
I believing;
What need lovers wish for more?

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER
(1647-1680)

A SATIRE AGAINST MANKIND

[1675].

Were I, who to my cost already am
One of those strange, prodigious creatures *man*,
A spirit free, to choose for my own share,
What sort of flesh and blood I pleas'd to wear,
I'd be a dog, a monkey or a bear,
Or anything, but that vain animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.
The senses are too gross; and he'll contrive
A sixth, to contradict the other five :
10 And before certain instinct, will prefer
Reason, which fifty times for one does err—
Reason, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaves the light of Nature, sense, behind.
Pathless, and dang'rous, wand'ring ways, it takes,
Through Error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes :
Whilst the misguided foll'wer climbs with pain
Mountains of whimseys, heap'd in his own brain,
Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong down
20 Into Doubt's boundless sea, where like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To swim with bladders of philosophy,
In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping light;
The vapor dances, in his dazzled sight,
Till spent, it leaves him to eternal night.
Then old age, and experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
After a search so painful, and so long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.
Huddled in dirt, [the] reas'ning engine lies,
30 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise :
Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a wretch ;
His wisdom did his happiness destroy,
Aiming to know the world he should enjoy.
And *wit* was his vain frivolous pretense,
Of pleasing others at his own expense.
For *wits* are treated just like *common whores* ;
First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors.
The pleasure past, a threat'ning doubt remains,
40 That frights th' enjoyer with succeeding pains.

Women and men of wit are dang'rous tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring fools.
 Pleasure allures, and when the fops escape,
 'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate;
 And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.
 But now methinks some formal band and beard
 Takes me to task: "Come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd:
 Then by your favor, anything that's writ
 Against this gibing, jingling knack, call'd *wit*,
 50 Likes me abundantly; but you'll take care
 Upon this point, not to be too severe.
 Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part:
 For I profess, I can be very smart
 On *wit*, which I abhor with all my heart.
 I long to lash it, in some sharp essay,
 But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,
 And turns my tide of ink another way;
 What rage ferments in your degen'rate mind,
 To make you rail at reason and mankind—
 60 Blest glorious man, to whom alone kind Heav'n
 An everlasting soul hath freely giv'n;
 Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
 That from Himself He did the image take,
 And this fair frame in shining reason dress'd,
 To dignify his nature above beast—
 Reason, by whose aspiring influence,
 We take a flight beyond material sense,
 Dive into mysteries, then soaring pierce
 The flaming limits of the universe,
 70 Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,
 And give the world true grounds of hope and fear?"
 Hold, mighty man, I cry; all this we know,
 From the pathetic pen of Ingelo,
 From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,
 And 'tis this very reason I despise,
 This supernat'ral gift, that makes a mite
 Think he's the image of the infinite;
 Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
 To the eternal and the ever blest;
 80 This busy puzzling stirrer up of doubt,
 That frames deep mysteries, then finds 'em out,
 Filling with frantic crowds of thinking fools
 The rev'rend bedlams, colleges, and schools;
 Borne on whose wings, each heavy sot can pierce
 The limits of the boundless universe:
 So charming ointments make an old witch fly,
 And bear a crippled carcass through the sky.
 'Tis this exalted pow'r whose bus'ness lies
 In nonsense and impossibilities:
 90 This made a whimsical philosopher,
 Before the spacious world his tub prefer:
 And we have many modern coxcombs, who

Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
 But thoughts were giv'n for action's government;
 Where action ceases, thought's impertinent.
 Our sphere of action is life's happiness,
 And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an ass.
 Thus whilst against false reas'ning I inveigh,
 I own right reason, which I would obey;
 100 That reason, which distinguishes by sense,
 And gives us rules of good and ill from thence;
 That bounds desires with a reforming will,
 To keep them more in vigor, not to kill:
 Your reason hinders; mine helps to enjoy,
 Renewing appetites yours would destroy.
 My reason is my friend, yours is a cheat:
 Hunger calls out, my reason bids me eat;
 Perversely yours, your appetite does mock;
 This asks for food, that answers, What's a clock?
 110 This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures;
 'Tis not true reason I despise, but yours.
 Thus, I think reason righted: but for man,
 I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.
 For all his pride, and his philosophy,
 'Tis evident beasts are, in their degree,
 As wise at least, and better far than he.
 Those creatures are the wisest who attain
 By surest means the ends at which they aim.
 If therefore Jowler finds, and kills his hare
 120 Better than Meres supplies committee chair;
 Though one's a statesman, th' other but a hound,
 Jowler in justice will be wiser found.
 You see how far man's wisdom here extends:
 Look next if human nature makes amends;
 Whose principles are most generous and just;
 And to whose morals you would sooner trust.
 Be judge yourself, I'll bring it to the test,
 Which is the basest creature, man or beast:
 Birds feed on birds. beasts on each other prey;
 130 But savage man alone does man betray.
 Press'd by necessity, *they* kill for food;
 Man undoes man, to do himself no good.
 With teeth and claws by Nature arm'd, *they* hunt
 Nature's allowance, to supply their want:
 But man with smiles, embraces, friendships, praise,
 Inhumanely, his fellow's life betrays,
 With voluntary pains, works his distress;
 Not through necessity, but wantonness.
 For hunger, or for love *they* bite or tear,
 140 Whilst wretched man is still in arms for fear:
 For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid;
 From fear to fear successively betray'd.
 Base fear, the source whence his best passions came,
 His boasted honor, and his dear-bought fame,

The lust of pow'r, to which he's such a slave,
 And for the which alone he dares be brave :
 To which his various projects are design'd,
 Which makes him gen'rous, affable, and kind :
 For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
 150 And screws his actions, in a forc'd disguise :
 Leads a most tedious life, in misery,
 Under laborious, mean hypocrisy.
 Look to the bottom of his vast design,
 Wherein man's wisdom, pow'r, and glory join—
 The good he acts, the ill he does endure,
 'Tis all from fear, to make himself secure.
 Merely for safety, after fame they thirst ;
 For all men would be cowards if they durst :
 And honesty's against all common sense—
 160 Men must be knaves ; 'tis in their own defense,
 Mankind's dishonest ; if they think it fair,
 Amongst known cheats, to play upon the square,
 You'll be undone—
 Nor can weak Truth your reputation save ;
 The knaves will all agree to call you knave.
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,
 Who dares be less a villain than the rest.
 Thus here you see what human nature craves,
 Most men are cowards, all men should be knaves.
 170 The diff'rence lies, as far as I can see,
 Not in the thing itself, but the degree ;
 And all the subject matter of debate
 Is only who's a knave of the first rate.

AN ALLUSION TO THE TENTH SATIRE OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

[1680].

Well, Sir, 'tis granted, I said Dryden's rhymes
 Were stol'n, unequal, nay, dull many times :
 What foolish patron is there found of his,
 So blindly partial, to deny me this ?
 But that his plays, embroider'd up and down
 With wit and learning, justly pleas'd the town,
 In the same paper I as freely own.
 Yet having this allow'd, the heavy mass
 That stuffs up his loose volumes must not pass ;
 10 For by that rule, I might as well admit
 Crowne's tedious sense for poetry and wit.
 'Tis therefore not enough when your false sense
 Hits the false judgment of an audience
 Of clapping fools assembled, a vast crowd,
 Till the throng'd playhouse crack with the dull load ;
 Though ev'n that talent merits, in some sort,

That can divert the City and the Court ;
 Which blund'ring Settle never could attain,
 And puzzling Otway labors at in vain.
 20 But, within due proportions, circumscribe
 Whate'er you write, that with a flowing tide
 The style may rise : yet in its rise forbear
 With useless words t' oppress the wearied ear.
 Here be your language lofty, there more light,
 Your rhet'ric with your poetry unite ;
 For elegance sake, sometimes allay the force
 Of epithets, 'twill soften the discourse ;
 A jest in scorn points out and hits the thing
 More home than the morosest satire's sting.
 30 Shakespeare and Jonson did herein excel,
 And might in this be imitated well ;
 Whom refin'd Etherege copies not at all,
 But is himself a sheer original.
 Nor that slow drudge in swift Pindaric strains,
 Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
 And rides a jaded muse, whipp'd with loose reins.
 When Lee makes temp'rate Scipio fret and rave,
 And Hannibal a whining, am'rous slave,
 I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd fustian fool
 40 In Busby's hands, to be well lash'd at school.
 Of all our modern wits, none seems to me
 Once to have touch'd upon true comedy
 But hasty Shadwell, and slow Wycherley.
 Shadwell's unfinish'd works do yet impart
 Great proofs of force of nature, none of art ;
 With just bold strokes he dashes here and there,
 Showing great mastery, with little care ;
 And scorns to varnish his good touches o'er,
 To make the fools and women praise 'em more.
 50 But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains ;
 He wants no judgment, nor he spares no pains.
 He frequently excels, and, at the least,
 Makes fewer faults than any of the best.
 Waller, by nature for the bays design'd,
 With force and fire and fancy unconfin'd,
 In panygyrics does excel mankind.
 He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,
 To praise great conqu'rors or to flatter kings.
 For pointed satires I would Buckhurst choose,
 60 The best good man with the worst-natur'd muse.
 For songs and verses mannerly obscene,
 That can stir nature up by spring unseen,
 And, without forcing blushes, please the Queen,
 Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
 That can with a resistless charm impart
 The loosest wishes to the chastest heart ;
 Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire
 Betwixt declining virtue and desire,

Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
 70 In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.
 Dryden in vain tried this nice way of wit;
 For he, to be a tearing blade, thought fit
 To give the ladies a dry bawdy bob,
 And thus he got the name of Poet Squab.
 But to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,
 His excellencies more than faults abound;
 Nor dare I from his sacred temples tear
 That laurel which he best deserves to wear.
 But does not Dryden find ev'n Jonson dull?
 80 Fletcher and Beaumont uncorrect, and full
 Of lewd lines, as he calls 'em? Shakespeare's style
 Stiff and affected; to his own the while
 Allowing all the justness that his pride
 So arrogantly had to these denied?
 And may not I have leave impartially
 To search and censure Dryden's works, and try
 If those gross faults his choice pen does commit
 Proceed from want of judgment or of wit;
 Or if his lumpish fancy does refuse
 90 Spirit and grace to his loose slattern muse?
 Five hundred verses ev'ry morning writ
 Proves you no more a poet than a wit:
 Such scribbling authors have been seen before:
Mustapha, Th' English Princess, forty more,
 Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour.
 To write what may securely stand the test
 Of being well read over thrice at least,
 Weigh ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought refine;
 Scorn all applause the vile rout can bestow,
 100 And be content to please those few who know.
 Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing
 To wish thy works might make a playhouse ring
 With the unthinking laughter and poor praise
 Of fops and ladies, factious for thy plays?
 Then send a cunning friend, to learn thy doom
 From the shrewd judges of the drawing-room.
 I've no ambition on that idle score,
 But say with Betty Morice heretofore,
 When a great woman call'd her bawdy whore:
 110 I please one man of wit, am proud on't too,
 Let all the coxcombs dance to bed to you.
 Should I be troubled with the purblind knight,
 Who squints more in his judgment than his sight,
 Picks silly faults, and censures what I write?
 Or when the poor-fed poets of the town
 For scraps and coach-room cry my verses down?
 I loathe the rabble; 'tis enough for me
 If Sedley, Shadwell, Shepherd, Wycherley,
 Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,
 120 And some few more whom I omit to name,
 Approve my sense: I count their censure fame.

SONG

[1680].

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
 To see a wretch pursuing,
 In raptures of a bless'd amaze,
 His pleasing, happy ruin;
 'Tis not for pity that I move:
 His fate is too aspiring,
 Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
 Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
 10 Your slave from death removing,
 Let me your art of charming know,
 Or learn you mine of loving.
 But, whether life or death betide,
 In love 'tis equal measure;
 The victor lives with empty pride,
 The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

SONG

[1680].

I cannot change, as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn;
 Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born.
 No, Phyllis, no! your heart to move,
 A surer way I'll try,
 And to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on, will still love on and die!

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
 10 And you to mind shall call
 The sighs that now unpitied rise,
 The tears that vainly fall:
 That welcome hour that ends this smart,
 Will then begin your pain,
 For such a faithful, tender heart
 Can never break, can never break in vain.

SONG

[1680].

All my past life is mine no more,
 The flying hours are gone,
 Like transitory dreams giv'n o'er,
 Whose images are kept in store
 By memory alone.

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Whatever is to come, is not;
 How can it then be mine?
 The present moment's all my lot,
 And that, as fast as it is got,
 10 Phyllis, is wholly thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
 False hearts, and broken vows;
 If I, by miracle, can be
 This live-long minute true to thee,
 'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL

[1680].

Vulcan contrive me such a cup
 As Nestor us'd of old:
 Show all thy skill to trim it up;
 Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large that, fill'd with sack
 Up to the swelling brim,
 Vast toasts, on the delicious lake,
 Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek;
 10 With war I've nought to do:
 I'm none of those that took Mastrick,
 Nor Yarmouth Leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
 Fix'd stars, or constellations:
 For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
 Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine;
 Then add two lovely boys;
 Their limbs in am'rous folds entwine,
 20 The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are;
 May drink and love still reign:
 With wine I wash away my cares,
 And then to love again.

SONG

[1696].

Absent from thee I languish still,
 Then ask me not, when I return?

The straying fool 'twill plainly kill
To wish all day, all night to mourn.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

When wearied with a world of woe,
10 To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love, and peace, and truth does flow,
May I contented there expire :

Lest once more wand'ring from that heav'n,
I fall on some base heart unblest'd,
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiv'n,
And lose my everlasting rest.

SONG

[1696].

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art
And her eyes, she did enslave me ;
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
10 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses ;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses ;
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder :
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

EPITAPH ON CHARLES II

[1707].

Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on ;
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM- SHIRE (1648–1721)

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE

[1680].

How dull, and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest!
Philosophers and poets vainly strove
In ev'ry age the lumpish mass to move;
But those were pedants, when compar'd with these,
Who know not only to instruct, but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that as men grew
10 Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In satire, too, the wise took diff'rent ways,
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd them into shame;
But of these two, the last succeeded best,
20 As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,
And censure those who censure all besides,
In other things they justly are preferr'd;
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd:
Against the grossest follies they declaim;
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
Besides, 'tis labor lost; for who would preach
30 Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.
But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;
That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that would be a noble toil,
Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage:
Above all censure, too, each little wit
40 Will be so glad to see the greater hit;
Who, judging better, though concern'd the most,

Of such correction will have cause to boast.
 In such a satire all would seek a share,
 And ev'ry fool will fancy he is there.
 Old story-tellers too must pine and die,
 To see their antiquated wit laid by;
 Like her who miss'd her name in a lampoon,
 And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
 No common coxcomb must be mention'd here,
 50 Nor the dull train of dancing sparks appear,
 Nor flutt'ring officers who never fight:
 Of such a wretched rabble who would write?
 Much less half-wits: that's more against our rules;
 For they are fops, the others are but fools.
 Who would not be as silly as Dunbar,
 As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
 The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
 Who with dull knav'ry makes so much ado;
 Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too too fast,
 60 Like Æsop's fox becomes a prey at last.
 Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,
 Too ugly, or too easy to be blam'd;
 With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a pother
 They are as common that way as th' other:
 Yet saunt'ring Charles between his beastly brace
 Meets with dissembling still in either place,
 Affected humor, or a painted face.
 In loyal libels we have often told him,
 How one has jilted him, the other sold him:
 70 How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
 But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
 Was ever prince by two at once misled,
 False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
 Earnely and Aylesbury, with all that race
 Of busy blockheads, shall have no place;
 At council set as foils on Danby's score,
 To make that great false jewel shine the more;
 Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
 Only for taking pains and telling lies.
 80 But there's no meddling with such nauseous men;
 Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
 'Tis time to quit their company, and choose
 Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.
 First, let's behold the merriest man alive
 Against his careless genius vainly strive;
 Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,
 'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day:
 Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
 Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.
 90 But when he aims at reason or at rule,
 He turns himself the best in ridicule.
 Let him at bus'ness ne'er so earnest sit,
 Show him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
 That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,

Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd.
 So cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,
 Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure;
 But soon the lady had him in her eye,
 And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
 100 Reaching above our nature does no good;
 We must fall back to our old flesh and blood;
 As by our little Machiavel we find,
 That nimblest creature of the busy kind.
 His limbs are crippled and his body shakes;
 Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,
 No pity of its poor companion takes.
 What gravity can hold from laughing out,
 To see him drag his feeble legs about?
 Like hounds ill-coupled, Jowler lugs him still
 110 Through hedges, ditches, and through all that's ill.
 'Twere a crime in any man but him alone,
 To use a body so, though 'tis one's own:
 Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
 That whilst he creeps his vig'rous thoughts can soar.
 Alas! that soaring, to those few that know,
 Is but a busy groveling here below.
 So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
 Whilst on the ground th' entranced wretches lie:
 So modern fops have fancied they could fly,
 120 Whilst 'tis their heads alone are in the air,
 And for the most part building castles there;
 As the new earl, with parts deserving praise,
 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways,
 Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
 Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune slights;
 Striving against his quiet all he can,
 For the fine notion of a busy man.
 And what is that at best, but one whose mind
 Is made to tire himself and all mankind?
 130 For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
 For if some odd fantastic lord would fain
 Carry in trunks, and all my drudg'ry do,
 I'll not only pay him but admire him too.
 But is there any other beast that lives,
 Who his own harm so wittily contrives?
 Will any dog that hath his teeth and stones
 Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones,
 To turn a wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
 While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
 140 Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
 Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
 Though satire nicely writ no humor stings
 But those who merit praise in other things,
 Yet we must needs this one exception make,
 And break our rules for folly Tropos' sake;
 Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
 And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd,

- Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
 From railing smoothly, and from reasoning wrong.
 150 As boys on holidays let loose to play,
 Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way;
 Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress
 Some silly cit in flower'd foolish dress;
 So have I mighty satisfaction found,
 To see his tinsel reason on the ground:
 To see the florid fool despis'd (and know it)
 By some who scarce have words enough to show it;
 For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
 The finer, nay sometimes the wittiest speaker.
 160 But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence
 Should be acquir'd by such a little sense;
 For words and wit did anciently agree,
 And Tully was no fool, though this man be:
 At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
 Knave on the woollack, fop at council-table.
 These are the grievances of such fools as would
 Be rather wise than honest, great than good.
 Some other kind of wits must be made known,
 Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;
 170 Excess of luxury they think can please,
 And laziness call loving of their ease:
 To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,
 Though their whole life's but intermitting pain:
 So much of surfeits, headaches, claps are seen,
 We scarce perceive the little time between:
 Well-meaning men, who make this gross mistake,
 And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake.
 Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
 Too much of pain, we squander life away.
 180 Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
 Married, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that:
 And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
 Like Pembroke's mastiffs at his kindest time;
 Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
 A teeming *widow*, but a barren *wife*.
 Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
 He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
 Till Fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
 Has ill restor'd him to his liberty;
 190 Which he would use in all his sneaking way,
 Drinking all night and dozing all the day;
 Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
 Had fam'd for dulness in malicious rhymes.
 Mulgrave had much ado to 'scape the snare,
 Though learn'd in those ill arts that cheat the fair:
 For after all his vulgar marriage mocks,
 With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks;
 Deluded parents dried their weeping eyes,
 To see him catch his tartar for his prize;
 200 Th' impatient town waited the wish'd-for change,

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And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
 Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see,
 As his estate, his person too was free.
 Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
 To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
 Yet failing there, he keeps his freedom still,
 Forc'd to live happily against his will:
 'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and pow'r
 Break not his boasted quiet ev'ry hour.

210 And little Sid, for *simile* renown'd,
 Pleasure has always sought but never found;
 Though all his thoughts on wine and woman fall,
 His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
 The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
 His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
 But sure we all mistake this pious man,
 Who mortifies his person all he can:
 What we uncharitably take for sin
 Are only rules of this old capuchin;

220 For never hermit under grave pretense
 Has liv'd more contrary to common sense;
 And 'tis a miracle, we may suppose,
 No nastiness offends his skillful nose,
 Which from all stink can with peculiar art
 Extract perfume and essence from a f-t:
 Expecting supper is his great delight;
 He toils all day but to be drunk at night;
 Then o'er his cups this night bird chirping sits,
 Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.

230 Rochester I despise for 's want of wit,
 Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
 For while he mischief means to all mankind,
 Himself alone the ill effects does find;
 And so like witches justly suffers shame,
 Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
 False are his words, affected is his wit;
 So often he does aim, so seldom hit;
 To ev'ry face he cringes while he speaks,
 But when the back is turn'd, the head he breaks:

240 Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
 Manners themselves are mischievous in him;
 A proof that chance alone makes every creature
 A very Killigrew without good-nature.
 For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
 And his own kickings notably contriv'd!
 For (there's the folly that's still mix'd with fear)
 Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
 Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,
 But 'tis a bolder thing to run away.

250 The world may well forgive him all his ill,
 For ev'ry fault does prove his penance still;
 Falsely he falls into some dang'rous noose,
 And then as meanly labors to get loose.

A life so infamous is better quitting,
 Spent in base injury and low submitting.
 I'd like to have left out his poetry,
 Forgot by all almost as well as me.
 Sometimes he has some humor, never wit;
 And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
 260 'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
 To find it out's the cinder-woman's trade,
 Who for the wretched remnants of a fire
 Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
 So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
 The wretched texts deserve no comments here;
 Where one poor thought's sometimes left all alone
 For a whole page of dulness to atone:
 'Mongst forty bad, one tolerable line,
 Without expression, fancy, or design.
 270 How vain a thing is man, and how unwise,
 Ev'n he who would himself the most despise!
 I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
 Now my own vanity and pride can't see;
 While the world's nonsense is so sharply shown,
 We pull down others' but to raise our own;
 That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,
 And are but satyrs to set up ourselves.
 I, who have all this while been finding fault,
 Ev'n with my masters who first satire taught,
 280 And did by that describe the task so hard,
 It seems stupendous and above reward,
 Now labor with unequal force to climb
 That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time:
 'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,
 Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

LOVE'S SLAVERY

[1701].

Grave fops my envy now beget,
 Who did my pity move;
 They by the right of wanting wit,
 Are free from cares of love.

Turks honor fools, because they are
 By that defect secure
 From slavery and toils of war,
 Which all the rest endure.

So I, who suffer cold neglect
 10 And wounds from Celia's eyes,
 Begin extremely to respect
 These fools that seem so wise.

RESTORATION LITERATURE

'Tis true, they fondly set their hearts
 On things of no delight;
 To pass all day for men of parts,
 They pass alone the night:

But Celia never breaks their rest;
 Such servants she disdains;
 And so the fops are dully blest,
 20 While I endure her chains.

THE RECONCILEMENT

[1701].

Come, let us now resolve at last
 To live and love in quiet;
 We'll tie the knot so very fast,
 That time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove,
 Who free from quarrels live;
 'Tis the most tender part of love,
 Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
 10 No pleasure, nor no rest;
 And when I feign'd an angry look,
 Alas, I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find
 How bless'd will be our fate;
 Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
 Sure never is too late.

TO A COQUET BEAUTY

[1701].

From wars and plagues come no such harms,
 As from a nymph so full of charms;
 So much sweetness in her face,
 In her motions such a grace,
 In her kind inviting eyes
 Such a soft enchantment lies;
 That we please ourselves too soon,
 And are with empty hopes undone.
 After all her softness, we
 10 Are but slaves, while she is free;
 Free, alas, from all desire,
 Except to set the world on fire.
 Thou, fair dissembler, dost but thus
 Deceive thyself, as well as us.
 Like a restless monarch, thou

Would'st rather force mankind to bow,
And venture round the world to roam,
Than govern peaceably at home.
But trust me, Celia, trust me when
20 Apollo's self inspires my pen;
One hour of love's delights outweighs
Whole years of universal praise;
And one adorer kindly us'd,
Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd,
For what does youth and beauty serve?
Why more than all your sex deserve?
Why such soft alluring arts
To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts?
By our loss you nothing gain,
30 Unless you love, you please in vain.

JOHN OLDHAM (1653–1683)

SATIRES UPON THE JESUITS

[1679].

PROLOGUE

For who can longer hold? when ev'ry press,
The bar, and pulpit too, has broke the peace?
When ev'ry scribbling fool at the alarms
Has drawn his pen, and rises up in arms?
And not a dull pretender of the town
But vents his gall in pamphlet up and down?
When all with license rail, and who will not,
Must be almost suspected of the Plot,
And bring his zeal or else his parts in doubt?
10 In vain our preaching tribe attack the foes,
In vain their weak artillery oppose;
Mistaken honest men, who gravely blame,
And hope that gentle doctrine should reclaim.
Are texts and such exploded trifles fit
T'impose, and sham upon a Jesuit?
Would they the dull old fishermen compare
With mighty Suarez, and great Escobar?
Such threadbare proofs, and stale authorities,
May us poor simple heretics suffice;
20 But to a sear'd Ignatian's conscience,
Harden'd, as his own face, with impudence,
Whose faith in contradiction bore, whom lies,
Nor nonsense, nor impossibilities,
Nor shame, nor death, nor damning can assail:
Not these mild fruitless methods will avail.
'Tis pointed satire, and the sharps of wit
For such a prize are th' only weapons fit:
Nor needs there art, or genius, here to use,
Where indignation can create a muse:
30 Should parts and Nature fail, yet very spite
Would make the arrant'st Wild or Withers write.
It is resolv'd: henceforth an endless war,
I and my Muse with them, and theirs declare;
Whom neither open malice of the foes,
Nor private daggers, nor St. Omer's dose,
Nor all that Godfrey felt, or monarchs fear,
Shall from my vow'd and sworn revenge deter.
Sooner shall false court favorites prove just,
And faithful to their king's and country's trust:
40 Sooner shall they detect the tricks of state,

And knav'ry, suits, and bribes, and flatt'ry hate:
 Bawds shall turn nuns, salt d—s grow chaste,
 And paint, and pride, and lechery detest:
 Popes shall for kings' supremacy decide,
 And cardinals for Huguenots be tried:
 Sooner (which is the great'st impossible)
 Shall the vile brood of Loyola, and Hell
 Give o'er to plot, be villains, and rebel;
 Than I with utmost spite and vengeance cease
 50 To prosecute, and plague their cursed race.
 The rage of poets damn'd, of women's pride
 Contemn'd, and scorn'd, or proffer'd lust denied;
 The malice of religious angry zeal,
 And all cashier'd resenting statesmen feel;
 What prompts dire hags in their own blood to write
 And sell their very souls to Hell for spite;
 All this urge on my rank envenom'd spleen,
 And with keen satire edge my stabbing pen,
 That its each home-set thrust their blood may draw.
 60 Each drop of ink like aquafortis gnaw.
 Red hot with vengeance thus, I'll brand disgrace
 So deep, no time shall e'er the marks deface:
 Till my severe and exemplary doom
 Spread wider than their guilt, till it become
 More dreaded than the Bor, and frighten worse
 Than damning Pope's anathemas, and curse.

SATIRE I

*Garnet's Ghost Addressing to the Jesuits, Met in Private
 Cabal Just After the Murder of Godfrey.*

By Hell 'twas bravely done! what less than this?
 What sacrifice of meaner worth and price
 Could we have offer'd up for our success?
 So fare all they whoe'er provoke our hate,
 Who by like ways presume to tempt their fate;
 Fare each like this bold meddling fool, and be
 As well secur'd, as well dispatch'd as he:
 Would he were here, yet warm, that we might drain
 His reeking gore, and drink up ev'ry vein!
 10 That were a glorious sanction, much like thine,
 Great Roman! made upon a like design.
 Like thine? We scorn so mean a sacrament
 To seal and consecrate our high intent,
 We scorn base blood should our great league cement;
 Thou didst it with a slave, but we think good
 To bind our treason with a bleeding god.
 Would it were *his* (why should I fear to name
 Or you to hear't?) at which we nobly aim!
 Lives yet that hated en'my of our cause?
 20 Lives *he* our mighty projects to oppose?
 Can *his* weak innocence, and Heav'n's care,

- Be thought security from what we dare?
 Are you then Jesuits? are you so for naught?
 In all the Catholic depths of treason taught?
 In orthodox and solid pois'ning read?
 In each profounder art of killing bred?
 And can you fail, or bungle in your trade?
 Shall one poor life your cowardice upbraid?
 Tame dastard slaves! who your profession shame,
 30 And fix disgrace on our great founder's name.
 Think what late sect'ries (an ignoble crew,
 Not worthy to be rank'd in sin with you),
 Inspir'd with lofty wickedness, durst do;
 How from his throne they hurl'd a monarch down,
 And doubly eas'd him of both life and crown.
 They scorn'd in covert their bold act to hide,
 In open face of Heav'n the work they did,
 And brav'd its vengeance, and its pow'rs defied.
 This is his son, and mortal too like him,
 40 Durst you usurp the glory of the crime;
 And dare ye not? I know you scorn to be,
 By such as they, outdone in villainy,
 Your proper province; true, you urg'd them on,
 Were engines in the fact, but they alone
 Share all the open credit and renown.
 But hold! I wrong our Church and cause, which ne'er
 No foreign instance, nor what others did:
 Think on that matchless assassin whose name
 We with just pride can make our happy claim;
 50 He who, at killing of an emperor,
 To give his poison stronger force, and pow'r,
 Mix'd a god with't, and made it work more sure:
 Blest memory! which shall through age to come
 Stand sacred in the lists of Hell and Rome.
 Let our great Clement and Ravillac's name,
 Your spirits to like heights of sin inflame;
 Those mighty souls who bravely chose to die
 T'have each a royal ghost their company.
 Heroic act! and worth their tortures well,
 60 Well worth the suff'ring of a double Hell—
 That they felt here, and that below they feel.
 And if these cannot move you, as they should,
 Let me, and my example, fire your blood:
 Think on my vast attempt, a glorious deed,
 Which durst the Fates have suffer'd to succeed,
 Had rival'd Hell's most proud exploit and boast,
 Ev'n that which would the King of Fates despoil'd.
 Curs'd be the day, and ne'er in time enroll'd,
 And curs'd the star whose spiteful influence rul'd
 70 The luckless minute, which my project spoil'd:
 Curse of that pow'r, who, of himself afraid,
 My glory with my brave design betray'd.
 Justly he fear'd, lest I, who strook so high
 In guilt, should next blow up his realm, and sky:

And so I had ; at least I would have durst,
And failing, had got off with fame at worst.

Had you but half my bravery in sin,
Your work had never thus unfinish'd been :
Had I been man, and the great act to do,
80 *H'*ad died by this, and been what I am now,
Or what *his* father is : I would leap Hell
To reach *his* life, though in the midst I fell,
And deeper than before,—
Let rabble souls, of narrow aim and reach,
Stoop their vile necks, and dull obedience preach :
Let them with slavish awe (disdain'd by me)
Adore the purple rag of majesty,
And think't a sacred relic of the sky.
Well may such fools a base subjection own,
90 Vassals to ev'ry ass that loads a throne :
Unlike the soul with which proud I was born,
Who could that sneaking thing a monarch scorn,
Spurn off a crown, and set my foot in sport
Upon the head that wore it, trod in dirt.

But say, what is't that binds your hands? does fear
From such a glorious action you deter?
Or is't religion? but you sure disclaim
That frivolous pretense, that empty name :
Mere bugbear word, devis'd by us to scare
100 The senseless rout to slavishness, and fear,
Ne'er known to awe the brave, and those that dare.
Such weak and feeble things may serve for checks
To rein and curb base-mettled heretics ;
Dull creatures, whose nice boggling consciences
Startle or strain at such slight crimes as these,
Such whom fond inbred honesty befools,
Or that old musty piece the Bible gulls,
That hated book, the bulwark of our foes,
Whereby they still uphold their tott'ring cause.
110 Let no such toys mislead you from the road
Of glory, nor infect your souls with good.
Let never bold encroaching Virtue dare
With her grim holy face to enter there,
No, not in very dream ; have only will
Like fiends and me to covet, and act ill ;
Let true substantial wickedness take place,
Usurp, and reign ; let it the very trace
(If any yet be left) of good deface.
If ever qualms of inward cowardice
120 (The things which some dull sots call conscience) rise,
Let them in streams of blood and slaughter drown,
Or with new weights of guilt still press 'em down.
Shame, faith, religion, honor, loyalty,
Nature itself, whatever checks there be
To loose and uncontroll'd impiety,
Be all extinct in you ; own no remorse
But that you've balk'd a sin, have been no worse,

Or too much pity shown.

Be diligent in mischief's trade, be each

- 130 Performing as a devil; nor stick to reach
 At crimes most dangerous; where bold despair,
 Mad lust, and heedless blind revenge would ne'er
 Ev'n look, march you without a blush, or fear,
 Inflam'd by all the hazards that oppose,
 And firm as burning martyrs to your cause.

Then you're true Jesuits, then you're fit to be
 Disciples of great Loyola and me:

Worthy to undertake, worthy a Plot

Like this, and fit to scourge a Huguenot.

- 140 Plagues on that name! may swift confusion seize,
 And utterly blot out the cursed race:
 Thrice damn'd be that apostate monk from whom
 Sprung first these enemies of us, and Rome:
 Whose pois'nous filth, dropp'd from engend'ring brain,
 By monstrous birth did the vile insects spawn
 Which now infest each country, and defile
 With their o'erspreading swarms this goodly isle.
 Once it was ours, and subject to our yoke,
 Till a late reigning witch th' enchantment broke:
 150 It shall again. Hell and I say't: have ye
 But courage to make good the prophecy:
 Not Fate itself shall hinder.

Too sparing was the time, too mild the day,
 When our great Mary bore the English sway.
 Unqueenlike pity marr'd her royal pow'r,
 Nor was her purple dy'd enough in gore.

- Four or five hundred, such like petty sum
 Might fall perhaps a sacrifice to Rome,
 Scarce worth the naming: had I had the pow'r,
 160 Or been thought fit t'have been her counselor,
 She should have rais'd it to a nobler score.
 Big bonfires should have blaz'd, and shone each day,
 To tell our triumphs, and make bright our way;
 And when 'twas dark, in ev'ry lane and street
 Thick flaming heretics should serve to light,
 And save the needless charge of links by night;
 Smithfield should still have kept a constant fire,
 Which never should be quenched, nev'r expire,
 But with the lives of all the miscreant rout,
 170 Till the last gasping breath had blown it out.

So Nero did, such was the prudent course

Taken by all his mighty successors,

To tame like heretics of old by force:

They scorn'd dull reason and pedantic rules

To conquer and reduce the harden'd fools;

Racks, gibbets, halters were their arguments,

Which did most undeniably convince;

Grave-bearded lions manag'd the dispute,

And rev'rend bears their doctrines did confute,

- 180 And all who would stand out in stiff defense,

They gently claw'd, and worried into sense :
 Better than all our Sorbonne dotards now,
 Who would by dint of words our foes subdue.
 This was the rigid discipline of old,
 Which modern sots for persecution hold ;
 Of which dull annalists in story tell
 Strange legends, and huge bulky volumes swell
 With martyr'd fools, that lost their way to Hell.

From these, our Church's glorious ancestors,
 190 We've learnt our arts, and made their methods ours :
 Nor have we come behind, the least degree,
 In acts of rough and manly cruelty ;
 Converting faggots, and the pow'rful stake,
 And sword resistless our apostles make.

This heretofore Bohemia felt, and thus
 Were all the num'rous proselytes of Huss
 Crush'd with their head : so Waldo's cursed rout,
 And those of Wyckliffe here were rooted out,
 Their names scarce left. Sure were the means we chose,
 200 And wrought prevailingly : fire purg'd the dross
 Of those foul heresies, and sov'reign steel
 Lopp'd off th' infected limbs the Church to heal.

Renown'd was that French brave, renown'd his deed,
 A deed for which the day deserves its red
 Far more than for a paltry saint that died :
 How goodly was the sight ! how fine the show
 When Paris saw through all its channels flow
 The blood of Huguenots ; when the full Seine,
 Swell'd with the flood, its bank with joy o'erran !
 210 He scorn'd like common murderers to deal
 By parcels and piecemeal ; he scorn'd retail
 I th' trace of death : whole myriads died by th' great,
 Soon as one single life ; so quick their fate,
 Their very pray'rs and wishes came too late.

This a king did : and great, and mighty 'twas,
 Worthy his high degree and pow'r and place,
 And worthy our religion and our cause.
 Unmatch'd 't had been, had not Macquire arose,
 The bold Macquire (who read in modern fame,
 220 Can be a stranger to his worth, and name ?)
 Born to outsin a monarch, born to reign
 In guilt, and all competitors disdain.
 Dread mem'ry ! whose each mention still can make
 Pale heretics with trembling horror quake.
 T' undo a kingdom, to achieve a crime
 Like his, who would not fall and die like him ?
 Never had Rome a nobler service done,
 Never had Hell ; each day came thronging down
 Vast shoals of ghosts, and mine was pleas'd, and glad,
 230 And smil'd, when it the brave revenge survey'd.
 Nor do I mention these great instances
 For bounds and limits to your wickedness :
 Dare you beyond, something out of the road

Of all example, where none yet have trod,
 Nor shall hereafter: what mad Catiline
 Durst never think, nor's madder poet feign.
 Make the poor baffled pagan fool confess
 How much a Christian crime can conquer his:
 How far in gallant mischief overcome,
 240 The old must yield to new, and modern Rome.
 Mix ill's past, present, future, in one act;
 One high, one brave, one great, one glorious fact,
 Which Hell, and very I may envy—
 Such as a god himself might wish to be
 A complice in the mighty villainy,
 And barter's Heaven, and vouchsafe to die.
 Nor let delay (the bane of enterprise)
 Mar yours, or make the great importance miss.
 This fact has wak'd your enemies, and their fear;
 250 Let it your vigor too, your haste, and care.
 Be swift, and let your deeds forestall intent,
 Forestall ev'n wishes, ere they can take vent,
 Nor give the Fates the leisure to prevent.
 Let the full clouds, which a long time did wrap
 Your gath'ring thunder, now with sudden clap
 Break out upon your foes; dash, and confound,
 And spread avoidless ruin all around.
 Let the fir'd City to your Plot give light;
 You raz'd it half before, now raze it quite.
 260 Do't more effectually; I'd see it glow
 In flames unquenchable as those below.
 I'd see the miscreants with their houses burn,
 And all together into ashes turn.
 Bend next your fury to the curs'd Divan,
 That damn'd Committee, whom the Fates ordain
 Of all our well-laid plots to be the bane.
 Unkennel those state-foxes where they lie
 Working your speedy fate, and destiny.
 Lug by the ears the doting prelates thence,
 270 Dash heresy, together with their brains,
 Out of their shatter'd heads. Lop off the Lords
 And Commons at one stroke, and let your swords
 Adjourn 'em all to th' other world—
 Would I were bless'd with flesh and blood again,
 But to be actor in that happy scene!
 Yet thus I will be by, and glut my view,
 Revenge shall take its fill, in state I'll go
 With captive ghosts t' attend me down below.
 Let these the handsels of your vengeance be,
 280 But stop not here nor flag in cruelty.
 Kill like a Plague or Inquisition; spare
 No age, degree, or sex; only to wear
 A soul, only to own a life, be here
 Thought crime enough to lose't: no time, no place
 Be sanctuary from your outrages.
 Spare not in churches kneeling priests at pray'r;

Though interceding for you, slay ev'n there.
 Spare not young infants smiling at the breast,
 Who from relenting fools their mercy wrest ;
 290 Rip teeming wombs, tear out the hated brood
 From thence, and drown 'em in their mothers' blood.
 Pity not virgins, not their tender cries,
 Though prostrate at your feet with melting eyes
 All drown'd in tears ; strike home, as 'twere in lust,
 And force their begging hands to guide the thrust.
 Ravish at th' altar, kill when you have done,
 Make them your rapes, and victims too, in one.
 Nor let gray hoary hairs protection give
 To age, just crawling on the verge of life :
 300 Snatch from its leaning hands the weak support,
 And with it knock't into the grave with sport ;
 Brain the poor cripple with his crutch, then cry,
 You've kindly rid him of his misery.
 Seal up your ears to mercy, lest their words
 Should tempt a pity, ram 'em with your swords
 (Their tongues too) down their throats ; let 'em not dare
 To mutter for their souls a gasping pray'r,
 But in the utt'rance choke't and stab it there.
 'Twere witty handsome malice (could you do't)
 310 To make 'em die, and make 'em damn'd to boot.
 Make children by one fate with parents die,
 Kill ev'n revenge in next posterity :
 So you'll be pester'd with no orphans' cries,
 No childless mothers curse your memories.
 Make Death and Desolation swim in blood
 Throughout the land, with nought to stop the flood
 But slaughter'd carcasses ; till the whole isle
 Become one tomb, become one fun'ral pile ;
 Till such vast numbers swell the countless sum,
 320 That the wide grave, and wider Hell, want room.
 Great was that tyrant's wish, which should be mine
 Did I not scorn the leavings of a sin ;
 Freely I would bestow't on England now,
 That the whole nation with one neck might grow.
 To be slic'd off, and you to give the blow.
 What neither Saxon rage could here inflict,
 Nor Danes more savage, nor the barb'rous Pict ;
 What Spain or Eighty-Eight could e'er devise,
 With all its fleet, and freight of cruelties ;
 330 What ne'er Medina wish'd, much less could dare,
 And bloodier Alva would with trembling hear ;
 What may strike our dire prodigies of old,
 And make their mild and gentler acts untold ;
 What Heav'ns judgments, nor the angry stars,
 Foreign invasions, nor domestic wars,
 Plague, fire, nor famine could effect or do ;
 All this, and more be dar'd, and done by you.
 But why do I with idle talk delay
 Your hands, and while they should be acting, stay ?

340 Farewell—

If I may waste a pray'r for your success,
 Hell be your aid, and your high projects bless!
 May that vile wretch, if any here there be,
 That meanly shrinks from brave iniquity;
 If any here feel pity, or remorse,
 May he feel all I've bid you act, and worse!
 May he by rage of foes unpitied fall,
 And they tread out his hated soul to Hell.

350 May's name and carcass rot, expos'd alike to be
 Th' everlasting mark of grinning infamy.

THE CARELESS GOOD FELLOW

WRITTEN MARCH 9, 1680

[1683].

A pox of this fooling, and plotting of late,
 What a pother and stir has it kept in the State!
 Let the rabble run mad with suspicions, and fears,
 Let them scuffle, and jar, till they go by the ears:
 Their grievances never shall trouble my pate,
 So I can enjoy my dear bottle at quiet.

What coxcombs were those who would barter their ease
 And their necks for a toy, a thin wafer and mass?
 At old Tyburn they never had needed to swing,
 10 Had they been but true subjects to drink, and their King
 A friend and a bottle is all my design;
 He has no room for treason, that's top-full of wine.

I mind not the members and makers of laws,
 Let them sit or prorogue, as his Majesty please:
 Let them damn us to woolen, I'll never repine
 At my lodging, when dead, so alive I have wine:
 Yet oft in my drink I can hardly forbear
 To curse them for making my claret so dear.

I mind not grave asses who idly debate
 20 About right and succession, the trifles of State;
 We've a good king already: and he deserves laughter
 That will trouble his head with who shall come after:
 Come, here's to his health, and I wish he may be
 As free from all care, and all trouble, as we.

What care I how leagues with the Hollander go?
 Or intrigues betwixt Sidney and Monsieur d'Avaux?
 What concerns it my drinking, if Casel be sold,
 If the conqueror take it by storming, or gold?
 Good Bordeaux alone is the place that I mind,
 30 And when the fleet's coming, I pray for a wind.

The bully of France, that aspires to renown
By dull cutting of throats, and vent'ring his own;
Let him fight and be damn'd, and make matches and treat,
To afford the newsmongers, and coffee-house chat:
 He's but a brave wretch, while I am more free,
 More safe, and a thousand times happier than he.

Come he, or the Pope, or the Devil to boot,
Or come faggot, and stake; I care not a groat;
Never think that in Smithfield I porters will heat:
40 No, I swear, Mr. Fox, pray excuse me for that.
 I'll drink in defiance of gibbet, and halter,
 This is the profession that never will alter.

MRS. APHRA BEHN (1640-1689)

ORONOKO: OR, THE ROYAL SLAVE

[1688].

I do not pretend, in giving you the history of this Royal Slave, to entertain my reader with adventures of a feigned hero, whose life and fortunes fancy may manage at the poet's pleasure; nor in relating the truth, design to adorn it with any accidents but such as arrived 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 myself an eye-witness to a great part of what you will find here set down; and what I could not be witness of, I received 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 charmed 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; those they make use of there not being 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 them for their fish, venison, buffalo's skins, and little rarities; as marmosets, a sort of monkey, as big as a rat or weasel, but of a marvel-

ous and delicate shape, having face and hands like a human 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 miniature. Then for little parakeets, great parrots, mackaws, and a thousand other birds and beasts of wonderful and surprising forms, shapes, and colors. 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 Antiquary's; where are also some rare flies, of amazing forms and colors, presented to 'em by myself; 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 Theater, and it was the dress of the *Indian Queen*, infinitely admired by persons of quality; and was unimitable. Besides these, a thousand little knacks and rarities in nature; and some of art, as their baskets, weapons, aprons, etc. We dealt with 'em with beads of all colors, knives, axes, pins, and needles; which they used 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 trinket. 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 colors; 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 waist, 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 shaped, as almost all are, and who have pretty features, are charming and novel; for they have all that is called beauty, except the color, which is a reddish yellow; or after a new oiling, which they often use to themselves, they are of the color of a new brick, but smooth, soft, and sleek. They are extreme modest and bashful, very shy, and nice of being touched. And though they are all thus naked, if one lives forever among 'em there is not to be seen an undecent action, or glance: and being continually used to see one another so unadorned, 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 handsome 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 approached him but she looked 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 virtuous mistress. 'Tis she alone, if she were permitted, that better instructs the world than all the inventions of man. Religion would here but destroy that tranquillity they possess by ignorance; and laws would but teach 'em to know offense, 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 a man's word was past, nothing but death could or should prevent his keeping it: and when they saw he was not dead, they asked him what name they had for a man who promised a thing he did not do. The Governor told them, such a man was a *liar*, which was a word of infamy to a gentleman. Then one of 'em replied, "*Governor, you are a liar, 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, serve those that succeed 'em, who are young, but with a servitude easy 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 obeyed with great resignation.

A war-captain is a man who has led them on to battle 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 behoves 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 that 'tis impossible for us to get: for they do not only in the woods, and over the savannahs, in hunting, supply the parts of hounds, by swiftly scouring through those almost impassable places, and by the mere activity of their feet run down the nimblest deer and other eatable beasts; but in the water, one would 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 point, 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 negroes, black slaves altogether, who are transported thither in this manner.

Those who want slaves make a bargain with a master or a captain of a ship, and contract to pay him so much apiece, a matter of twenty pound a head, for as many as he agrees for, and to pay for 'em when they shall be delivered on such a plantation: so that when there arrives a ship laden with slaves, they who have so contracted go aboard, 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 obliged 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 merchandise traffic; for that nation is very warlike and brave: and having a continual campaign, being always in hostility with one neighboring prince or other, they had the fortune to take a great many captives: for all they took in battle were sold as slaves; at least those common men who could 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 an 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 color. In his younger years he had had many gallant men to his sons, thirteen of whom died in battle, conquering when they fell; and he had only left him for his successor one grandchild, son to one of these dead victors, who, as soon as he could 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 adored as the wonder of all that world, and the darling of the soldiers. Besides, he was adorned with a native beauty, so transcending all those of his gloomy race that he struck an awe and reverence even into those that knew not his quality; as he did into me, who beheld him with surprise and wonder, when afterwards he arrived in our world.

He had scarce arrived at his seventeenth year, when, fighting by his side, the general was killed with an arrow in his eye, which the Prince Oroonoko (for so was this gallant Moor called) very narrowly avoided; nor had he, if the general who saw the arrow shot, and perceiving it aimed at the prince, had not bowed his head between, on purpose to receive it in his own body, rather than it should touch that of the prince, and so saved him.

'Twas then, afflicted as Oroonoko was, that he was proclaimed general in the old man's place: and then it was, at the finishing of that war, which had continued 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 learned so much humanity: or, to give his accomplishments a juster name, where 'twas he got that real greatness of soul, those refined notions of true honor, 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 mangled or dead, who heard no sounds but those of war and groans. Some part of it we may attribute to the care of a Frenchman of wit and learning, who, finding it turn to very good account to be a sort of royal tutor to this young black, and perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of apprehension, took a great pleasure to teach him morals, language, and science; and was for it extremely beloved

and valued by him. Another reason was, he loved 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 Spaniard also, with whom he traded afterwards for slaves.

I have often seen and conversed with this great man, and been a witness to many of his mighty actions; and do assure my reader, the most illustrious courts could not have produced 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 admired the Romans: he had heard of the late Civil Wars in England, and the deplorable death of our great monarch; and would discourse of it with all the sense and abhorrence of the unjust and abhorrent. He had an extreme 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 addressed himself as if his education had been in some European court.

This great and just character of Oroonoko gave me an extreme curiosity to see him, especially when I knew he spoke French and English, and that I could talk with him. But though I had heard so much of him, I was as greatly surprised 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 addressed 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 fancied: the most famous statuary could not form the figure of a man more admirably turned from head to foot. His face was not of that brown rusty black which most of that nation are, but of perfect ebony, or polished jet. His eyes were the most awful that could 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 shaped that could be seen; far from those great turned lips which are so natural to the rest of the negroes. The whole proportion and air of his face was so nobly and exactly formed that, bating his color, there

could 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 combed; 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 whoever had heard him speak would have been convinced of their errors, that all fine wit is confined to the white men, especially to those of Christendom; and would have confessed that Oroonoko was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wisely, had as great a soul, as politic maxims, and was as sensible of power, as any prince civilized in the most refined schools of humanity and learning, or the most illustrious courts.

This prince, such as I have described him, whose soul and body were so admirably adorned, 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 named the highest degree of love: for sure great souls are most capable of that passion.

I have already said, the old general was killed by the shot of an arrow by the side of this prince in battle; 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 virtues. I have seen a hundred white men sighing after her, and making a thousand vows at her feet, all in 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 honor 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 battle, as the trophies of her father's victories. When he came, attended by all the young soldiers of any merit, he was infinitely surprised 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 received him, that softness in her look and sighs, upon the melancholy occasion of this honor 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 received him, and the sweetness of her words and behavior while he staid, gained a perfect conquest over his fierce heart, and made him feel the victor could be subdued. So that having made his first compliments, 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 wished for nothing more than so glorious a conquest, was pleased to believe she understood that silent language of new-born love; and, from that moment, put on all her additions to beauty.

The prince returned to court with quite another humor 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 heightening, if possible, the beauties they had found in her: so that nothing else was talked of, no other sound was heard in every corner where there were whisperers, but *Imoinda! Imoinda!*

'Twill be imagined Oroonoko staid not long before he made his second visit; nor, considering his quality, not much longer before he told her he adored her. I have often heard him say that he admired by what strange inspiration he came to talk things so soft, and so passionate, who never knew love, nor was used 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 favor of him, inspired Imoinda with a sense of his passion. She

was touched with what he said, and returned 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 turned all his happy moments to the best advantage; and as he knew no vice, his flame aimed at nothing but honor, 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 practised in *Christian* countries, where they prefer the bare name of religion; and, without virtue or morality, think that sufficient. But Oroonoko was none of those professors; but as he had right notions of honor, 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 should be the only woman he would possess while he lived; that no age or wrinkles should incline him to change; for her soul would be always fine, and always young; and he should have an eternal idea in his mind of the charms she now bore; and should look into his heart for that idea, when he could 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, received him as the greatest honor the gods could do her.

There is a certain ceremony in these cases to be observed, which I forgot to ask how 'twas performed; but 'twas concluded on both sides that, in obedience to him, the grandfather 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 into his heart a thousand tender thoughts for this young beauty; and who represented her to his fancy as the most charming he had ever possessed in all the long race of his numerous years. At this character, his old heart, like an extinguished brand, most apt to take fire, felt new sparks of love, and be-

gan to kindle; and now grown to his second childhood, longed with impatience to behold this gay thing, with whom, alas! he could but innocently play. But how he should be confirmed she was this *wonder*, before he used 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 chagrin: 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 should go and make a present to Imoinda, as from the prince; he should then, unknown, see this fair maid, and have an opportunity to hear what message she would 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 burned: he found her all he had heard, and would not delay his happiness, but found he should have some obstacle to overcome her heart; for she expressed 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 could not be dissembled, insomuch that 'twas past doubt whether she loved Oroonoko entirely. This gave the old king some affliction; but he salved it with this, that the obedience the people pay their king was not at all inferior to what they paid their gods; and what love would not oblige Imoinda to do, duty would 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 honor with his bed, a veil, with which she is covered, and secured for the king's use; and 'tis death to disobey; besides, held a most impious disobedience.

'Tis not to be imagined the surprise and grief that seized the 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 obliged to suffer herself to be covered and led away.

They brought her thus to court; and the king, who had caused a very rich bath to be prepared, was led into it, where he sat under a canopy, in state, to receive this longed-for virgin; whom he having commanded should be brought to him, they (after disrobing her) led her to the bath, and making fast the doors, left her to descend. The king, without more courtship, bade her throw off her mantle, and come to his arms. But Imoinda, all in tears, threw herself 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 could not, and from his royal goodness would not, take from any man his wedded wife; so she believed she should be the occasion of making him commit a great sin if she did not reveal her state and condition, and tell him she was another's, and could not be so happy to be his.

The king, enraged at this delay, hastily demanded the name of the bold man that had married 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 fancied the last), almost repented she had said so much, for now she feared the storm would 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 imagined who she meant, but would not seem to do so, but commanded her to lay aside her mantle, and suffer herself to receive his caresses, or, by his gods he swore, that happy man whom she was going to name should die, though it were even Oroonoko himself. "Therefore," said he, "deny this marriage, and swear thyself a maid." "That," replied Imoinda, "by all our powers I do; for I am not yet known to my husband." "'Tis enough," said the king, "'tis enough both to satisfy 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 returned from hunting, went to visit his Imoinda,

but found her gone; and not only so, but heard she had received the royal veil. This raised him to a storm; and in his madness, they had much ado to save him from laying violent hands on himself. Force first prevailed, and then reason: they urged all to him that might oppose his rage; but nothing weighed so greatly with him as the king's old age, uncapable of injuring him with Imoinda. He would give way to that hope, because it pleased him most, and flattered best his heart. Yet this served not altogether to make him cease his different passions, which sometimes raged within him, and softened into showers. 'Twas not enough to appease him, to tell him his grandfather was old, and could not that way injure him, while he retained that awful duty which the young men are used there to pay to their grave relations. He could not be convinced he had no cause to sigh and mourn for the loss of a mistress he could not with all his strength and courage retrieve. And he would often cry, "O, my friends! were she in walled cities, or confined from me in fortifications of the greatest strength; did enchantments or monsters detain her from me; I would venture through any hazard to free her: but here, 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 snatched by the cold arms of death. Oh! she is never to be retrieved. If I would wait tedious years, till fate should bow the old king to his grave, even that would 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 would hinder my happiness; unless I would either ignobly set an ill precedent 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 injured man, and might, if he so pleased, take Imoinda back, the breach of the law being on his grandfather's side; and that if he could 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 should have been entirely comforted, but for the thought that she was possessed by his grandfather. However, he loved so well that he was resolved to believe what most favored his hope, and to endeavor to learn from Imoinda's own mouth, what only she could satisfy him in, whether she was robbed 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 entered 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 suffered under a torment the most painful in the world, the old king was not exempted from his share of affliction. He was troubled for having been forced, by an irresistible passion, to rob his son of a treasure, he knew, could not but be extremely 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 forced to expose her lovely person to his withered arms, she could only sigh and weep there, and think of Oroonoko; and oftentimes could 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, filled 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 inquired how the prince bore himself: and those of whom he asked, being entirely slaves to the merits and virtues of the prince, still answered what they thought conduced best to his

service; which was, to make the old king fancy that the prince had no more interest in Imoinda, and had resigned her willingly to the pleasure of the king; that he diverted himself with his mathematicians, his fortifications, his officers, and his hunting.

This pleased the old lover, who failed 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 forced to receive this unwelcome news, in all appearance with unconcern and content, her heart was bursting within, and she was only happy when she could 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 justify as far as possibly he could by his actions; and when he appeared in the presence of the king, he showed a face not at all betraying his heart: so that in a little time, the old man, being entirely convinced that he was no longer a lover of Imoinda, he carried him with him, in his train, to the otan, often to banquet with his mistresses. But as soon as he entered, one day, into the apartment of Imoinda, with the king, at the first glance from her eyes, notwithstanding all his determined 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 betrayed him, had the king chanced to look that way. And I have observed, 'tis a very great error in those who laugh when one says, "A negro can change color": 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 forced 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 busied 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 bemoaned her own miserable captivity. Nor were his eyes silent, but answered hers again, as much as eyes could do, instructed by the most tender and most passionate heart that ever loved: and they spoke so well, and so effectually, as Imoinda no longer doubted but she was the only delight and 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 conveyed 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 opened 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 led the trembling victim from his sight, into that prepared repose; what rage! what wild frenzies seized 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 forced 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 finished her necessary affair within, shutting the door, she came forth, to wait till the king called; and hearing someone sighing in the other room, she passed 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 imagined to afflict himself: for if he knew the king so well as she did, he would not lose a moment in jealousy; and that she was confident that Imoinda bore, at this minute, part in his affliction. Aboan was of the same opinion, and both together persuaded him to reassume his courage; and all sitting down on the carpet, the prince said so many obliging things to Onahal that he half-persuaded her to be of his party: and she promised him she would thus far comply

with his just desires, that she would let Imoinda know how faithful he was, what he suffered, and what he said.

This discourse lasted till the king called, which gave Oroonoko a certain satisfaction; and with the hope Onahal had made him conceive, he assumed a look as gay as 'twas possible a man in his circumstances could do: and presently after, he was called in with the rest who waited without. The king commanded music to be brought, and several of his young wives and mistresses came all together by his command, to dance before him; where Imoinda performed her part with an air and grace so surpassing all the rest as her beauty was above 'em, and received the present ordained as a prize. The prince was every moment more charmed with the new beauties and graces he beheld in this fair one; and while he gazed, and she danced, Onahal was retired 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 governautes to the new and the young ones, and whose business it was to teach them all those wanton arts of love with which they prevailed and charmed 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 their honors 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, as it were regardless by, and paid only to the bloomings. And, certainly, nothing is more afflicting to a decayed beauty than to behold in itself declining charms that were once adored; and to find those caresses paid to new beauties, to which once she laid claim; to hear them whisper, as she passes by, that once was a delicate woman. Those abandoned ladies therefore endeavor to revenge all the despites and decays of time, on these flourishing happy ones. And 'twas this severity that gave Oroonoko a thousand fears he should never prevail with Onahal to see Imoinda. But as I said, she was now retired 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 subdued 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 sense 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-favorites was the way to be great; these being the persons that do all affairs and business at court. He had also observed 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 favor could so absolutely oblige the prince, he failed not to sigh in her ear, and to look with eyes all soft upon her, and gave her hope that she had made some impressions on his heart. He found her pleased 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 failed 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 overjoyed with this good news, and besought him if it were possible to caress her so as to engage her entirely, which he could not fail to do, if he complied 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 assured him he would make love so effectually that he would defy the most expert mistress of the art to find out whether he dissembled 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 approached; and 'twas impossible for the prince to delay his going at the head of his army to encounter the enemy; so that every day seemed a tedious year, till he saw his Imoinda: for he believed he could not live if he were forced away without being so happy. 'Twas with impatience, therefore, that he expected the next visit

the king would make; and according to his wish it was not long.

The parley of the eyes of these two lovers had not passed so secretly but an old jealous lover could spy it; or rather, he wanted not flatterers who told him they observed it: so that the prince was hastened to the camp, and this was the last visit he found he should make to the otan; he therefore urged 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 antic postures the women-royal made, to divert the king, Onahal singled out Aboan, whom she found most pliable to her wish. When she had him where she believed she could not be heard, she sighed to him, and softly cried, "Ah, Aboan! when will you be sensible of my passion? I confess it with my mouth, because I would not give my eyes the lie; and you have but too much already perceived they have confessed my flame: nor would I have you believe that, because I am the abandoned mistress of a king, I esteem myself altogether divested of charms. No, Aboan, I have still a rest of beauty enough engaging, and have learned to please too well, not to be desirable. I can have lovers still, but will have none but Aboan." "Madam," replied 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 used 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 forced to be snatched for more certain proofs of love than speaking and sighing; and such I languish for."

He spoke this with such a tone that she hoped it true, and could not forbear believing it; and being wholly transported with joy for having subdued 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 would have refused '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 whispered softly to him; "Oh! do not fear a woman's invention, when love sets her a-thinking." And pressing his hand, she cried, "This night you shall be happy. Come to the gate of the orange-grove, 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 appeared more lovely than ever, being enlivened 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 fixed on the object of his soul; and as she turned or moved, 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 produced in those of the prince. But while she was more regarding him than the steps she took, she chanced to fall; and so near him, as that leaping with extreme force from the carpet, he caught her in his arms as she fell: and 'twas visible to the whole presence, the joy wherewith he received her. He clasped 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 should suffer the death ordained for disobedient offenders.

You may imagine how welcome this news was to Oroonoko, whose unseasonable transport and caress of Imoinda was blamed by all men that loved him: and now he perceived his fault, yet cried that *for such another moment he would be content to die.*

All the otan was in disorder about this accident; and Onahal was particularly concerned, because on the prince's stay depended her happiness; for she could no longer expect that of Aboan: so that ere they departed, they contrived it so that the prince and he should both come that night to the grove of the otan, which was all of oranges and citrons, and that there they would wait her orders.

They parted thus with grief enough till night, leaving the king in possession of the lovely maid. But nothing could appease the jealousy of the old lover; he would not be imposed on, but would have it that Imoinda made a false step on purpose to fall into Oroonoko's bosom, and that all things looked 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 assured 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 returned, and told him, he found the prince pensive, and altogether unprepared for the campaign; that he lay negligently on the ground, and answered very little. This confirmed the jealousy of the king, and he commanded that they should very narrowly and privately watch his motions; and that he should not stir from his apartment but one spy or other should be employed 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 watched 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 entered but Onahal led the prince to the apartment of Imoinda; who, not knowing anything 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 showed the height of complaisance for his prince, when, to give him an opportunity, he suffered himself to be caressed in bed by Onahal.

The prince softly wakened Imoinda, who was not a little surprised with joy to find him there; and yet she trembled with a thousand fears. I believe he omitted saying nothing to this young maid that might persuade 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 longed to be; and having opportunity, night, and silence, youth, love, and desire, he soon prevailed, and ravished in a moment what his old grandfather had been endeavoring for so many months.

'Tis not to be imagined the satisfaction of these two young lovers; nor the vows she made him, that she remained a spotless maid till that night, and that what she did with his grandfather had robbed him of no part of her virgin-honor; the gods, in mercy and justice, having reserved that for her plighted lord, to whom of right it belonged. And 'tis impossible to express the transports he suffered, while he listened to a discourse so charming from her loved lips; and clasped that body in his arms, for whom he had so long languished: and nothing now afflicted him but his sudden departure from her; for he told her the necessity, and his commands, but should depart satisfied in this, that since the old king had hitherto not been able to deprive him of those enjoyments which only belonged to him, he believed for the future he would 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 believed her safe, even in the arms of the king, and innocent; yet would he have ventured at the conquest of the world, and have given it all, to have had her avoided that honor of receiving the royal veil. 'Twas thus, between a thousand caresses, that both bemoaned the hard fate of youth and beauty, so liable to that cruel promotion: 'twas a glory that could well have been spared here, though desired and

aimed at by all the young females of that kingdom.

But while they were thus fondly employed, 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 frightened Imoinda, ran to a little battle-ax he used to wear by his side; and having not so much leisure as to put on his habit, he opposed 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 forced 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 resolved and assured that they soon retired from the door; but cried, "'Tis by the king's command we are come; and being satisfied by thy voice, O Prince, as much as if we had entered, we can report to the king the truth of all his fears, and leave thee to provide for thy own safety, as thou art advised 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, believed she should appease the fury of a jealous king, by saying she was surpris'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 hastened him to the camp, and with much ado prevailed on him to go. Nor was it she alone that prevailed; Aboan and Onahal both pleaded, and both assured him of a lie that should be well enough contrived 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 up-

braided her wickedness and perfidy; and threatening 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, could testify: that, unknown to her, he had broke into her apartment, and ravished her. She spoke this much against her conscience; but to save her own life, 'twas absolutely necessary she should feign this falsity. She knew it could not injure the prince, he being fled to an army that would stand by him against any injuries that should assault him. However, this last thought, of Imoinda's being ravished, changed the measures of his revenge; and whereas before he designed to be himself her executioner, he now resolved she should not die. But as it is the greatest crime in nature amongst 'em to touch a woman after having been possessed by a son, a father, or a brother, so now he looked on Imoinda as a polluted thing, wholly unfit for his embrace; nor would he resign her to his grandson, because she had received the royal veil: he therefore removes her from the otan, with Onahal; whom he put into safe hands, with order they should be both sold off as slaves to another country, either Christian or heathen, 'twas no matter where.

This cruel sentence, worse than death, they implored might be reversed; 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 anything of their absence or their destiny.

The old king nevertheless executed this with a great deal of reluctance; but he believed he had made a very great conquest over himself when he had once resolved, and had performed what he resolved. He believed now that his love had been unjust; and that he could not expect the gods, or *Captain of the Clouds* (as they call the unknown Power), would suffer a better consequence from so ill a cause. He now begins to hold Oroonoko excused; and to say, he had reason for what he did: and now everybody could assure the king how passionately Imoinda was beloved by the prince;

even those confessed it now who said the contrary before his flame was not 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 disoblged, first by the rape of his mistress, or rather wife, and now by depriving him wholly of her, he feared, might make him desperate, and do some cruel thing, either to himself or his old grandfather the offender, he began to repent him extremely of the contempt he had, in his rage, put on Imoinda. Besides, he considered he ought in honor to have killed her for this offense, 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 could not obtain that honor. Seeing therefore it was certain that Oroonoko would 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 matter, to gain his pardon, and to endeavor to mitigate his grief; but that by no means he should tell him she was sold, but secretly put to death: for he knew he should 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 embraced him, and received him with joy: which was soon abated by the downcast looks of the messenger, who was instantly demanded the cause by Oroonoko; who, impatient of delay, asked a thousand questions in a breath, and all concerning Imoinda. But there needed little return; for he could 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 heroic courage, to encounter with his words, and defend himself against the ungrateful things he must relate. Oroonoko replied, with a deep sigh, and a languishing voice, "I am armed 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 pavilion, and remained a good while silent, and was hardly heard to sigh. When he was come a little to himself, the messenger asked him leave to deliver that part of his embassy which the prince had not yet divined, and the prince cried, "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 deigned to ask pardon for his offense, and to implore the prince would not suffer that loss to touch his heart too sensibly, which now all the gods could not restore him, but might recompense him in glory, which he begged he would pursue; and that death, that common revenger of all injuries, would soon even the account between him and a feeble old man.

Oroonoko bade 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 aggressor, and that death would be just, and, maugre his age, would see him righted; and he was contented to leave his share of glory to youths more fortunate and worthy of that favor from the gods; that henceforth he would 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 grandfather 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 could not raise him from the carpet, or persuade him to action and resolutions of life; but commanding all to retire, he shut himself into his pavilion all that day, while the enemy was ready to engage: and wondering at the delay, the

whole body of the chief of the army then addressed themselves to him, and to whom they had much ado 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 them forth to battle, and not let the enemy take advantages of them; and implored 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," continued 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 should do, and whom he would 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 replied, he would not give himself the trouble—but wished 'em to choose the bravest man amongst 'em, let his quality or birth be what it would: "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 Oroonko the most wretched, and abandoned by Fortune, of all the creation of the gods." So turning himself about, he would make no more reply to all they could urge or implore.

The army, beholding their officers return unsuccessful, with sad faces and ominous looks, that presaged no good luck, suffered a thousand fears to take possession of their hearts, and the enemy to come even upon them, before they would provide for their safety, by any defense: and though they were assured by some, who had a mind to animate them, that they should be immediately headed by the prince, and that in the mean time Aboan had orders to command as general; yet they were so dismayed for want of that great example of bravery that they could make but a very feeble resistance; and at last, downright fled before the enemy, who pursued 'em to the very tents, killing 'em. Nor could all Aboan's courage, which that day gained him immortal glory,

shame 'em into a manly defense 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 outcries as roused the prince from his amorous slumber, in which he had remained buried 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 leaped from his couch, and cried, "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 racking thoughts; or be tamely taken by an enemy, and led a whining lovesick slave to adorn the triumphs of Jamoan, that young victor, who already is entered beyond the limits I have prescribed him."

While he was speaking, he suffered his people to dress him for the field; and sallying out of his pavilion, with more life and vigor in his countenance than ever he showed, he appeared like some divine power descended to save his country from destruction: and his people had purposely put on him 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 believed that human strength could perform; and such as soon inspired all the rest with new courage and new order. And now it was that they began to fight indeed; and so, as if they would not be outdone even by their adored hero; who turning the tide of the victory, changing absolutely the fate of the day, gained 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 used to do, without distinction, for the common sale, or market, but kept him in his own court, where he retained nothing of the prisoner but the name, and returned 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 flattered his disease of melancholy and languishment: which I have often heard him say, had certainly killed him but for the conversation of this prince and Aboan, and 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 infused into his young pupil. This Frenchman was banished 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 choosing rather to remain a while there in his tents than to enter into a palace or live in a court where he had so lately suffered 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 amusements abroad, and others at home, that is, within their tents, with the persuasions, arguments, and care of his friends and servants that he more peculiarly prized, he wore off in time a great part of that chagrin, and torture of despair, which the first effects of Imoinda's death had given him; insomuch as having received a thousand kind embassies from the king, and invitation to return to court, he obeyed, though with no little reluctance: 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 extremes, and reduces 'em to mediums and unconcern: but no motives of beauties, though all endeavored it, could 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 returned from this last conquest, and received at court with all the joy and magnificence that could be expressed to a young victor, who was not only returned triumphant, but beloved like a deity, than there arrived in the port an English ship.

The master of it had often before been in these countries, and was very well known to Oroonoko, with whom he had trafficked for slaves, and had used 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 seemed rather never to have been bred out of a court than almost all his life at sea. This captain therefore was always better received at court than most of the traders to those countries were; and especially by Oroonoko, who was more civilized, 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 favor and esteem he had for him, made him many presents, and obliged him to stay at court as long as possibly he could. Which the captain seemed to take as a very great honor 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 gained very greatly upon the heart of this gallant young man. And the captain, in return of all these mighty favors, besought the prince to honor his vessel with his presence, some day or other at dinner, before he should set sail: which he condescended to accept, and appointed his day. The captain, on his part, failed not to have all things in a readiness, in the most magnificent order he could possibly: and the day being come, the captain, in his boat, richly adorned with carpets and velvet cushions, rowed to the shore to receive the prince; with another long-boat, where was placed all his music

and trumpets, with which Oroonoko was extremely delighted; who met him on the shore, 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 carried the prince on board, the boats fetched the rest off; where they found a very splendid treat, with all sorts of fine wines; and were as well entertained 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 should 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, rambled 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 seized on all his guests; they clapping great irons suddenly on the prince, when he was leaped down into the hold to view that part of the vessel; and locking him fast down, secured him. The same treachery was used to all the rest; and all in one instant, in several places of the ship, were lashed fast in irons, and betrayed to slavery. That great design over, they set all hands to work to hoist sail; and with as treacherous as fair a wind they made from the shore 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 sense of it, and leave it to my reader to judge as he pleases. It may be easily guessed in what manner the prince resented this indignity, who may be best resembled to a lion taken in a toil; so he raged, so he struggled for liberty, but all in vain: and they had so wisely managed his fetters that he could not use a hand in his defense to quit himself of a life that would by no means endure slavery; nor could he move from the place where he was tied to any solid part of the ship against which he might

have beat his head, and have finished 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 toiled 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 humor; so that the loss of so many brave slaves, so tall and goodly to behold, would have been very considerable. He therefore ordered one to go from him (for he would not be seen himself) to Oroonoko, and to assure him, he was afflicted for having rashly done so unhospitable a deed, and which could not be now remedied, since they were far from shore; but since he resented it in so high a nature, he assured him he would revoke his resolution, and set both him and his friends ashore on the next land they should touch at; and of this the messenger gave him his oath, provided he would resolve to live. And Oroonoko, whose honor was such as he never had violated a word in his life himself, much less a solemn asseveration, believed in an instant what this man said; but replied, he expected, for a confirmation of this, to have his shameful fetters dismissed. This demand was carried to the captain; who returned him answer that the offense 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 valor natural to him, and a revenge that would animate that valor, he might commit some outrage fatal to himself and the king his master, to whom this vessel did belong. To this Oroonoko replied, he would engage his honor 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 delivered to the still doubting captain, who could not resolve to trust a heathen, he said, upon his parole, a man that had no sense or notion of the God that he worshiped. 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 occasioned 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 should 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 honor; which to violate would not only render me contemptible and despised by all brave and honest men, and so give myself perpetual pain, but it would be eternally offending and displeasing all mankind; harming, betraying, circumventing, and outraging all men. But punishments hereafter are suffered by one's self; and the world takes no cognizance whether this God have revenged 'em, or not, 'tis done so secretly, and deferred so long: while the man of no honor suffers every moment the scorn and contempt of the honest world, and dies every day ignominiously in his fame, which is more valuable than life. I speak not this to move belief, but to show you how you mistake, when you imagine that he who will violate his honor will keep his word with his gods." So, turning from him with a disdainful smile, he refused to answer him, when he urged him to know what answer he should 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 would encourage any of the rest to eat, except the Frenchman, whom the captain could not pretend to keep prisoner, but only told him he was secured because he might act something in favor of the prince, but that he should 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 could not fear a single man.

This being resolved, to make the obligation the greater, the captain himself went

to Oroonoko; where, after many compliments and assurances of what he had already promised, he receiving from the prince his parole, and his hand, for his good behavior, dismissed his irons, and brought him to his own cabin; where, after having treated and reposed 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 refused all manner of sustenance; and entreated him to oblige 'em to eat, and assure 'em of that liberty on the first opportunity.

Oroonoko, who was too generous not to give credit to his words, showed 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 him; believing, as some divine oracle, all he assured '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 could not give him greater proofs of their love and friendship, since 'twas all the security the captain (his friend) could have, against the revenge, he said, they might possibly justly take, for the injuries sustained by him. And they all, with one accord, assured him, they could not suffer enough, when it was for his repose and safety.

After this, they no longer refused to eat, but took what was brought 'em, and were pleased with their captivity, since by it they hoped to redeem the prince, who, all the rest of the voyage, was treated with all the respect due to his birth, though nothing could divert his melancholy; and he would 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.

Possessed with a thousand thoughts of past joys with this fair young person, and a thousand griefs for her eternal loss, he endured a tedious voyage, and at last arrived 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 al-

ready agreed on; and, amongst those, the overseers of those plantations where I then chanced to be: the captain, who had given the word, ordered 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 *pickaninnies*) they sold 'em off, as slaves, to several merchants and gentlemen; not putting any two in one lot, because they would separate 'em far from each other; nor daring to trust 'em together, lest rage and courage should put 'em upon contriving some great action, to the ruin of the colony.

Oroonoko was first seized on, and sold to our overseer, 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 unarmed and defenseless, 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 forced blushes on his guilty cheeks, he only cried in passing over the side of the ship, "Farewell, Sir, 'tis worth my sufferings 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 would make no resistance, he cried, "Come, my fellow-slaves, let us descend, and see if we can meet with more honor and honesty in the next world we shall touch upon." So he nimbly leaped into the boat, and showing no more concern, suffered himself to be rowed 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 carried 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 fixed 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 inquiring into his quality and fortune: which, though Oroonoko endeavored to hide, by only confessing he was above the rank of common slaves, Trefry soon found he was yet something greater than he confessed; and from that moment began to conceive so vast an esteem for him that he ever after loved him as his dearest brother, and showed him all the civilities due to so great a man.

Trefry was a very good mathematician and a linguist; could speak French and Spanish; and in the three days they remained in the boat (for so long were they going from the ship to the plantation) he entertained Oroonoko so agreeably with his art and discourse that he was no less pleased 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 would suffer himself to remain so he had a man of so excellent wit and parts for a master. So that before they had finished 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 charmed with all the great-nesses of his actions; which were recited with that modesty, and delicate sense, as wholly vanquished him, and subdued him to his interest. And he promised him on his word and honor he would find the means to re-conduct him to his own country again; assuring him, he had a perfect abhorrence of so dishonorable an action, and that he would sooner have died than have been the author of such a perfidy. He found the prince was very much concerned to know what became of his friends, and how they took their slavery; and Trefry promised to take care about the inquiring after their condition, and that he should have an account of 'em.

Though, as Oroonoko afterwards said, he had little reason to credit the words of a *Backearay*, 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 honor: for

it was one of his maxims, *A man of wit could 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 would flock to behold this man: not but their eyes were daily entertained 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 could not strip him of, because he was forced to surprise his person in the minute he sold him. When he found his habit made him liable, as he thought, to be gazed at the more, he begged 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) could not conceal the graces of his looks and mien; and he had no less admirers than when he had his dazzling habit on: the royal youth appeared in spite of the slave, and people could not help treating him after a different manner, without designing it. As soon as they approached him, they venerated and esteemed him; his eyes insensibly commanded respect, and his behavior insinuated it into every soul. So that there was nothing talked 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 Cæsar; 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 Cæsar, and acted things as memorable, had they been done in some part of the world replenished 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 lived from others' endeavors if the Dutch, who im-

mediately after his time took that country, had not killed, banished, and dispersed all those that were capable of giving the world this great man's life much better than I have done. And Mr. Trefry, who designed it, died before he began it, and bemoaned himself for not having undertook it in time.

For the future, therefore, I must call Oroonoko Cæsar; since by that name only he was known in our Western World, and by that name he was received on shore at Parham-House, where he was destined a slave. But if the King himself (God bless him) had come ashore, there could not have been greater expectation by all the whole plantation, and those neighboring ones, than was on ours at that time; and he was received more like a governor than a slave: notwithstanding, as the custom was, they assigned 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 endured no more of the slave but the name, and remained 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 would needs go view his land, his house, and the business assigned him. But he no sooner came to the houses of the slaves, which are like a little town by itself, 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 surprise 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 confirmed; of which he himself before had no other witness than Cæsar himself: but he was infinitely glad to find his grandeur confirmed by the adoration of all the slaves.

Cæsar, troubled 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 hideous mourning and condoling, which he and the English had much ado to appease: but at last they prevailed with 'em, and they prepared all their barbarous music, and everyone killed and dressed 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 honor 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 endeavoring to please and de-
light him.

While they sat at meat, Mr. Trefry told Cæsar that most of these young slaves were undone 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 undone for one fair slave. Trefry, who was naturally amorous, and loved to talk of love as well as anybody, 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 guessed; that for his part he had done nothing but sigh for her ever since she came; and that all the white beauties he had seen never charmed 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 re-sounded with the fame of Clemene. "For so," said he, "we have christened her: but she denies us all with such a noble disdain that 'tis a miracle to see that she who can give such eternal desires should herself be all ice and all unconcern. She is adorned with the most graceful modesty that ever

beautified youth; the softest sigher—that, if she were capable of love, one would swear she languished for some absent happy man; and so retired as if she feared 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 accepts blushing, and with reluctance, for fear he will ask her a look for a recompense, 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 should refuse slaves, being, as you say, so beautiful; but wonder how she escapes those that 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, entertained 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 laughed at his civility to a slave, and Cæsar only applauded the nobleness of his passion and nature, since that slave might be noble, or, what was better, have true notions of honor and virtue in her. Thus passed they this night, after having received from the slaves all imaginable respect and obedience.

The next day, Trefry asked Cæsar to walk when the heat was allayed, and designedly carried him by the cottage of the fair slave; and told him, she whom he spoke of last night lived there retired. "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." Cæsar assured him he was proof against all the charms of that sex; and that if he imagined his heart could be so perfidious to love again, after Imoinda, he believed he should 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 anybody was there, ran to get it in again,

and bolted out on those who were just speaking of her: when seeing them, she would have run in again, but Trefry caught her by the hand, and cried, "Clemene, however you fly a lover, you ought to pay some respect to this stranger" (pointing to Cæsar). But she, as if she had resolved 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 leisure to look the more at her. There needed no long gazing, or consideration, to examine 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 called 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 oppressed he was with over-joy, if he had not met with this allay, that he perceived Imoinda fall dead in the hands of Trefry. This awakened 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 ecstasies of joy, they both a while beheld each other, without speaking; then snatched each other to their arms; then gazed again, as if they still doubted whether they possessed the blessing they grasped: but when they recovered their speech, 'tis not to be imagined what tender things they expressed to each other; wondering what strange fate had brought them again together. They soon informed each other of their fortunes, and equally bewailed their fate; but at the same time they mutually protested that even fetters and slavery were soft and easy, and would be supported with joy and pleasure, while they could be so happy to possess each other, and to be able to make good their vows. Cæsar swore he disdained the empire of the world, while he could behold his Imoinda; and she despised grandeur and pomp, those vanities of her sex, when she could gaze on Oroonoko. He adored the very cottage where she resided, and said, that little inch of the world would give him more happiness than all the universe could do; and she vowed, it was a palace while

adorned with the presence of Oroonoko.

Trefry was infinitely pleased with this novel, and found this Clemene was the fair mistress of whom Cæsar 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 happened. I was as impatient to make these lovers a visit, having already made a friendship with Cæsar, and from his own mouth learned what I have related; which was confirmed by his Frenchman, who was set on shore to seek his fortune, and of whom they could not make a slave, because a Christian; and he came daily to Parham-Hill to see and pay his respects to his pupil prince. So that concerning and interesting myself in all that related to Cæsar, whom I had assured of liberty as soon as the Governor arrived, I hastened presently to the place where these lovers were, and was infinitely glad to find this beautiful young slave (who had already gained all our esteems, for her modesty and her extraordinary prettiness) to be the same I had heard Cæsar speak so much of. One may imagine then we paid her a treble respect; and though from her being carved 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 could not enough admire her.

I had forgot to tell you that those who are nobly born of that country are so delicately cut and raised all over the fore-part of the trunk of their bodies that it looks as if it were japanned, the works being raised like high point round the edges of the flowers. Some are only carved with a little flower, or bird, at the sides of the temples, as was Cæsar; and those who are so carved over the body resemble our ancient Picts that are figured in the chronicles, but these carvings are more delicate.

From that happy day Cæsar took Clemene for his wife, to the general joy of all people; and there was as much magnificence as the country would afford at the celebration of this wedding: and in a very short time after

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 occasioned 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 should 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 honor; which to violate would not only render me contemptible and despised by all brave and honest men, and so give myself perpetual pain, but it would be eternally offending and displeasing all mankind; harming, betraying, circumventing, and outraging all men. But punishments hereafter are suffered by one's self; and the world takes no cognizance whether this God have revenged 'em, or not, 'tis done so secretly, and deferred so long: while the man of no honor suffers every moment the scorn and contempt of the honest world, and dies every day ignominiously in his fame, which is more valuable than life. I speak not this to move belief, but to show you how you mistake, when you imagine that he who will violate his honor will keep his word with his gods." So, turning from him with a disdainful smile, he refused to answer him, when he urged him to know what answer he should carry back to his captain; so that he departed without saying any more.

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to Oroonoko; where, after many compliments and assurances of what he had already promised, he receiving from the prince his parole, and his hand, for his good behavior, dismissed his irons, and brought him to his own cabin; where, after having treated and reposed 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 refused all manner of sustenance; and entreated him to oblige 'em to eat, and assure 'em of that liberty on the first opportunity.

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After this, they no longer refused to eat, but took what was brought 'em, and were pleased with their captivity, since by it they hoped to redeem the prince, who, all the rest of the voyage, was treated with all the respect due to his birth, though nothing could divert his melancholy; and he would 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.

Possessed with a thousand thoughts of past joys with this fair young person, and a thousand griefs for her eternal loss, he endured a tedious voyage, and at last arrived 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 al-

tions great enough for his large soul, which was still panting after more renowned actions.

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 assured me he would, and this promise he desired me to know was given perfectly in complaisance to me, in whom he had an entire confidence.

After this, I neither thought it convenient to trust him much out of our view, nor did the country, who feared him; but with one accord it was advised to treat him fairly, and oblige him to remain within such a compass, and that he should be permitted, as seldom as could be, to go up to the plantations of the negroes; or, if he did, to be accompanied by some that should be rather in appearance attendants than spies. This care was for some time taken, and Cæsar looked upon it as a mark of extraordinary respect, and was glad his discontent had obliged '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 entertained him with, or rather he us.

My stay was to be short in that country; because my father died at sea, and never arrived to possess the honor designed him (which was Lieutenant-General of six and thirty islands, besides the Continent of Surinam) nor the advantages he hoped to reap by them: so that though we were obliged 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 of 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 beside; 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, lemons, citrons, figs, nutmegs, and noble aromatics, continually bearing their fragrances. The trees appearing all like nosegays adorned with flowers of different kinds; some are all white, some purple, some scarlet, some blue, some yellow; bearing at the same time ripe fruit, and blooming young, or producing every day new. The very wood of all these trees has an intrinsic value above common timber; for they are, when cut, of different colors, 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 aromatic 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 called an armadillo, a thing which I can liken to nothing so well as a rhinoceros; 'tis all in white armor, so jointed 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 wonderful 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 Cæsar in our company on these designs, we feared no harm, nor suffered any.

As soon as I came into the country, the best house in it was presented me, called 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 opposite bank was adorned with such vast quantities of dif-

ferent flowers eternally blowing, and every day and hour new, fenced behind 'em with lofty trees of a thousand rare forms and colors, that the prospect was the most ravishing that sands can create. On the edge of this white rock, towards the river, was a walk or grove of orange- and lemon-trees, about half the length of the Mall here; flowery and fruit-bearing branches met at the top, and hindered 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 refreshed the sweet blossoms, and made it always sweet and charming; 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 joined with art to render so exceeding fine; and 'tis a marvel to see how such vast trees, as big as English oaks, could take footing on so solid a rock, and in so little earth as covered that rock: but all things by nature there are rare, delightful, and wonderful. But to our sports.

Sometimes we would go surprising, and in search of young tigers in their dens, and 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 surprised by the dams. But once, above all other times, we went on this design, and Cæsar was with us; who had no sooner stolen a young tiger from her nest, but going off, we encountered the dam, bearing a buttock of a cow, which she had torn off with her mighty paw, and going with it towards her den: we had only four women, Cæsar, and an English gentleman, brother to Harry Martin, the great Oliverian; we found there was no escaping this enraged and ravenous beast. However, we women fled as fast as we could from it; but our heels had not saved our lives if Cæsar 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, desired him to stand aside, or follow the ladies. He obeyed him; and Cæsar met this monstrous beast of mighty

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 steady and good aiming posture of defense, ran his sword quite through her breast down to her very heart, home to the hilt of the sword: the dying beast stretched forth her paw, and going to grasp his thigh, surprised 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 could not grasp the flesh to tear off any. When he had done this, he hollowed 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 blood 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 extremely wondered at his daring, and at the bigness of the beast, which was about the height of an heifer, but of mighty great and strong limbs.

Another time being in the woods, he killed a tiger which had long infested that part, and borne away abundance of sheep and oxen, and other things that were for the support of those to whom they belonged: abundance of people assailed 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 believed she was a devil rather than a mortal thing. Cæsar 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 poisoned 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, fancied still he should 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 promised he should be rewarded at all our hands. So taking a bow, which he

chose out of a great many, he went up into the wood, with two gentlemen, where he imagined this devourer to be; they had not passed very far in it but they heard her voice, growling and grumbling, as if she were pleased with something she was doing. When they came in view, they found her muzzling in the belly of a new-ravished sheep, which she had torn open; and seeing herself approached, she took fast hold of her prey with her fore-paws, and set a very fierce raging look on Cæsar, without offering to approach him, for fear at the same time of losing what she had in possession. So that Cæsar remained a good while, only taking aim, and getting an opportunity to shoot her where he designed: 'twas some time before he could accomplish it; and to wound her, and not kill her, would but have enraged her the more, and endangered him. He had a quiver of arrows at his side, so that if one failed, he could be supplied; at last, retiring a little, he gave her opportunity to eat, for he found she was ravenous, and fell to 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, she fell dead upon the prey. Cæsar cut her open with a knife, to see where those wounds were that had been reported to him, and why she 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 received 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, the wound seamed up with great scars, and she lived 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 Cæsar occa-

sion of many fine discourses of accidents in war and strange escapes.

At other times he would go a-fishing; and discoursing on that diversion, he found we had in that country a very strange fish, called 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 ever 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 a numbness that shall deprive 'em of sense for a while; and some have fallen into the water, and others dropped as dead on the banks of the rivers where they stood, as soon as this fish touches the bait. Cæsar used to laugh at this, and believed it impossible a man could lose his force at the touch of a fish; and could not understand that philosophy, that a cold quality should be of that nature; however, he had a great curiosity to try whether it would have the same effect on him it had on others, and often tried, 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 dismissed the rod before it could have too much power over him; for experiment-sake, he grasped it but the harder, and fainting fell into the river; and being still possessed of the rod, the tide carried him, senseless as he was, a great way, till an Indian boat took him up; and perceived, when they touched 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 snatched it into the boat, eel and all. If Cæsar was almost dead, with the effect of this fish, he was more so with that of the water, where he had remained the space of going a league, and they found they had much ado to bring him back to life; but at last they did, and brought him home, where he was in a few hours well recovered and refreshed, and not a little ashamed to find he should be overcome by an eel, and that all the people who heard his defiance would laugh at him. But we cheered him up; and

he being convinced, 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 could scarce trust ourselves, without great numbers, to go to any Indian towns or place where they abode, for fear they should fall upon us, as they did immediately after my coming away; and the place being in the possession of the Dutch, they used them not so civilly as the English: so that they cut in pieces all they could 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 joints, and nailed him to trees.

This feud began while I was there; so that I lost half the satisfaction I proposed, in not seeing and visiting the Indian towns. But one day, bemoaning of our misfortunes upon this account, Cæsar told us we need not fear, for if we had a mind to go, he would undertake to be our guard. Some would, but most would not venture: about eighteen of us resolved, and took barge; and after eight days, arrived near an Indian town: but approaching it, the hearts of some of our company failed, and they would not venture on shore; so we polled, who would, and who would not. For my part, I said, if Cæsar would, I would go. He resolved; 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 should have a half diversion in gazing only, and not knowing what they said, we took a fisherman that lived at the mouth of the river, who had been a long inhabitant there, and obliged 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 color, we, who had a mind to surprise 'em, by making them see something they never had seen (that is, *white* people), resolved only myself, my brother, and woman should go: so Cæsar, the fisherman, and the rest, hiding

behind some thick reeds and flowers that grew in 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 huts, we saw some dancing, others busied in fetching and carrying of water from the river. They had no sooner spied us but they set up a loud cry, that frightened 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 dressed, so as is most comode for the hot countries, very glittering and rich; so that we appeared extremely fine: my own hair was cut short, and I had a taffety cap, with black feathers on my head; my brother was in a stuff-suit, with silver loops and buttons, and abundance of green ribbon. This was all infinitely surprising to them; and because we saw them stand still till we approached 'em, we took heart and advanced, came up to 'em, and offered 'em our hands; which they took, and looked 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 called out to; as if they would say (as indeed it signified), *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 touched 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 shoes and stockings, but more our garters, which we gave 'em, and they tied about their legs, being laced with silver lace at the ends; for they much esteem any shining things. In fine, we suffered 'em to survey us as they pleased, and we thought they would never have done admiring us. When Cæsar, and the rest, saw we were received with such wonder, they came up to us; and finding the Indian trader whom they knew (for 'tis by these fishermen, called 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 cried 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 cried, *Amora Tiguamy*; which is as much as, *How do you do?* or, *Welcome, Friend*: and all, with one din, began to gabble to him, and asked if we had sense and wit? If we could talk of affairs of life and war, as they could do? If we could hunt, swim, and do a thousand things they use? He answered 'em, we could. Then they invited us into their houses, and dressed venison and buffalo for us; and, going out, gathered a leaf of a tree called 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, set us on little low Indian stools, which they cut out of one entire 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-seasoned with pepper. When we had eat, my brother and I took out our flutes, and played to 'em, which gave 'em new wonder; and I soon perceived, by an admiration that is natural to these people, and by the extreme 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 on fire with a burning-glass, a trick they had never before seen, they were like to have adored him for a god, and begged he would give 'em 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 fancied it had a charm to conquer them, and kept it like a holy relic. They are very superstitious, and called him the great *Peeie*, that is, *Prophet*. They showed us their *Indian Peeie*, a youth of about sixteen years old, as handsome as Nature could make a man. They consecrate a beautiful youth from his infancy, and all arts are used to complete 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 legerdmain tricks and sleight-of-hand, whereby he imposes upon

the rabble; and is both a doctor in physic 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 feared, loved, and revered. This young *Peeie* had a very young wife, who, seeing my brother kiss her, came running and kissed me. After this they kissed 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 used or known. Cæsar 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 sad dreams can represent so dreadful a spectacle. For my part, I took 'em for hobgoblins, or fiends, rather than men: but however their shapes appeared, 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 appeared: they had several other 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 back, and a quiver of arrows on their thighs; and most had feathers on their heads of divers colors. They cried *Amora Tiguamy* to us, at our entrance, and were pleased we said as much to them: they seated us, and gave us drink of the best sort, and wondered as much as the others had done before, to see us. Cæsar was marveling as much at their faces, wondering how they should 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 battle. 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 could only teach the theory of war, were to stand in competition for the generalship, or great war-captain; and being brought before the old judges, now past labor, they are asked, What they dare do, to show they are worthy to lead an army? When he who is first asked, making no reply, cuts off his nose, and throws it contemptibly on the ground; and the other does something to himself ¹⁰ 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 died in this debate. And it's by a passive valor: they show and prove their activity; a sort of courage too brutal to be applauded by our black hero; nevertheless, he expressed his esteem of 'em.

In this voyage Cæsar begat 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 Cæsar made it his business to search out and provide for our entertainment, especially to please his dearly adored Imoinda, who was a sharer in all our adventures; we being resolved to make her chains as easy as we could, and to compliment the prince in that manner that most obliged him. ³⁰

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 rowed us asked 'em some questions; but they could not understand us, but showed 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 could give us to understand, came streaming in little small channels down the high mountains, when the rains fell; and offered to be the convoy to anybody or persons that would go to the mountains. We carried these men up to Parham, where they were kept till the Lord-Governor came: and because all the

country was made to be going on this golden adventure, the Governor, by his letters, commanded (for they sent some of the gold to him) that a guard should be set at the mouth of the River of Amazons (a river so called, 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 ¹⁰ for England before the project was further prosecuted, and the Governor being drowned in a hurricane, either the design died or the Dutch have the advantage of it: and 'tis to be bemoaned what his Majesty lost by losing 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 some time we diverted him; but now Imoinda began to show she was with child, and did nothing but sigh and weep for the captivity of her lord, herself, and the infant yet unborn; and believed, if it were so hard to gain the liberty of two, 'twould be more difficult to get that for three. Her griefs were so many darts in the great heart of Cæsar, 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 being their day of debauch (otherwise they were a sort of spies upon Cæsar), he went, pretending out of goodness to 'em, to feast among 'em, and sent all his music, and ⁴⁰ ordered a great treat for the whole gang, about three hundred negroes, and about an 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 could draw from a scabbard; except the people of particular quality, who took care to oil 'em, and keep 'em in good order: the guns also, unless here and there one, or those newly carried from England, would do no good or harm; for 'tis the nature of that country to rust and eat up iron, or any metals but gold and

silver. And they are very unexpert at the bow, which the negroes and Indians are perfect masters of.

Cæsar, having singled out these men from the women and children, made an harangue to 'em, of the miseries and ignominies of slavery; counting up all their toils and sufferings, under such loads, burdens, and drudgeries as were fitter for beasts than men; senseless brutes, than 10 human 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 suffered not like men who might find a glory and fortitude in oppression; but like dogs, that loved the whip and bell, and fawned 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, 20 having done his duty, could lie down in retreat, and rise to work again, and while he did his duty, endured no stripes; but men, villainous, senseless men, such as they, toiled on all the tedious week till *Black Friday*: and then, whether they worked or not, whether they were faulty or meriting, they, promiscuously, the innocent with the guilty, suffered the infamous whip, the sordid stripes, from their fellow-slaves, till their 30 blood trickled from all parts of their body; blood, whose every drop ought to be revenged with a life of some of those tyrants that impose it. "And why," said he, "my dear friends and fellow-sufferers, should we be slaves to an unknown people? Have they vanquished us nobly in fight? Have they won us in honorable battle? And are we by the chance of war become their slaves? This would not anger a noble heart; this 40 would not animate a soldier's 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 and runagates, that have abandoned their own countries for rapine, murders, theft, and villainies. Do you not hear every day how they upbraid each other with infamy of life, below the wildest savages? And shall we render obedience to such a de- 50 generate race, who have no one human virtue left, to distinguish them from the vilest creatures? Will you, I say, suffer the lash

from such hands?" They all replied with one accord, "No, no, no; Cæsar has spoke like a great captain, like a great king."

After this he would 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 Cæsar, cried, "My Lord, we have listened with joy and attention to what you have said; and, were we only men, would 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 those unpassable woods, mountains, and bogs. We have not only difficult lands to overcome, but rivers to wade, and mountains to encounter; ravenous beasts of prey."—To this Cæsar replied that honor 20 was the first principle in Nature, that was to be obeyed; but as no man would pretend to that, without all the acts of virtue, compassion, charity, love, justice, and reason, he found it not inconsistent with that to take equal care of their wives and children as they would of themselves; and that he did not design, when he led them to freedom and glorious liberty, that they should 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 virtue, to choose slavery before the pursuit of her husband, and with the hazard of her life to share with him in his fortunes that such a one ought to be abandoned, 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 convinced them, 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 should a few shrubs oppose them, which they could fire before 'em? No, 'twas a trifling excuse to men resolved to die, or overcome. As for bogs, they are with a little labor filled and hardened; and the rivers could be no ob- 50 stacle, since they swam by nature, at least by custom, from the first hour of their birth: that when the children were weary, they must carry them by turns, and the

woods and their own industry would afford them food. To this they all assented with joy.

Tuscan then demanded what he would do. He said they would travel towards the sea, plant a new colony, and defend it by their valor; and when they could find a ship, either driven by stress of weather, or guided by Providence that way, they would seize it, and make it a prize, till it had transported them to their own countries: at least they should be made free in his kingdom, and be esteemed as his fellow-sufferers, and men that had the courage and the bravery to attempt, at least, for liberty; and if they died in the attempt, it would be more brave than to live in perpetual slavery.

They bowed and kissed his feet at this resolution, and with one accord vowed 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 shoulders, and under their arm, like a scarf, and to lead their children that could go, and carry those that could not. The wives, who pay an entire obedience to their husbands, obeyed, and staid for 'em where they were appointed: The men staid but to furnish themselves with what defensive arms they could get; and all met at the rendezvous, where Cæsar made a new encouraging speech to 'em, and led 'em out.

But as they could not march far that night, on Monday early, when the overseers went to call 'em all together to go to work, they were extremely surprised, 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 reached the neighboring ones; and we had by noon about 600 men, they call the militia of the country, that came to assist us in the pursuit of the fugitives: but never did one see so comical an army march forth to war. The men of any fashion would not concern themselves, though it were almost the common cause; for such re-
voltings are very ill examples, and have very fatal consequences oftentimes, in many colonies: but they had a respect for

Cæsar, and all hands were against the Parhamites (as they called those of Parham Plantation) because they did not in the first place love the Lord-Governor; and secondly, they would have it that Cæsar was ill used, and baffled 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 would 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-tongued fellow in the world, and one that pretended the most friendship to Cæsar, was now the only violent man against him; and though he had nothing, and so need fear nothing, yet talked and looked bigger than any man. He was a fellow whose character is not fit to be mentioned with the worst of the slaves. This fellow would lead his army forth to meet Cæsar, or rather to pursue him. Most of their arms were of those sort of cruel whips they call *cat with nine tails*; 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 along, rather to be a mediator than a conqueror in such a battle; for he foresaw and knew, if by fighting they put the negroes into despair, they were a sort of sullen fellows, that would drown or kill themselves before they would yield; and he advised that fair means was best: but Byam was one that abounded in his own wit, and would take his own measures.

It was not hard to find these fugitives; for as they fled, they were forced to fire and cut the woods before 'em: so that night or day they pursued 'em by the light they made, and by the path they had cleared. But as soon as Cæsar found he was pursued, he put himself in a posture of defense, placing all the women and children in the rear; and himself, with Tuscan by his side, or next to him, all promising to die or conquer. Encouraged thus, they never stood to parley, but fell on pell-mell upon the English, and killed some, and wounded a great many they having recourse to their whips, as the best of their

weapons. And as they observed no order, they perplexed 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 pardoned!" they all run in amongst their husbands and fathers, and hung about them, crying out, "Yield! Yield! and leave Cæsar to their revenge":¹⁰ that by degrees the slaves abandoned Cæsar, and left him only Tuscan and his heroic Imoinda, who, grown big as she was, did nevertheless press near her lord, having a bow and a quiver full of poisoned arrows, which she managed with such dexterity that she wounded several, and shot the Governor into the shoulder; of which wound he had like to have died, but that an Indian woman, his mistress, sucked the²⁰ wound, and cleansed it from the venom: but however, he stirred not from the place till he had parleyed with Cæsar, who he found was resolved to die fighting, and would not be taken; no more would 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 Cæsar to yield himself upon³⁰ 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 feared him, or could believe the force of two men, and a young heroine, could overthrow all them, and 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 reproach⁴⁰ hereafter of having been the occasion of the death of a prince whose valor and magnanimity deserved the empire of the world. He protested to him, he looked upon this action as gallant and brave, however tending to the prejudice of his lord and master, who would by it have lost so considerable a number of slaves; that this flight of his should be looked on as a heat of youth, and a rashness of a too forward courage,⁵⁰ and an unconsidered impatience of liberty, and no more; and that he labored in vain to accomplish that which they would ef-

fectually perform as soon as any ship arrived that would touch on his coast: "So that if you will be pleased," continued he, "to surrender yourself, all imaginable respect shall be paid you, and yourself, your wife, and child, if it be born here, shall depart free out of our land." But Cæsar would hear of no composition, though Byam urged, if he pursued and went on¹⁰ in his design, he would 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 could not be secured from being devoured. But Cæsar told him there was no faith in the white men, or the gods they adored; who instructed them in principles so false that honest men could not live amongst them; though no people professed so much, none performed so little: that he knew what he had to do when he dealt with men of honor, but with them a man ought to be eternally on his guard, and never to eat and drink with Christians, without his weapon of defense 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 would confess the Governor is in the right;²⁰ and that he was ashamed of what he had done, in endeavoring to make those free who were by nature slaves, poor wretched rogues, fit to be used as Christians' tools; dogs, treacherous and cowardly, fit for such masters, and they wanted only but to be whipped into the knowledge of the Christian gods, to be the vilest of all creeping things; to learn to worship such deities³⁰ as had not power to make them 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 die 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 Cæsar's hands, and took⁴⁰ him aside, and persuaded him, even with tears, to live, by surrendering himself, and to name his conditions. Cæsar was overcome by his wit and reasons, and in con-

sideration of Imoinda: and demanding what he desired, and that it should be ratified by their hands in writing, because he had perceived that was the common way of contract between man and man amongst the whites; all this was performed, and Tuscan's pardon was put in, and they surrendered to the Governor, who walked peaceably down into the plantation with them, after giving order to bury their dead. Cæsar was very much toiled with the bustle of the day, for he had fought like a fury; and what mischief was done, he and Tuscan performed alone; and gave their enemies a fatal proof that they durst do anything, and feared no mortal force.

But they were no sooner arrived at the place where all the slaves receive their punishments of whipping but they laid hands on Cæsar and Tuscan, faint with heat and toil; and surprising them, bound them to two several stakes, and whipped them in a most deplorable and inhuman manner, rending the very flesh from their bones, especially Cæsar, who was not perceived to make any moan, or to alter his face, only to roll his eyes on the faithless Governor, and those he believed guilty, with fierceness and indignation; and to complete his rage, he saw every one of those slaves, who but a few days before adored 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, which was at once both awful and terrible to behold.

When they thought they were sufficiently revenged on him, they untied him, almost fainting with loss of blood, from a thousand wounds all over his body; from which they had rent his clothes, and led him bleeding and naked as he was, and loaded him all over with irons, and then rubbed his wounds, to complete 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 could not stir, if his pains and wounds would have given him leave. They spared Imoinda, and did not let her see this barbarity committed towards her lord, but

carried her down to Parham, and shut her up; which was not in kindness to her, but for fear she should die with the sight, or miscarry, and then they should lose a young slave, and perhaps the mother.

You must know that when the news was brought on Monday morning that Cæsar had betaken himself to the woods, and carried with him all the negroes, we were possessed with extreme fear, which no persuasions could dissipate, that he would secure himself till night, and then, that he would come down and cut all our throats. This apprehension made all the females of us fly down the river, to be secured; 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 gone many leagues but the news overtook us, that Cæsar was taken and whipped 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 Cæsar, and resented this false dealing with him very much. We carried him back to Parham, thinking to have made an accommodation; when he 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 would have the pleasure of beholding the revenge he took on Cæsar; and before the cruel ceremony was finished, he dropped down; and then they perceived the wound he had on his shoulder was by a venomous arrow, which, as I said, his Indian mistress healed, by sucking the wound.

We were no sooner arrived but we went up to the plantation to see Cæsar; whom we found in a very miserable and unexpressible condition; and I have a thousand times admired how he lived in so much tormenting pain. We said all things to him that trouble, pity, and good-nature could suggest, protesting our innocence of the fact, and our abhorrence of such cruelties;

making a thousand professions and services to him, and begging as many pardons for the offenders, till we said so much that he believed we had no hand in his ill treatment: but told us, he could never pardon Byam; as for Trefry, he confessed he saw his grief and sorrow for his suffering, which he could not hinder, but was like to have been beaten down by the very slaves, for speaking in his defense: but for Byam, who was their leader, their head—and should, by his justice and honor, have been an example to 'em—for him he wished to live to take a dire revenge of him; and said, "It had been well for him if he had sacrificed me instead of giving me the contemptible whip." He refused to talk much; but begging us to give him our hands, he took them, 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 assured him he would obey him in anything but his revenge on Byam. "Therefore," said he, "for his own safety, let him speedily dispatch me; for if I could dispatch myself, I would not, till that justice were done to my injured person, and the contempt of a soldier. No, I would not kill myself, even after a whipping, but will be content to live with that infamy, and be pointed at by every grinning slave, till I have completed my revenge; and then you shall see that Oroonoko scorns to live with the indignity that was put on Cæsar." All we could do could 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 ordered a surgeon to anoint him with healing balm, which he suffered, and in some time he began to be able to walk and eat. We failed not to visit him every day, and to that end had him brought to an apartment at Parham.

The Governor had no sooner recovered, and had heard of the menaces of Cæsar, but he called 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 them worthy the name of men; but at the very council-table would contradict and fight with one another, and swear so bloodily that 'twas terrible to hear and see 'em. (Some of 'em were afterwards hanged 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 Cæsar 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 Cæsar should be hanged.

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 Whitehall; and that they ought no more to touch the servants of the lord (who there represented the King's person) than they could 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 entrusted with him, as far as the dominions of his particular plantations reached, and all that belonged 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 interested themselves in Cæsar's life, and absolutely said he should be defended. So turning the Governor, and his wise council, out of doors (for they sat at Parham-House), we set a guard upon our lodging-place, and would admit none but those we called friends to us and Cæsar.

The Governor having remained wounded at Parham till his recovery was completed, Cæsar did not know but he was still there, and indeed, for the most part, his time was spent there: for he was one that loved to live at other people's expense, and if he were a day absent, he was ten present there; and used to play and walk, and hunt and fish with Cæsar. So that Cæsar did not at all doubt, if he once recovered

strength, but he should find an opportunity of being revenged on him; though, after such a revenge, he could not hope to live: for if he escaped the fury of the English mobile, who perhaps would have been glad of the occasion to have killed him, he was resolved not to survive his whipping; yet he had some tender hours, a repenting softness, which he called his fits of cowardice, wherein he struggled with love for the victory of his heart, which took part with his charming Imoinda there: but, for the most part, his time was passed in melancholy thoughts and black designs. He considered, if he should do this deed, and die either in the attempt or after it, he left his lovely Imoinda a prey, or at best a slave to the enraged multitude; his great heart could not endure 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 borne. 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 enraged him; pleasing his great heart with the fancied slaughter he should make over the whole face of the plantation; he first resolved on a deed that (however horrid it first appeared to us all) when we had heard his reasons, we thought it brave and just. Being able to walk, and, as he believed, fit for the execution of his great design, he begged Trefry to trust him into the air, believing a walk would do him good; which was granted him: and taking Imoinda with him as he used 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 gushed, 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 heroic wife faster pleading for death than he was to propose it, when she found his fixed resolution; and, on her knees, besought him not to leave her a prey to his enemies. He

(grieved to death, yet pleased at her noble resolution) took her up, and embracing of 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 trickled down his cheeks, hers were smiling with joy she should die by so noble a hand, and be sent into her own country (for that's their notion of the next world) by him she so tenderly loved, and so truly adored 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 dies 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 resolved 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 could say in such cases being ended, and all the intermitting irresolutions being adjusted, the lovely, young, and adored victim lays herself down before the sacrificer; while he, with a hand resolved, 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 the fruits of tenderest love. As soon as he had done, he laid the body decently on leaves and flowers, of which he made a bed, and concealed it under the same coverlid 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 swelled up to rage; he tore, he raved, he roared like some monster of the wood, calling on the loved name of Imoinda. A thousand times he turned the fatal knife that did the deed toward his own heart, with a resolution to go immediately after her; but dire revenge, which was now a thousand times more fierce in his soul than before, prevents him: and he would cry out, "No, since I have sacrificed Imoinda to my revenge, shall I lose that glory which I have purchased so dear, as at the price of the fairest, dearest, softest

creature that ever Nature made? No, no!" Then at her name grief would get the ascendant of rage, and he would lie 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 beloved and more adored than ever.

He remained in this deplorable condition for two days, and never rose from the ground where he had made her 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 deferred too long, he resolved now to finish the great work; but offering to rise, he found his strength so decayed that he reeled to and fro, like boughs assailed by contrary winds; so that he was forced to lie down again, and try to summon all his courage to his aid. He found his brains turned round, and his eyes were dizzy, and objects appeared 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 his feebleness, but excess of grief was the greatest, yet still he hoped he should recover vigor 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 could not.

In all this time you may believe we were in no little affliction for Cæsar and his wife: some were of opinion he was escaped, never to return; others thought some accident had happened to him: but however, we failed not to send out a 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 reconciled to Byam. They had not gone very far into the wood but they smelt an unusual smell, as of a dead body; for stinks must be very noisome that can be distinguished among such a quantity of natural sweets as every inch of that land produces: so that they con-

cluded they should find him dead, or some body that was so; they passed on towards it, as loathsome as it was, and made such rustling among the leaves that lie thick on the ground, by continual falling, that Cæsar heard he was approached: and though he had, during the space of these eight days, endeavored to rise, but found he wanted strength, yet looking up, and seeing his pursuers, he rose, and reeled to a neighboring tree, against which he fixed his back; and being within a dozen yards of those that advanced and saw him, he called out to them, and bid them approach no nearer, if they would be safe. So that they stood still, and hardly believing their eyes, that would persuade them that it was Cæsar that spoke to 'em, so much was he altered; they asked 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, cried, "Behold her there." They put off the flowers that covered her, with their sticks, and found she was killed, and cried out, "O monster! that hast murdered thy wife." Then asking him why he did so cruel a deed; he replied, he had no leisure 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 designed him." But his tongue faltering, and trembling, he could scarce end what he was saying. The English, taking advantage of his weakness, cried, "Let us take him alive by all means." He heard 'em; and, as if he had revived from a fainting, or a dream, he cried out, "No, Gentlemen, you are deceived; you will find no more Cæsars to be whipped; 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 anew; and he only shook his head, and beheld them with scorn. Then they cried out "Who will venture on this single man? Will nobody?" They stood all silent while Cæsar 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 would live if I could, 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 fall a victim to the shameful whip." At that, he ripped up his own belly, and took his bowels and pulled 'em out, with what strength he could; while some, on their knees imploring, besought him to hold his hand. But when they saw him tottering, they cried out, "Will none venture on him?" A bold Englishman cried, "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 rushed on him. Cæsar with his armed hand met him so fairly as stuck him to the heart, and he fell dead at his feet. Tuscan, seeing that, cried out, "I love thee, O Cæsar! and therefore will not let thee die, if possible," and running to him, took him in his arms: but, at the same time, warding a blow that Cæsar made at his bosom, he received it quite through his arm; and Cæsar having not the strength to pluck the knife forth, though he attempted it, Tuscan neither pulled it out himself, nor suffered it to be pulled out, but came down with it sticking in his arm; and the reason he gave for it was, because the air should not get into the wound. They put their hands across, and carried Cæsar between six of 'em, fainting 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 surgeon immediately to him, who dressed his wounds, and sowed up his belly, and used 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 altered that his face was like a death's-head blacked over, nothing but teeth and eye-holes: for some days we suffered nobody to speak to him, but caused cordials to be poured down his throat; which sustained his life, and in six or seven days he recovered his senses:

for you must know that wounds are almost to a miracle cured in the Indies; unless wounds in the legs, which they rarely ever cure.

When he was well enough to speak, we talked to him, and asked him some questions about his wife, and the reasons why he killed 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 die, and was extremely afflicted to think it was possible he might live: he assured us, if we did not dispatch him, he would prove very fatal to a great many. We said all we could to make him live, and gave him new assurances; but he begged we would not think so poorly of him, or of his love to Imoinda, to imagine we could flatter him to life again: but the surgeon assured him he could not live, and therefore he need not fear. We were all (but Cæsar) afflicted at this news, and the sight was ghastly: his discourse was sad; and the earthy smell about him so strong that I was persuaded to leave the place for some time (being myself but sickly, and very apt to fall into fits of dangerous illness upon any extraordinary melancholy). The servants, and Trefry, and the surgeons, promised all to take what possible care they could of the life of Cæsar; and I, taking boat, went with other company to Colonel Martin's, about three days' journey down the river. But I was no sooner gone than the Governor, taking Trefry, about some pretended earnest business, a day's journey up the river, having communicated his design to one Banister, a wild Irishman, and one of the council, a fellow of absolute barbarity, and fit to execute any villainy, but rich; he came up to Parham, and forcibly took Cæsar, and had him carried to the same post where he was whipped; and causing him to be tied to it, and a great fire made before him, he told him he should die like a dog, as he was. Cæsar replied, this was the first piece of bravery that ever Banister did, and he never spoke sense till he pronounced that word; and, if he would keep it, he would 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 had bound him, he said, "My friends, am I to die, or to be whipped?" And they cried, "Whipped! no, you shall not escape so well." And then he replied, smiling, "A blessing on thee"; and assured them they need not tie him, for he would stand fixed like a rock, and endure death so as should encourage them to die; "But if you whip me," said he, "be sure 10 you tie me fast."

He had learned to take tobacco; and when he was assured he should die, he desired 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-favored knife, they cut off his ears and his nose and burned them; he still smoked on, as if nothing 20 had touched him; then they hacked 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

dropped, and he gave up the ghost, without a groan or a reproach. My mother and sister were by him all the while, but not suffered to save him; so rude and wild were the rabble, and so inhuman were the justices who stood by to see the execution, who after paid dearly enough for their insolence. They cut Cæsar in quarters, and sent them to several of the chief plantations: one quarter was sent to Colonel Martin, who refused it, and swore he had rather see the quarters of Banister, and the Governor himself, than those of Cæsar, on his plantations; and that he could govern his negroes without terrifying and grieving them with frightful spectacles of a mangled king.

Thus died 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.

GEORGE SAVILE, FIRST MARQUIS OF HALIFAX (1633-1695)

THE CHARACTER OF A TRIMMER

[1688].

THE PREFACE

It must be more than an ordinary provocation that can tempt a man to write in an age overfrown with scribblers, as Egypt was with flies and locusts. That worst vermin of small authors hath given the world such a surfeit that, instead of desiring to write, a man would be more inclined to wish, for his own ease, that he could not read; but there are some things which do so raise our passions that our reason can make no resistance; and when madmen, in two extremes, shall agree to make common sense treason and join 'to fix an ill character upon the only men in the nation who deserve a good one, I am no longer master of my better resolution to let the world alone, and must break loose from my more reasonable thoughts, to expose these
20 false coiners who would make their copper wares pass upon us for good payment.

Amongst all the engines of dissension there hath been none more powerful in all times than the fixing names upon one another of contumely and reproach, and the reason is plain, in respect of the people, who though generally they are incapable of making a syllogism or forming an argument, yet they can pronounce a word;
30 and that serveth their turn to throw it with their dull malice at the head of those they do not like; such things ever begin in jest and end in blood, and the same word which at first maketh the company merry groweth in time to a military signal to cut one another's throats.

These mistakes are to be lamented, though not easily cured, being suitable

enough to the corrupted nature of mankind; but 'tis hard that men will not only invent ill names, but they will wrest and misinterpret good ones; so afraid some are even of a reconciling sound that they raise another noise to keep it from being heard, lest it should set up and encourage a dangerous sort of men, who prefer peace and agreement before violence and confusion.

10 Were it not for this, why, after we have played the fool with throwing *Whig* and *Tory* at one another, as boys do snow-balls, do we grow angry at a new name, which by its true signification might do as much to put us into our wits as the other hath done to put us out of them?

This innocent word *Trimmer* signifieth no more than this, that if men are together in a boat, and one part of the company would weigh it down on one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary; it happeneth there is a third opinion, of those who conceive it would do as well if the boat went even, without endangering the passengers; now 'tis hard to imagine by what figure in language or by what rule in sense this cometh to be a fault, and it is much more a wonder it should be thought a heresy.

30 But so it happeneth that the poor *Trimmer* hath now all the powder spent upon him alone, while the *Whig* is a forgotten, or at least a neglected, enemy; there is no danger now to the State (if some men may be believed) but from the beast called a *Trimmer*—take heed of him, he is the instrument that must destroy Church and State; a strange kind of monster, whose deformity is so exposed that, were it a

true picture that is made of him, it would be enough to fright children and make women miscarry at the sight of it.

But it may be worth the examining, whether he is such a beast as he is painted. I am not of that opinion, and am so far from thinking him an infidel either in Church or State that I am neither afraid to expose the articles of his faith in relation to government, nor to say that I prefer them before any other political creed that either our angry divines or our refined statesmen would impose upon us.

I have therefore in the following discourse endeavored to explain the Trimmer's principles and opinions, and then leave it to all discerning and impartial judges whether he can with justice be so arraigned, and whether those who deliberately pervert a good name do not very justly deserve the worst that can be put upon themselves.

THE TRIMMER'S OPINION OF THE LAWS AND GOVERNMENT

Our Trimmer, as he hath a great veneration for laws in general, so he hath a more particular for our own; he looketh upon them as the chains that tie up our unruly passions, which else, like wild beasts let loose, would reduce the world into its first state of barbarism and hostility; the good things we enjoy, we owe to them; and all the ill things we are freed from is by their protection.

God himself thought it not enough to be a creator, without being a lawgiver, and His goodness had been defective towards mankind in making them if He had not prescribed rules to make them happy too.

All laws flow from that of Nature, and where that is not the foundation, they may be legally imposed, but they will be lamely obeyed. By this Nature is not meant that which fools and madmen misquote to justify their excesses, it is innocent and uncorrupted Nature, that which disposeth men to choose virtue, without its being prescribed, and which is so far from inspiring ill thoughts into us that we take pains to suppress the good ones it infuseth.

The civilized world hath ever paid a

willing subjection to laws, even conquerors have done homage to them; as the Romans, who took patterns of good laws even from those they had subdued; and at the same time that they triumphed over an enslaved people, the very laws of that place did not only remain safe, but became victorious; their new masters, instead of suppressing them, paid them more respect than they had from those who first made them: and by this wise method they arrived to such an admirable constitution of laws that to this day they reign by them; this excellency of them triumpheth still, and the world payeth now an acknowledgment of their obedience to that mighty empire, though so many ages after it is dissolved; and by a later instance, the kings of France, who in practice use their laws pretty familiarly, yet think their picture is drawn with most advantage upon their seals when they are placed in the seat of justice: and though the hieroglyphic is not there of so much use to the people as they would wish, yet it showeth that no prince is so great as not to think fit, for his own credit at least, to give an outward, when he refuseth a real, worship to the laws.

They are to mankind that which the sun is to plants, whilst it cherisheth and preserveth them. Where they have their force and are not clouded or suppressed, everything smileth and flourisheth; but where they are darkened, and not suffered to shine out, it maketh everything to wither and decay.

They secure men not only against one another, but against themselves too; they are a sanctuary to which the crown hath occasion to resort as often as the people, so that it is an interest as well as a duty to preserve them.

There would be no end of making a panegyric of laws: let it be enough to add that without laws the world would become a wilderness, and men little less than beasts; but with all this, the best things may come to be the worst if they are not in good hands; and if it be true that the wisest men generally make the laws, it is as true that the strongest do often interpret them: and as rivers belong as much to the channel where they run as to the spring from

whence they rise, so the laws depend as much upon the pipes through which they are to pass as upon the fountain from whence they flow.

The authority of a king who is head of the law, as well as the dignity of public justice, is debased when the clear stream of the law is puddled and disturbed by bunglers, or conveyed by unclean instruments to the people.

Our Trimmer would have them appear in their full luster, and would be grieved to see the day when, instead of speaking with authority from the seats of justice, they should speak out of a grate, with a lamenting voice like prisoners that desire to be rescued.

He wisheth that the bench may have a natural as well as a legal superiority to the bar; he thinketh men's abilities very much misplaced when the reason of him that pleadeth is visibly too strong for those who judge and give sentence.

When those from the bar seem to dictate to their superiors upon the bench, their furs will look scurvily about them, and the respect of the world will leave the bare character of a judge to follow the essential knowledge of a lawyer, who may be greater in himself than the other can be with all his trappings.

An uncontested superiority in any calling will have the better of any discountenance that authority can put upon it, and therefore if ever such an unnatural method should be introduced, it is then that Westminster Hall might be said to stand upon its head, and, though justice itself can never be so, yet the administration of it would be rendered ridiculous.

A judge hath such power lodged in him that the king will never be thought to have chosen well where the voice of mankind hath not beforehand recommended the man to his station; when men are made judges of what they do not understand, the world censureth such a choice, not out of ill will to the men, but fear to themselves.

If the king had the sole power of choosing physicians, men would tremble to see bunglers preferred, yet the necessity of taking physic from a doctor is generally not so great as that of receiving justice

from a judge; and yet the inferences will be very severe in such cases, for either it will be thought that such men bought what they were not able to deserve or, which is as bad, that obedience shall be looked upon as a better qualification in a judge than skill or integrity, when such sacred things as the laws are not only touched, but guided, by profane hands; men will fear that out of the tree of the law, from whence we expect shade and shelter, such workmen will make cudgels to beat us with, or rather that they will turn the cannon upon our properties, that were entrusted with them for their defense.

To see the laws mangled, disguised, speak quite another language than their own, to see them thrown from the dignity of protecting mankind to the disgraceful office of destroying them, and notwithstanding their innocence in themselves, to be made the worst instruments that the most refined villainy can make use of, will raise men's anger above the power of laying it down again, and tempt them to follow the evil examples given them of judging without hearing, when so provoked by their desire of revenge. Our Trimmer therefore, as he thinketh the laws are jewels, so he believeth they are nowhere better set than in the constitution of our English Government, if rightly understood, and carefully preserved.

It would be too great partiality to say they are perfect or liable to no objection: such things are not of this world, but if they have more excellencies and fewer faults than any other we know, it is enough to recommend them to our esteem.

The dispute, which is a greater beauty, a monarchy or a commonwealth, hath lasted long between their contending lovers, and they have behaved themselves so like lovers (who in good manners must be out of their wits), who used such figures to exalt their own idols on either side, and such angry aggravation to reproach one another in the contest, that moderate men have in all times smiled upon this eagerness, and thought it differed very little from a downright frenzy: we in England, by a happy use of the controversy, conclude them both in the wrong, and reject them from being

our pattern, not taking the words in the utmost extent, which is monarchy, a thing that leaveth men no liberty, and a commonwealth, such a one as alloweth them no quiet.

We think that a wise mean between these barbarous extremes is that which self-preservation ought to dictate to our wishes; and we may say we have attained to this mean in a greater measure than any nation now in being, or perhaps any we have read of, though never so much celebrated for the wisdom or felicity of their constitutions. We take from one the too great power of doing hurt, and yet leave enough to govern and protect us; we take from the other the confusion, the parity, the animosities, and the license, and yet reserve a due care of such a liberty as may consist with men's allegiance; but it being hard, if not impossible, to be exactly even, our government hath much the stronger bias toward monarchy, which, by the general consent and practice of mankind, seemeth to have the advantage in dispute against a commonwealth. The rules of a commonwealth are too hard for the bulk of mankind to come up to; that form of government requireth such a spirit to carry it on as doth not dwell in great numbers, but is restrained to so very few, especially in this age, that let the methods appear never so reasonable on paper, they must fail in practice, which will ever be suited more to men's nature as it is than as it should be.

Monarchy is liked by the people, for the bells and the tinsel, the outward pomp and gilding, and there must be milk for babes, since the greatest part of mankind are, and ever will be, included in that list; and it is approved by wise and thinking men (all circumstances and objections impartially considered) that it hath so great an advantage above all other forms when the administration of that power falleth in good hands that all other governments look out of countenance when they are set in competition with it. Lycurgus might have saved himself the trouble of making laws if either he had been immortal or that he could have secured to posterity a succeeding race of princes like himself; his own example was a better law than he could,

with all his skill, tell how to make; such a prince is a living law, that dictateth to his subjects, whose thoughts in that case never rise above their obedience, the confidence they have in the virtue and knowledge of the master preventing the scruples and apprehensions to which men are naturally inclined, in relation to those that govern them; such a magistrate is the life and soul of justice, whereas the law is but a body, and a dead one too, without his influence to give it warmth and vigor, and by the irresistible power of his virtue he doth so reconcile dominion and allegiance that all disputes between them are silenced and subdued, and indeed no monarchy can be perfect and absolute without exception but where the prince is superior by his virtue, as well as by his character and his power; so that to screw out precedents of unlimited power is a plain diminution to a prince that Nature hath made great, and who had better make himself a glorious example to posterity than borrow an authority from dark records raised out of the grave, which, besides their non-usage, it may be affirmed that the instances are very rare of princes having the worst in the dispute with their people if they were eminent for justice in time of peace or conduct in time of war, such advantage the crown giveth to those who adorn it by their own personal virtues.

But since for the greater honor of good and wise princes, and the better to set off their character by the comparison, Heaven hath decreed there must be a mixture, and that such as are perverse or insufficient, or perhaps both, are at least to have their equal turns in the government of the world, and, besides, that the will of man is so various and so unbounded a thing, and so fatal too when joined with power misapplied, it is no wonder if those who are to be governed are unwilling to have so dangerous as well as so uncertain a standard of their obedience.

There must be, therefore, rules and laws: for want of which, or at least the observation of them, it was as capital for a man to say that Nero did not play well upon the lute as to commit treason or blaspheme the gods. And even Vespasian himself had like to have lost his life for sleeping whilst he

should have attended and admired that emperor's impertinence upon the stage. There is a wantonness in great power that men are generally too apt to be corrupted with, and for that reason a wise prince, to prevent the temptation arising from common frailty, would choose to govern by rules for his own sake, as well as for his people's, since it only secureth him from errors, and doth not lessen the real authority that a good magistrate would care to be possessed of; for if the will of a prince is contrary either to reason itself or to the universal opinion of his subjects, the law by a kind restraint rescueth him from a disease that would undo him; if his will on the other side is reasonable or well directed, that will immediately becometh a law, and he is arbitrary by an easy and natural consequence, without taking pains, or overturning the world for it.

If princes consider laws as things imposed on them, they have the appearance of fetters of iron, but to such as would make them their choice as well as their practice, they are chains of gold; and in that respect are ornaments, as in others they are a defense to them; and by a comparison, not improper for God's vicegerents upon earth—as our Maker never commandeth our obedience to anything that as reasonable creatures we ought not to make our own election, so a good and wise governor, though all laws were abolished, would by the voluntary direction of his own reason do, without restraint, the very same things that they would have enjoined.

Our Trimmer thinketh that the king and kingdom ought to be one creature, not to be separated in their political capacity; and when either of them undertake to act a part, it is like the crawling of worms after they are cut in pieces, which cannot be a lasting motion, the whole creature not stirring at a time. If the body have a dead palsy, the head cannot make it move; and God hath not yet delegated such a healing power to princes as that they can in a moment say to a languishing people oppressed and in despair, "Take up your beds and walk."

The figure of a king is so comprehensive and exalted a thing that it is a kind of de-

grading him to lodge that power separately in his own natural person, which can never be safely or naturally great but where the people are so united to him as to be flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone; for when he is reduced to the single definition of a man, he sinketh into so low a character that it is a temptation upon men's allegiance and an impairing that veneration which is necessary to preserve their duty to him; whereas a prince who is so joined to his people that they seem to be his limbs rather than his subjects, clothed with mercy and justice rightly applied in their several places, his throne supported by love as well as by power, and the warm wishes of his devoted subjects, like never-failing incense, still ascending towards him, looketh so like the best image we can frame to ourselves of God Almighty that men would have much ado not to fall down and worship him, and would be much more tempted to the sin of idolatry than to that of disobedience.

Our Trimmer is of opinion that there must be so much dignity inseparably annexed to the royal function as may be sufficient to secure it from insolence and contempt; and there must be condescensions from the throne, like kind showers from heaven, that the prince may look so much the more like God Almighty's deputy upon earth; for power without love hath a terrifying aspect, and the worship which is paid to it is like that which the Indians give out of fear to wild beasts and devils: he that feareth God only because there is an hell must wish there were no God; and he who feareth the king only because he can punish must wish there were no king; so that without a principle of love, there can be no true allegiance, and there must remain perpetual seeds of resistance against a power that is built upon such an unnatural foundation as that of fear and terror. All force is a kind of foul play, and whosoever aimeth at it himself doth by implication allow it to those he playeth with; so that there will be ever matter prepared in the minds of people when they are provoked, and the prince, to secure himself, must live in the midst of his own subjects as if he were in a conquered country, raise arms as if he were

immediately to meet or resist an invasion, and all this while sleep as unquietly from the fear of the remedies as he did before from that of the disease; it being hard for him to forget that more princes have been destroyed by their guards than by their people; and that even at the time when the rule was *Quod principi placuit lex esto*, the armies and Prætorian bands which were the instruments of that unruly power were frequently the means made use of to destroy them who had it. There will ever be this difference between God and vicegerents, that God is still above the instruments He useth, and out of the danger of receiving hurt from them; but princes can never lodge power in any hands which may not at some time turn it back upon them; for though it is possible enough for a king to have power to satisfy his ambition, yet no kingdom hath money enough to satisfy the avarice of under-workmen, who learn from that prince who will exact more than belongeth to him to expect from him much more than they deserve, and, growing angry upon the first disappointment, they are the devils which grow terrible to the conjurors themselves who brought them up and can't send them down again. And besides that there can be no lasting radical security but where the governed are satisfied with the governors, it must be a dominion very unpleasant to a prince of an elevated mind to impose an abject and sordid servility, instead of receiving the willing sacrifice of duty and obedience. The bravest princes in all times who were incapable of any other kind of fear have feared to grieve their own people; such a fear is a glory, and in this sense 'tis an infamy not to be a coward: so that the mistaken heroes who are void of this generous kind of fear need no other aggravation to complete their ill characters.

When a despotic prince hath bruised all his subjects with a slavish obedience, all the force he can use cannot subdue his own fears; enemies of his own creation, to which he can never be reconciled, it being impossible to do injustice and not to fear revenge: there is no cure for this fear but the not deserving to be hurt, and therefore a prince who doth not allow his thoughts

to stray beyond the rules of justice hath always the blessing of an inward quiet and assurance, as a natural effect of his good meaning to his people, and though he will not neglect due precautions to secure himself in all events, yet he is incapable of entertaining vain and remote suspicions of those of whom he resolveth never to deserve ill.

It is very hard for a prince to fear rebellion who neither doth, nor intendeth to do, anything to provoke it; therefore too great a diligence in the governors to raise and improve dangers and fears from the people is no very good symptom, and naturally begetteth an inference that they have thoughts of putting their subjects' allegiance to a trial; and therefore not without some reason fear beforehand that the irregularities they intend may raise men to a resistance.

Our Trimmer thinketh it no advantage to a government to endeavor the suppressing all kind of right which may remain in the body of the people, or to employ small authors in it whose officiousness or want of money may encourage them to write, though it is not very easy to have abilities equal to such a subject; they forget that in their too-high-strained arguments for the rights of princes they very often plead against human nature, which will always give a bias to those reasons which seem of her side; it is the people that readeth those books, and it is the people that must judge of them; and therefore no maxims should be laid down for the right of government to which there can be any reasonable objection; for the world hath an interest, and for that reason is more than ordinary discerning to find out the weak sides of such arguments as are intended to do them hurt; and it is a diminution to a government to promote or countenance such well-affected mistakes which are turned upon it with disadvantage whenever they are detected and exposed; and naturally the too earnest endeavors to take from men the right they have tempt them, by the example, to claim that which they have not.

In power, as in most other things, the way for princes to keep it is not to grasp more than their arms can well hold; the

nice and unnecessary inquiring into these things, or the licensing some books and suppressing some others without sufficient reason to justify the doing either, is so far from being an advantage to a government that it exposeth it to the censure of being partial and to the suspicion of having some hidden designs to be carried on, by these unusual methods.

When all is said, there is a natural reason of state, an undefinable thing, grounded upon the common good of mankind, which is immortal, and in all changes and revolutions still preserveth its original right of saving a nation, when the letter of the law perhaps would destroy it; and, by whatsoever means it moveth, carrieth a power with it that admitteth of no opposition, being supported by Nature, which inspireth an immediate consent at some critical times into every individual member, to that which visibly tendeth to preservation of the whole; and this being so, a wise prince, instead of controverting the right of this reason of state, will by all means endeavor it may be of his side, and then he will be secure.

Our Trimmer cannot conceive that the power of any prince can be lasting but where 'tis built upon the foundation of his own unborrowed virtue; he must not only be the first mover and the fountain, from whence the great acts of state originally flow, but he must be thought so to his people that they may preserve their veneration for him; he must be jealous of his power, and not impart so much of it to any about him as that he may suffer an eclipse by it.

He cannot take too much care to keep himself up; for when a prince is thought to be led by those with whom he should only advise, and that the commands he giveth are transmitted through him, and are not of his own growth, the world will look upon him as a bird adorned with feathers that are not his own, or consider him rather as an engine than a living creature; besides, 'twould be a contradiction for a prince to fear a commonwealth and at the same time create one himself by delegating such a power to any number of men near him as is inconsistent with the figure

of a monarch: it is the worst kind of coordination that the crown can submit to; for it is the exercise of power that draweth the respect along with it, and when that is parted with, the bare character of a king is not sufficient to keep it up; but though it is a diminution to a prince to parcel out so liberally his power amongst his favorites, it is worse to divide with any other man, and to bring himself in competition with a single rival; a partner in government is so unnatural a thing that it is a squint-eyed allegiance that must be paid to such a double-bottomed monarchy. The two Czars of Muscovy are an example that the more civilized part of the world will not be prone to follow. Whatsoever gloss may be put upon this method by those to whom it may be of some use, the prince will do well to remember and reflect upon the story of certain men who had set up a statue in honor of the sun, yet in a very little time they turned their backs to the sun and their faces to the statue.

These mystical unions are better placed in the other world than they are in this, and we shall have much ado to find that in a monarchy God's vicegerency is delegated to more heads than that which is anointed.

Princes may lend some of their light to make another shine, but they must still preserve the superiority of being the brighter planet, and when it happeneth that the reversion is in men's eyes, there is more care necessary to keep up the dignity of possessions, that men may not forget who is king, either out of their hopes or fears who shall be. If the sun should part with all his light to any of the stars, the Indians would not know where to find their god, after he had so deposed himself, and would make the light (wherever it went) the object of their worship.

All usurpation is alike upon sovereignty, it is no matter from what hand it cometh, and crowned heads are to be the more circumspect, in respect men's thoughts are naturally apt to ramble beyond what is present; they love to work at a distance, and in their greedy expectations which their minds may be filled with of a new master, the old one may be left to look a little out of countenance.

Our Trimmer owneth a passion for liberty, yet so restrained that it doth not in the least impair or taint his allegiance; he thinketh it hard for a soul that doth not love liberty ever to raise itself to another world; he taketh it to be the foundation of all virtue, and the only seasoning that giveth a relish to life, and though the laziness of a slavish subjection hath its charms for the more gross and earthly part of mankind, yet to men made of a better sort of clay all that the world can give without liberty hath no taste; it is true, nothing is sold so cheap by unthinking men, but that doth no more lessen the real value of it than a country fellow's ignorance doth that of a diamond in selling it for a pot of ale. Liberty is the mistress of mankind, she hath powerful charms which do so dazzle us that we find beauties in her which perhaps are not there, as we do in other mistresses; yet if she was not a beauty, the world would not run mad for her; therefore, since the reasonable desire of it ought not to be restrained, and that even the unreasonable desire of it cannot be entirely suppressed, those who would take it away from a people possessed of it are likely to fail in the attempting, or be very unquiet in the keeping of it.

Our Trimmer admireth our blessed constitution, in which dominion and liberty are so well reconciled; it giveth to the prince the glorious power of commanding freemen, and to the subject the satisfaction of seeing the power so lodged as that their liberties are secure; it doth not allow the crown such a ruining power as that no grass can grow where'er it treadeth, but a cherishing and protecting power; such a one as hath a grim aspect only to the offending subjects, but is the joy and the pride of all the good ones; their own interest being so bound up in it as to engage them to defend and support it; and though in some instances the king is restrained, yet nothing in the government can move without him: our laws make a distinction between vassalage and obedience, between a devouring prerogative and a licentious un- governable freedom: and as of all the orders of building the composite is the best, so ours by a happy mixture and a wise

choice of what is best in others is brought into a form that is our felicity who live under it, and the envy of our neighbor that cannot imitate it.

The crown hath power sufficient to protect our liberties. The people have so much liberty as is necessary to make them useful to the crown.

Our government is in a just proportion, no tympany, no unnatural swelling either of power or liberty; and, whereas in all overgrown monarchies reason, learning, and inquiry are hanged in effigy for mutineers, here they are encouraged and cherished as the surest friends to a government established upon the foundation of law and justice. When all is done, those who look for perfection in this world may look as the Jews have for their Messias, and therefore our Trimmer is not so unreasonably partial as to free our government from all objections; no doubt there have been fatal instances of its sickness, and more than that, of its mortality, for some time, though by a miracle it hath been revived again: but till we have another race of mankind, in all constitutions that are bounded there will ever be some matter of strife and contention, and rather than want pretensions, men's passions and interests will raise them from the most inconsiderable causes.

Our government is like our climate: there are winds which are sometimes loud and unquiet, and yet, with all the trouble they give us, we owe great part of our health unto them; they clear the air, which else would be like a standing pool and, instead of refreshment, would be a disease unto us.

There may be fresh gales of asserting liberty without turning into such storms of hurricane as that the State should run any hazard of being cast away by them; these strugglings which are natural to all mixed governments, while they are kept from growing into convulsions, do by a mutual agitation from the several parts rather support and strengthen than weaken or maim the constitution; and the whole frame, instead of being torn or disjointed, cometh to be the better and closer knit by being thus exercised; but whatever faults our government may have, or a discerning critic

may find in it when he looketh upon it alone, let any other be set against it, and then it showeth its comparative beauty; let us look upon the most glittering outside of unbounded authority, and upon a nearer inquiry we shall find nothing but poor and miserable deformity within; let us imagine a prince living in his kingdom, as if in a great galley, his subjects tugging at the oar, laden with chains and reduced to real rags, that they may gain him imaginary laurels; let us represent him gazing among his flatterers and receiving their false worship, like a child never contradicted and therefore always cozened; or like a lady complimented only to be abused, condemned never to hear the truth, and consequently never to do justice, wallowing in the soft bed of wanton and unbridled greatness, not less odious to the instruments themselves than to the objects of his tyranny; blown up into an ambitious dropsy, never to be satisfied by the conquest of other people or by the oppression of his own; by aiming to be more than a man, he falleth lower than the meanest of 'em, a mistaken creature swelled with panegyrics and flattered out of his senses, and not only an encumbrance, but a nuisance to mankind, a hardened and unrelenting soul, and, like some creatures that grow fat with poisons, he groweth great by other men's miseries; an ambitious ape of the Divine Greatness, an unruly giant that would storm even Heaven itself, but that his scaling-ladders are not long enough; in short, a wild and devouring creature in rich trappings, and with all his pride no more than a whip in God Almighty's hand, to be thrown into the fire when the world hath been sufficiently scourged with it. This picture laid in right colors would not incite men to wish for such a government, but rather to acknowledge the happiness of our own, under which we enjoy all the privilege reasonable men can desire, and avoid all the miseries many others are subject to; so that our Trimmer would keep it with all its faults, and doth as little forgive those who give the occasion of breaking it as he doth those that take it.

Our Trimmer is a friend to parliaments, notwithstanding all their faults and ex-

cesses, which of late have given such matter of objection to them; he thinketh that though they may at some times be troublesome to authority, yet they add the greatest strength to it under a wise administration; he believeth no government is perfect except a kind of omnipotence reside in it, to exercise upon great occasions. Now this cannot be obtained by force alone upon people, let it be never so great—there must be their consent too, or else a nation moveth only by being driven, a sluggish and constrained motion, void of that life and vigor which is necessary to produce great things, whereas, the virtual consent of the whole being included in their representatives, and the king giving the sanction to the united sense of the people, every act done by such an authority seemeth to be an effect of their choice as well as a part of their duty; and they do, with an eagerness of which men are incapable whilst under a force, execute whatsoever is so enjoined as their own wills, better explained by parliament, rather than from the terror of incurring the penalty of the law for omitting it, and by means of this political omnipotence, whatever sap or juice there is in a nation may be to the last drop produced, whilst it riseth naturally from the root; whereas all power exercised without consent is like the giving wounds and gashes and tapping a tree at unseasonable times, for the present occasion, which in a very little time must needs destroy it.

Our Trimmer believeth that, by the advantage of our situation, there can hardly any such sudden disease come upon us but that the king may have time enough left to consult with his physicians in parliament; pretenses indeed may be made, but a real necessity so pressing that no delay is to be admitted is hardly to be imagined, and it will be neither easy to give an instance of any such thing for the time past or reasonable to presume it will ever happen for the time to come: but if that strange thing should fall out, our Trimmer is not so strait-laced as to let a nation die, or to be stifled, rather than it should be helped by any but the proper officers. The cases themselves will bring the remedies along with them; and he is not afraid to allow that in

order to its preservation there is a hidden power in government, which would be lost if it was defined, a certain mystery by virtue of which a nation may at some critical times be secured from ruin; but then it must be kept as a mystery; it is rendered useless when touched by unskillful hands, and no government ever had, or deserved to have, that power, which was so unwary as to anticipate their claim to it. Our Trimmer cannot help thinking it had been better if the Triennial Act had been observed; because 'tis the law, and he would not have the crown, by such an example, teach the nation to break it; all irregularity is catching, it hath a contagion in it, especially in an age so much more inclined to follow ill patterns than good ones.

He would have had a parliament, because 'tis an essential part of the constitution, even without the law, it being the only provision in extraordinary cases in which there would be otherwise no remedy, and there can be no greater solecism in government than a failure of justice.

He would have had one because nothing else can unite and heal us, all other means are mere shifts and projects, houses of cards, to be blown down with the least breath, and cannot resist the difficulties which are ever presumed in things of this kind; and he would have had one because

it might have done the King good, and could not possibly have done him hurt, without his consent, which in that case is not to be supposed, and therefore for him to fear it is so strange and so little to be comprehended that the reasons can never be presumed to grow in our soil, or to thrive in it when transplanted from any other country; and no doubt there are such irresistible arguments for calling a parliament that though it might be denied to the unmannerly mutinous petitions of men that are malicious and disaffected, it will be granted to the soft and obsequious murmurs of his Majesty's best subjects, and there will be such rhetoric in their silent grief that it will at last prevail against the artifices of those who, either out of guilt or interest, are afraid to throw themselves upon their country, knowing how scurvily they have used it; that day of judgment will come, though we know neither the day nor the hour. And our Trimmer would live so as to be prepared for it, with full assurance in the mean time that the lamenting voice of a nation cannot long be resisted, and that a prince who could so easily forgive his people when they had been in the wrong cannot fail to hear them when they are in the right.

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THE LADY'S NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT: OR, ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER

[1688].

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That which challengeth the next place in your thoughts is how to live with a husband. And though that is so large a word that a few rules can be fixed to it which are unchangeable, the methods being as various as the several tempers of men to which they must be suited; yet I cannot omit some general observations, which, with the help of your own, may the better direct you in the part of your life upon which your happiness most dependeth.

It is one of the disadvantages belonging to your sex that young women are

seldom permitted to make their own choice; their friends' care and experience are thought safer guides to them than their own fancies; and their modesty often forbiddeth them to refuse when their parents recommend, though their inward consent may not entirely go along with it. In this case there remaineth nothing for them to do but to endeavor to make that easy which falleth to their lot, and by a wise use of everything they may dislike in a husband, turn that by degrees to be very supportable, which, if neglected, might in time beget an aversion.

You may first lay it down for a founda-

tion in general that there is inequality in the sexes, and that for the better economy of the world the men, who were to be the law-givers, had the larger share of reason bestowed upon them; by which means your sex is the better prepared for the compliance that is necessary for the better performance of those duties which seem to be most properly assigned to it. This looks a little uncourtly at the first appearance; but upon examination it will be found that Nature is so far from being unjust to you that she is partial on your side. She hath made you such large amends by other advantages, for the seeming injustice of the first distribution, that the right of complaining is come over to our sex. You have it in your power not only to free yourselves, but to subdue your masters, and without violence throw both their natural and legal authority at your feet. We are made of differing tempers that our defects may the better be mutually supplied: your sex wanteth our reason for your conduct and our strength for your protection: ours wanteth your gentleness to soften and to entertain us. The first part of our life is a good deal subjected to you in the nursery, where you reign without competition, and by that means have the advantage of giving the first impressions. Afterwards you have stronger influences, which, well managed, have more force in your behalf than all our privileges and jurisdictions can pretend to have against you. You have more strength in your looks than we have in our laws, and more power by your tears than we have by our arguments.

It is true that the laws of marriage run in a harsher style towards your sex. *Obeys* is an ungentle word, and less easy to be digested, by making such an unkind distinction in the words of the contract, and so very unsuitable to the excess of good manners which generally goes before it. Besides, the universality of the rule seemeth to be a grievance, and it appeareth reasonable that there might be an exemption for extraordinary women from ordinary rules, to take away the just exception that lieth against the false measure of general equality.

It may be alleged by the counsel retained by your sex that as there is in all other laws an appeal from the letter to the equity, in cases that require it, it is as reasonable that some court of a larger jurisdiction might be erected, where some wives might resort and plead specially. And in such instances where Nature is so kind as to raise them above the level of their own sex, they might have relief and obtain a mitigation in their own particular of a sentence which was given generally against womankind. The causes of separation are now so very coarse that few are confident enough to buy their liberty at the price of having their modesty so exposed. And for disparity of minds, which above all other things requireth a remedy, the laws have made no provision; so little refined are numbers of men, by whom they are compiled. This and a great deal more might be said to give a color to the complaint.

But the answer to it, in short, is that the institution of marriage is too sacred to admit a liberty of objecting to it; that the supposition of yours being the weaker sex, having without all doubt a good foundation, maketh it reasonable to subject it to the masculine dominion; that no rule can be so perfect as not to admit some exceptions; but the law presumeth there would be so few found in this case, who would have a sufficient right to such a privilege, that it is safer some injustice should be connived at in a very few instances than to break into an establishment upon which the order of human society doth so much depend.

You are, therefore, to make your best of what is settled by law and custom, and not vainly imagine that it will be changed for your sake. But that you may not be discouraged, as if you lay under the weight of an incurable grievance, you are to know that by a wise and dextrous conduct it will be in your power to relieve yourself from anything that looketh like a disadvantage in it. For your better direction, I will give a hint of the most ordinary causes of dissatisfaction between man and wife, that you may be able by such a warning to live so upon your guard that

when you shall be married you may know how to cure your husband's mistakes, and to prevent your own.

First, then, you are to consider, you live in a time which hath rendered some kind of frailties so habitual that they lay claim to large grains of allowance. The world in this is somewhat unequal, and our sex seemeth to play the tyrant in distinguishing partially for ourselves, by making that in the utmost degree criminal in the woman which in a man passeth under a much gentler censure. The root and the excuse of this injustice is the preservation of families from any mixture which may bring a blemish to them; and whilst the point of honor continues to be so placed, it seems unavoidable to give your sex the greater share of the penalty. But if in this it lieth under any disadvantage, you are more than recompensed, by having the honor of families in your keeping. The consideration so great a trust must give you maketh full amends; and this power the world hath lodged in you can hardly fail to restrain the severity of an ill husband, and to improve the kindness and esteem of a good one. This being so, remember that next to the danger of committing the fault yourself, the greatest is that of seeing it in your husband. Do not seem to look or hear that way: if he is a man of sense, he will reclaim himself; the folly of it is of itself sufficient to cure him: if he is not so, he will be provoked, but not reformed. To expostulate in these cases looketh like declaring war and preparing reprisals, which to a thinking husband would be a dangerous reflection. Besides, it is so coarse a reason which will be assigned for a lady's too great warmth upon such an occasion that modesty, no less than prudence, ought to restrain her; since such an indecent complaint makes a wife much more ridiculous than the injury that provoketh her to it. But it is yet worse, and more unskillful, to blaze it in the world, expecting it should rise up in arms to take her part: whereas she will find it can have no other effect than that she will be served up in all companies as the reigning jest at that time; and will continue to be the common entertainment till she is rescued by some

newer folly that cometh upon the stage and driveth her away from it. The impertinence of such methods is so plain that it doth not deserve the pains of being laid open. Be assured that in these cases your discretion and silence will be the most prevailing reproof. An affected ignorance, which is seldom a virtue, is a great one here: and when your husband seeth how unwilling you are to be uneasy, there is no stronger argument to persuade him not to be unjust to you. Besides, it will naturally make him more yielding in other things: and whether it be to cover or redeem his offense, you may have the good effects of it whilst it lasteth, and all that while have the most reasonable ground that can be, of presuming such a behavior will at last entirely convert him. There is nothing so glorious to a wife as a victory so gained: a man so reclaimed is forever after subjected to her virtue; and her bearing for a time is more than rewarded by a triumph that will continue as long as her life.

The next thing I will suppose is that your husband may love wine more than is convenient. It will be granted that, though there are vices of a deeper dye, there are none that have greater deformity than this, when it is not restrained. But with all this, the same custom which is the more to be lamented for its being so general should make it less uneasy to everyone in particular who is to suffer by the effects of it: so that, in the first place, it will be no new thing if you should have a drunkard for your husband; and there is by too frequent examples evidence enough that such a thing may happen, and yet a wife may live too without being miserable. Self-love dictateth aggravating words to everything we feel; ruin and misery are the terms we apply to whatever we do not like, forgetting the mixture allotted to us by the condition of human life, by which it is not intended we should be quite exempt from trouble. It is fair, if we can escape such a degree of it as would oppress us, and enjoy so much of the pleasant part as may lessen the ill taste of such things as are unwelcome to us. Everything hath two sides, and for our

own ease we ought to direct our thoughts to that which may be least liable to exception. To fall upon the worst side of a drunkard giveth so unpleasant a prospect that it is not possible to dwell upon it. Let us pass, then, to the more favorable part, as far as a wife is concerned in it.

I am tempted to say (if the irregularity of the expression could in strictness be justified) that a wife is to thank God her husband hath faults. Mark the seeming paradox, my dear, for your own instruction, it being intended no further. A husband without faults is a dangerous observer; he hath an eye so piercing, and seeth everything so plain, that it is exposed to his full censure. And though I will not doubt but that your virtue will disappoint the sharpest inquiries, yet few women can bear the having all they say or do represented in the clear glass of an understanding without faults. Nothing softeneth the arrogance of our nature like a mixture of some frailties. It is by them we are best told that we must not strike too hard upon others, because we ourselves do so often deserve blows. They pull our rage by the sleeve, and whisper gentleness to us in our censures, even when they are rightly applied. The faults and passions of husbands bring them down to you, and make them content to live upon less unequal terms than faultless men would be willing to stoop to; so haughty is mankind till humbled by common weaknesses and defects, which in our corrupted state contribute more towards the reconciling us to one another than all the precepts of the philosophers and divines. So that where the errors of our nature make amends for the disadvantages of yours it is more your part to make use of the benefit than to quarrel at the fault.

Thus in case a drunken husband should fall to your share, if you will be wise and patient, his wine shall be of your side; it will throw a veil over your mistakes, and will set out and improve everything you do, that he is pleased with. Others will like him less, and by that means he may perhaps like you the more. When after having dined too well he is received at home without a storm, or so much as a

reproaching look, the wine will naturally work out all in kindness, which a wife must encourage, let it be wrapped up in never so much impertinence. On the other side, it would boil up into rage if the mistaken wife should treat him roughly, like a certain thing called a kind shrew, than which the world, with all its plenty, cannot show a more senseless, ill-bred, forbidding creature. Consider that where the man will give such frequent intermissions of the use of his reason the wife insensibly getteth a right of governing in the vacancy, and that raiseth her character and credit in the family to a higher pitch than perhaps could be done under a sober husband, who never putteth himself into an incapacity of holding the reins. If these are not entire consolations, at least they are remedies to some degree. They cannot make drunkenness a virtue, nor a husband given to it a felicity; but you will do yourself no ill office in the endeavoring, by these means, to make the best of such a lot in case it should happen to be yours, and by the help of a wise observation to make that very supportable which would otherwise be a load that would oppress you.

The next case I will put is that your husband may be choleric or ill-humored. To this it may be said that passionate men generally make amends at the foot of the account. Such a man, if he is angry one day without any sense, will the next day be as kind without any reason. So that by marking how the wheels of such a man's head are used to move you may easily bring over all his passion to your party. Instead of being struck down by his thunder, you shall direct it where and upon whom you shall think it best applied. Thus are the strongest poisons turned to the best remedies; but then there must be art in it, and a skillful hand, else the least bungling maketh it mortal. There is a great deal of nice care requisite to deal with a man of this complexion. Choler proceedeth from pride, and maketh a man so partial to himself that he swelleth against contradiction; and thinketh he is lessened if he is opposed. You must in this case take heed of increasing the storm by an unwary word, or kindling the fire whilst the wind

is in a corner which may blow it in your face. You are dextrously to yield everything till he beginneth to cool, and then by slow degrees you may rise and gain upon him: your gentleness, well-timed, will, like a charm, dispel his anger ill-placed; a kind smile will reclaim when a shrill pettish answer would provoke him; rather than fail upon such occasions, when other remedies are too weak, a little flattery may be admitted, which by being necessary, will cease to be criminal.

If ill-humor and sullenness, and not open and sudden heat, is his disease, there is a way of treating that too, so as to make it a grievance to be endured. In order to it, you are first to know that naturally good sense hath a mixture of surly in it: and there being so much folly in the world, and for the most part so triumphant, it giveth frequent temptations to raise the spleen of men who think right. Therefore that which may generally be called ill-humor is not always a fault; it becometh one when either it is wrong applied, or that it is continued too long, when it is not so. For this reason, you must not too hastily fix an ill name upon that which may perhaps not deserve it; and though the case should be that your husband might too sourly resent anything he disliketh, it may so happen that more blame shall belong to your mistake than to his ill-humor. If a husband behaveth himself sometimes with an indifference that a wife may think offensive, she is in the wrong to put the worst sense upon it, if by any means it will admit a better. Some wives will call it ill-humor if their husbands change their style from that which they used whilst they made their first addresses to them: others will allow no intermission or abatement in the expressions of kindness to them, not enough distinguishing times, and forgetting that it is impossible for men to keep themselves up all their lives to the height of some extravagant moments. A man may at some times be less careful in little things, without any cold or disobliging reason for it; as a wife may be too expecting in smaller matters, without drawing upon herself the inference of being unkind. And if your husband should be

really sullen, and have such frequent fits as might take away the excuse of it, it concerneth you to have an eye prepared to discern the first appearances of cloudy weather, and to watch when the fit goeth off, which seldom lasteth long if it is let alone. But whilst the mind is sore, everything galleth it, and that maketh it necessary to let the black humor begin to spend itself before you come in and venture to undertake it.

If in the lottery of the world you should draw a covetous husband, I confess it will not make you proud of your good luck; yet even such a one may be endured too, though there are few passions more untractable than that of avarice. You must first take care that your definition of avarice may not be a mistake. You are to examine every circumstance of your husband's fortune, and weigh the reason of everything you expect from him before you have right to pronounce that sentence. The complaint is now so general against all husbands that it giveth great suspicion of its being often ill-grounded; it is impossible they should all deserve that censure, and therefore it is certain that it is many times misapplied. He that spareth in everything is an inexcusable niggard; he that spareth in nothing is as inexcusable a madman. The mean is to spare in what is least necessary, to lay out more liberally in what is most required in our several circumstances. Yet this will not always satisfy. There are wives who are impatient of the rules of economy, and are apt to call their husbands' kindness in question, if any other measure is put to their expense than that of their own fancy. Be sure to avoid this dangerous error, such a partiality to yourself, which is so offensive to an understanding man that he will very ill bear a wife's giving herself such an injurious preference to all the family, and whatever belongeth to it.

But to admit the worst, and that your husband is really a close-handed wretch, you must in this, as in other cases, endeavor to make it less afflicting to you; and first you must observe seasonable hours of speaking. When you offer anything in opposition to this reigning humor, a third

hand and a wise friend may often prevail more than you will be allowed to do in your own cause. Sometimes you are dextrously to go along with him in things where you see that the niggardly part of his mind is more predominant, by which you will have the better opportunity of persuading him in things where he may be more indifferent. Our passions are very unequal, and are apt to be raised or lessened according as they work upon different objects; they are not to be stopped or restrained in those things where our mind is more particularly engaged. In other matters they are more tractable, and will sometimes give reason a hearing and admit a fair dispute. More than that, there are few men, even in this instance of avarice, so entirely abandoned to it that at some hours, and upon some occasions, will not forget their natures and for that time turn prodigal. The same man who will grudge himself what is necessary, let his pride be raised and he shall be profuse; at another time his anger shall have the same effect; a fit of vanity, ambition, and sometimes of kindness, shall open and enlarge his narrow mind; a dose of wine will work upon his tough humor, and for the time dissolve it. Your business must be, if this case happeneth, to watch these critical moments, and not let one of them slip without making your advantage of it; and a wife may be said to want skill if by these means she is not able to secure herself in a good measure against the inconveniences this scurvy quality in a husband might bring upon her, except he should be such an incurable monster as I hope will never fall to your share.

The last supposition I will make is that your husband should be weak and incompetent to make use of the privileges that belong to him. It will be yielded that such a one leaveth room for a great many objections. But God Almighty seldom sendeth a grievance without a remedy, or at least such a mitigation as taketh away a great part of the sting, and the smart of it. To make such a misfortune less heavy, you are first to bring to your observation that a wife very often maketh the better figure for her husband's making no great

one: and there seemeth to be little reason why the same lady that chooseth a waiting-woman with worse looks may not be content with a husband with less wit; the argument being equal from the advantage of the comparison. If you will be more ashamed in some cases of such a husband, you will be less afraid than you would perhaps be of a wise one. His unseasonable weakness may no doubt sometimes grieve you, but then set against this that it giveth you the dominion, if you will make the right use of it. It is next to his being dead, in which case the wife hath right to administer; therefore, be sure if you have such an idiot that none, except yourself, may have the benefit of the forfeiture; such a fool is a dangerous beast if others have the keeping of him; and you must be very unskillful if when your husband shall resolve to be an ass, you do not take care he may be your ass. But you must go skillfully about it, and above all things take heed of distinguishing in public what kind of husband he is: your inward thoughts must not hinder the outward payment of the consideration that is due to him. Your slighting him in company, besides that it would, to a discerning bystander, give too great encouragement for the making nearer applications to you, is in itself such an undecent way of assuming that it may provoke the tame creature to break loose and to show his dominion for his credit, which he was content to forget for his ease. In short, the surest and the most approved method will be to do like a wise minister to an easy prince; first give him the orders you afterwards receive from him.

With all this, that which you are to pray for is a wise husband, one that by knowing how to be a master, for that very reason will not let you feel the weight of it; one whose authority is so softened by his kindness that it giveth you ease without abridging your liberty; one that will return so much tenderness for your just esteem of him that you will never want power, though you will seldom care to use it. Such a husband is as much above all the other kinds of them as a rational subjection to a prince, great in himself, is to be preferred before

the disquiet and uneasiness of unlimited liberty.

Before I leave this head, I must add a little concerning your behavior to your husband's friends, which requireth the most refined part of your understanding to acquit yourself well of it. You are to study how to live with them with more care than you are to apply to any other part of your life; especially at first, that you may not stumble at the first setting out. The family into which you are grafted will generally be apt to expect that, like a stranger in a foreign country, you should conform to their methods, and not bring in a new model by your own authority. The friends in such a case are tempted to rise up in arms as against an unlawful invasion, so that you are with the utmost caution to avoid the least appearances of anything of this kind. And that you may with less difficulty afterwards give your directions, be sure at first to receive them from your husband's friends. Gain them to you by early applying to them, and they will be so satisfied that, as nothing is more thankful than pride when it is complied with, they will strive which of them shall most recommend you; and when they have helped you to take root in your husband's good opinion, you will have less dependence upon theirs, though you must not neglect any reasonable means of preserving it. You are to consider that a man governed by his friends is very easily inflamed by them; and that one who is not so will yet for his own sake expect to have them considered. It is easily improved to a point of honor in a husband, not to have his relations neglected; and nothing is more dangerous than to raise an objection which is grounded upon pride: it is the most stubborn and lasting passion we are subject to, and where it is the first cause of the war, it is very hard to make a secure peace. Your caution in this is of the last importance to you.

And that you may the better succeed in it, carry a strict eye upon the impertinence of your servants; take heed that their ill-humor may not engage you to take excep-

tions, or their too much assuming in small matters raise consequences which may bring you under great disadvantage. Remember that in the case of a royal bride those about her are generally so far suspected to bring in a foreign interest that in most countries they are insensibly reduced to a very small number, and those of so low a figure that it doth not admit the being jealous of them. In little and in the proportion, this may be the case of every new-married woman, and therefore it may be more advisable for you to gain the servants you find in a family than to tie yourself too fast to those you carry into it.

You are not to overlook these small reflections because they may appear low and inconsiderable; for it must be said that as the greatest streams are made up of the small drops at the head of the springs from whence they are derived, so the greater circumstances of your life will be in some degree directed by these seeming trifles, which, having the advantage of being the first acts of it, have a greater effect than singly in their own nature they could pretend to.

I will conclude this article with my advice that you would, as much as Nature will give you leave, endeavor to forget the great indulgence you have found at home. After such a gentle discipline as you have been under, everything you dislike will seem the harsher to you. The tenderness we have had for you, my dear, is of another nature, peculiar to kind parents, and differing from that which you will meet with first in any family into which you shall be transplanted; and yet they may be very kind too, and afford no justifiable reason to you to complain. You must not be frightened with the first appearances of a differing scene; for when you are used to it, you may like the house you go to better than that you left; and your husband's kindness will have so much advantage of ours that we shall yield up all competition, and, as well as we love you, be very well contented to surrender to such a rival.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (1628–1699)

OF POETRY

[1690].

The two common shrines to which most men offer up the application of their thoughts and their lives are profit and pleasure; and by their devotions to either of these, they are vulgarly distinguished into two sects, and called either busy or idle men. Whether these terms differ in meaning or only in sound, I know very well may be disputed, and with appearance enough, since the covetous man takes perhaps as much pleasure in his gains as the voluptuous does in his luxury, and would not pursue his business unless he were pleased with it, upon the last account of what he most wishes and desires, nor would care for the increase of his fortunes unless he proposed thereby that of his pleasures, too, in one kind or other, so that pleasure may be said to be his end, whether he will allow to find it in his pursuit or no. Much ado there has been, many words spent, or (to speak with more respect to the ancient philosophers) many disputes have been raised upon this argument, I think to little purpose, and that all has been rather an exercise of wit than an inquiry after truth, and all controversies that can never end had better perhaps never begin. The best is to take words as they are most commonly spoken and meant, like coin as it most currently passes, without raising scruples upon the weight or the alloy, unless the cheat or the defect be gross and evident. Few things in the world, or none, will bear too much refining; a thread too fine spun will easily break, and the point of a needle too finely filed. The usual acceptation takes profit and pleasure for two different things, and not only calls the followers or votaries of them by several names of busy and of idle men, but distinguishes the faculties of the mind

that are conversant about them, calling the operations of the first wisdom, and of the other wit, which is a Saxon word that is used to express what the Spaniards and Italians call *ingenio*, and the French, *esprit*, both from the Latin; but I think wit more peculiarly signifies that of poetry, as may occur upon remarks of the runic language. To the first of these are attributed the inventions or productions of things generally esteemed the most necessary, useful, or profitable to human life, either in private possessions or public institutions; to the other, those writings or discourses which are the most pleasing or entertaining to all that read or hear them. Yet, according to the opinion of those that link them together, as the inventions of sages and lawgivers themselves do please as well as profit those who approve and follow them, so those of poets instruct and profit as well as please such as are conversant in them; and the happy mixture of both these makes the excellency in both those compositions, and has given occasion for esteeming, or at least for calling, heroic virtue and poetry divine.

The names given to poets, both in Greek and Latin, express the same opinion of them in those nations: the Greek signifying makers or creators, such as raise admirable frames and fabrics out of nothing, which strike with wonder and with pleasure the eyes and imaginations of those who behold them; the Latin makes the same word common to poets and to prophets. Now, as creation is the first attribute and highest operation of divine power, so is prophecy the greatest emanation of divine spirit in the world. As the names in those two learned languages, so the causes of poetry, are by the writers of them made to be di-

vine, and to proceed from a celestial fire or divine inspiration; and by the vulgar opinions, recited or related to in many passages of those authors, the effects of poetry were likewise thought divine and supernatural, and power of charms and enchantments were ascribed to it.

*Carmina vel celo possunt deducere lunam,
Carminebus Circe socios mutavit Ulyssis,
Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.*

But I can easily admire poetry, and yet without adoring it: I can allow it to arise from the greatest excellency of natural temper or the greatest race of native genius, without exceeding the reach of what is human, or giving it any approaches of divinity, which is, I doubt, debased or dishonored by ascribing to it anything that is in the compass of our action or even com-
prehension, unless it be raised by an im-
mediate influence from itself. I cannot al-
low poetry to be more divine in its effects
than in its causes, nor any operation pro-
duced by it to be more than purely natural,
or to deserve any other sort of wonder than
those of music or of natural magic, how-
ever any of them have appeared to minds
little versed in the speculations of nature,
of occult qualities, and the force of num-
bers or of sounds. Whoever talks of draw-
ing down the moon from heaven by force
of verses or of charms either believes not
himself or too easily believes what others
told him, or perhaps follows an opinion
begun by the practice of some poet upon
the facility of some people—who, knowing
the time when an eclipse would happen,
told them he would by his charms call down
the moon at such an hour, and was by them
thought to have performed it.

When I read that charming description
in Virgil's Eighth Eclogue of all sorts
of charms and fascinations by verses, by
images, by knots, by numbers, by fire, by
herbs, employed upon occasion of a violent
passion from a jealous or disappointed love,
I have recourse to the strong impressions
of fables and of poetry, to the easy mis-
takes of popular opinions, to the force of
imagination, to the secret virtues of sev-
eral herbs, and to the powers of sounds.
And I am sorry the natural history or

account of fascination has not employed the
pen of some person of such excellent wit
and deep thought and learning as Casaubon,
who writ that curious and useful treatise
of *Enthusiasm*, and by it discovered the
hidden or mistaken sources of that delu-
sion so frequent in all regions and reli-
gions of the world, and which had so
fatally spread over our country in that age
in which this treatise was so seasonably
published. 'Tis much to be lamented that
he lived not to complete that work in the
Second Part he promised, or that his friends
neglected the publishing it, if it were left
in papers, though loose and unfinished. I
think a clear account of enthusiasm and
fascination from their natural causes would
very much deserve from mankind in gen-
eral as well as from the commonwealth
of learning, might perhaps prevent many
public disorders, and save the lives of many
innocent deluded or deluding people, who
suffer so frequently upon account of witches
and wizards. I have seen many miserable
examples of this kind in my youth at home;
and though the humor or fashion be a
good deal worn out of the world within
thirty or forty years past, yet it still re-
mains in several remote parts of Germany,
Sweden, and some other countries.

But to return to the charms of poetry, if
the forsaken lover in that eclogue of Virgil
had expected only from the force of her
verses or her charms, what is the burden
of the song, to bring Daphnis home from
the town where he was gone and engaged
in a new amour; if she had pretended only
to revive an old fainting flame, or to damp
a new one that was kindling in his breast,
she might, for aught I know, have com-
passed such ends by the power of such
charms, and without other than very natu-
ral enchantments. For there is no question
but true poetry may have the force to
raise passions and to allay them, to change
and to extinguish them, to temper joy and
grief, to raise love and fear, nay, to turn
fear into boldness, and love into indiffer-
ence and into hatred itself; and I easily
believe that the disheartened Spartans
were new animated, and recovered their
lost courage, by the songs of Tyrtæus, that
the cruelty and revenge of Phalaris were

changed by the odes of Stesichorus into the greatest kindness and esteem, and that many men were as passionately enamored by the charms of Sappho's wit and poetry as by those of beauty in Flora or Thais; for 'tis not only beauty gives love, but love gives beauty to the object that raises it; and if the possession be strong enough, let it come from what it will, there is always beauty enough in the person that gives it. Nor is it any great wonder that such force should be found in poetry, since in it are assembled all the powers of eloquence, of music, and of picture, which are all allowed to make so strong impressions upon human minds. How far men have been affected with all or any of these needs little proof or testimony. The examples have been known enough in Greece and Italy, where some have fallen downright in love with the ravishing beauties of a lovely object drawn by the skill of an admirable painter; nay, painters themselves have fallen in love with some of their own productions, and doted on them as on a mistress or a fond child, which distinguishes among the Italians the several pieces that are done by the same hand into several degrees of those made *con studio*, *con diligenza*, or *con amore*, whereof the last are ever the most excelling. But there needs no more instances of this kind than the stories related and believed by the best authors as known and undisputed; of the two young Grecians, one whereof ventured his life to be locked up all night in the temple, and satisfy his passion with the embraces and enjoyment of a statue of Venus, that was there set up and designed for another sort of adoration; the other pined away and died for being hindered his perpetually gazing, admiring, and embracing a statue at Athens.

The powers of music are either felt and known by all men, and are allowed to work strangely upon the mind and the body, the passions and the blood, to raise joy and grief, to give pleasure and pain, to cure diseases and the mortal sting of the tarantula, to give motions to the feet as well as the heart, to compose disturbed thoughts, to assist and heighten devotion itself. We need no recourse to the fables of Orpheus

or Amphion, or the force of their music upon fishes and beasts; 'tis enough that we find the charming of serpents and the cure or allay of an evil spirit or possession attributed to it in Sacred Writ.

For the force of eloquence that so often raised and appeased the violence of popular commotions and caused such convulsions in the Athenian state, no man need more to make him acknowledge it than to consider Cæsar, one of the greatest and wisest of mortal men, come upon the tribunal full of hatred and revenge, and with a determined resolution to condemn Labienus, yet upon the force of Cicero's eloquence, in an oration for his defense, begin to change countenance, turn pale, shake to that degree that the papers he held fell out of his hand, as if he had been frightened with words that never was so with blows, and at last change all his anger into clemency, and acquit the brave criminal instead of condemning him.

Now, if the strength of these three mighty powers be united in poetry, we need not wonder that such virtues and such honors have been attributed to it that it has been thought to be inspired, or has been called divine; and yet I think it will not be disputed that the force of wit and of reasoning, the height of conceptions and expressions, may be found in poetry as well as in oratory, the life and spirit of representation or picture as much as in painting, and the force of sounds as well as in music; and how far these three natural powers together may extend, and to what effect, even such as may be mistaken for supernatural or magical, I leave it to such men to consider whose thoughts turn to such speculations as these, or who by their native temper and genius are in some degree disposed to receive the impressions of them. For my part, I do not wonder that the famous Doctor Harvey, when he was reading Virgil, should sometimes throw him down upon the table, and say he had a devil, nor that the learned Meric Casaubon should find such charming pleasures and emotions as he describes upon the reading some parts of Lucretius; that so many should cry, and with downright tears, at some tragedies of Shakespeare, and so

many more should feel such turns or curdling of their blood upon the reading or hearing some excellent pieces of poetry, nor that Octavia fell into a swoond at the recital made by Virgil of those verses in the Sixth of his *Æneids*.

This is enough to assert the powers of poetry, and discover the ground of those opinions of old which derived it from divine inspiration, and gave it so great a share in the supposed effects of sorcery or magic. But as the old romances seem to lessen the honor of true prowess and valor in their knights by giving such a part in all their chief adventures to enchantment, so the true excellency and just esteem of poetry seems rather debased than exalted by the stories or belief of the charms performed by it, which among the northern nations grew so strong and so general that about five or six hundred years ago all the runic poetry came to be decried, and those ancient characters in which they were written to be abolished by the zeal of bishops and even by orders and decrees of state, which has given a great maim, or rather an irrecoverable loss, to the story of those northern kingdoms, the seat of our ancestors in all the western parts of Europe.

The more true and natural source of poetry may be discovered by observing to what god this inspiration was ascribed by the ancients, which was Apollo, or the Sun, esteemed among them the god of learning in general, but more particularly of music and of poetry. The mystery of this fable means, I suppose, that a certain noble and vital heat of temper, but especially of the brain, is the true spring of these two arts or sciences. This was that celestial fire which gave such a pleasing motion and agitation to the minds of those men that have been so much admired in the world, that raises such infinite images of things so agreeable and delightful to mankind. By the influence of this sun are produced those golden and inexhausted mines of invention, which has furnished the world with treasures so highly esteemed and so universally known and used in all the regions that have yet been discovered. From this arises that elevation of genius which can never be produced by any art or study, by pains or

by industry, which cannot be taught by precepts or examples, and therefore is agreed by all to be the pure and free gift of Heaven or of Nature, and to be a fire kindled out of some hidden spark of the very first conception.

But though invention be the mother of poetry, yet this child is like all others born naked, and must be nourished with care, clothed with exactness and elegance, educated with industry, instructed with art, improved by application, corrected with severity, and accomplished with labor and with time, before it arrives at any great perfection or growth. 'Tis certain that no composition requires so many several ingredients, or of more different sorts than this, nor that to excel in any qualities there are necessary so many gifts of nature and so many improvements of learning and of art. For there must be an universal genius, of great compass as well as great elevation. There must be a sprightly imagination or fancy, fertile in a thousand productions, ranging over infinite ground, piercing into every corner, and by the light of that true poetical fire discovering a thousand little bodies or images in the world, and similitudes among them, unseen to common eyes, and which could not be discovered without the rays of that sun.

Besides the heat of invention and liveliness of wit, there must be the coldness of good sense and soundness of judgment, to distinguish between things and conceptions which at first sight or upon short glances seem alike, to choose among infinite productions of wit and fancy which are worth preserving and cultivating, and which are better stifled in the birth or thrown away when they are born, as not worth bringing up. Without the forces of wit all poetry is flat and languishing; without the succors of judgment 'tis wild and extravagant. The true wonder of poesy is that such contraries must meet to compose it: a genius both penetrating and solid; in expression both delicacy and force; and the frame or fabric of a true poem must have something both sublime and just, amazing and agreeable. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent, a great calm to judge and correct; there must be upon the same tree,

and at the same time, both flower and fruit. To work up this metal into exquisite figure, there must be employed the fire, the hammer, the chisel, and the file. There must be a general knowledge both of nature and of arts; and to go the lowest that can be, there are required genius, judgment, and application; for without this last all the rest will not serve turn, and none ever was a great poet that applied himself much to anything else.

When I speak of poetry, I mean not an ode or an elegy, a song or a satire, nor by a poet the composer of any of these, but of a just poem; and after all I have said, 'tis no wonder there should be so few that appeared in any parts or any ages of the world, or that such as have should be so much admired, and have almost divinity ascribed to them and to their works.

Whatever has been among those who are mentioned with so much praise or admiration by the ancients, but are lost to us, and unknown any further than their names, I think no man has been so bold among those that remain to question the title of Homer and Virgil, not only to the first rank, but to the supreme dominion in this state, and from whom, as the great lawgivers as well as princes, all the laws and orders of it are or may be derived. Homer was without dispute the most universal genius that has been known in the world, and Virgil the most accomplished. To the first must be allowed the most fertile invention, the richest vein, the most general knowledge, and the most lively expression: to the last, the noblest ideas, the justest institution, the wisest conduct, and the choicest elocution. To speak in the painters' terms, we find in the works of Homer the most spirit, force, and life; in those of Virgil, the best design, the truest proportions, and the greatest grace: the coloring in both seems equal, and, indeed, in both is admirable. Homer had more fire and rapture, Virgil more light and swiftness; or at least the poetical fire was more raging in one, but clearer in the other, which makes the first more amazing and the latter more agreeable. The ore was richer in one, but in t'other more refined, and better allayed to make up excellent work. Upon the whole, I think it must be

confessed that Homer was of the two, and perhaps of all others, the vastest, the sublimest, and the most wonderful genius; and that he has been generally so esteemed, there cannot be a greater testimony given than what has been by some observed, that not only the greatest masters have found in his works the best and truest principles of all their sciences or arts, but that the noblest nations have derived from them the original of their several races, though it be hardly yet agreed whether his story be true or fiction. In short, these two immortal poets must be allowed to have so much excelled in their kinds as to have exceeded all comparison, to have even extinguished emulation, and in a manner confined true poetry not only to their two languages, but to their very persons. And I am apt to believe so much of the true genius of poetry in general, and of its elevation in these two particulars, that I know not whether of all the numbers of mankind that live within the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is born capable of making such a poet as Homer or Virgil, there may not be a thousand born capable of making as great generals of armies or ministers of state as any the most renowned in story.

I do not here intend to make a further critique upon poetry, which were too great a labor, nor to give rules for it, which were as great a presumption. Besides, there has been so much paper blotted upon these subjects in this curious and censuring age that 'tis all grown tedious or repetition. The modern French wits (or pretenders) have been very severe in their censures and exact in their rules, I think to very little purpose; for I know not why they might not have contented themselves with those given by Aristotle and Horace, and have translated them rather than commented upon them, for all they have done has been no more, so as they seem, by their writings of this kind, rather to have valued themselves than improved anybody else. The truth is, there is something in the genius of poetry too libertine to be confined to so many rules; and whoever goes about to subject it to such constraints loses both its spirit and grace, which are ever native, and never learnt, even of the best masters. 'Tis as if,

to make excellent honey, you should cut off the wings of your bees, confine them to their hive or their stands, and lay flowers before them, such as you think the sweetest and like to yield the finest extraction; you had as good pull out their stings, and make arrant drones of them. They must range through fields as well as gardens, choose such flowers as they please, and by proprieties and scents they only know and distinguish. They must work up their cells with admirable art, extract their honey with infinite labor, and sever it from the wax with such distinction and choice as belongs to none but themselves to perform or to judge.

It would be too much mortification to these great arbitrary rulers among the French writers or our own to observe the worthy productions that have been formed by their rules, the honor they have received in the world, or the pleasure they have given mankind. But to comfort them, I do not know there was any great poet in Greece after the rules of that art laid down by Aristotle, nor in Rome after those by Horace, which yet none of our moderns pretend to have outdone. Perhaps Theocritus and Lucan may be alleged against this assertion; but the first offered no further than at idyls or eclogues; and the last, though he must be avowed for a true and a happy genius, and to have made some very high flights, yet he is so unequal to himself, and his muse is so young, that his faults are too noted to allow his pretenses. *Fæliciter audet* is the true character of Lucan, as of Ovid, *Lusit amabiliter*. After all, the utmost that can be achieved or, I think, pretended by any rules in this art is but to hinder some men from being very ill poets, but not to make any man a very good one. To judge who is so, we need go no further for instruction than three lines of Horace:

*Ille meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut Magus, et modo me Thebis, modo ponit
Athenis.*

He is a poet,

Who vainly anguishes my breast,
Provokes, allays, and with false terror fills,

Like a magician, and now sets me down
In Thebes, and now in Athens.

Whoever does not affect and move the same present passions in you that he represents in others, and at other times raise images about you, as a conjuror is said to do spirits, transport you to the places and to the persons he describes, cannot be judged to be a poet, though his measures are never so just, his feet never so smooth, or his sounds never so sweet.

But instead of critique or rules concerning poetry, I shall rather turn my thoughts to the history of it, and observe the antiquity, the uses, the changes, the decays, that have attended this great empire of wit.

It is, I think, generally agreed to have been the first sort of writing that has been used in the world, and in several nations to have preceded the very invention or usage of letters. This last is certain in America, where the first Spaniards met with many strains of poetry, and left several of them translated into their language, which seem to have flowed from a true poetic vein before any letters were known in those regions. The same is probable of the Scythians, the Grecians, and the Germans. Aristotle says the Agathyrsi had their laws all in verse; and Tacitus, that the Germans had no annals nor records but what were so; and for the Grecian oracles delivered in them, we have no certain account when they began, but rather reason to believe it was before the introduction of letters from Phœnicia among them. Pliny tells it, as a thing known, that Pherecides was the first who writ prose in the Greek tongue, and that he lived about the time of Cyrus, whereas Homer and Hesiod lived some hundreds of years before that age, and Orpheus, Linus, Musæus, some hundreds before them: and of the Sybils, several were before any of those, and in times as well as places whereof we have no clear records now remaining. What Solon and Pythagoras writ is said to have been in verse, who were something older than Cyrus; and before them were Archilocus, Simonides, Tyrtæus, Sappho, Stesichorus, and several other poets famous in their times. The same thing is reported of

Chaldæa, Syria, and China; among the ancient Western Goths, our ancestors, the runic poetry seems to have been as old as their letters; and their laws, their precepts of wisdom as well as their records, their religious rites as well as their charms and incantations, to have been all in verse.

Among the Hebrews, and even in Sacred Writ, the most ancient is by some learned men esteemed to be the Book of Job, and that it was written before the time of Moses, and that it was a translation into Hebrew, out of the old Chaldæan or Arabian language. It may probably be conjectured that he was not a Jew, from the place of his abode, which appears to have been seated between the Chaldæans on one side and the Sabæans (who were of Arabia) on the other; and by many passages of that admirable and truly inspired poem, the author seems to have lived in some parts near the mouth of Euphrates, or the Persian Gulf, where he contemplated the wonders of the deep as well as the other works of nature common to those regions. Nor is it easy to find any traces of the Mosaical rites or institutions, either in the divine worship or the morals related to in those writings: for not only sacrifices and praises were much more ancient in religious service than the age of Moses; but the opinion of one deity, and adored without any idol or representation, was professed and received among the ancient Persians and Etruscans and Chaldæans. So that if Job was an Hebrew, 'tis probable he may have been of the race of Heber, who lived in Chaldæa, or of Abraham, who is supposed to have left that country for the profession or worship of one God, rather than from the branch of Isaac and Israel, who lived in the land of Canaan. Now, I think it is out of controversy that the Book of Job was written originally in verse, and was a poem upon the subject of the justice and power of God, and in vindication of His providence against the common arguments of atheistical men, who took occasion to dispute it from the usual events of human things, by which so many ill and impious men seem happy and prosperous in the course of their lives, and so many pious and just men seem miserable or afflicted. The

Spanish translation of the Jews in Ferrara, which pretends to render the Hebrew, as near as could be, word for word, and for which all translators of the Bible since have had great regard, gives us the two first chapters and the last from the seventh verse in prose, as an historical introduction and conclusion of the work, and all the rest in verse, except the transitions from one part or person of this sacred dialogue to another.

But if we take the Books of Moses to be the most ancient in the Hebrew tongue, yet the song of Moses may probably have been written before the rest; as that of Deborah, before the Book of Judges, being praises sung to God upon the victories or successes of the Israelites, related in both. And I never read the last without observing in it as true and noble strains of poetry and picture as in any other language whatsoever, in spite of all disadvantages from translations into so different tongues and common prose. If an opinion of some learned men, both modern and ancient, could be allowed, that Esdras was the writer or compiler of the first historical parts of the Old Testament, though from the same divine inspiration as that of Moses and the other prophets, then the Psalms of David would be the first writings we find in Hebrew; and next to them, the Song of Solomon, which was written when he was young, and Ecclesiastes when he was old. So that from all sides, both sacred and profane, it appears that poetry was the first sort of writing known and used in the several nations of the world.

It may seem strange, I confess, upon the first thought, that a sort of style so regular and so difficult should have grown in use before the other so easy and so loose: but if we consider what the first end of writing was, it will appear probable from reason as well as experience; for the true and general end was but the help of memory in preserving that of words and of actions, which would otherwise have been lost and soon vanish away with the transitory passage of human breath and life. Before the discourses and disputes of philosophers began to busy or amuse the Grecian wits, there was nothing written in prose but either

laws, some short sayings of wise men, or some riddles, parables, or fables, wherein were couched by the ancients many strains of natural or moral wisdom and knowledge, and besides these some short memorials of persons, actions, and of times. Now, 'tis obvious enough to conceive how much easier all such writings should be learnt and remembered in verse than in prose, not only by the pleasure of measures and of sounds, which gives a great impression to memory, but by the order of feet, which makes a great facility of tracing one word after another, by knowing what sort of foot or quantity must necessarily have preceded or followed the words we retain and desire to make up.

This made poetry so necessary before letters were invented, and so convenient afterwards; and shows that the great honor and general request wherein it has always been has not proceeded only from the pleasure and delight, but likewise from the usefulness and profit of poetical writings.

This leads me naturally to the subjects of poetry, which have been generally praise, instruction, story, love, grief, and reproach. Praise was the subject of all the songs and psalms mentioned in Holy Writ, of the hymns of Orpheus, of Homer, and many others; of the *carmina secularia* in Rome, composed all and designed for the honor of their gods; of Pindar, Stesichorus, and Tyrtæus, in the praises of virtue or virtuous men. The subject of Job is instruction concerning the attributes of God and the works of nature. Those of Simonides, Phocillides, Theognis, and several other of the smaller Greek poets, with what passes for Pythagoras, are instructions in morality; the first book of Hesiod and Virgil's *Georgics*, in agriculture, and Lucretius in the deepest natural philosophy. Story is the proper subject of heroic poems, as Homer and Virgil in their inimitable *Iliads* and *Æneids*; and fable, which is a sort of story, in the *Metamorphosis* of Ovid. The lyric poetry has been chiefly conversant about love, though turned often upon praise too; and the vein of pastorals and eclogues has run the same course, as may be observed in Theocritus, Virgil, and Horace, who was, I think, the first and last of true lyric

poets among the Latins. Grief has been always the subject of elegy, and reproach that of satire. The dramatic poesy has been composed of all these, but the chief end seems to have been instruction, and under the disguise of fables or the pleasure of story to show the beauties and the rewards of virtue, the deformities and misfortunes or punishment of vice; by examples of both, to encourage one, and deter men from the other; to reform ill customs, correct ill manners, and moderate all violent passions. These are the general subjects of both parts, though comedy give us but the images of common life, and tragedy those of the greater and more extraordinary passions and actions among men. To go further upon this subject would be to tread so beaten paths that to travel in them only raises dust, and is neither of pleasure nor of use.

For the changes that have happened in poetry, I shall observe one ancient, and the others that are modern will be too remarkable, in the declines or decays of this great Empire of Wit. The first change of poetry was made by translating it into prose, or clothing it in those loose robes or common veils that disguised or covered the true beauty of its features and exactness of its shape. This was done first by Æsop in Greek, but the vein was much more ancient in the eastern regions, and much in vogue, as we may observe in the many parables used in the Old Testament as well as in the New. And there is a book of fables, of the sort of Æsop's, translated out of Persian, and pretended to have been so into that language out of the ancient Indian; but though it seems genuine of the eastern countries, yet I do not take it to be so old nor to have so much spirit as the Greek. The next succession of poetry in prose seems to have been in the Miletian tales, which were a sort of little pastoral romances; and though much in request in old Greece and Rome, yet we have no examples that I know of them, unless it be the *Longi Pastoralia*, which gives a taste of the great delicacy and pleasure that was found so generally in those sort of tales. The last kind of poetry in prose is that which in latter ages has overrun the world

under the name of romances, which though it seems modern and a production of the Gothic genius, yet the writing is ancient. The remainders of Petronius Arbiter seem to be of this kind, and that which Lucian calls his *True History*. But the most ancient that passes by the name is Heliodorus, famous for the author's choosing to lose his bishopric rather than disown that child of his wit. The true spirit or vein of ancient poetry in this kind seems to shine most in Sir Philip Sidney, whom I esteem both the greatest poet and the noblest genius of any that have left writings behind them and published in ours or any other modern language—a person born capable not only of forming the greatest ideas, but of leaving the noblest examples, if the length of his life had been equal to the excellence of his wit and his virtues.

With him I leave the discourse of ancient poetry, and to discover the decays of this empire must turn to that of the modern, which was introduced after the decays or rather extinction of the old, as if, true poetry being dead, an apparition of it walked about. This mighty change arrived by no smaller occasions nor more ignoble revolutions than those which destroyed the ancient empire and government of Rome, and erected so many new ones upon their ruins, by the invasions and conquests or the general inundations of the Goths, Vandals, and other barbarous or northern nations, upon those parts of Europe that had been subject to the Romans. After the conquests made by Cæsar upon Gaul and the nearer parts of Germany, which were continued and enlarged in the times of Augustus and Tiberius by their lieutenants or generals, great numbers of Germans and Gauls resorted to the Roman armies, and to the city itself, and habituated themselves there, as many Spaniards, Syrians, Grecians had done before, upon the conquest of those countries. This mixture soon corrupted the purity of the Latin tongue, so that in Lucan, but more in Seneca, we find a great and harsh alloy entered into the style of the Augustan Age. After Trajan and Adrian had subdued many German and Scythian nations on both sides of the Danube, the commerce of those barbarous people grew very fre-

quent with the Romans; and I am apt to think that the little verses ascribed to Adrian were in imitation of the runic poetry. The *Scythicas Pati Pruinas* of Florus shows their race or climate, and the first rhyme that ever I read in Latin, with little allusions of letters or syllables, is in that of Adrian at his death:

*O Animula vagula, blandula,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, lurida, timidula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.*

'Tis probable, the old spirit of poetry being lost or frightened away by those long and bloody wars with such barbarous enemies, this new ghost began to appear in its room even about that age, or else that Adrian, who affected that piece of learning as well as others, and was not able to reach the old vein, turned to a new one, which his expeditions into those countries made more allowable in an emperor, and his example recommended to others. In the time of Boethius, who lived under Theodoric in Rome, we find the Latin poetry smell rank of this Gothic imitation, and the old vein quite seared up.

After that age learning grew every day more and more obscured by that cloud of ignorance which, coming from the north and increasing with the numbers and successes of those barbarous people, at length overshadowed all Europe for so long together. The Roman tongue began itself to fail or be disused, and by its corruption made way for the generation of three new languages, in Spain, Italy, and France. The courts of the princes and nobles, who were of the conquering nations, for several ages used their Gothic, or Franc, or Saxon tongues, which were mingled with those of Germany, where some of the Goths had sojourned long, before they proceeded to their conquests of the more southern or western parts. Wherever the Roman colonies had long remained and their language had been generally spoken, the common people used that still, but vitiated with the base alloy of their provincial speech. This in Charlemagne's time was called in France *Rustica Romana*, and in Spain, during the Gothic reigns there, *Romance*;

but in England, from whence all the Roman soldiers, and great numbers of the Britains most accustomed to their commerce and language, had been drained for the defense of Gaul against the barbarous nations that invaded it about the time of Valentinian, that tongue (being wholly extinguished, as well as their own) made way for the entire use of the Saxon language. With these changes the ancient poetry was wholly lost in all these countries, and a new sort grew up by degrees, which was called by a new name of rhymes, with an easy change of the Gothic word *runes*, and not from the Greek *rythmes*, as is vulgarly supposed.

Runes was properly the name of the ancient Gothic letters or characters, which were invented first or introduced by Odin, in the colony or kingdom of the Getes or Goths, which he planted in the north-west parts and round the Baltic Sea, as has been before related. But because all the writings they had among them for many ages were in verse, it came to be the common name of all sorts of poetry among the Goths, and the writers or composers of them were called *runers*, or *rymers*. They had likewise another name for them, or for some sorts of them, which was *vuses*, or *weisés*; and because the sages of that nation expressed the best of their thoughts, and what learning and prudence they had, in these kind of writings, they that succeeded best and with most applause were termed *wise-men*, the good sense or learning or useful knowledge contained in them was called *wisdom*, and the pleasant or facetious vein among them was called *wit*, which was applied to all spirit or race of poetry, where it was found in any men, and was generally pleasing to those that heard or read them.

Of these runes there were in use among the Goths above a hundred several sorts, some composed in longer, some in shorter lines, some equal and others unequal, with many different cadences, quantities, or feet, which in the pronouncing make many different sorts of original or natural tunes. Some were framed with allusions of words or consonance of syllables or of letters, either in the same line, or in the distich, or by alternate succession and resemblance,

which made a sort of jingle that pleased the ruder ears of that people. And because their language was composed most of monosyllables and of so great numbers, many must end in the same sound; another sort of runes were made with the care and study of ending two lines, or each other of four lines, with words of the same sound, which being the easiest, requiring less art and needing less spirit, because a certain chime in the sounds supplied that want and pleased common ears, this in time grew the most general among all the Gothic colonies in Europe, and made rhymes or runes pass for the modern poetry in these parts of the world.

This was not used only in their modern languages, but, during those ignorant ages, even in that barbarous Latin which remained, and was preserved among the monks and priests, to distinguish them by some show of learning from the laity, who might well admire it, in what degree soever, and reverence the professors, when they themselves could neither write nor read, even in their own language; I mean, not only the vulgar laymen, but even the generality of nobles, barons, and princes among them; and this lasted till the ancient learning and languages began to be restored in Europe about two hundred years ago.

The common vein of the Gothic runes was what is termed dithyrambic, and was of a raving or rambling sort of wit or invention, loose and flowing, with little art or confinement to any certain measures or rules; yet some of it wanted not the true spirit of poetry in some degree, or that natural inspiration which has been said to arise from some spark of poetical fire wherewith particular men are born. And such as it was, it served the turn, not only to please, but even to charm the ignorant and barbarous vulgar, where it was in use. This made the runers among the Goths as much in request and admired as any of the ancient and most celebrated poets were among the learned nations; for among the blind, he that has one eye is a prince. They were as well as the others thought inspired, and the charms of their runic conceptions were generally esteemed divine, or magical at least.

The subjects of them were various, but commonly the same with those already observed in the true ancient poetry. Yet this vein was chiefly employed upon the records of bold and martial actions, and the praises of valiant men that had fought successfully or died bravely; and these songs or ballads were usually sung at feasts, or in circles of young or idle persons, and served to inflame the humor of war, of slaughter, and of spoils among them. More refined honor or love had little part in the writings, because it had little in the lives or actions of those fierce people and bloody times. Honor among them consisted in victory, and love in rapes and in lust.

But as the true flame of poetry was rare among them, and the rest was but wild fire that sparkled or rather crackled a while, and soon went out with little pleasure or gazing of the beholders, those runers who could not raise admiration by the spirit of their poetry endeavored to do it by another, which was that of enchantments: this came in to supply the defect of that sublime and marvelous which has been found both in poetry and prose among the learned ancients. The Gothic runers, to gain and establish the credit and admiration of their rhymes, turned the use of them very much to incantations and charms, pretending by them to raise storms, to calm the seas, to cause terror in their enemies, to transport themselves in the air, to conjure spirits, to cure diseases, and stanch bleeding wounds, to make women kind or easy, and men hard or invulnerable, as one of their most ancient runers affirms of himself and his own achievements, by force of these magical arms. The men or women who were thought to perform such wonders or enchantments were, from *vüses*, or *wises*, the name of those verses wherein their charms were conceived, called *wizards* or *witches*.

Out of this quarry seem to have been raised all those trophies of enchantment that appear in the whole fabric of the old Spanish romances, which were the productions of the Gothic wit among them during their reign; and after the conquests of Spain by the Saracens, they were applied to the long wars between them and the

Christians. From the same perhaps may be derived all the visionary tribe of fairies, elves, and goblins, of sprites and of bull-beggars, that serve not only to fright children into whatever their nurses please, but sometimes, by lasting impressions, to disquiet the sleeps and the very lives of men and women, till they grow to years of discretion; and that, God knows, is a period of time which some people arrive to but very late, and perhaps others never. At least, this belief prevailed so far among the Goths and their races that all sorts of charms were not only attributed to their runes or verses, but to their very characters; so that, about the eleventh century, they were forbidden and abolished in Sweden, as they had been before in Spain, by civil and ecclesiastical commands or constitutions; and what has been since recovered of that learning or language has been fetched as far as Iceland itself.

How much of this kind and of this credulity remained even to our own age may be observed by any man that reflects, so far as thirty or forty years, how often avouched, and how generally credited, were the stories of fairies, sprites, witchcrafts, and enchantments. In some parts of France, and not longer ago, the common people believed certainly there were *lougaroos*, or men turned into wolves; and I remember several Irish of the same mind. The remainders are woven into our very language: *Mara*, in old runic, was a goblin that seized upon men asleep in their beds, and took from them all speech and motion; *Old Nicka* was a sprite that came to strangle people who fell into the water; *Bo* was a fierce Gothic captain, son of Odin, whose name was used by his soldiers when they would fright or surprise their enemies; and the proverb of rhyming rats to death came, I suppose, from the same root.

There were, not longer since than the time I have mentioned, some remainders of the runic poetry among the Irish. The great men of their sept, among the many offices of their family, which continued always in the same races, had not only a physician, a huntsman, a smith, and such like, but a poet and a tale-teller. The first

recorded and sung the actions of their ancestors, and entertained the company at feasts: the latter amused them with tales when they were melancholy and could not sleep. And a very gallant gentleman of the north of Ireland has told me of his own experience, that, in his wolf-huntings there, when he used to be abroad in the mountains three or four days together, and lay very ill a-nights, so as he could not well sleep, they would bring him one of these tale-tellers, that, when he lay down, would begin a story of a king, or a giant, a dwarf and a damosel, and such rambling stuff, and continue it all night long in such an even tone that you heard it going on whenever you awaked; and he believed nothing any physicians give could have so good and so innocent effect, to make men sleep in any pains or distempers of body or mind. I remember, in my youth, some persons of our country to have said grace in rhymes, and others their constant prayers; and 'tis vulgar enough that some deeds or conveyances of land have been so since the Conquest.

In such poor wretched weeds as these was poetry clothed, during those shades of ignorance that overspread all Europe for so many ages after the sunset of the Roman learning and empire together, which were succeeded by so many new dominions or plantations of the Gothic swarms, and by a new face of customs, habit, language, and almost of nature. But upon the dawn of a new day, and the resurrection of other sciences, with the two learned languages, among us, this of poetry began to appear very early, though very unlike itself, and in shapes as well as clothes, in humor and in spirit, very different from the ancient. It was now all in rhyme, after the Gothic fashion; for indeed none of the several dialects of that language or allay would bear the composure of such feet and measures as were in use among the Greeks and Latins; and some that attempted it soon left it off, despairing of success. Yet, in this new dress, poetry was not without some charms, especially those of grace and sweetness, and the ore begun to shine in the hands and works of the first refiners. Petrarch, Ronsard, Spenser met with much

applause upon the subjects of love, praise, grief, reproach. Ariosto and Tasso entered boldly upon the scene of heroic poems, but, having not wings for so high flights, began to learn of the old ones, fell upon their imitations, and chiefly of Virgil, as far as the force of their genius or disadvantage of new languages and customs would allow. The religion of the Gentiles had been woven into the contexture of all the ancient poetry with a very agreeable mixture, which made the moderns affect to give that of Christianity a place also in their poems. But the true religion was not found to become fiction so well as a false had done, and all their attempts of this kind seemed rather to debase religion than to heighten poetry. Spenser endeavored to supply this with morality, and to make instruction instead of story the subject of an epic poem. His execution was excellent, and his flights of fancy very noble and high, but his design was poor, and his moral lay so bare that it lost the effect: 'tis true, the pill was gilded, but so thin that the color and the taste were too easily discovered.

After these three, I know none of the moderns that have made any achievements in heroic poetry worth recording. The wits of the age soon left off such bold adventures; and turned to other veins, as if, not worthy to sit down at the feast, they contented themselves with the scraps, with songs and sonnets, with odes and elegies, with satires and panegyrics, and what we call copies of verses upon any subjects or occasions, wanting either genius or application for nobler or more laborious productions, as painters that cannot succeed in great pieces turn to miniature.

But the modern poets, to value this small coin, and make it pass, though of so much a baser metal than the old, gave it a new mixture from two veins which were little known or little esteemed among the ancients. There were indeed certain fancies in the old regions of poetry, called Epigrams, which seldom reached above the stature of two or four or six lines, and which, being so short, were all turned upon conceit, or some sharp hits of fancy or wit. The only ancient of this kind among the Latins were the *Priapeia*, which were

little voluntaries or extemporaries written upon the ridiculous wooden statues of Priapus among the gardens of Rome. In the decays of the Roman learning and wit as well as language, Martial, Ausonius, and others fell into this vein, and applied it indifferently to all subjects, which was before restrained to one, and dressed it something more cleanly than it was born. This vein of conceit seemed proper for such scraps or splinters into which poetry was broken, and was so eagerly followed as almost to overrun all that was composed in our several modern languages. The Italian, the French, the Spanish, as well as English, were for a great while full of nothing else but conceit. It was an ingredient that gave taste to compositions which had little of themselves; 'twas a sauce that gave point to meat that was flat, and some life to colors that were fading; and, in short, those who could not furnish spirit supplied it with this salt, which may preserve things or bodies that are dead, but is, for aught I know, of little use to the living, or necessary to meats that have much or pleasing tastes of their own. However it were, this vein first overflowed our modern poetry, and with so little distinction or judgment that we would have conceit as well as rhyme in every two lines, and run through all our long scribbles as well as the short, and the whole body of the poem, whatever it is. This was just as if a building should be nothing but ornament, or clothes nothing but trimming; as if a face should be covered over with black patches, or a gown with spangles; which is all I shall say of it.

Another vein which has entered and helped to corrupt our modern poesy is that of ridicule, as if nothing pleased but what made one laugh, which yet come from two very different affections of the mind; for as men have no disposition to laugh at things they are most pleased with, so they are very little pleased with many things they laugh at.

But this mistake is very general, and such modern poets as found no better way of pleasing thought they could not fail of it by ridiculing. This was encouraged by finding conversation run so much into the same vein, and the wits in vogue to take

up with that part of it which was formerly left to those that were called fools, and were used in great families only to make the company laugh. What opinion the Romans had of this character appears in those lines of Horace:

— *Absentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit alio culpante, solutos
Qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis,
Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane,
caveto.*

And 'tis pity the character of a wit in one age should be so like that of a black in another.

Rabelais seems to have been father of the ridicule, a man of excellent and universal learning as well as wit; and though he had too much game given him for satire in that age, by the customs of courts and of convents, of processes and of wars, of schools and of camps, of romances and legends, yet he must be confessed to have kept up his vein of ridicule by saying many things so malicious, so smutty, and so profane, that either a prudent, a modest, or a pious man could not have afforded, though he had never so much of that coin about him; and it were to be wished that the wits who have followed his vein had not put too much value upon a dress that better understandings would not wear, at least in public, and upon a compass they gave themselves which other men would not take. The matchless writer of *Don Quixote* is much more to be admired for having made up so excellent a composition of satire or ridicule without those ingredients, and seems to be the best and highest strain that ever was or will be reached by that vein.

It began first in verse with an Italian poem, called *La Secchia Rapita*, was pursued by Scarron in French with his *Virgil Travestie*, and in English by Sir John Minnes, *Hudibras*, and Cotton, and with greater height of burlesque in the English than, I think, in any other language. But let the execution be what it will, the design, the custom, and example are very pernicious to poetry, and indeed to all virtue and good qualities among men, which must

be disheartened by finding how unjustly and undistinguished they fall under the lash of raillery, and this vein of ridiculing the good as well as the ill, the guilty and the innocent together. 'Tis a very poor though common pretense to merit, to make it appear by the faults of other men. A mean wit or beauty may pass in a room where the rest of the company are allowed to have none; 'tis something to sparkle among diamonds, but to shine among pebbles is neither credit nor value worth the pretending.

Besides these two veins brought in to supply the defects of the modern poetry, much application has been made to the smoothness of language or style, which has at the best but the beauty of coloring in a picture, and can never make a good one without spirit and strength. The Academy set up by Cardinal Richelieu to amuse the wits of that age and country, and divert them from raking into his politics and ministry, brought this in vogue; and the French wits have for this last age been in a manner wholly turned to the refinement of their language, and indeed with such success that it can hardly be excelled, and runs equally through their verse and their prose. The same vein has been likewise much cultivated in our modern English poetry; and by such poor recruits have the broken forces of this empire been of late made up; with what success, I leave to be judged by such as consider it in the former heights and the present declines both of power and of honor; but this will not discourage, however it may affect, the true lovers of this mistress, who must ever think her a beauty in rags as well as in robes.

Among these many decays, there is yet one sort of poetry that seems to have succeeded much better with our moderns than any of the rest, which is dramatic, or that of the stage. In this the Italian, the Spanish, and the French have all had their different merit, and received their just applauses. Yet I am deceived if our English has not in some kind excelled both the modern and the ancient, which has been by force of a vein natural perhaps to our

country, and which with us is called *humor*, a word peculiar to our language too, and hard to be expressed in any other; nor is it, that I know of, found in any foreign writers, unless it be Molière, and yet his itself has too much of the farce to pass for the same with ours. Shakespeare was the first that opened this vein upon our stage, which has run so freely and so pleasantly ever since that I have often wondered to find it appear so little upon any others, being a subject so proper for them, since humor is but a picture of particular life, as comedy is of general; and though it represents dispositions and customs less common, yet they are not less natural than those that are more frequent among men; for if humor itself be forced, it loses all the grace; which has been indeed the fault of some of our poets most celebrated in this kind.

It may seem a defect in the ancient stage that the characters introduced were so few, and those so common, as a covetous old man, an amorous young, a witty wench, a crafty slave, a bragging soldier. The spectators met nothing upon the stage but what they met in the streets and at every turn. All the variety is drawn only from different and uncommon events, whereas if the characters are so too, the diversity and the pleasure must needs be the more. But as of most general customs in a country there is usually some ground from the nature of the people or the climate, so there may be amongst us for this vein of our stage, and a greater variety of humor in the picture, because there is a greater variety in the life. This may proceed from the native plenty of our soil, the unevenness of our climate, as well as the ease of our government, and the liberty of professing opinions and factions, which perhaps our neighbors may have about them, but are forced to disguise, and thereby they may come in time to be extinguished. Plenty begets wantonness and pride: wantonness is apt to invent, and pride scorns to imitate. Liberty begets stomach or heart, and stomach will not be constrained. Thus we come to have more originals, and more that appear what they

are; we have more humor, because every man follows his own, and takes a pleasure, perhaps a pride, to show it.

On the contrary, where the people are generally poor, and forced to hard labor, their actions and lives are all of a piece; where they serve hard masters, they must follow his examples as well as commands, and are forced upon imitation in small matters as well as obedience in great: so that some nations look as if they were cast all by one mold, or cut out all by one pattern—at least the common people in one, and the gentlemen in another: they seem all of a sort in their habits, their customs, and even their talk and conversation, as well as in the application and pursuit of their actions and their lives.

Besides all this, there is another sort of variety amongst us, which arises from our climate and the dispositions it naturally produces. We are not only more unlike one another than any nation I know, but we are more unlike ourselves too at several times, and owe to our very air some ill qualities as well as many good. We may allow some distempers incident to our climate since so much health, vigor, and length of life have been generally ascribed to it; for among the Greek and Roman authors themselves, so we shall find the Britains observed to live the longest, and the Egyptians the shortest, of any nations that were known in those ages. Besides, I think none will dispute the native courage of our men and beauty of our women, which may be elsewhere as great in particulars, but nowhere so in general; they may be (what is said of diseases) as acute in other places, but with us they are epidemical. For my own part, 40 who have conversed much with men of other nations, and such as have been both in great employments and esteem, I can say very impartially that I have not observed among any so much true genius as among the English: nowhere more sharpness of wit, more pleasantness of humor, more range of fancy, more penetration of thought or depth of reflection among the better sort: nowhere more goodness of 50 nature and of meaning, nor more plainness of sense and of life than among the com-

mon sort of country people, nor more blunt courage and honesty than among our seamen.

But, with all this, our country must be confessed to be what a great foreign physician called it, the Region of Spleen, which may arise a good deal from the great uncertainty and many sudden changes of our weather in all seasons of the year. And how much these affect the heads and hearts, especially of the finest tempers, is hard to be believed by men whose thoughts are not turned to such speculations. This makes us unequal in our humors, inconstant in our passions, uncertain in our ends, and even in our desires. Besides, our different opinions in religion and the factions they have raised or animated for fifty years past have had an ill effect upon our manners and customs, inducing more avarice, ambition, disguise, with the usual consequences of them, than were before in our constitution. From all this it may happen that there is nowhere more true zeal in the many different forms of devotion, and yet nowhere more knavery under the shows and pretenses. There are nowhere so many disputers upon religion, so many reasoners upon government, so many refiners in politics, so many curious inquisitives, so many pretenders to business and state-employments, greater porers upon books, nor plodders after wealth. And yet nowhere more abandoned libertines, more refined luxurists, extravagant debauchees, conceited gallants, more dabblers in poetry as well as politics, in philosophy, and in chemistry. I have had several servants far gone in divinity, others in poetry; have known, in the families of some friends, a keeper deep in the Rosycrucia principles, and a laundress firm in those of Epicurus. What effect soever such a composition or medley of humors among us may have upon our lives or our government, it must needs have a good one upon our stage, and has given admirable play to our comical wits: so that in my opinion there is no vein of that sort, either ancient or modern, which excels or equals the humor of our plays. And for the rest, I cannot but observe, [to] the honor of our country, that

the good qualities amongst us seem to be natural, and the ill ones more accidental, and such as would be easily changed by the examples of princes and by the precepts of laws; such, I mean, as should be designed to form manners, to restrain excesses, to encourage industry, to prevent men's expenses beyond their fortunes, to countenance virtue, and raise that true esteem due to plain sense and common honesty.

But to spin off this thread which is already grown too long: what honor and request the ancient poetry has lived in may not only be observed from the universal reception and use in all nations from China to Peru, from Scythia to Arabia, but from the esteem of the best and the greatest men as well as the vulgar. Among the Hebrews, David and Solomon, the wisest kings, Job and Jeremiah, the holiest men, were the best poets of their nation and language. Among the Greeks, the two most renowned sages and lawgivers were Lycurgus and Solon, whereof the last is known to have excelled in poetry, and the first was so great a lover of it that to his care and industry we are said by some authors to owe the collection and preservation of the loose and scattered pieces of Homer in the order wherein they have since appeared. Alexander is reported neither to have traveled nor slept without those admirable poems always in his company. Phalaris, that was inexorable to all other enemies, relented at the charms of Stesichorus his Muse. Among the Romans, the last and great Scipio passed the soft hours of his life in the conversation of Terence, and was thought to have a part in the composition of his comedies. Cæsar was an excellent poet as well as orator, and composed a poem in his voyage from Rome to Spain, relieving the tedious difficulties of his march with the entertainments of his Muse. Augustus was not only a patron, but a friend and companion, of Virgil and Horace, and was himself both an admirer of poetry and a pretender too, as far as his genius would reach or his busy scene allow. 'Tis true, since his age we have few such examples of great princes favoring or affecting poetry,

and as few perhaps of great poets deserving it. Whether it be that the fierceness of the Gothic humors, or noise of their perpetual wars, frighted it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it, certain it is that the great heights and excellency both of poetry and music fell with the Roman learning and empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them. Yet such as they are amongst us, they must be confessed to be the softest and sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes and the cottages of shepherds. They serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor or idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life; for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions or affections. I know very well that many, who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question. It may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the Fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of Heaven itself. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and request of these two entertainments will do so too; and happy those that content themselves with these or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them!

When all is done, human life is, at the

greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

OF HEALTH AND LONG LIFE

[1701].

I can truly say that, of all the paper I have blotted, which has been a great deal in my time, I have never written anything for the public without the intention of some public good. Whether I have succeeded or no is not my part to judge; and others, in what they tell me, may deceive either me or themselves. Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil or the seasons whether he or any other gather the fruit.

I have chosen those subjects of these essays, wherein I take human life to be most concerned, and which are of most common use, or most necessary knowledge; and wherein, though I may not be able to inform men more than they know, yet I may perhaps give them the occasion to consider more than they do.

This is a sort of instruction that no man can dislike, since it comes from himself, and is made without envy or fear, constraint or obligation, which make us commonly dislike what is taught us by others. All men would be glad to be their own masters, and should not be sorry to be their own scholars, when they pay no more for their learning than their own thoughts, which they have commonly more store of about them than they know what to do with, and which, if they do not apply to something of good use, nor employ about something of ill, they will trifle away upon something vain or impertinent. Their thoughts will be but waking dreams, as their dreams are but sleeping thoughts. Yet, of all sorts of instructions, the best is gained from our own thoughts as well as experience. For though a man may grow learned by other men's thoughts, yet he will grow wise or happy only by his own; the use of other men's towards these ends is but to serve for one's reflections. Otherwise they are but like meat swallowed

down for pleasure or greediness, which only charges the stomach, or fumes into the brain, if it be not well digested and thereby turned into the very mass or substance of the body that receives it.

Some writers, in casting up the goods most desirable in life, have given them this rank: health, beauty, and riches. Of the first I find no dispute, but to the two others much may be said. For beauty is a good that makes others happy rather than one's self; and how riches should claim so high a rank, I cannot tell, when so great, so wise, and so good a part of mankind have in all ages preferred poverty before them. The Therapeutæ and Ebionites among the Jews, the primitive monks and modern friars among Christians, so many dervishes among the Mahometans, the Brachmans among the Indians, and all the ancient philosophers; who, whatever else they differed in, agreed in this of despising riches, and at best esteeming them an unnecessary trouble or encumbrance of life; so that whether they are to be reckoned among goods or evils is yet left in doubt.

When I was young and in some idle company, it was proposed that everyone should tell what their three wishes should be, if they were sure to be granted. Some were very pleasant, and some very extravagant; mine were health, and peace, and fair weather; which, though out of the way among young men, yet perhaps might pass well enough among old. They are all of a strain, for health in the body is like peace in the state and serenity in the air. The sun, in our climate at least, has something so reviving that a fair day is a kind of sensual pleasure, and of all others the most innocent.

Peace is a public blessing, without which no man is safe in his fortunes, his liberty, or his life. Neither innocence or laws are a guard of defense; no possessions are en-

joyed but in danger or fear, which equally lose the pleasure and ease of all that fortune can give us. Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade and are tasteless, if not dead, without it. A man starves at the best and the greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is old and impotent in seraglios of the most sparkling beauties, poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortunes. With common diseases strength grows decrepit, youth loses all vigor, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh; and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honor and attendance are cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burden. But if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life, make no difference between a prince and a beggar; and a fit of the stone or the colic puts a king to the rack, and makes him as miserable as he can do the meanest, the worst, and most criminal of his subjects.

To know that the passions or distempers of the mind make our lives unhappy, in spite of all accidents and favors of fortune, a man perhaps must be a philosopher; and requires much thought and study, and deep reflections. To be a Stoic, and grow insensible of pain as well as poverty or disgrace, one must be perhaps something more or less than a man, renounce common nature, oppose common truth and constant experience. But there needs little learning or study, more than common thought and observation, to find out that ill health loses not only the enjoyments of fortune, but the pleasures of sense, and even of imagination, and hinders the common operations both of body and mind from being easy and free. Let the philosophers reason and differ about the chief good or happiness of man; let them find it where they can, and place it where they please; but there is no mistake so gross, or opinion so impertinent (how common soever), as to think pleasures arise from what is without us, rather than from what is within; from the impression given us of objects, rather than from the disposition of the organs that receive them. The various effects of the same objects

upon different persons, or upon the same persons at different times, make the contrary most evident. Some distempers make things look yellow, others double what we see; the commonest alter our tastes and our smells, and the very foulness of ears changes sounds. The difference of tempers, as well as of age, may have the same effect, by the many degrees of perfection or imperfection in our original tempers, as well as of strength or decay, from the differences of health and of years. From all which 'tis easy, without being a great naturalist, to conclude that our perceptions are formed, and our imaginations raised upon them, in a very great measure, by the dispositions of the organs through which the several objects make their impressions; and that these vary according to the different frame and temper of the others; as the sound of the same breath passing through an open pipe, a flute, or a trumpet.

But to leave philosophy, and return to health. Whatever is true in point of happiness depending upon the temper of the mind, 'tis certain that pleasures depend upon the temper of the body; and that, to enjoy them, a man must be well himself, as a vessel must be sound to have your wine sweet; for otherwise, let it be never so pleasant and so generous, it loses the taste; and pour in never so much, it all turns sour, and were better let alone. Whoever will eat well must have a stomach; who will relish the pleasure of drinks must have his mouth in taste; who will enjoy a beautiful woman must be in vigor himself; nay, to find any felicity, or take any pleasure in the greatest advantages of honor and fortune, a man must be in health. Who would not be covetous, and with reason, if this could be purchased with gold? Who not ambitious, if it were at the command of power, or restored by honor? But alas! a white staff will not help gouty feet to walk better than a common cane; nor a blue ribbon bind up a wound so well as a fillet; the glitter of gold or of diamonds will but hurt sore eyes, instead of curing them; and an aching head will be no more eased by wearing a crown than a common nightcap.

If health be such a blessing, and the very

source of all pleasure, it may be worth the pains to discover the regions where it grows, the springs that feed it, the customs and methods by which 'tis best cultivated and preserved. Towards this end, it will be necessary to consider the examples or instances we meet with of health and long life, which is the consequence of it; and to observe the places, the customs, and the conditions of those who enjoyed them in any degree extraordinary; from whence we may best guess at the causes, and make the truest conclusions.

Of what passed before the Flood, we know little from Scripture itself, besides the length of their lives; so as I shall only observe upon that period of time that men are thought neither to have eat flesh nor drunk wine before it ended. For to Noah first seems to have been given the liberty of feeding upon living creatures, and the prerogative of planting the vine. Since that time we meet with little mention of very long lives in any stories either sacred or profane, besides the Patriarchs of the Hebrews, the Brachmans among the old Indians, and the Brazilians at the time that country was discovered by the Europeans. Many of these were said then to have lived two hundred, some three hundred years. The same terms of life are attributed to the old Brachmans; and how long those of the Patriarchs were is recorded in Scripture. Upon all these I shall observe that the Patriarchs' abodes were not in cities, but in open countries and fields; that their lives were pastoral, or employed in some sorts of agriculture; that they were of the same race to which their marriages were generally confined; that their diet was simple, as that of the ancients is generally represented, among whom flesh or wine was seldom used but at sacrifices or solemn feasts. The Brachmans were all of the same races, lived in fields and in woods, after the course of their studies were ended, and fed only upon rice, milk, or herbs. The Brazilians, when first discovered, lived the most natural original lives of mankind, so frequently described in ancient countries, before laws, or property, or arts made entrance among them; and so their customs may be concluded to have been yet more

simple than either of the other two. They lived without business or labor, further than for their necessary food, by gathering fruits, herbs, and plants. They knew no drink but water; were not tempted to eat nor drink beyond common thirst or appetite; were not troubled with either public or domestic cares, nor knew any pleasures but the most simple and natural.

From all these examples and customs it may probably be concluded that the common ingredients of health and long life (where births are not impaired from the conception by any derived infirmities of the race they come from) are great temperance, open air, easy labor, little care, simplicity of diet, rather fruits and plants than flesh, which easier corrupts; and water, which preserves the radical moisture, without too much increasing the radical heat: whereas sickness, decay, and death proceed commonly from the one preying too fast upon the other, and at length wholly extinguishing it.

I have sometimes wondered that the regions of so much health and so long lives were all under very hot climates; whereas the most temperate are allowed to produce the strongest and most vigorous bodies. But weaker constitutions may last as long as the strong, if better preserved from accidents; so Venice glass, as long as an earthen pitcher, if carefully kept; and, for one life that ends by mere decay of nature or age, millions are intercepted by accidents from without or diseases within; by untimely deaths or decays; from the effects of excess and luxury, immoderate repletion or exercise; the preying of our minds upon our bodies by long passions or consuming cares, as well as those accidents which are called violent. Men are perhaps most betrayed to all these dangers by great strength and vigor of constitution, by more appetite and larger fare in colder climates: in the warm, excesses are found more pernicious to health, and so more avoided; and, if experience and reflection do not cause temperance among them, yet it is forced upon them by the faintness of the appetite. I can find no better account of a story Sir Francis Bacon tells, of a very old man, whose customs and diet he inquired; but he

said he observed none besides eating before he was hungry and drinking before he was dry; for by that rule he was sure never to eat nor drink much at a time. Besides, the warmth of air keeps the pores open, and by continual perspiration breathes out those humors which breed most diseases, if in cooler climates it be not helped by exercise. And this I take to be the reason of our English constitutions finding so much benefit by the air of Montpellier, especially in long colds or consumptions, or rather lingering diseases; though I have known some who attributed the restoring of their health there as much to the fruits as the air of that place.

I know not whether there may be anything in the climate of Brazil more propitious to health than in other countries: for, besides what was observed among the natives upon the first European discoveries, I remember Don Francisco de Melo, a Portugal Ambassador in England, told me, it was frequent in his country for men spent with age or other decays, so as they could not hope for above a year or two of life, to ship themselves away in a Brazil fleet, and after their arrival there to go on a great length, sometimes of twenty or thirty years, or more, by the force of that vigor they recovered with that remove. Whether such an effect might grow from the air, or the fruits of that climate, or by approaching nearer the sun, which is the fountain of life and heat, when their natural heat was so far decayed; or whether the piecing out of an old man's life were worth the pains, I cannot tell: perhaps the play is not worth the candle.

I do not remember, either in story or modern observation, any examples of long life common to any parts of Europe, which the temper of the climate has probably made the scene of luxury and excesses in diet. Greece and Rome were of old celebrated, or rather defamed, for those customs, when they were not known in Asia nor Africa; and how guilty our colder climates are in this point, beyond the warmer of Spain and Italy, is but too well known. It is common among Spaniards of the best quality not to have tasted pure wine at forty years old. 'Tis an honor to their laws, that

a man loses his testimony who can be proved once to have been drunk; and I never was more pleased with any reply than that of a Spaniard, who, having been asked whether he had a good dinner at a friend's house, said, *Sí, señor, a via sabrado*; Yes, Sir, for there was something left. The great trade in Italy, and resort of strangers, especially of Germans, has made the use of wine something more frequent there, though not much among the persons of rank, who are observed to live longer at Rome and Madrid than in any other towns of Europe, where the qualities of the air force upon them the greatest temperance, as well as care and precaution. We read of many kings very long-lived in Spain, one I remember that reigned above seventy years. But Philip de Comines observes that none in France had lived to threescore, from Charlemagne's time to that of Louis XI, whereas in England, from the Conquest to the end of Queen Elizabeth (which is a much shorter period of time), there have reigned five kings and one queen, whereof two lived sixty-five years, two sixty-eight, and two reached at least the seventieth year of their age. I wondered upon this subject when Monsieur Pomponne, French Ambassador in my time at The Hague, a person of great worth and learning, as well as observation, told me there that in his life he had never heard of any man in France that arrived at a hundred years; and I could imagine no reason for it, unless it be that the excellence of their climate, subject neither to much cold nor heat, gave them such a liveliness of temper and humor as disposed them to more pleasures of all kinds than any other countries. And, I doubt, pleasures too long continued, or rather too frequently repeated, may spend the spirits, and thereby life, too fast, to leave it very long; like blowing a fire too often, which makes it indeed burn the better, but last the less. For as pleasures perish themselves in the using, like flowers that fade with gathering, so it is neither natural nor safe to continue them long, to renew them without appetite, or ever to provoke them by arts or imagination where Nature does not call, who can best tell us when and how much we need, or

what is good for us, if we were so wise as to consult her. But a short life and a merry carries it, and is without doubt better than a long with sorrow and pain.

For the honor of our climate, it has been observed by ancient authors that the Britons were longer-lived than any other nation to them known. And in modern times there have been more and greater examples of this kind than in any other countries of Europe. The story of old Parr is too late to be forgotten by many now alive, who was brought out of Derbyshire to the court in King Charles I's time, and lived to a hundred and fifty-three years old; and might have, as was thought, gone further, if the change of country air and diet for that of the town had not carried him off, perhaps untimely, at that very age. The late Robert Earl of Leicester, who was a person of great learning and observation, as well as of truth, told me several stories very extraordinary upon this subject; one, of a Countess of Desmond, married out of England in Edward IV's time, and who lived far in King James's reign, and was counted to have died some years above a hundred and forty; at which age she came from Bristol to London to beg some relief at court, having long been very poor by the ruin of that Irish family into which she was married.

Another he told me was of a beggar at a bookseller's shop, where he was some weeks after the death of Prince Henry; and observing those that passed by, he was saying to his company that never such a mourning had he seen in England. This beggar said, "No, never since the death of Prince Arthur." My Lord Leicester, surprised, asked what she meant, and whether she remembered it. She said, "Very well"; and upon his more curious inquiry, told him that her name was Rainsford, of a good family in Oxfordshire: that, when she was about twenty years old, upon the falseness of a lover, she fell distracted; how long she had been so, nor what passed in that time, she knew not; that, when she was thought well enough to go abroad, she was fain to beg for her living; that she was some time at this trade before she recovered any memory of what she had been, or where bred; that,

when this memory returned, she went down into her country, but hardly found the memory of any of her friends she had left there; and so returned to a parish in Southwark, where she had some allowance among other poor, and had been for many years; and once a week walked into the City, and took what alms were given her. My Lord Leicester told me he sent to inquire at the parish, and found their account agree with the woman's: upon which he ordered her to call at his house once a week, which she did for some time; after which he heard no more of her. This story raised some discourse upon a remark of some in the company that mad people are apt to live long. They alleged examples of their own knowledge: but the result was that, if it were true, it must proceed from the natural vigor of their tempers, which disposed them to passions so violent as ended in frenzies; and from the great abstinence and hardships of diet they are forced upon by the methods of their cure, and severity of those who had them in care; no other drink but water being allowed them, and very little meat.

The last story I shall mention from that noble person, upon this subject, was of a morrice-dancer in Herefordshire; whereof, he said, he had a pamphlet still in his library, written by a very ingenious gentleman of that county, and which gave an account how such a year of King James's reign there went about the country a set of morrice-dancers, composed of ten men who danced, a Maid Marian, and a tabor and pipe: and how these twelve, one with another, made up twelve hundred years. It is not so much that so many in one small county should live to that age as that they should be in vigor and in humor to travel and to dance.

I have, in my life, met with two of above a hundred and twelve; whereof the woman had passed her life in service, and the man in common labor, till he grew old, and fell upon the parish. But I met with one who had gone a much greater length, which made me more curious in my inquiries. 'Twas an old man, who begged usually at a lonely inn upon the road in Staffordshire, who told me he was a hun-

dred twenty-four years old; that he had been a soldier in the Calais voyage, under the Earl of Essex, of which he gave me a sensible account. That, after his return, he fell to labor in his own parish, which was about a mile from the place where I met him; that he continued to work till a hundred and twelve, when he broke one of his ribs by a fall from a cart, and being thereby disabled, he fell to beg. This agreeing with what the master of the house told me was reported and believed by all his neighbors, I asked him what his usual food was; he said, milk, bread, and cheese, and flesh when it was given him. I asked him what he used to drink; he said, "O Sir, we have the best water in our parish that is in all the neighborhood." Whether he never drank anything else? he said, "Yes, if anybody gave it him, but not otherwise." And the host told me he had got many a pound in his house, but never spent one penny. I asked if he had any neighbors as old as he; and he told me but one, who had been his fellow-soldier at Calais, and was three years older; but he had been most of his time in a good service, and had something to live on now he was old.

I have heard, and very credibly, of many in my life, above a hundred years old,³⁰ brought as witnesses upon trials of titles, and bounds of land: but I have observed most of them have been of Derbyshire, Staffordshire, or Yorkshire, and none above the rank of common farmers. The oldest I ever knew any persons of quality, or indeed any gentleman, either at home or abroad, was fourscore and twelve. This, added to all the former recites or observations, either of long-lived races or persons in any age⁴⁰ or country, makes it easy to conclude that health and long life are usually blessings of the poor, not of the rich, and the fruits of temperance rather than of luxury and excess. And, indeed, if a rich man does not in many things live like a poor, he will certainly be the worse for his riches: if he does not use exercise, which is but voluntary labor; if he does not restrain appetite by choice, as the others do by necessity. If⁵⁰ he does not practise sometimes even abstinence and fasting, which is the last extreme of want and poverty: if his cares and

troubles increase with his riches, or his passions with his pleasures, he will certainly impair in health whilst he improves his fortunes, and lose more than he gains by the bargain; since health is the best of all human possessions, and without which the rest are not relished or kindly enjoyed.

It is observable in story that the ancient philosophers lived generally very long; ¹⁰ which may be attributed to their great temperance, and their freedom from common passions as well as cares of the world. But the friars, in many orders, seem to equal them in all these, and yet are not observed to live long, so as some other reason may be assigned. I can give none, unless it be the great and constant confinement of the last, and liberty of the others. I mean not only that of their persons to their cloisters (which is not universal among them), ²⁰ but their condition of life, so tied to rules, and so absolutely subject to their superiors' commands, besides the very confinement of their minds and thoughts to a certain compass of notions, speculations, and opinions. The philosophers took the greatest liberty that could be, and allowed their thoughts, their studies, and inventions the most unconfined range over the whole universe. They both began and continued their profession and condition of life at their own choice, as well as their abodes; whereas among the friars, though they may be voluntary at first, yet, after their vows made, they grow necessary and thereby constrained. Now 'tis certain that as nothing damps or depresses the spirits like great subjection or slavery, either of body or mind, so nothing nourishes, re- ³⁰ vives, and fortifies them like great liberty; which may possibly enter, among other reasons, of what has been observed about long life being found more in England than in others of our neighbor countries.

Upon the general and particular surveys already made, it may seem that the mountainous or barren countries are usually the scenes of health and long life; that they have been found rather in the hills of Palestine and Arcadia than in the plains of Babylon or of Thessaly; and among us in England, rather upon the Peak of Derbyshire, and the heaths of Staffordshire, than

the fertile soils of other countries, that abound more in people and in riches. Whether this proceeds from the air being clearer of gross and damp exhalations, or from the meaner condition, and thereby harder fare, and more simple diet, or from the stronger nourishment of those grains and roots which grow in dry soils, I will not determine; but think it is evident, from common experience, that the natives and inhabitants of hilly and barren countries have not only more health in general, but also more vigor, than those of the plains or fertile soils, and usually exceed them even in size and stature: so the largest bodies of men that are found in these parts of Europe are the Switzers, the Highlanders of Scotland, and the northern Irish. I remember King Charles the Second (a prince of much and various knowledge, and curious observation) upon this subject falling in discourse, asked me what could be the reason that in mountainous countries the men were commonly larger, and yet the cattle of all sorts smaller, than in others. I could think of none, unless it were that appetite being more in both, from the air of such places, it happened that, by the care of parents in the education of children, these seldom wanted food of some sort or other enough to supply nature and satisfy appetite during the age of their growth, which must be the greater by the sharpness of hunger and strength of digestion in drier airs: for milk, roots, and oats abound in such countries, though there may be scarcity of other food or grain. But the cattle, from the shortness of pasture and of fodder, have hardly enough to feed in summer; and very often want, in winter, even necessary food for sustenance of life; many are starved, and the rest stunted in their growth, which, after a certain age, never advances. Whether this be a good reason, or a better may be found, I believe one part of it will not be contested by any man that tries; which is, that the open dry air of hilly countries gives more stomach than that of plains and valleys, in which cities are commonly built, for the convenience of water, of trade, and the plenty of fruits and grains produced by the earth, with much greater increase and less labor

in softer than in harder grounds. The faintness of appetite in such places, especially in great cities, makes the many endeavors to relieve and provoke it by art, where nature fails; and this is one great ground of luxury, and so many and various and extravagant inventions to heighten and improve it; which may serve perhaps for some refinement on pleasure, but not at all for any advantages of health or of life: on the contrary, all the great cities, celebrated most by the concourse of mankind, and by the inventions and customs of the greatest and most delicate luxury, are the scenes of the most frequent and violent plagues, as well as other diseases. Such are in our age Grand Cairo, Constantinople, Naples, and Rome; though the exact and constant care, in this last, helps them commonly to escape better than the others.

This introduces the use, and indeed the necessity, of physic in great towns and very populous countries, which remoter and more barren and desolate places are scarce acquainted with: for in the course of common life a man must often exercise, or fast, or take physic, or be sick; and the choice seems left to everyone as he likes. The two first are the best methods and means of preserving health; the use of physic is for restoring it, and curing those diseases which are generally caused by the want or neglect of the others; but is neither necessary, nor perhaps useful, for confirming the health, or to the length of life, being generally a force upon nature; though the end of it seems to be rather assisting nature than opposing it in its course.

How ancient, how general the study or profession of this science has been in the world, and how various the practice, may be worth a little inquiry and observation, since it so nearly concerns our healths and lives. Greece must be allowed to have been the mother of this, as much or more than of other sciences, most whereof are transplanted thither from more ancient and more eastern nations. But this seems to have first risen there, and with good reason; for Greece having been the first scene of luxury we meet with in story, and having thereby occasioned more diseases, seemed to owe the world that justice of providing

the remedies. Among the more simple and original customs and lives of other nations it entered late, and was introduced by the Grecians. In ancient Babylon, how great and populous soever, no physicians were known, nor other methods for the cure of diseases besides abstinence, patience, domestic care; or when these succeeded not, exposing the patient in the market, to receive the instructions of any persons that passed by, and pretended by experience or inquiries to have learned any remedies for such an illness. The Persian emperors sent into Greece for the physicians they needed, upon some extremity at first, but afterwards kept them residing with them. In old Rome they were long unknown; and, after having entered there, and continued for some time, they were all banished, and returned not in many years, till their fondness of all the Grecian arts and customs restored this, and introduced all the rest among them; where they continued in use and esteem during the greatness of that empire. With the rise and progress of the fierce northern powers and arms, this, as well as all other learning, was in a manner extinguished in Europe. But when the Saracen empire grew to such a height in the more eastern and southern parts of the world, all arts and sciences, following the traces of greatness and security in states or governments, began to flourish there, and this among the rest. The Arabians seem to have first retrieved and restored it in the Mahometan dominions; and the Jews in Europe, who were long the chief professors of it in the Gothic kingdoms; having been always a nation very mercurial, of great genius and application to all sorts of learning, after their dispersion; till they were discouraged by the persecutions of their religion and their persons among most of the Christian states. In the vast territories of India there are few physicians, or little esteemed, besides some European, or else of the race either of Jews or Arabs.

Through these hands and places this science has passed with greatest honor and applause: among others it has been less used or esteemed.

For the antiquity of it, and original in Greece, we must have recourse to Æscula-

pius, who lived in the age before the Trojan war, and whose son Macaoon is mentioned to have assisted there; but whether as a physician or a surgeon, I do not find. How simple the beginnings of this art were may be observed by the story of Æsculapius going about the country with a dog and a she-goat always following, both which he used much in his cures; the first for licking all ulcerated wounds, and the goat's milk for diseases of the stomach and lungs. We find little more recorded of either his methods or medicines; though he was so successful by his skill, or so admired for the novelty of his profession, as to have been honored with statues, esteemed son of Apollo, and worshiped as a god.

Whoever was accounted the god of physic, the prince of this science must be by all, I think, allowed to have been Hippocrates. He flourished in the time of the first renowned philosophers of Greece (the chief of whom was Democritus), and his writings are the most ancient of any that remain to posterity; for those of Democritus, and others of that age, are all lost, though many were preserved until the time of Antoninus Pius, and perhaps something later: and, it is probable, were suppressed by the pious zeal of some Fathers, under the first Christian emperor. Those of Hippocrates escaped this fate of his age by being esteemed so useful to human life, as well as the most excellent upon all subjects he treats; for he was a great philosopher and naturalist before he began the study of physic, to which both these are perhaps necessary. His rules and methods continued in practice as well as esteem without any dispute for many ages till the time of Galen; and I have heard a great physician say that his aphorisms are still the most certain and uncontrolled of any that science has produced. I will judge but of one, which, in my opinion, has the greatest race and height both of sense and judgment that I have read in few words, and the best expressed, *Ars longa, vita brevis, experientia fallax, occasio præceps, judicium difficile*. By which alone, if no more remained of that admirable person, we may easily judge how great a genius he was, and how perfectly he understood both nature and art.

In the time of Adrian, Galen began to change the practice and methods of physic, derived to that age from Hippocrates; and those of his new institution continue generally observed in our time. Yet Paracelsus, about two hundred years ago, endeavored to overthrow the whole scheme of Galen, and introduce a new one of his own, as well as the use of chemical medicines; and has not wanted his followers and admirers ever since, who have, in some measure, compounded with the Galenists, and brought a mixed use of chemical medicines into the present practice.

Dr. Harvey gave the first credit, if not rise, to the opinion about the circulation of the blood, which was expected to bring in great and general innovations into the whole practice of physic, but has had no such effect. Whether the opinion has not had the luck to be so well believed as proved, sense and experience having not well agreed with reason and speculation; or whether the scheme has not been pursued so far as to draw it into practice; or whether it be too fine to be capable of it, like some propositions in mathematics, how true and demonstrative soever, I will not pretend to determine.

These great changes or revolutions in the physical empire have given ground to many attacks that have been made against it, upon the score of its uncertainty, by several wise and learned men, as well as by many ignorant and malicious. Montaigne has written a great deal, and very ingeniously, upon this point; and some sharp Italians; and many physicians are too free upon the subject, in the conversation of their friends. But, as the noble Athenian inscription told Demetrius that he was in so much a god as he acknowledged himself to be a man, so we may say of physicians that they are the greater in so much as they know and confess the weakness of their art. It is certain, however, that the study of physic is not achieved in any eminent degree without very great advancements in other sciences; so that, whatever the profession is, the professors have been generally very much esteemed upon that account, as well as of their own art, as the most learned men of their ages, and thereby

shared with the two other great professions in those advantages most commonly valued and most eagerly pursued; whereof the divines seem to have had the most honor, the lawyers the most money, and the physicians the most learning. I have known, in my time, at least five or six that, besides their general learning, were the greatest wits in the compass of my conversation. And whatever can be said of the uncertainty of their art, or disagreement of its professors, they may, I believe, confidently undertake that when divines arrive at certainty in their schemes of divinity, or lawyers in those of law, or politicians in those of civil government, the physicians will do it likewise in the methods and practice of physic; and have the honor of finding out the universal medicine, at least as soon as the chemists shall the philosopher's stone.

The great defects in this excellent science seem to me chiefly to have proceeded from the professors' application (especially since Galen's time) running so much upon method, and so little upon medicine; and in this to have addicted themselves so much to composition, and neglected too much the use of simples, as well as the inquiries and records of specific remedies.

Upon this occasion, I have sometimes wondered why a registry has not been kept in the colleges of physicians, of all such as have been invented by any professors of every age, found out by study or by chance, learned by inquiry, and approved by their practice and experience. This would supply the want of skill and study; arts would be improved by the experience of many ages, and derived by the succession of ancestors. As many professions are tied to certain races in several nations, so this of physic has been in some, by which parents were induced to the cares of improving and augmenting their knowledge, as others do their estates; because they were to descend to their posterity, and not die with themselves, as learning does in vulgar hands. How many methods as well as remedies are lost for want of this custom in the course of ages! and which perhaps were of greater effect, and of more common benefit, than those that, succeeding in their places, have

worn out the memory of the former, either by chance or negligence, or different humors of persons and times.

Among the Romans there were four things much in use, whereof some are so far out of practice in ours, and other late ages, as to be hardly known any more than by their names; these were bathing, fumigation, friction, and jactation. The first, though not wholly disused among us, yet is turned out of the service of health to that of pleasure; but may be of excellent effect in both. It not only opens the pores, provokes sweat, and thereby allays heat; supplies the joints and sinews; unwearies and refreshes more than anything, after too great labor and exercise; but is of great effect in some acute pains, as of the stone and colic; and disposes to sleep, when many other remedies fail. Nor is it improbable that all good effects of any natural baths may be imitated by the artificial, if composed with care and skill of able naturalists or physicians.

Fumigation, or the use of scents, is not, that I know, at all practised in our modern physic, nor the power and virtue of them considered among us; yet they may have as much to do good, for aught I know, as to do harm, and contribute to health as well as to diseases; which is too much felt by experience in all that are infectious, and by the operations of some poisons that are received only by the smell. How reviving as well as pleasing some scents of herbs or flowers are, is obvious to all: how great virtues they may have in diseases, especially of the head, is known to few, but may be easily conjectured by any thinking man. What is recorded of Democritus is worth remarking upon this subject; that being spent with age, and just at the point of death, and his sister bewailing that he should not live till the feast of Ceres, which was to be kept three or four days after, he called for loaves of new bread to be brought him, and with the steam of them under his nose prolonged his life till the feast was passed, and then died. Whether a man may live some time, or how long, by the steam of meat, I cannot tell; but the justice was great, if not the truth, in that story of a cook who, observing a man to

use it often in his shop, and asking money, because he confessed to save his dinner by it, was adjudged to be paid by the clinking of his coin. I remember that, walking in a long gallery of the Indian House at Amsterdam, where vast quantities of mace, cloves, and nutmegs were kept in great open chests ranged all along one side of the room, I found something so reviving by the perfumed air that I took notice of it to the company with me, which was a great deal, and they were all sensible of the same effect: which is enough to show the power of smells, and their operations both upon health and humor.

Friction is of great and excellent use, and of very general practice in the eastern countries, especially after their frequent bathings; it opens the pores, and is the best way of all forced perspiration; is very proper and effectual in all swellings and pains of the joints, or others in the flesh, which are not to be drawn to a head and break. It is a saying among the Indians that none can be much troubled with the gout who have slaves enough to rub them; and is the best natural account of some stories I have heard of persons who were said to cure several diseases by stroking.

Jactations were used for some amusement and allay in great and constant pains, and to relieve that intranquillity which attends most diseases, and makes men often impatient of lying still in their beds. Besides, they help or occasion sleep, as we find by the common use and experience of rocking froward children in cradles, or dandling them in their nurse's arms. I remember an old Prince Maurice of Nassau, who had been accustomed to hammocks in Brazil, and used them frequently all his life after, upon the pains he suffered by the stone or gout; and thought he found ease, and was allured to sleep by the constant motion or swinging of those airy beds, which was assisted by a servant, if they moved too little by the springs upon which they hung.

In Egypt of old, and at this time in Barbary, the general method of cures in most diseases is by burning with a hot iron; so as the bodies of their slaves are found often to have many scars upon them remaining

of these operations. But this, and other uses and effects of fire, I have taken notice enough of, in an *Essay upon the Indian Cure by Moxa in the Gout*.

The ancient native Irish and the Americans at the time of the first European discoveries and conquests there knew nothing of physic beyond the virtues of herbs and plants. And, in this, the most polished nation agrees in a great measure with those that were esteemed most barbarous; and where the learning and voluptuousness are as great as were the native simplicity and ignorance of the others. For in China, though their physicians are admirable in the knowledge of the pulse, and by that, in discovering the causes of all inward diseases, yet their practice extends little further in the cures beyond the methods of diet, and the virtues of herbs and plants either inwardly taken or outwardly applied.

In the course of my life I have often pleased or entertained myself with observing the various and fantastical changes of the diseases generally complained of, and of the remedies in common vogue, which were like birds of passage, very much seen or heard of at one season, and disappeared at another, and commonly succeeded by some of a very different kind. When I was very young, nothing was so much feared or talked of as rickets among children, and consumptions among young people of both sexes. After these the spleen came in play, and grew a formal disease: then the scurvy, which was the general complaint, and both were thought to appear in many various guises. After these, and for a time, nothing was so much talked of as the ferment of the blood, which passed for the cause of all sorts of ailments that neither physicians nor patients knew well what to make of. And to all these succeeded vapors, which serve the same turn, and furnish occasion of complaint among persons whose bodies or minds ail something, but they know not what; and, among the Chinese, would pass for mists of the mind or fumes of the brain, rather than indispositions of any other parts. Yet these employ our physicians perhaps more than other diseases, who are fain to humor such patients in their fancies of

being ill, and to prescribe some remedies, for fear of losing their practice to others that pretend more skill in finding out the cause of diseases, or care in advising remedies, which neither they nor their patients find any effect of, besides some gains to one, and amusement to the other. This, I suppose, may have contributed much to the mode of going to the waters either cold or hot, upon so many occasions, or else upon none besides that of entertainment, and which commonly may have no other effect. And it is well if this be the worst of the frequent use of those waters, which, though commonly innocent, yet are sometimes dangerous, if the temper of the person or cause of the indisposition be unhappily mistaken, especially in people of age.

As diseases have changed vogue, so have remedies, in my time and observation. I remember at one time the taking of tobacco, at another the drinking of warm beer, proved for universal remedies; then swallowing of pebble stones, in imitation of falcons curing hawks. One doctor pretended to help all heats and fevers, by drinking as much cold spring water as the patient could bear; at another time, swallowing up a spoonful of powder of sea-biscuit after meals was infallible for all indigestion, and so preventing diseases: then coffee and tea began their successive reigns. The infusions of powder of steel have had their turns, and certain drops, of several names and compositions; but none that I find have established their authority, either long or generally, by any constant and sensible successes of their reign, but have rather passed like a mode, which everyone is apt to follow, and finds the most convenient or graceful while it lasts; and begins to dislike in both those respects when it goes out of fashion.

Thus men are apt to play with their healths and their lives, as they do with their clothes; which may be the better excused since both are so transitory, so subject to be spoiled with common use, to be torn by accidents, and at best to be so soon worn out. Yet the usual practice of physic among us runs still the same course, and turns, in a manner, wholly upon evacuation, either by bleeding, vomits, or some

sorts of purgation; though it be not often agreed among physicians in what cases or what degrees any of these are necessary; nor among other men, whether any of them are necessary, or no. Montaigne questions whether purging ever be so, and from many ingenious reasons: the Chinese never let blood; and, for the other, it is very probable that Nature knows her own wants and times so well, and so easily finds her own relief that way, as to need little assistance, and not well to receive the common violences that are offered her. I remember three in my life and observation who were downright killed with vomits, as they could have been with daggers; and I can say for myself, upon an accident very near mortal, when I was young, that, sending for the two best physicians of the town, the first prescribed me a vomit, and immediately sent it me: I had the grace or sense to refuse it till the other came, who told me, if I had taken it, I could not have lived half an hour. I observed a consult of physicians, in a fever of one of my near friends, perplexed to the last degree whether to let him blood or no, and not able to resolve, till the course of the disease had declared itself, and thereby determined them. Another of my friends was so often let blood, by his first physician, that a second who was sent for questioned whether he would recover it; the first persisted the blood must be drawn till some good appeared; the other affirmed that in such diseases the whole mass was corrupted, but would purify again when the accident was past, like wine after a fermentation, which makes all in the vessel thick and foul for a season; but, when that is past, grows clear again of itself. So much is certain, that it depends a great deal upon the temper of the patient, the nature of the disease in its first causes, upon the skill and care of the physician to decide whether any of these violences upon nature are necessary or no, and whether they are like to do good or harm.

The rest of our common practice consists in various compositions of innocent ingredients, which feed the hopes of the patient, and the apothecary's gains, but leave Nature to her course, who is the sovereign

physician in most diseases, and leaves little for others to do, further than to watch accidents; where they know no specific remedies, to prescribe diets; and, above all, to prevent disorders from the stomach, and take care that Nature be not employed in the kitchen when she should be in the field to resist her enemy; and that she should not be weakened in her spirits and strength when they are most necessary to support and relieve her. It is true, physicians must be in danger of losing their credit with the vulgar if they should often tell a patient he has no need of physic, and prescribe only rules of diet or common use; most people would think they had lost their fee; but the excellence of a physician's skill and care is discovered by resolving first whether it be best in the case to administer any physic or none, to trust to nature or to art; and the next, to give such prescriptions as, if they do no good, may be sure to do no harm.

In the midst of such uncertainties of health and of physic, for my own part I have, in the general course of my life, and of many acute diseases, as well as some habitual, trusted to God Almighty, to nature, to temperance, or abstinence, and the use of common remedies, either vulgarly known and approved like proverbs by long observation and experience, either of my own or such persons as have fallen in the way of my observation or inquiry.

Among the plants of our soil and climate, those I esteem of greatest virtue and most friendly to health are sage, rue, saffron, alehoof, garlic, and elder. Sage deserves not only the just reputation it has been always in of a very wholesome herb, in common uses and generally known, but is admirable in consumptive coughs, of which I have cured some very desperate, by a draft every morning of spring water, with a handful of sage boiled in it, and continued for a month. I do not question that, if it were used as tea, it would have at least in all kinds as good an effect upon health, if not of so much entertainment to the taste, being perhaps not so agreeable; and I had reason to believe when I was in Holland that vast quantities of sage were carried to the Indies yearly, as well as of tea brought over from those countries into ours.

Rue is of excellent use for all illnesses of the stomach that proceed from cold or moist humors; a great digester and restorer of appetite; dispels wind, helps perspiration, drives out ill humors, and thereby comes to be so much prescribed, and so commonly used in pestilential airs, and upon apprehensions of any contagion. The only ill of it lies in the too much or too frequent use, which may lessen or impair the natural heat of the stomach, by the greater heat of an herb very hot and dry; and therefore the juice made up with sugar into small pills, and swallowed only two or three at nights or mornings, and only when there is occasion, is the most innocent way of using it.

Saffron is, of all others, the safest and most simple cordial, the greatest reviver of the heart and cheerer of the spirits and cannot be of too common use in diet, ²⁰ more than in medicine. The spirit of saffron is, of all others, the noblest and most innocent, and yet of the greatest virtue. I have known it restore a man out of the very agonies of death, when left by all physicians as wholly desperate. But the use of this and all spirits ought to be employed only in cases very urgent, either of decays or pains; for all spirits have the same effect ³⁰ with that mentioned of rue, which is, by frequent use, to destroy, and at last to extinguish the natural heat of the stomach; as the frequent drinking wine at meals does in a degree, and with time, but that of all strong waters more sensibly and more dangerously. Yet a long custom of either cannot be suddenly broken without danger too, and must be changed with time, with lessening the proportions by degrees, ⁴⁰ with shorter first, and then with longer intermissions.

Alehoof, or ground-ivy, is, in my opinion, of the most excellent and most general use and virtue of plants we have among us. It is allowed to be most sovereign for the eyes, admirable in frenzies, either taken inwardly or outwardly applied. Besides, if there be a specific remedy or prevention of the stone, I take it to be the constant use of alehoof ⁵⁰ ale, whereof I have known several experiences by others, and can, I thank God, allege my own for about ten years past.

This is the plant with which all our ancestors made their common drink, when the inhabitants of this island were esteemed the longest liverers of any in the known world; and the stone is said to have first come among us after hops were introduced here, and the staleness of beer brought into custom by preserving it long. It is known enough how much this plant has been ¹⁰ decried, how generally soever it has been received in these maritime northern parts; and the chief reason which I believe gave it vogue at first was the preserving beer upon long sea voyages: but for common health, I am apt to think the use of heath or broom had been of much more advantage, though none yet invented of so great and general as that of alehoof, which is certainly the greatest cleanser of any plant ²⁰ known among us; and which in old England signified that which was necessary to the drinking of ales, the common or rather universal drink heretofore of our nation.

Garlic has of all our plants the greatest strength, affords most nourishment, and supplies most spirits to those who eat little flesh, as the poorer people seldom do in the hotter, and especially the more eastern climates; so that the labor of the world seems to be performed by the force and virtue of garlic, leeks, and onions, no other food of herbs or plants yielding strength enough for much labor. Garlic is of great virtue in all colics, a great strengthener of the stomach upon decays of appetite or indigestion, and I believe is (if at least there be any such) a specific remedy of the gout. I have known great testimonies of this kind within my acquaintance, and have ⁴⁰ never used it myself upon this occasion without an opinion of some success or advantage. But I could never long enough bear the constraint of a diet I found not very agreeable myself, and at least fancied offensive to the company I conversed with.

Besides, this disease is to me so hereditary, and comes into my veins from so many ancestors that I have reason to despair of any cure but the last, and content myself to fence against it by temperance and ⁵⁰ patience, without hopes of conquering such an inveterate enemy. Therefore I leave the use of garlic to such as are inveigled into

the gout by the pleasure of too much drinking, the ill effects whereof are not more relieved by any other diet than by this plant, which is so great a drier and opener, especially by perspiration. Nor is it less used in many parts abroad as physic than as food. In several provinces of France it is usual to fall into a diet of garlic for a fortnight or three weeks, upon the first fresh butter of the spring; and the common people esteem it a preservative against the diseases of the ensuing year; and a broth of garlic or onions is so generally used the next day after a debauch as to be called *soupe à l'ivrogne*. This is enough to show the use as well as virtues of this northern spice, which is in mighty request among the Indians themselves, in the midst of so many others that enrich and perfume those noble regions.

Elder is of great virtue of all indispositions arising from any watery humors; and not only the flowers and berries, but even the green bark, are used with effect and perhaps equal success in their seasons. I have been told of some great cures of the gout by the succeeding use of all three throughout the year; but I have been always too libertine, for any great and long subjections, to make the trials. The spirit of elder is sovereign in colics; and the use of it, in general, very beneficial in scurvies and dropsies: though, in the last, I esteem broom yet of more virtue, either brewed in common drink, or the ashes taken in white wine every morning; which may perhaps pass for a specific remedy; whereof we may justly complain that, after so long experience of so learned a profession as physic, we yet know so very few.

That which has passed of latter years for the most allowed in this kind has been the quinquina, or Jesuits' powder, in fevers, but especially agues. I can say nothing of it upon any experience of my own, nor any within my knowledge. I remember its entrance upon our stage with some disadvantage, and the repute of leaving no cures without danger of worse returns. But the credit of it seems now to be established by common use and prescription, and to be improved by new and singular preparations; whereof I have very good and par-

ticular reasons to affirm that they are all amusements; and that what virtue there is in this remedy lies in the naked simple itself, as it comes over from the Indies, and in the choice of that which is least dried or perished by the voyage.

The next specific I esteem to be that little insect called millepedes; the powder whereof, made up into little balls with fresh butter, I never knew fail of curing any sore throat: it must lie at the root of the tongue, and melt down at leisure upon going to bed. I have been assured that Doctor Mayerne used it as a certain cure for all cancers in the breast; and should be very tedious if I should tell here how much the use of it has been extolled by several within my knowledge, upon the admirable effects for the eyes, the scurvy, and the gout; but there needs no more to value it than what the ancient physicians affirm of it in those three words:

<i>Digerit,</i>	<i>Aperit,</i>	<i>Abstergit.</i>
It digests,	It opens,	It cleanses.

For rheums in the eyes and the head, I take a leaf of tobacco, put into the nostrils for an hour each morning, to be a specific medicine: or betony, if the other be too strong or offensive. The effect of both is to draw rheums off the head, through their proper and natural channel. And, as old Prince Maurice of Nassau told me, he had by this preserved his eyes to so great an age, after the danger of losing them at thirty years old; and I have ever since used it with the same success, after great reasons near that age to apprehend the loss or decays of mine.

In times and places of great contagion, the strongest preservative yet known is a piece of myrrh held in the mouth when or where the danger is most apprehended; which I have both practised and taught many others with success, in several places where cruel plagues have raged: though in such cases, after all, the best and safest is to run away as soon as one can. Yet, upon this occasion, I think myrrh may pass for a specific in prevention; and may, for aught I know, be of use in remedies, as the greatest remedy of corruption, which

is known by the use of embalmings in the East.

For all illnesses of stomach, or indigestions, proceeding from hot or sharp humors, to which my whole family has been much subject, as well as very many of my acquaintance, and for which powder of crabs'-eyes and claws and burnt egg-shells are often prescribed as sweeteners of any sharp humors, I have never found anything ¹⁰ of much or certain effect, besides the eating of strawberries, common cherries, white figs, soft peaches, or grapes, before every meal during their seasons; and when those are past, apples after meals; but all must be very ripe. And this, by my own and all my friends' experience who have tried it, I reckon for a specific medicine in this illness, so frequently complained of; at least, for the two first I never knew them ²⁰ fail; and the usual quantity is about forty cherries, without swallowing either skin or stone. I observe this the rather because the recourse commonly made in this case to strong waters I esteem very pernicious, and which inevitably destroys the stomach with frequent use. The best, at least most innocent of all distilled liquors, is milk-water, made with balm, carduus, mint, and wormwood; which has many good effects ³⁰ in illnesses of the stomach, and none ill. The best and safest strong water, if any be so, for common use, I esteem to be that made of juniper berries, especially in accidents of stone or colic.

Of all cordials, I esteem my Lady Kent's powder the best, the most innocent, and the most universal; though the common practice of physic abounds in nothing ⁴⁰ more, and the virtue seems to be little else besides an allusion of the name to the heart.

Upon the gout I have writ what I had known or practised, in an essay of moxa; and upon the spleen, what I had observed, in a chapter upon the dispositions of the people in the Netherlands. I shall only add for the help of my fellow-sufferers in the first that, besides what is contained in the former essay, and since those pains have ⁵⁰ grown more diffused, and less fixed in one point, so as to be burned with moxa, which never failed of giving me present ease, I

have found the most benefit from three methods. The first is that of moving the joint where the pain begins as long as I am in my bed; which I have often done, and counted five or six hundred times or more, till I found first a great heat, and then perspiration, in the part; the heat spends or disperses the humor within, and the perspiration drives it out; and I have ¹⁰ escaped many threats of ill fits by these motions. If they go on, the only poultice or plaster I have dealt with is wool from the belly of a fat sheep, which has often given me ease in a very little time. If the pains grow sharp and the swellings so diffused as not to be burned with moxa, the best remedy I have found is a piece of scarlet dipped in scalding brandy, laid upon the afflicted part, and the heat often ²⁰ renewed by dropping it upon the scarlet as hot as can be endured. And from this I have often found the same success as from moxa, and without breaking the skin or leaving any sore.

To what I have said in another place of the spleen, I shall only add here that, whatever the spleen is, whether a disease of the part so called, or of people that ail something, but they know not what; it is certainly a very ill ingredient into any other disease, and very often dangerous. For, as hope is the sovereign balsam of life, and the best cordial in all distempers both of body or mind; so fear, and regret, and melancholy apprehensions, which are the usual effects of the spleen, with the distractions, disquiets, or at least in tranquillity they occasion, are the worst accidents that can attend any diseases; and make them ⁴⁰ often mortal, which would otherwise pass, and have had but a common course. I have known the most busy ministers of state, most fortunate courtiers, most vigorous youths, most beautiful virgins, in the strength or flower of their age, sink under common distempers, by the force of such weights, and the cruel damps and disturbances thereby given their spirits and their blood. It is no matter what is made the ⁵⁰ occasion, if well improved by spleen and melancholy apprehensions; a disappointed hope, a blot of honor, a strain of conscience, an unfortunate love, an aching jealousy, a

repining grief, will serve the turn, and all alike.

I remember an ingenious physician, who told me, in the fanatic times, he found most of his patients so disturbed by troubles of conscience that he was forced to play the divine with them before he could begin the physician; whose greatest skill perhaps often lies in the infusing of hopes, and inducing some composure and tranquillity of mind, before they enter upon the other operations of their art; and this ought to be the first endeavor of the patient too; without which, all other medicines may lose their virtue.

The two greatest blessings of life are, in my opinion, health and good humor; and none contribute more to one another. Without health, all will allow life to be but a burden, and the several conditions of fortune to be all wearisome, dull, or disagreeable, without good humor; nor does any seem to contribute towards the true happiness of life but as it serves to increase that treasure or to preserve it. Whatever other differences are commonly apprehended in the several conditions of fortune, none perhaps will be found so true or so great as what is made by those two circumstances, so little regarded in the common course of pursuits of mortal men.

Whether long life be a blessing or no, God Almighty only can determine, who alone knows what length it is like to run, and how it is like to be attended. Socrates used to say that it was pleasant to grow old with good health and a good friend; and he might have reason. A man may be content to live while he is no trouble to himself or his friends; but, after that, it is hard if he be not content to die. I knew and esteemed a person abroad, who used to say a man must be a mean wretch that desired to live after threescore years old. But so much, I doubt, is certain, that in life, as in wine, he that will drink it good must not draw it to dregs.

Where this happens, one comfort of age may be that whereas younger men are usually in pain when they are not in pleasure, old men find a sort of pleasure whenever they are out of pain. And, as young men often lose or impair their present enjoy-

ments by raving after what is to come, by vain hopes, or fruitless fears, so old men relieve the wants of their age by pleasing reflections upon what is past. Therefore men in the health and vigor of their age should endeavor to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation, and the worthiest actions, either in their public or their private stations; that they may have something agreeable left to feed on when they are old, by pleasing remembrances.

But, as they are only the clean beasts which chew the cud, when they have fed enough; so they must be clean and virtuous men that can reflect with pleasure upon the past accidents or courses of their lives. Besides, men who grow old with good sense, or good fortunes, and good nature cannot want the pleasure of pleasing others, by assisting with their gifts, their credit, and their advice, such as deserve it; as well as their care of children, kindness to friends, and bounty to servants.

But there cannot indeed live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others; and, in such a condition, it is time to leave them.

Thus have I traced in this essay whatever has fallen in my way or thoughts to observe concerning life and health, and which I conceived might be of any public use to be known or considered. The plainness wherewith it is written easily shows there could be no other intention; and it may at least pass like a Derbyshire charm which is used among sick cattle, with these words, "If it does thee no good, it will do thee no harm."

To sum up all, the first principle of health and long life is derived from the strength of our race or our birth; which gave occasion to that saying, *Gaudeant bene nati*. Let them rejoice that are happily born. Accidents are not in our power to govern; so that the best cares or provisions for life and health that are left us consist in the discreet and temperate government of diet and exercise: in both which all excess is to be avoided, especially in the common use of wine, whereof the first glass

may pass for health, the second for good humor, the third for our friends, but the fourth is for our enemies.

For temperance in other kinds, or in general, I have given its character and virtues in the essay of moxa, so as to need no more upon that subject here.

When, in default or despite of all these cares, or by the effect of ill airs and seasons, acute or strong diseases may arise, recourse must be had to the best physicians that are

in reach, whose success will depend upon thought and care, as much as skill. In all diseases of body or mind, it is happy to have an able physician for a friend, or discreet friend for a physician; which is so great a blessing that the wise man will have it to proceed only from God, where he says, "A faithful friend is the medicine of life, and he that fears the Lord shall find
to Him."

JOHN LOCKE (1632–1704)
TWO TREATISES OF GOVERNMENT
[1690].

BOOK II
CHAPTER VII

Of Political or Civil Society.

77. God, having made man such a creature that, in His own judgment, it was not good for him to be alone, put him under strong obligations of necessity, convenience, and inclination, to drive him into society, as well as fitted him with understanding and language to continue and enjoy it. The first society was between man and wife, which gave beginning to that between parents and children, to which, in time, that between master and servant came to be added. And though all these might, and commonly did, meet together and make up but one family, wherein the master or mistress of it had some sort of rule proper to a family, each of these, or all together, came short of “political society,” as we shall see if we consider the different ends, ties, and bounds of each of these.

78. Conjugal society is made by a voluntary compact between man and woman, and though it consist chiefly in such a communion and right in one another’s bodies as is necessary to its chief end, procreation, yet it draws with it mutual support and assistance, and a communion of interests too, as necessary not only to unite their care and affection, but also necessary to their common offspring, who have a right to be nourished and maintained by them till they are able to provide for themselves.

79. For the end of conjunction between male and female being not barely procreation, but the continuation of the species,

this conjunction betwixt male and female ought to last, even after procreation, so long as is necessary to the nourishment and support of the young ones, who are to be sustained by those that got them till they are able to shift and provide for themselves. This rule, which the infinite wise Maker hath set to the works of His hands, we find the inferior creatures steadily obey. In those vivaporous animals which feed on grass the conjunction between male and female lasts no longer than the very act of copulation, because the teat of the dam being sufficient to nourish the young till it be able to feed on grass, the male only begets, but concerns not himself for the female or young, to whose sustenance he can contribute nothing. But in beasts of prey the conjunction lasts longer, because the dam, not being able well to subsist herself and nourish her numerous offspring by her own prey alone (a more laborious as well as more dangerous way of living than by feeding on grass), the assistance of the male is necessary to the maintenance of their common family, which cannot subsist till they are able to prey for themselves, but by the joint care of male and female. The same is to be observed in all birds (except some domestic ones, where plenty of food excuses the cock from feeding and taking care of the young brood), whose young, needing food in the nest, the cock and hen continue mates till the young are able to use their wings and provide for themselves.

80. And herein, I think, lies the chief, if not the only, reason why the male and female in mankind are tied to a longer conjunction than other creatures, viz., because the female is capable of conceiving, and,

de facto, is commonly with child again, and brings forth too a new birth, long before the former is out of a dependency for support on his parents' help and able to shift for himself, and has all the assistance is due to him from his parents, whereby the father, who is bound to take care for those he hath begot, is under an obligation to continue in conjugal society with the same woman longer than other creatures, whose young, being able to subsist of themselves before the time of procreation returns again, the conjugal bond dissolves of itself, and they are at liberty till Hymen, at his usual anniversary season, summons them again to choose new mates. Wherein one cannot but admire the wisdom of the great Creator, who, having given to man an ability to lay up for the future as well as supply the present necessity, hath made it necessary that society of man and wife should be more lasting than of male and female amongst other creatures, that so their industry might be encouraged, and their interest better united, to make provision and lay up goods for their common issue, which uncertain mixture, or easy and frequent solutions of conjugal society, would mightily disturb.

81. But though these are ties upon mankind which make the conjugal bonds more firm and lasting in a man than the other species of animals, yet it would give one reason to inquire why this compact, where procreation and education are secured and inheritance taken care for, may not be made determinable, either by consent, or at a certain time, or upon certain conditions, as well as any other voluntary compacts, there being no necessity, in the nature of the thing, nor to the ends of it, that it should always be for life—I mean, to such as are under no restraint of any positive law which ordains all such contracts to be perpetual.

82. But the husband and wife, though they have but one common concern, yet having different understandings, will unavoidably sometimes have different wills too. It therefore being necessary that the last determination (i.e., the rule) should be placed somewhere, it naturally falls to the man's share as the abler and the stronger. But this, reaching but to the things of their

common interest and property, leaves the wife in the full and true possession of what by contract is her peculiar right, and at least gives the husband no more power over her than she has over his life; the power of the husband being so far from that of an absolute monarch that the wife has, in many cases, a liberty to separate from him where natural right or their contract allows it, whether that contract be made by themselves in the state of Nature or by the customs or laws of the country they live in, and the children, upon such separation, fall to the father or mother's lot as such contract does determine.

83. For all the ends of marriage being to be obtained under politic government, as well as in the state of Nature, the civil magistrate doth not abridge the right or power of either, naturally necessary to those ends, viz., procreation and mutual support and assistance whilst they are together, but only decides any controversy that may arise between man and wife about them. If it were otherwise, and that absolute sovereignty and power of life and death naturally belonged to the husband, and were necessary to the society between man and wife, there could be no matrimony in any of those countries where the husband is allowed no such absolute authority. But the ends of matrimony requiring no such power in the husband, it was not at all necessary to it. The condition of conjugal society put it not in him; but whatsoever might consist with procreation and support of the children till they could shift for themselves—mutual assistance, comfort, and maintenance—might be varied and regulated by that contract which first united them in that society, nothing being necessary to any society that is not necessary to the ends for which it is made.

84. The society betwixt parents and children, and the distinct rights and powers belonging respectively to them, I have treated of so largely in the foregoing chapter that I shall not here need to say anything of it; and I think it is plain that it is far different from a politic society.

85. Master and servant are names as old as history, but given to those of far different condition; for a free man makes him-

self a servant to another by selling him for a certain time the service he undertakes to do in exchange for wages he is to receive; and though this commonly puts him into the family of his master, and under the ordinary discipline thereof, yet it gives the master but a temporary power over him, and no greater than what is contained in the contract between them. But there is another sort of servants which, by a peculiar name, we call slaves, who being captives taken in a just war, are, by the right of Nature, subjected to the absolute dominion and arbitrary power of their masters. These men having, as I say, forfeited their lives and, with it, their liberties, and lost their estates, and being in the state of slavery, not capable of any property, cannot in that state be considered as any part of civil society, the chief end whereof is the preservation of property.

86. Let us therefore consider a master of a family with all these subordinate relations of wife, children, servants, and slaves, united under the domestic rule of a family, which what resemblance soever it may have in its order, offices, and number too, with a little commonwealth, yet is very far from it both in its constitution, power, and end; or if it must be thought a monarchy, and the paterfamilias the absolute monarch in it, absolute monarchy will have but a very shattered and short power, when it is plain by what has been said before that the master of the family has a very distinct and differently limited power both as to time and extent over those several persons that are in it; for excepting the slave (and the family is as much a family, and his power as paterfamilias as great, whether there be any slaves in his family or no), he has no legislative power of life and death over any of them, and none too but what a mistress of a family may have as well as he. And he certainly can have no absolute power over the whole family, who has but a very limited one over every individual in it. But how a family or any other society of men differ from that which is properly political society, we shall best see by considering wherein political society itself consists.

87. Man being born, as has been proved,

with a title to perfect freedom and an uncontrolled enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of the law of Nature, equally with any other man or number of men in the world, hath by nature a power not only to preserve his property, that is, his life, liberty, and estate against the injuries and attempts of other men, but to judge of and punish the breaches of that law in others, as he is persuaded the offense deserves, even with death itself, in crimes where the heinousness of the fact, in his opinion, requires it. But because no political society can be, nor subsist, without having in itself the power to preserve the property, and in order thereunto punish the offenses, of all those of that society, there, and there only, is political society where every one of the members hath quitted this natural power, resigned it up into the hands of the community in all cases that exclude him not from appealing for protection to the law established by it. And thus all private judgment of every particular member being excluded, the community comes to be umpire, and by understanding indifferent rules and men authorized by the community for their execution, decides all the differences that may happen between any members of that society concerning any matter of right, and punishes those offenses which any member hath committed against the society with such penalties as the law has established; whereby it is easy to discern who are, and are not, in political society together. Those who are united into one body, and have a common established law and judicature to appeal to, with authority to decide controversies between them and punish offenders, are in civil society one with another; but those who have no such common appeal, I mean on earth, are still in the state of Nature, each being, where there is no other, judge for himself and executioner; which is, as I have before showed it, the perfect state of Nature.

88. And thus the commonwealth comes by a power to set down what punishment shall belong to the several transgressions they think worthy of it, committed amongst the members of that society (which is the power of making laws) as well as it has the power to punish any injury done unto

any of its members by anyone that is not of it (which is the power of war and peace); and all this for the preservation of the property of all the members of that society, as far as is possible. But though every man entered into society has quitted his power to punish offenses against the law of Nature in prosecution of his own private judgment, yet with the judgment of offenses which he has given up to the legislative, in all cases where he can appeal to the magistrate, he has given up a right to the commonwealth to employ his force for the execution of the judgments of the commonwealth whenever he shall be called to it, which, indeed, are his own judgments, they being made by himself or his representative. And herein we have the original of the legislative and executive power of civil society, which is to judge by standing laws how far offenses are to be punished when committed within the commonwealth; and also by occasional judgments founded on the present circumstances of the fact, how far injuries from without are to be vindicated, and in both these to employ all the force of all the members when there shall be need.

89. Wherever, therefore, any number of men so unite into one society as to quit every one his executive power of the law of Nature, and to resign it to the public, there and there only is a political or civil society. And this is done wherever any number of men, in the state of Nature, enter into society to make one people one body politic under one supreme government; or else when anyone joins himself to, and incorporates with, any government already made. For hereby he authorizes the society, or which is all one the legislative thereof, to make laws for him as the public good of the society shall require, to the execution whereof his own assistance (as to his own decrees) is due. And this puts men out of a state of Nature into that of a commonwealth, by setting up a judge on earth with authority to determine all the controversies and redress the injuries that may happen to any member of the commonwealth, which judge is the legislative or magistrates appointed by it. And wherever there are any number of men, however as-

sociated, that have no such decisive power to appeal to, there they are still in the state of Nature.

90. And hence it is evident that absolute monarchy, which by some men is counted for the only government in the world, is indeed inconsistent with civil society, and so can be no form of civil government at all. For the end of civil society being to avoid and remedy those inconveniences of the state of Nature which necessarily follow from every man's being judge in his own case by setting up a known authority to which everyone of that society may appeal upon any injury received, or controversy that may arise, and which every one of the society ought to obey. Wherever any persons are who have not such an authority to appeal to, and decide any difference between them there, those persons are still in the state of Nature. And so is every absolute prince in respect of those who are under his dominion.

91. For he being supposed to have all, both legislative and executive, power in himself alone, there is no judge to be found, no appeal lies open to anyone, who may fairly and indifferently, and with authority decide, and from whence relief and redress may be expected of any injury or inconvenience that may be suffered from him, or by his order. So that such a man, however entitled, Czar, or Grand Signior, or how you please, is as much in the state of Nature with all under his dominion as he is with the rest of mankind. For wherever any two men are, who have no standing rule and common judge to appeal to on earth for the determination of controversies of right betwixt them, there they are still in the state of Nature, and under all the inconveniences of it; with only this woeful difference to the subject, or rather slave, of an absolute prince—that whereas, in the ordinary state of Nature, he has a liberty to judge of his right, and according to the best of his power to maintain it; but whenever his property is invaded by the will and order of his monarch, he has not only no appeal, as those in society ought to have, but, as if he were degraded from the common state of rational creatures, is denied a liberty to judge of or defend his

right, and so is exposed to all the misery and inconveniencies that a man can fear from one who, being in the unrestrained state of Nature, is yet corrupted with flattery and armed with power.

92. For he that thinks absolute power purifies men's bloods, and corrects the baseness of human nature, need read but the history of this, or any other age, to be convinced of the contrary. He that would have been insolent and injurious in the woods of America would not probably be much better in a throne, where perhaps learning and religion shall be found out to justify all that he shall do to his subjects, and the sword presently silence all those that dare question it. For what the protection of absolute monarchy is, what kind of fathers of their countries it makes princes to be, and to what a degree of happiness and security it carries civil society, where this sort of government is grown to perfection, he that will look into the late relation of Ceylon may easily see.

93. In absolute monarchies, indeed, as well as other governments of the world, the subjects have an appeal to the law and judges to decide any controversies, and restrain any violence that may happen betwixt the subjects themselves, one amongst another. This everyone thinks necessary, and believes; he deserves to be thought a declared enemy to society and mankind who should go about to take it away. But whether this be from a true love of mankind and society, and such a charity as we owe all one to another, there is reason to doubt. For this is no more than what every man, who loves his own power, profit, or greatness, may, and naturally must do, keep those animals from hurting or destroying one another, who labor and drudge only for his pleasure and advantage; and so are taken care of, not out of any love the master has for them, but love of himself, and the profit they bring him. For if it be asked what security, what fence is there in such a state against the violence and oppression of this absolute ruler, the very question can scarce be borne. They are ready to tell you that it deserves death only to ask after safety. Betwixt subject and subject, they will grant, there must be measures,

laws, and judges for their mutual peace and security. But as for the ruler, he ought to be absolute, and is above all such circumstances; because he has a power to do more hurt and wrong, it is right when he does it. To ask how you may be guarded from harm or injury on that side, where the strongest hand is to do it, is presently the voice of faction and rebellion. As if when men, quitting the state of Nature, entered into society, they agreed that all of them but one should be under the restraint of laws; but that he should still retain all the liberty of the state of Nature, increased with power, and made licentious by impunity. This is to think that men are so foolish that they take care to avoid what mischiefs may be done them by polecats or foxes, but are content, nay, think it safety, to be devoured by lions.

94. But, whatever flatterers may talk to amuse people's understandings, it never hinders men from feeling; and when they perceive that any man, in what station soever, is out of the bounds of the civil society they are of, and that they have no appeal, on earth, against any harm they may receive from him, they are apt to think themselves in the state of Nature, in respect of him whom they find to be so; and to take care, as soon as they can, to have that safety and security, in civil society, for which it was first instituted, and for which only they entered into it. And therefore, though perhaps at first, as shall be showed more at large hereafter, in the following part of this discourse, some one good and excellent man, having got a pre-eminency amongst the rest, had this deference paid to his goodness and virtue, as to a kind of natural authority, that the chief rule, with arbitration of their differences, by a tacit consent devolved into his hands, without any other caution but the assurance they had of his uprightness and wisdom; yet when time giving authority, and, as some men would persuade us, sacredness to customs, which the negligent and unforeseeing innocence of the first ages began, had brought in successors of another stamp, the people, finding their properties not secure under the government as then it was (whereas government

has no other end but the preservation of property), could never be safe, nor at rest, nor think themselves in civil society, till the legislative was so placed in collective bodies of men, call them senate, parliament, or what you please, by which means every single person became subject equally, with other the meanest men, to those laws which he himself, as part of the legislative, had established; nor could anyone, by his own authority, avoid the force of the law, when once made, nor by any pretense of superiority plead exemption, thereby to license his own, or the miscarriages of any of his dependents. No man in civil society can be exempted from the laws of it. For if any man may do what he thinks fit and there be no appeal on earth for redress or security against any harm he shall do, I ask whether he be not perfectly still in the state of Nature, and so can be no part or member of that civil society, unless anyone will say the state of Nature and civil society are one and the same thing, which I have never yet found anyone so great a patron of anarchy as to affirm.

CHAPTER VIII

Of the Beginning of Political Societies.

95. Men being, as has been said, by nature all free, equal, and independent, no one can be put out of this estate and subjected to the political power of another without his own consent, which is done by agreeing with other men to join and unite into a community for their comfortable, safe, and peaceable living, one amongst another, in a secure enjoyment of their properties, and a greater security against any that are not of it. This any number of men may do, because it injures not the freedom of the rest; they are left, as they were, in the liberty of the state of Nature. When any number of men have so consented to make one community or government, they are thereby presently incorporated, and make one body politic, wherein the majority has a right to act and conclude the rest.

96. For when any number of men have, by the consent of every individual, made a community, they have thereby made that

community one body, with a power to act as one body, which is only by the will and determination of the majority. For that which acts any community being only the consent of the individuals of it, and it being one body, must move one way, it is necessary the body should move that way whither the greater force carries it, which is the consent of the majority, or else it is impossible it should act or continue one body, one community, which the consent of every individual that united into it agreed that it should; and so everyone is bound by that consent to be concluded by the majority. And therefore we see that in assemblies empowered to act by positive laws where no number is set by that positive law which empowers them, the act of the majority passes for the act of the whole, and of course determines as having, by the law of Nature and reason, the power of the whole.

97. And thus every man, by consenting with others to make one body politic under one government, puts himself under an obligation to every one of that society to submit to the determination of the majority, and to be concluded by it; or else this original compact, whereby he with others incorporates into one society, would signify nothing, and be no compact if he be left free and under no other ties than he was in before in the state of Nature. For what appearance would there be of any compact? What new engagement if he were no farther tied by any decrees of the society than he himself thought fit and did actually consent to? This would be still as great a liberty as he himself had before his compact, or anyone else in the state of Nature, who may submit himself and consent to any acts of it if he thinks fit.

98. For if the consent of the majority shall not in reason be received as the act of the whole, and conclude every individual, nothing but the consent of every individual can make anything to be the act of the whole; which, considering the infirmities of health and avocations of business, which in a number though much less than that of a commonwealth will necessarily keep many away from the public assembly, and the variety of opinions and contrariety of interests which unavoidably happen in all col-

lections of men, it is next impossible ever to be had. And, therefore, if coming into society be upon such terms, it will be only like Cato's coming into the theater, *tantum ut exiret*. Such a constitution as this would make the mighty Leviathan of a shorter duration than the feeblest creatures, and not let it outlast the day it was born in, which cannot be supposed till we can think that rational creatures should desire and constitute societies only to be dissolved. For where the majority cannot conclude the rest, there they cannot act as one body, and consequently will be immediately dissolved again.

99. Whosoever, therefore, out of a state of Nature unite into a community must be understood to give up all the power necessary to the ends for which they unite into society to the majority of the community, unless they expressly agreed in any number greater than the majority. And this is done by barely agreeing to unite into one political society, which is all the compact that is, or needs be, between the individuals that enter into or make up a commonwealth. And thus, that which begins and actually constitutes any political society is nothing but the consent of any number of freemen capable of majority to unite and incorporate into such a society. And this is that, and that only, which did or could give beginning to any lawful government in the world.

100. To this I find two objections made: 1. That there are no instances to be found in story of a company of men, independent and equal one amongst another, that met together, and in this way began and set up a government. 2. It is impossible of right that men should do so, because all men, being born under government, they are to submit to that, and are not at liberty to begin a new one.

101. To the first there is this to answer: That it is not at all to be wondered that history gives us but a very little account of men that lived together in the state of Nature. The inconveniencies of that condition, and the love and want of society, no sooner brought any number of them together but they presently united and incorporated if they designed to continue to-

gether. And if we may not suppose men ever to have been in the state of Nature because we hear not much of them in such a state, we may as well suppose the armies of Salmanasser or Xerxes were never children because we hear little of them till they were men and embodied in armies. Government is everywhere antecedent to records, and letters seldom come in amongst a people till a long continuation of civil society has, by other more necessary arts, provided for their safety, ease, and plenty. And then they begin to look after the history of their founders, and search into their original when they have outlived the memory of it. For it is with commonwealths as with particular persons, they are commonly ignorant of their own births and infancies; and if they know anything of it, they are beholding for it to the accidental records that others have kept of it. And those that we have of the beginning of any polities in the world, excepting that of the Jews, where God himself immediately interposed, and which favors not at all paternal dominion, are all either plain instances of such a beginning as I have mentioned, or at least have manifest footsteps of it.

102. He must show a strange inclination to deny evident matter of fact, when it agrees not with his hypothesis, who will not allow that the beginning of Rome and Venice were by the uniting together of several men, free and independent one of another, amongst whom there was no natural superiority or subjection. And if Josephus Acosta's word may be taken, he tells us that in many parts of America there was no government at all. "There are great and apparent conjectures," says he, "that these men (speaking of those of Peru) for a long time had neither kings nor commonwealths, but lived in troops, as they do this day in Florida—the Cheriquanas, those of Brazil, and many other nations, which have no certain kings, but, as occasion is offered in peace or war, they choose their captains as they please" (lib. i. cap. 25). If it be said that every man there was born subject to his father, or the head of his family, that the subjection due from a child to a father took not away his freedom of uniting into what political society he thought fit has

been already proved; but be that as it will, these men, it is evident, were actually free; and whatever superiority some politicians now would place in any of them, they themselves claimed it not; but, by consent, were all equal, till, by the same consent, they set rulers over themselves. So that their politic societies all began from a voluntary union, and the mutual agreement of men freely acting in the choice of their governors and forms of government.

103. And I hope those who went away from Sparta, with Palantus, mentioned by Justin, will be allowed to have been freemen independent one of another, and to have set up a government over themselves by their own consent. Thus I have given several examples out of history of people, free and in the state of Nature, that, being met together, incorporated and began a common-wealth. And if the want of such instances be an argument to prove that government were not nor could not be so begun, I suppose the contenders for paternal empire were better let it alone than urge it against natural liberty; for if they can give so many instances out of history of governments begun upon paternal right, I think (though at least an argument from what has been to what should of right be of no great force) one might, without any great danger, yield them the cause. But if I might advise them in the case, they would do well not to search too much into the original of governments as they have begun *de facto*, lest they should find at the foundation of most of them something very little favorable to the design they promote, and such a power as they contend for.

104. But, to conclude: reason being plain on our side that men are naturally free; and the examples of history showing that the governments of the world that were begun in peace had their beginning laid on that foundation, and were made by the consent of the people; there can be little room for doubt, either where the right is, or what has been the opinion or practice of mankind about the first erecting of governments.

105. I will not deny that, if we look back as far as history will direct us towards the original of commonwealths, we shall

generally find them under the government and administration of one man. And I am also apt to believe that where a family was numerous enough to subsist by itself, and continued entire together, without mixing with others, as it often happens where there is much land and few people, the government commonly began in the father. For the father, having by the law of Nature the same power, with every man else, to punish, as he thought fit, any offenses against that law, might thereby punish his transgressing children, even when they were men, and out of their pupilage; and they were very likely to submit to his punishment, and all join with him against the offender in their turns, giving him thereby power to execute his sentence against any transgression, and so, in effect, make him the lawmaker and governor over all that remained in conjunction with his family. He was fittest to be trusted; paternal affection secured their property and interest under his care, and the custom of obeying him in their childhood made it easier to submit to him rather than any other. If, therefore, they must have one to rule them, as government is hardly to be avoided amongst men that live together, who so likely to be the man as he that was their common father, unless negligence, cruelty, or any other defect of mind or body made him unfit for it? But when either the father died, and left his next heir—for want of age, wisdom, courage, or any other qualities—less fit for rule, or where several families met and consented to continue together, there it is not to be doubted but they used their natural freedom to set up him whom they judged the ablest and most likely to rule well over them. Conformable hereunto we find the people of America, who—living out of the reach of the conquering swords and spreading domination of the two great empires of Peru and Mexico—enjoyed their own natural freedom, though, *ceteris paribus*, they commonly prefer the heir of their deceased king; yet, if they find him any way weak or incapable, they pass him by, and set up the stoutest and bravest man for their ruler.

106. Thus, though looking back as far

as records give us any account of peopling the world, and the history of nations, we commonly find the government to be in one hand, yet it destroys not that which I affirm, viz., that the beginning of politic society depends upon the consent of the individuals to join into and make one society, who, when they are thus incorporated, might set up what form of government they thought fit. But this having given occasion to men to mistake and think that, by Nature, government was monarchical, and belonged to the father, it may not be amiss here to consider why people, in the beginning, generally pitched upon this form, which, though perhaps the father's pre-eminence might, in the first institution of some commonwealths, give a rise to and place in the beginning the power in one hand; yet it is plain that the reason that continued the form of government in a single person was not any regard or respect to paternal authority, since all petty monarchies, that is, almost all monarchies, near their original, have been commonly, at least upon occasion, elective.

107. First, then, in the beginning of things, the father's government of the childhood of those sprung from him having accustomed them to the rule of one man, and taught them that where it was exercised with care and skill, with affection and love to those under it, it was sufficient to procure and preserve men (all the political happiness they sought for in society), it was no wonder that they should pitch upon and naturally run into that form of government which, from their infancy, they had been all accustomed to, and which, by experience, they had found both easy and safe. To which, if we add that, monarchy being simple and most obvious to men whom neither experience had instructed in forms of government, nor the ambition or insolence of empire had taught to beware of the encroachments of prerogative or the inconveniencies of absolute power, which monarchy, in succession, was apt to lay claim to and bring upon them; it was not at all strange that they should not much trouble themselves to think of methods of restraining any exorbitances of those to whom they had given the authority over them, and of

balancing the power of government by placing several parts of it in different hands. They had neither felt the oppression of tyrannical dominion, nor did the fashion of the age, nor their possessions or way of living, which afforded little matter for covetousness or ambition, give them any reason to apprehend or provide against it; and, therefore, it is no wonder they put themselves into such a frame of government as was not only, as I said, most obvious and simple, but also best suited to their present state and condition, which stood more in need of defense against foreign invasions and injuries than of multiplicity of laws where there was but very little property, and wanted not variety of rulers and abundance of officers to direct and look after the execution where there were but few trespasses and few offenders. Since, then, those who liked one another so well as to join into society cannot but be supposed to have some acquaintance and friendship together, and some trust one in another, they could not but have greater apprehensions of others than of one another; and, therefore, their first care and thought cannot but be supposed to be how to secure themselves against foreign force. It was natural for them to put themselves under a frame of government which might best serve to that end, and choose the wisest and bravest man to conduct them in their wars and lead them out against their enemies, and in this chiefly be their ruler.

108. Thus we see that the kings of the Indians, in America, which is still a pattern of the first ages in Asia and Europe, whilst the inhabitants were too few for the country, and want of people and money gave men no temptation to enlarge their possessions of land or contest for wider extent of ground, are little more than generals of their armies; and though they command absolutely in war, yet at home, and in time of peace, they exercise very little dominion, and have but a very moderate sovereignty, the resolutions of peace and war being ordinarily either in the people or in a council, though the war itself, which admits not of pluralities of governors, naturally devolves the command into the king's sole authority.

109. And thus, in Israel itself, the chief

business of their judges and first kings seems to have been to be captains in war and leaders of their armies, which (besides what is signified by "going out and in before the people," which was, to march forth to war and home again in the heads of their forces), appears plainly in the story of Jephtha. The Ammonites making war upon Israel, the Gileadites, in fear, send to Jephtha, a bastard of their family, whom they had cast off, and article with him, if he will assist them against the Ammonites, to make him their ruler, which they do in these words: "And the people made him head and captain over them" (Judges xi. 11), which was, as it seems, all one as to be judge. "And he judged Israel" (Judges xii. 7)—that is, was their captain-general—"six years." So when Jotham upbraids the Shechemites with the obligation they had to Gideon, who had been their judge and ruler, he tells them: "He fought for you, and adventured his life for, and delivered you out of the hands of Midian" (Judges ix. 17). Nothing mentioned of him but what he did as a general, and, indeed, that is all is found in his history, or in any of the rest of the judges. And Abimelech particularly is called king, though at most he was but their general. And when, being weary of the ill conduct of Samuel's sons, the children of Israel desired a king, "like all the nations, to judge them, and to go out before them, and to fight their battles" (1 Sam. viii. 20), God, granting their desire, says to Samuel, "I will send thee a man, and thou shalt anoint him to be captain over my people Israel, that he may save my people out of the hands of the Philistines" (ix. 16). As if the only business of a king had been to lead out their armies and fight in their defense; and, accordingly, at his inauguration, pouring a vial of oil upon him, declares to Saul that "the Lord had anointed him to be captain over his inheritance" (x. 1). And therefore those who, after Saul's being solemnly chosen and saluted king by the tribes at Mispah, were unwilling to have him their king, make no other objection but this, "How shall this man save us?" (v. 27), as if they should have said: "This man is unfit to be our king, not having skill and conduct enough in war to be able to defend us." And

when God resolved to transfer the government to David, it is in these words: "But now thy kingdom shall not continue: the Lord hath sought him a man after His own heart, and the Lord hath commanded him to be captain over His people" (xiii. 14). As if the whole kingly authority were nothing else but to be their general; and therefore the tribes who had stuck to Saul's family, and opposed David's reign, when they came to Hebron with terms of submission to him, they tell him, amongst other arguments, they had to submit to him as to their king, that he was, in effect, their king in Saul's time, and therefore they had no reason but to receive him as their king now. "Also," say they, "in time past, when Saul was king over us, thou wast he that leddest out and broughtest in Israel, and the Lord said unto thee, Thou shalt feed my people Israel, and thou shalt be a captain over Israel."

110. Thus, whether a family, by degrees, grew up into a commonwealth, and the fatherly authority being continued on to the elder son, everyone in his turn growing up under it tacitly submitted to it, and the easiness and equality of it not offending anyone, everyone acquiesced till time seemed to have confirmed it and settled a right of succession by prescription; or whether several families, or the descendants of several families, whom chance, neighborhood, or business brought together, united into society; the need of a general whose conduct might defend them against their enemies in war, and the great confidence the innocence and sincerity of that poor but virtuous age, such as are almost all those which begin governments that ever come to last in the world, gave men one of another, made the first beginners of commonwealths generally put the rule into one man's hand, without any other express limitation or restraint but what the nature of the thing and the end of government required. It was given them for the public good and safety, and to those ends, in the infancies of commonwealths, they commonly used it; and unless they had done so, young societies could not have subsisted. Without such nursing fathers, without this care of the governors, all governments would have sunk under the weakness

and infirmities of their infancy, the prince and the people had soon perished together.

111. But the golden age (though before vain ambition, and *amor sceleratus habendi*, evil concupiscence had corrupted men's minds into a mistake of true power and honor) had more virtue, and consequently better governors, as well as less vicious subjects; and there was then no stretching prerogative on the one side to oppress the people, nor, consequently, on the other, any dispute about privilege, to lessen or restrain the power of the magistrate; and so no contest betwixt rulers and people about governors or government. Yet, when ambition and luxury, in future ages, would retain and increase the power, without doing the business for which it was given, and aided by flattery, taught princes to have distinct and separate interests from their people, men found it necessary to examine more carefully the original and rights of government, and to find out ways to restrain the exorbitances and prevent the abuses of that power which, they having entrusted in another's hands, only for their own good, they found was made use of to hurt them.

112. Thus we may see how probable it is that people that were naturally free, and, by their own consent, either submitted to the government of their father, or united together, out of different families, to make a government, should generally put the rule into one man's hands, and choose to be under the conduct of a single person, without so much as by express conditions limiting or regulating his power, which they thought safe enough in his honesty and prudence; though they never dreamed of monarchy being *jure divino*, which we never heard of among mankind till it was revealed to us by the divinity of this last age, nor ever allowed paternal power to have a right to dominion or to be the foundation of all government. And thus much may suffice to show that, as far as we have any light from history, we have reason to conclude that all peaceful beginnings of government have been laid in the consent of the people. I say "peaceful," because I shall have occasion, in another place, to speak of conquest, which some esteem a way of beginning of governments.

The other objection, I find, urged against the beginning of polities, in the way I have mentioned, is this, viz.:

113. "That all men being born under government, some or other, it is impossible any of them should ever be free and at liberty to unite together and begin a new one, or ever be able to erect a lawful government." If this argument be good, I ask, How came so many lawful monarchies into the world? For if anybody, upon this supposition, can show me any one man, in any age of the world, free to begin a lawful monarchy, I will be bound to show him ten other free men at liberty, at the same time, to unite and begin a new government under a regal or any other form. It being demonstration that if anyone born under the dominion of another may be so free as to have a right to command others in a new and distinct empire, everyone that is born under the dominion of another may be so free to, and may become a ruler or subject of a distinct separate government. And so, by this their own principle, either all men, however born, are free, or else there is but one lawful prince, one lawful government in the world; and then they have nothing to do but barely to show us which that is, which, when they have done, I doubt not but all mankind will easily agree to pay obedience to him.

114. Though it be a sufficient answer to their objection to show that it involves them in the same difficulties that it doth those they use it against, yet I shall endeavor to discover the weakness of this argument a little farther.

"All men," say they, "are born under government, and therefore they cannot be at liberty to begin a new one. Everyone is born a subject to his father or his prince, and is therefore under the perpetual tie of subjection and allegiance." It is plain mankind never owned nor considered any such natural subjection that they were born in, to one or to the other, that tied them, without their own consents, to a subjection to them and their heirs.

115. For there are no examples so frequent in history, both sacred and profane, as those of men withdrawing themselves and their obedience from the jurisdiction they were born under, and the family or

community they were bred up in, and setting up new governments in other places, from whence sprang all that number of petty commonwealths in the beginning of ages, and which always multiplied as long as there was room enough, till the stronger or more fortunate swallowed the weaker; and those great ones, again breaking to pieces, dissolved into lesser dominions; all which are so many testimonies against paternal sovereignty, and plainly prove that it was not the natural right of the father descending to his heirs that made governments in the beginning; since it was impossible, upon that ground, there should have been so many little kingdoms but only one universal monarchy if men had not been at liberty to separate themselves from their families and their government, be it what it will that was set up in it, and go and make distinct commonwealths and other governments as they thought fit.

116. This has been the practice of the world from its first beginning to this day; nor is it now any more hindrance to the freedom of mankind that they are born under constituted and ancient polities that have established laws and set forms of government than if they were born in the woods amongst the unconfined inhabitants that run loose in them. For those who would persuade us that by being born under any government we are naturally subjects to it, and have no more any title or pretense to the freedom of the state of Nature, have no other reason (bating that of paternal power, which we have already answered) to produce for it but only because our fathers or progenitors passed away their natural liberty, and thereby bound up themselves and their posterity to a perpetual subjection to the government which they themselves submitted to. It is true that whatever engagements or promises anyone made for himself, he is under the obligation of them, but cannot by any compact whatsoever bind his children or posterity. For his son, when a man, being altogether as free as the father, any act of the father can no more give away the liberty of the son than it can of anybody else. He may, indeed, annex such conditions to the land he enjoyed, as a subject of any common-

wealth, as may oblige his son to be of that community if he will enjoy those possessions which were his father's, because that estate being his father's property, he may dispose or settle it as he pleases.

117. And this has generally given the occasion to the mistake in this matter; because commonwealths not permitting any part of their dominions to be dismembered, nor to be enjoyed by any but those of their community, the son cannot ordinarily enjoy the possessions of his father but under the same terms his father did, by becoming a member of the society, whereby he puts himself presently under the government he finds there established, as much as any other subject of that commonweal. And thus the consent of free men, born under government, which only makes them members of it, being given separately in their turns, as each comes to be of age, and not in a multitude together, people take no notice of it, and thinking it not done at all, or not necessary, conclude they are naturally subjects as they are men.

118. But it is plain governments themselves understand it otherwise; they claim no power over the son because of that they had over the father, nor look on children as being their subjects, by their fathers being so. If a subject of England have a child by an Englishwoman in France, whose subject is he? Not the King of England's; for he must have leave to be admitted to the privileges of it. Nor the King of France's, for how then has his father a liberty to bring him away, and breed him as he pleases; and whoever was judged as a traitor or deserter, if he left, or warred against a country, for being barely born in it of parents that were aliens there? It is plain, then, by the practice of governments themselves, as well as by the law of right reason, that a child is born a subject of no country nor government. He is under his father's tuition and authority till he come to age of discretion, and then he is a free man, at liberty what government he will put himself under, what body politic he will unite himself to. For if an Englishman's son born in France be at liberty, and may do so, it is evident there is no tie upon him by his father being a subject of

that kingdom, nor is he bound up by any compact of his ancestors; and why then hath not his son, by the same reason, the same liberty, though he be born anywhere else? Since the power that a father hath naturally over his children is the same wherever they be born, and the ties of natural obligations are not bounded by the positive limits of kingdoms and commonwealths.

119. Every man being, as has been showed, naturally free, and nothing being able to put him into subjection to any earthly power, but only his own consent, it is to be considered what shall be understood to be a sufficient declaration of a man's consent to make him subject to the laws of any government. There is a common distinction of an express and a tacit consent, which will concern our present case. Nobody doubts but an express consent of any man, entering into any society, makes him a perfect member of that society, a subject of that government. The difficulty is, what ought to be looked upon as a tacit consent, and how far it binds, i.e., how far anyone shall be looked on to have consented, and thereby submitted to any government, where he has made no expressions of it at all. And to this I say that every man that hath any possession or enjoyment of any part of the dominions of any government doth hereby give his tacit consent, and is as far forth obliged to obedience to the laws of that government, during such enjoyment, as anyone under it, whether this his possession be of land to him and his heirs forever, or a lodging only for a week; or whether it be barely traveling freely on the highway; and, in effect, it reaches as far as the very being of anyone within the territories of that government.

120. To understand this the better, it is fit to consider that every man when he at first incorporates himself into any commonwealth, he, by his uniting himself thereto, annexes also, and submits to the community, those possessions which he has, or shall acquire, that do not already belong to any other government. For it would be a direct contradiction for anyone to enter into society with others for the securing and regulating of property, and yet to sup-

pose his land, whose property is to be regulated by the laws of the society, should be exempt from the jurisdiction of that government to which he himself, and the property of the land, is a subject. By the same act, therefore, whereby anyone unites his person, which was before free, to any commonwealth, by the same he unites his possessions, which were before free, to it also; and they become, both of them, person and possession, subject to the government and dominion of that commonwealth as long as it hath a being. Whoever therefore, from thenceforth, by inheritance, purchases permission, or otherwise enjoys any part of the land so annexed to, and under the government of that commonwealth, must take it with the condition it is under, that is, of submitting to the government of the commonwealth under whose jurisdiction it is, as far forth as any subject of it.

121. But since the government has a direct jurisdiction only over the land and reaches the possessor of it (before he has actually incorporated himself in the society) only as he dwells upon and enjoys that, the obligation anyone is under by virtue of such enjoyment to submit to the government begins and ends with the enjoyment; so that whenever the owner who has given nothing but such a tacit consent to the government will, by donation, sale, or otherwise, quit the said possession, he is at liberty to go and incorporate himself into any other commonwealth, or agree with others to begin a new one *in vacuis locis*, in any part of the world they can find free and unpossessed; whereas he that has once, by actual agreement and any express declaration, given his consent to be of any commonwealth, is perpetually and indispensably obliged to be, and remain unalterably a subject to it, and can never be again in the liberty of the state of Nature, unless by any calamity the government he was under comes to be dissolved.

122. But submitting to the laws of any country, living quietly and enjoying privileges and protection under them, makes not a man a member of that society; it is only a local protection and homage due to and from all those who, not being in a state of war, come within the territories belonging

to any government, to all parts whereof the force of its law extends. But this no more makes a man a member of that society, a perpetual subject of that commonwealth, than it would make a man a subject to another in whose family he found it convenient to abide for some time, though, whilst he continued in it, he were obliged to comply with the laws and submit to the government he found there. And thus we see that foreigners, by living all their lives under another government, and enjoying the privileges and protection of it, though they are bound, even in conscience, to submit to its administration as far forth as any denizen, yet do not thereby come to be subjects or members of that commonwealth. Nothing can make any man so but his actually entering into it by positive engagement and express promise and compact. This is that which I think concerning the beginning of political societies, and that consent which makes anyone a member of any commonwealth.

CHAPTER IX

Of the Ends of Political Society and Government.

123. If man in the state of Nature be so free as has been said, if he be absolute lord of his own person and possessions, equal to the greatest and subject to nobody, why will he part with his freedom, this empire, and subject himself to the dominion and control of any other power? To which it is obvious to answer that, though in the state of Nature he hath such a right, yet the enjoyment of it is very uncertain and constantly exposed to the invasion of others; for all being kings as much as he, every man his equal, and the greater part no strict observers of equity and justice, the enjoyment of the property he has in this state is very unsafe, very insecure. This makes him willing to quit this condition, which, however free, is full of fears and continual dangers; and it is not without reason that he seeks out and is willing to join in society with others who are already united, or have a mind to unite for the mutual preservation of their lives, liberties, and

estates, which I call by the general name—property.

124. The great and chief end, therefore, of men uniting into commonwealths, and putting themselves under government, is the preservation of their property; to which in the state of Nature there are many things wanting.

Firstly: There wants an established, settled, known law received and allowed by common consent to be the standard of right and wrong, and the common measure to decide all controversies between them. For though the law of Nature be plain and intelligible to all rational creatures, yet men, being biased by their interest, as well as ignorant for want of study of it, are not apt to allow of it as a law binding to them in the application of it to their particular cases.

125. Secondly: In the state of Nature there wants a known and indifferent judge, with authority to determine all differences according to the established law. For everyone in that state being both judge and executioner of the law of Nature, men being partial to themselves, passion and revenge is very apt to carry them too far, and with too much heat in their own cases, as well as negligence and unconcernedness make them too remiss in other men's.

126. Thirdly: In the state of Nature there often wants power to back and support the sentence when right, and to give it due execution. They who by any injustice offended will seldom fail where they are able by force to make good their injustice. Such resistance many times makes the punishment dangerous, and frequently destructive to those who attempt it.

127. Thus mankind, notwithstanding all the privileges of the state of Nature, being but in an ill condition while they remain in it, are quickly driven into society. Hence it comes to pass that we seldom find any number of men live any time together in this state. The inconveniencies that they are therein exposed to by the irregular and uncertain exercise of the power every man has of punishing the transgressions of others make them take sanctuary under the established laws of government, and therein seek the preservation of their property. It

is this makes them so willingly give up everyone his single power of punishing to be exercised by such alone as shall be appointed to it amongst them, and by such rules as the community, or those authorized by them to that purpose, shall agree on. And in this we have the original right and rise of both the legislative and executive power as well as of the governments and societies themselves.

128. For in the state of Nature to omit the liberty he has of innocent delights, a man has two powers. The first is to do whatsoever he thinks fit for the preservation of himself and others within the permission of the law of Nature; by which law, common to them all, he and all the rest of mankind are one community, make up one society distinct from all other creatures, and were it not for the corruption and viciousness of degenerate men, there would be no need of any other, no necessity that men should separate from this great and natural community, and associate into lesser combinations. The other power a man has in the state of Nature is the power to punish the crimes committed against that law. Both these he gives up when he joins in a private, if I may so call it, or particular political society, and incorporates into any commonwealth separate from the rest of mankind.

129. The first power, viz., of doing whatsoever he thought fit for the preservation of himself and the rest of mankind, he gives up to be regulated by laws made by the society, so far forth as the preservation of himself and the rest of that society shall require; which laws of the society in many things confine the liberty he had by the law of Nature.

130. Secondly: The power of punishing he wholly gives up, and engages his natural force, which he might before employ in the execution of the law of Nature, by his own

single authority, as he thought fit, to assist the executive power of the society as the law thereof shall require. For being now in a new state, wherein he is to enjoy many conveniences from the labor, assistance, and society of others in the same community, as well as protection from its whole strength, he is to part also with as much of his natural liberty, in providing for himself, as the good, prosperity, and safety of the society shall require, which is not only necessary but just, since the other members of the society do the like.

131. But though men when they enter into society give up the equality, liberty, and executive power they had in the state of Nature into the hands of the society, to be so far disposed of by the legislative as the good of the society shall require, yet it being only with an intention in everyone the better to preserve himself, his liberty and property (for no rational creature can be supposed to change his condition with an intention to be worse), the power of the society or legislative constituted by them can never be supposed to extend farther than the common good, but is obliged to secure everyone's property by providing against those three defects above mentioned that made the state of Nature so unsafe and uneasy. And so, whoever has the legislative or supreme power of any commonwealth is bound to govern by established standing laws, promulgated and known to the people, and not by extemporary decrees, by indifferent and upright judges, who are to decide controversies by those laws; and to employ the force of the community at home only in the execution of such laws, or abroad to prevent or redress foreign injuries and secure the community from inroads and invasion. And all this to be directed to no other end but the peace, safety, and public good of the people.

AN ESSAY CONCERNING HUMAN UNDERSTANDING

[1690].

BOOK I, CHAPTER III

No Innate Practical Principles.

1. *No moral principles so clear and so*

generally received as the fore-mentioned speculative maxims.—If those speculative maxims whereof we discoursed in the foregoing chapter have not an actual universal

assent from all mankind, as we there proved, it is much more visible concerning practical principles, that they come short of an universal reception; and I think it will be hard to instance any one moral rule which can pretend to so general truth as this, "That it is impossible for the same thing to be, and not to be." Whereby it is evident that they are farther removed from a title to be innate; and the doubt of their being native impressions on the mind is stronger against these moral principles than the other. Not that it brings their truth at all in question. They are equally true, though not equally evident. Those speculative maxims carry their own evidence with them; but moral principles require reasoning and discourse, and some exercise of the mind, to discover the certainty of their truth. They lie not open as natural characters engraven on the mind; which if any such were, they must needs be visible by themselves, and by their own light be certain and known to everybody. But this is no derogation to their truth and certainty; no more than it is to the truth or certainty of the three angles of a triangle being equal to two right ones, because it is not so evident as "The whole is bigger than a part," nor so apt to be assented to at first hearing. It may suffice that these moral rules are capable of demonstration; and therefore it is our own fault if we come not to a certain knowledge of them. But the ignorance wherein many men are of them, and the slowness of assent wherewith others receive them, are manifest proofs that they are not innate, and such as offer themselves to their view without searching.

2. *Faith and justice not owned as principles by all men.*—Whether there be any such moral principles wherein all men do agree, I appeal to any who have been but moderately conversant in the history of mankind, and looked abroad beyond the smoke of their own chimneys. Where is that practical truth that is universally received without doubt or question, as it must be if innate? Justice, and keeping of contracts, is that which most men seem to agree in. This is a principle which is thought to extend itself to the dens of

thieves and the confederacies of the greatest villains; and they who have gone farthest towards the putting off of humanity itself keep faith and rules of justice one with another. I grant that outlaws themselves do this one amongst another; but it is without receiving these as the innate laws of Nature. They practise them as rules of convenience within their own communities; but it is impossible to conceive that he embraces justice as a practical principle who acts fairly with his fellow-highwayman, and at the same time plunders or kills the next honest man he meets with. Justice and truth are the common ties of society; and therefore even outlaws and robbers, who break with all the world besides, must keep faith and rules of equity amongst themselves, or else they cannot hold together. But will anyone say that those that live by fraud and rapine have innate principles of truth and justice which they allow and assent to?

3. *Objection.* "Though men deny them in their practice, yet they admit them in their thoughts," answered.—Perhaps it will be urged that the tacit assent of their minds agrees to what their practice contradicts. I answer; First, I have always thought the actions of men the best interpreters of their thoughts; but since it is certain that most men's practice, and some men's open professions, have either questioned or denied these principles, it is impossible to establish an universal consent (though we should look for it only amongst grown men); without which it is impossible to conclude them innate. Secondly, It is very strange and unreasonable to suppose innate practical principles that terminate only in contemplation. Practical principles derived from Nature are there for operation, and must produce conformity of action, not barely speculative assent to their truth, or else they are in vain distinguished from speculative maxims. Nature, I confess, has put into man a desire of happiness, and an aversion to misery; these, indeed, are innate practical principles, which, as practical principles ought, do continue constantly to operate and influence all our actions without ceasing: these may be observed in all persons and all ages, steady

and universal; but these are inclinations of the appetite to good, not impressions of truth on the understanding. I deny not that there are natural tendencies imprinted on the minds of men; and that, from the very first instances of sense and perception, there are some things that are grateful and others unwelcome to them; some things that they incline to, and others that they fly: but this makes nothing for innate characters on the mind, which are to be the principles of knowledge, regulating our practice. Such natural impressions on the understanding are so far from being confirmed hereby that this is an argument against them; since if there were certain characters imprinted by Nature on the understanding, as the principles of knowledge, we could not but perceive them constantly operate in us and influence our knowledge, as we do those others on the will and appetite; which never cease to be the constant springs and motives of all our actions, to which we perpetually feel them strongly impelling us.

4. *Moral rules need a proof; ergo, not innate.*—Another reason that makes me doubt of any innate principles is that I think there cannot any one moral rule be proposed whereof a man may not justly demand a reason; which would be perfectly ridiculous and absurd if they were innate, or so much as self-evident; which every innate principle must needs be, and not need any proof to ascertain its truth, nor want any reason to gain it approbation. He would be thought void of common sense who asked on the one side, or on the other side, when to give a reason, why it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be. It carries its own light and evidence with it, and needs no other proof; he that understands the terms assents to it for its own sake, or else nothing will ever be able to prevail with him to do it. But should that most unshaken rule of morality, and foundation of all social virtue, "That one should do as he would be done unto," be proposed to one who never heard it before, but yet is of capacity to understand its meaning, might he not without any absurdity ask a reason why? and were not he that proposed it bound to make out the

truth and reasonableness of it to him? which plainly shows it not to be innate; for if it were, it could neither want nor receive any proof, but must needs (at least as soon as heard and understood) be received and assented to as an unquestionable truth, which a man can by no means doubt of. So that the truth of all these moral rules plainly depends upon some other antecedent to them, and from which they must be deduced, which could not be if either they were innate or so much as self-evident.

5. *Instance in keeping compacts.*—That men should keep their compacts is certainly a great and undeniable rule in morality; but yet, if a Christian, who has the view of happiness and misery in another life, be asked why a man must keep his word, he will give this as a reason: "Because God, who has the power of eternal life and death, requires it of us." But if an Hobbi-st be asked why, he will answer, "Because the public requires it, and the Leviathan will punish you if you do not." And if one of the old heathen philosophers had been asked, he would have answered, "Because it was dishonest, below the dignity of a man, and opposite to virtue, the highest perfection of human nature, to do otherwise."

6. *Virtue generally approved, not because innate, but because profitable.*—Hence naturally flows the great variety of opinions concerning the moral rules, which are to be found among men according to the different sorts of happiness they have a prospect of, or propose to themselves; which could not be if practical principles were innate and imprinted in our minds immediately by the hand of God. I grant the existence of God is so many ways manifest, and the obedience we owe Him so congruous to the light of reason, that a great part of mankind give testimony to the law of Nature; but yet I think it must be allowed that several moral rules may receive from mankind a very general approbation, without either knowing or admitting the true ground of morality; which can only be the will and law of a God, who sees men in the dark, has in His hand rewards and punishments, and power enough

to call to account the proudest offender. For God having, by an inseparable connection, joined virtue and public happiness together, and made the practice thereof necessary to the preservation of society, and visibly beneficial to all with whom the virtuous man has to do, it is no wonder that everyone should not only allow, but recommend and magnify, those rules to others, from whose observance of them he is sure to reap advantage to himself. He may, out of interest, as well as conviction, cry up that for sacred which, if once trampled on and profaned, he himself cannot be safe nor secure. This, though it takes nothing from the moral and eternal obligation which these rules evidently have, yet it shows that the outward acknowledgment men pay to them in their words proves not that they are innate principles: nay, it proves not so much as that men assent to them inwardly in their own minds as the inviolable rules of their own practice; since we find that self-interest and the conveniences of this life make many men own an outward profession and approbation of them, whose actions sufficiently prove that they very little consider the Lawgiver that prescribed these rules, nor the hell He has ordained for the punishment of those that transgress them.

7. *Men's actions convince us that the rule of virtue is not their internal principle.*—For, if we will not in civility allow too much sincerity to the professions of most men, but think their actions to be the interpreters of their thoughts, we shall find that they have no such internal veneration for these rules, nor so full a persuasion of their certainty and obligation. The great principle of morality, “To do as one would be done to,” is more commended than practised. But the breach of this rule cannot be a greater vice than to teach others that it is no moral rule nor obligatory would be thought madness, and contrary to that interest men sacrifice to when they break it themselves. Perhaps conscience will be urged as checking us for such breaches, and so the internal obligation and establishment of the rule be preserved.

8. *Conscience no proof of any innate moral rule.*—To which I answer, that I

doubt not but, without being written on their hearts, many men may, by the same way that they come to the knowledge of other things, come to assent to several moral rules and be convinced of their obligation. Others also may come to be of the same mind from their education, company, and customs of their country; which persuasion, however got, will serve to set conscience on work, which is nothing else but our own opinion or judgment of the moral rectitude or pravity of our own actions. And if conscience be a proof of innate principles, contraries may be innate principles; since some men, with the same bent of conscience, prosecute what others avoid.

9. *Instances of enormities practised without remorse.*—But I cannot see how any men should ever transgress those moral rules with confidence and serenity were they innate and stamped upon their minds. View but an army at the sacking of a town, and see what observation or sense of moral principles, or what touch or conscience, for all the outrages they do. Robberies, murders, rapes are the sports of men set at liberty from punishment and censure. Have there not been whole nations, and those of the most civilized people, amongst whom the exposing their children and leaving them in the fields to perish by want or wild beasts has been the practice, as little condemned or scrupled as the begetting them? Do they not still, in some countries, put them into the same graves with their mothers, if they die in childbirth; or despatch them if a pretended astrologer declares them to have unhappy stars? and are there not places where, at a certain age, they kill or expose their parents without any remorse at all? In a part of Asia, the sick, when their case comes to be thought desperate, are carried out and laid on the earth before they are dead, and left there, exposed to wind and weather, to perish without assistance or pity. It is familiar among the Mingrelians, a people professing Christianity, to bury their children alive without scruple. There are places where they eat their own children. The Caribbs were wont to geld their children, on purpose to fat and eat them. And

Garcilasso de la Vega tells us of a people in Peru which were wont to fat and eat the children they got on their female captives, whom they kept as concubines for that purpose; and when they were past breeding, the mothers themselves were killed too and eaten. The virtues whereby the Tououpinambos believed they merited Paradise were revenge and eating abundance of their enemies. They have not so much as the name for God, no acknowledgment of any god, no religion, no worship. The saints who are canonized amongst the Turks lead lives which one cannot with modesty relate. A remarkable passage to this purpose, out of the Voyage of Baumgarten, which is a book not every day to be met with, I shall set down at large, in the language it is published in. *Ibi (sc. prope Belbes in Ægypto) vidimus sanctum unum Saracenicum inter arenarum cumulos, ita ut ex utero matris prodiit, nudum sedentem. Mos est, ut didicimus, Mahometistis, ut eos, qui amentes et sine ratione sunt, pro sanctis colant et venerentur. Insuper et eos, qui cum diu vitam egerint inquinatissimam, voluntariam deum pœnitentiam et paupertatem, sanctitate venerandos deputant. Ejusmodi vero genus hominum libertatem quandam effræncem habent, domos quas volunt intrandi, edendi, bibendi, et quod majus est, concumbendi; ex quo concubitu si proles secuta fuerit, sancta similiter habetur. His ergo hominibus, dum vivunt, magnos exhibent honores; mortuis vero vel templa vel monumenta extruunt amplissima, eosque contingere ac sepelire maxime fortune ducunt loco. Audivimus hæc dicta et dicenda per interpretem a Mucrolo nostro. Insuper sanctum illum, quem eo loco vidimus, publicitus apprime commendari, cum esse hominem sanctum, divinum, ac integritate præcipuum; eo quod, nec faminarum unquam esset, nec puerorum, sed tantummodo asellarum concubitor atque mularum!* More of the same kind, concerning these precious saints among the Turks, may be seen in Pietro della Valle, in his letter of the 25th of January, 1616. Where then are those innate principles of justice, piety, gratitude, equity, chastity? Or, where is that universal consent that assures us there are such

inbred rules? Murders in duels, when fashion has made them honorable, are committed without remorse of conscience: nay, in many places, innocence in this case is the greatest ignominy. And if we look abroad to take a view of men as they are, we shall find that they have remorse in one place for doing or omitting that which others, in another place, think they merit by.

10. *Men have contrary practical principles.*—He that will carefully peruse the history of mankind, and look abroad into the several tribes of men, and with indifference survey their actions, will be able to satisfy himself that there is scarce that principle of morality to be named, or rule of virtue to be thought on (those only excepted that are absolutely necessary to hold society together, which commonly, too, are neglected betwixt distinct societies), which is not, somewhere or other, slighted and condemned by the general fashion of whole societies of men, governed by practical opinions and rules of living quite opposite to others.

11. *Whole nations reject several moral rules.*—Here, perhaps, it will be objected that it is no argument that the rule is not known because it is broken. I grant the objection good where men, though they transgress yet disown not, the law, where fear of shame, censure, or punishment carries the mark of some awe it has upon them. But it is impossible to conceive that a whole nation of men should all publicly reject and renounce what every one of them, certainly and infallibly, knew to be a law; for so they must who have it naturally imprinted on their minds. It is possible men may sometimes own rules of morality which, in their private thoughts, they do not believe to be true, only to keep themselves in reputation and esteem amongst those who are persuaded of their obligation. But it is not to be imagined that a whole society of men should publicly and professedly disown and cast off a rule which they could not, in their own minds, but be infallibly certain was a law; nor be ignorant that all men they should have to do with knew it to be such, and therefore must every one of them apprehend from

others all the contempt and abhorrence due to one who professes himself void of humanity, and one who, confounding the known and natural measures of right and wrong, cannot but be looked on as the professed enemy of their peace and happiness. Whatever practical principle is innate cannot but be known to everyone to be just and good. It is therefore little less than a contradiction to suppose that whole nations of men should, both in their professions and practice, unanimously and universally give the lie to what, by the most invincible evidence, every one of them knew to be true, right, and good. This is enough to satisfy us that no practical rule which is anywhere universally, and with public approbation and allowance, transgressed, can be supposed innate. But I have something farther to add in answer to this objection.

12. The breaking of a rule, say you, is no argument that it is unknown. I grant it; but the generally allowed breach of it anywhere, I say, is a proof that it is not innate. For example: let us take any of these rules which, being the most obvious deductions of human reason, and comfortable to the natural inclination of the greatest part of men, fewest people have had the impudence to deny, or inconsideration to doubt of. If any can be thought to be naturally imprinted, none, I think, can have a fairer pretense to be innate than this, "Parents, preserve and cherish your children." When therefore you say that this is an innate rule, what do you mean? Either that it is an innate principle which, upon all occasions, excites and directs the actions of all men; or else that it is a truth which all men have imprinted on their minds, and which, therefore, they know and assent to. But in neither of these senses is it innate. First,—That it is not a principle which influences all men's actions is what I have proved by the examples before cited: nor need we seek so far as Mingrelia or Peru to find instances of such as neglect, abuse, nay, and destroy their children; or look on it only as the more than brutality of some savage and barbarous nations, when we remember that it was a familiar and uncondemned practice amongst

the Greeks and Romans to expose, without pity or remorse, their innocent infants. Secondly,—That it is an innate truth known to all men is also false: for "Parents, preserve your children" is so far from an innate truth that it is no truth at all; it being a command, and not a proposition; and so not capable of truth or falsehood. To make it capable of being assented to as true, it must be reduced to some such proposition as this: "It is the duty of parents to preserve their children." But what duty is cannot be understood without a law; nor a law be known, or supposed, without a lawmaker, or without reward and punishment; so that it is impossible that this or any other practical principle should be innate (that is, be imprinted on the mind as a duty), without supposing the ideas of God, of law, of obligation, of punishment, of a life after this, innate. For that punishment follows not in this life the breach of this rule, and, consequently, that it has not the force of a law in countries where the generally allowed practice runs counter to it, is in itself evident. But these ideas (which must be all of them innate if anything as a duty be so) are so far from being innate that it is not every studious or thinking man, much less everyone that is born, in whom they are to be found clear and distinct; and that one of them which of all others seems most likely to be innate is not so (I mean, the idea of God), I think, in the next chapter, will appear very evident to any considering man.

13. From what has been said, I think we may safely conclude that whatever practical rule is, in any place, generally, and with allowance, broken cannot be supposed innate; it being impossible that men should without shame or fear, confidently and serenely, break a rule which they could not but evidently know that God had set up, and would certainly punish the breach of (which they must if it were innate) to a degree to make it a very ill bargain to the transgressor. Without such a knowledge as this, a man can never be certain that anything is his duty. Ignorance or doubt of the law, hopes to escape the knowledge or power of the lawmaker, or the like, may make men give way to a present appetite.

But let anyone see the fault, and the rod by it, and with the transgression a fire ready to punish it; a pleasure tempting and the hand of the Almighty visibly held up and prepared to take vengeance (for this must be the case where any duty is imprinted on the mind)—and then tell me whether it be possible for people with such a prospect, such a certain knowledge as this, wantonly, and without scruple, to offend against a law which they carry about them in the face whilst they are breaking it; whether men, at the same time that they feel in themselves the imprinted edicts of an omnipotent Lawmaker, can, with assurance and gaiety, slight and trample under foot His most sacred injunctions; and, lastly, whether it be possible that, whilst a man thus openly bids defiance to this innate law and supreme Lawgiver, all the bystanders, yea, even the governors and rulers of the people, full of the same sense both of the law and Lawmaker, should silently connive without testifying their dislike, or laying the least blame on it? Principles of actions, indeed, there are lodged in men's appetites; but these are so far from being innate moral principles that, if they were left to their full swing, they would carry men to the overturning of all morality. Moral laws are sent as a curb and restraint to these exorbitant desires, which they cannot be but by rewards and punishments that will overbalance the satisfaction anyone shall propose to himself in the breach of the law. If therefore anything be imprinted on the mind of all men as a law, all men must have a certain and unavoidable knowledge that certain and unavoidable punishment will attend the breach of it. For if men can be ignorant or doubtful of what is innate, innate principles are insisted on and urged to no purpose; truth and certainty (the things pretended) are not at all secured by them; but men are in the same uncertain, floating estate with as without them. An evident, indubitable knowledge of unavoidable punishment, great enough to make the transgression very uneligible, must accompany an innate law; unless with an innate law they can suppose an innate gospel too. I would not be here mistaken as if, because

I deny an innate law, I thought there were none but positive laws. There is a great deal of difference between an innate law and a law of Nature; between something imprinted on our minds in this very original and something that we, being ignorant of, may attain to the knowledge of by the use and due application of our natural faculties. And, I think, they equally forsake the truth, who, running into the contrary extremes, either affirm an innate law or deny that there is a law knowable by the light of Nature, that is, without the help of positive revelation.

14. *Those who maintain innate practical principles tell us not what they are.*—The difference there is amongst men, in their practical principles, is so evident that I think I need say no more to evince that it will be impossible to find any innate moral rules by this mark of general assent. And it is enough to make one suspect that the supposition of such innate principles is but an opinion taken up at pleasure; since those who talk so confidently of them are so sparing to tell us which they are. This might with justice be expected from those men who lay stress upon this opinion; and it gives occasion to distrust either their knowledge or charity, who, declaring that God has imprinted on the minds of men the foundations of knowledge and the rules of living, are yet so little favorable to the information of their neighbors or the quiet of mankind as not to point out to them which they are, in the variety men are distracted with. But, in truth, were there any such innate principles, there would be no need to teach them. Did men find such innate propositions stamped on their minds, they would easily be able to distinguish them from other truths that they afterwards learned and deduced from them; and there would be nothing more easy than to know what and how many they were. There could be no more doubt about their number than there is about the number of our fingers; and it is like, then, every system would be ready to give them us by tale. But since nobody that I know has ventured yet to give a catalogue of them, they cannot blame those who doubt of the innate principles; since even they who require

men to believe that there are such innate propositions do not tell us what they are. It is easy to foresee that if different men, of different sects, should go about to give us a list of those innate practical principles, they would set down only such as suited their distinct hypotheses and were fit to support the doctrines of their particular schools or churches; a plain evidence that there are no such innate truths. Nay, a great part of men are so far from finding any such innate moral principles in themselves that, by denying freedom to mankind, and thereby making men no other than bare machines, they take away not only innate, but all moral, rules whatsoever, and leave not a possibility to believe any such to those who cannot conceive how anything can be capable of a law that is not a free agent; and upon that ground they must necessarily reject all principles of virtue, who cannot put morality and mechanism together, which are not very easy to be reconciled, or made consistent.

15. *Lord Herbert's innate principles examined.*—When I had writ this, being informed that my Lord Herbert, had, in his books *De Veritate*, assigned these innate principles, I presently consulted him; hoping to find, in a man of so great parts, something that might satisfy me in this point, and put an end to my inquiry. In his chapter *De Instinctu naturali*, p. 76, edit. 1656, I met with these six marks of his *notitiæ communes*: (1) *Prioritas*. (2) *Independencia*. (3) *Universalitas*. (4) *Certitudo*. (5) *Necessitas*; i. e., as he explains it, *Faciunt ad hominis conservationem*. (6) *Modus conformationis*; that is, *Assensus nulla interposita mora*. And at the latter end of his little treatise, *De Religione Laici*, he says this of these innate principles: *Adeo ut non uniuscujusvis religionis confinio arcentur quæ ubique vigent veritates. Sunt enim in ipsa mente calitus descriptæ, nullisque traditionibus, sive scriptis, sive non scriptis, obnoxia*. (P.3) And, *Veritates nostræ catholicæ, quæ tanquam indubia Dei effata in foro interiori descripta*. Thus, having given the marks of the innate principles, or common notions, and asserted their being imprinted on the minds of men by the hand of God, he pro-

ceeds to set them down; and they are these: (1) *Esse aliquod supremum numen*. (2) *Numen illud coli debere*. (3) *Virtutem cum pietate conjunctam optimam esse rationem cultus divini*. (4) *Resipiscendum esse a peccatis*. (5) *Dari præmium vel pœnam post hanc vitam transactam*. Though I allow these to be clear truths, and such as, if rightly explained, a rational creature can hardly avoid giving his assent to, yet I think he is far from proving them innate impressions *in foro interiori descriptæ*: for I must take leave to observe:

16. First, That these five propositions are either not all, or more than all, those common notions writ on our minds by the finger of God, if it were reasonable to believe any at all to be so written; since there are other propositions which, even by his own rules, have as just a pretense to such an original, and may be as well admitted for innate principles as, at least, some of these five he enumerates: viz., "Do as thou wouldst be done unto," and perhaps some hundreds of others when well considered.

17. Secondly, That all his marks are not to be found in each of his five propositions; viz., his first, second, and third marks agree perfectly to neither of them; and the first, second, third, fourth, and sixth marks agree but ill to his third, fourth, and fifth propositions. For, besides that we are assured from history of many men, nay, whole nations, who doubt or disbelieve some or all of them, I cannot see how the third, viz., that "virtue joined with piety is the best worship of God," can be an innate principle, when the name or sound, virtue, is so hard to be understood, liable to so much uncertainty in its signification, and the thing it stands for so much contended about and difficult to be known. And therefore this can be but a very uncertain rule of human practice, and serve but very little to the conduct of our lives, and is therefore very unfit to be assigned as an innate practical principle.

18. For let us consider this proposition as to its meaning (for it is the sense and not sound that is and must be the principle or common notion), viz., "Virtue is the best worship of God"; i. e., is the most acceptable to Him; which, if virtue be taken,

as most commonly it is, for those actions which, according to the different opinions of several countries, are accounted laudable, will be a proposition so far from being certain that it will not be true. If virtue be taken for actions conformable to God's will, or to the rule prescribed by God, which is the true and only measure of virtue, when virtue is used to signify what is in its own nature right and good; then this proposition, that "Virtue is the best worship of God" will be most true and certain, but of very little use in human life; since it will amount to no more but this, viz., that "God is pleased with the doing of what He commands"; which a man may certainly know to be true without knowing what it is that God doth command, and so be as far from any rule or principle of his actions as he was before; and I think very few will take a proposition which amounts to no more than this, viz., that "God is pleased with the doing of what He himself commands," for an innate moral principle writ on the minds of all men (however true and certain it may be), since it teaches so little. Whosoever does so will have reason to think hundreds of propositions innate principles, since there are many which have as good a title as this to be received for such, which nobody yet ever put into that rank of innate principles.

19. Nor is the fourth proposition, viz., "Men must repent of their sins," much more instructive, till what those actions are that are meant by sins be set down. For the word *peccata*, or "sins," being put, as it usually is, to signify in general ill actions that will draw on punishment upon the doers, what great principle of morality can that be to tell us we should be sorry, and cease to do that which will bring mischief upon us, without knowing what those particular actions are that will do so? Indeed, this is a very true proposition, and fit to be inculcated on and received by those who are supposed to have been taught what actions in all kinds are sins; but neither this nor the former can be imagined to be innate principles, nor to be of any use if they were innate, unless the particular measures and bounds of all virtues and vices were

engraven in men's minds, and were innate principles also, which, I think, is very much to be doubted. And therefore, I imagine, it will scarce seem possible that God should engrave principles in men's minds in words of uncertain signification, such as "virtues" and "sins," which amongst different men stand for different things: nay, it cannot be supposed to be in words at all, which, being in most of these principles very general names, cannot be understood but by knowing the particulars comprehended under them. And in the practical instances, the measures must be taken from the knowledge of the actions themselves, and the rules of them abstracted from words, and antecedent to the knowledge of names: which rules a man must know, what language soever he chance to learn, whether English or Japan, or if he should learn no language at all, or never should understand the use of words, as happens in the case of dumb and deaf men. When it shall be made out that men ignorant of words, or untaught by the laws and customs of their country, know that it is part of the worship of God not to kill another man; not to know more women than one; not to procure abortion; not to expose their children; not to take from another what is his though we want it ourselves, but, on the contrary, relieve and supply his wants; and, whenever we have done the contrary, we ought to repent, be sorry, and resolve to do so no more—when, I say, all men shall be proved actually to know and allow all these and a thousand other such rules, all which come under these two general words made use of above, viz. *virtutes et peccata*, "virtues and sins," there will be more reason for admitting these and the like for common notions and practical principles; yet, after all, universal consent (were there any in moral principles) to truths, the knowledge whereof may be attained otherwise, would scarce prove them to be innate, which is all I contend for.

20. *Objection.* "Innate principles may be corrupted," answered.—Nor will it be of much moment here to offer that very ready but not very material answer, viz., that the innate principles of morality may, by edu-

cation and custom, and the general opinion of those amongst whom we converse, be darkened, and at last quite worn out of the minds of men. Which assertion of theirs, if true, quite takes away the argument of universal consent by which this opinion of innate principles is endeavored to be proved; unless those men will think it reasonable that their private persuasions, or that of their party, should pass for universal consent—a thing not unfrequently done when men, presuming themselves to be the only masters of right reason, cast by the votes and opinions of the rest of mankind as not worthy of reckoning. And then their argument stands thus: “The principles which all mankind allow for true are innate; those that men of right reason admit are the principles allowed by all mankind; we, and those of our mind, are men of reason; therefore, we agreeing, our principles are innate”; which is a very pretty way of arguing, and a short cut to infallibility. For otherwise it will be very hard to understand how there be some principles which all men do acknowledge and agree in; and yet there are none of those principles which are not, by depraved custom and ill education, blotted out of the minds of many men; which is to say that all men admit, but yet many men do deny and dissent from, them. And indeed the supposition of such first principles will serve us to very little purpose, and we shall be as much at a loss with as without them, if they may by any human power, such as is the will of our teachers, or opinions of our companions, be altered or lost in us; and, notwithstanding all this boast of first principles and innate light, we shall be as much in the dark and uncertainty as if there were no such thing at all; it being all one to have no rule, and one that will warp any way; or, amongst various and contrary rules, not to know which is the right. But concerning innate principles, I desire these men to say whether they can or cannot, by education and custom, be blurred and blotted out; if they cannot, we must find them in all mankind alike, and they must be clear in everybody; and, if they may suffer variation from adventitious notions, we must then find them clearest and most perspicuous

nearest the fountain, in children and illiterate people, who have received least impression from foreign opinions. Let them take which side they please, they will certainly find it inconsistent with visible matter of fact and daily observation.

21. *Contrary principles in the world.*—I easily grant that there are great numbers of opinions which, by men of different countries, educations, and tempers, are received and embraced as first and unquestionable principles; many whereof, both for their absurdity as well as opposition one to another, it is impossible should be true. But yet all those propositions, how remote soever from reason, are so sacred somewhere or other that men even of good understanding in other matters will sooner part with their lives, and whatever is dearest to them, than suffer themselves to doubt, or others to question, the truth of them.

22. *How men commonly come by their principles.*—This, however strange it may seem, is that which every day's experience confirms: and will not, perhaps, appear so wonderful if we consider the ways and steps by which it is brought about, and how really it may come to pass that doctrines that have been derived from no better original than the superstition of a nurse or the authority of an old woman may, by length of time and consent of neighbors, grow up to the dignity of principles in religion or morality. For such who are careful (as they call it) to principle children well (and few there be who have not a set of those principles for them which they believe in) instil into the unwary, and as yet unprejudiced, understanding (for white paper receives any characters) those doctrines they would have them retain and profess. These—being taught them as soon as they have any apprehension, and still as they grow up confirmed to them, either by the open profession or tacit consent of all they have to do with; or at least by those of whose wisdom, knowledge, and piety they have an opinion, who never suffer those propositions to be otherwise mentioned but as the basis and foundation on which they build their religion or manners—come, by these means, to have the reputation of unquestionable, self-evident, and innate truths.

23. To which we may add that, when men so instructed are grown up and reflect on their own minds, they cannot find anything more ancient there than those opinions which were taught them before their memory began to keep a register of their actions, or date the time when any new thing appeared to them; and therefore make no scruple to conclude that those propositions, of whose knowledge they can find in themselves no original, were certainly the impress of God and Nature upon their minds, and not taught them by anyone else. These they entertain and submit to, as many do to their parents, with veneration; not because it is natural, nor do children do it where they are not so taught; but because, having been always so educated, and having no remembrance of the beginning of this respect, they think it is natural.

24. This will appear very likely, and almost unavoidably to come to pass, if we consider the nature of mankind and the constitution of human affairs; wherein most men cannot live without employing their time in the daily labors of their callings, nor be at quiet in their minds without some foundation or principles to rest their thoughts on. There is scarce anyone so floating and superficial in his understanding who hath not some revered propositions which are to him the principles on which he bottoms his reasonings, and by which he judgeth of truth and falsehood, right and wrong; which some wanting skill and leisure, and others the inclination, and some being taught that they ought not, to examine, there are few to be found who are not exposed, by their ignorance, laziness, education, or precipitancy, to take them upon trust.

25. This is evidently the case of all children and young folks; and custom, a greater power than Nature, seldom failing to make them worship for divine what she hath injured them to bow their minds and submit their understandings to, it is no wonder that grown men, either perplexed in the necessary affairs of life, or hot in the pursuit of pleasures, should not seriously sit down to examine their own tenets; especially when one of their principles is that principles ought not to be questioned. And, had men

leisure, parts, and will, who is there almost that dare shake the foundations of all his past thoughts and actions, and endure to bring upon himself the shame of having been a long time wholly in mistake and error? Who is there hardy enough to contend with the reproach which is everywhere prepared for those who dare venture to dissent from the received opinions of their country or party? And where is the man to be found that can patiently prepare himself to bear the name of whimsical, sceptical, or atheist, which he is sure to meet with who does in the least scruple any of the common opinions? And he will be much more afraid to question those principles when he shall think them, as most men do, the standards set up by God in his mind to be the rule and touchstone of all other opinions. And what can hinder him from thinking them sacred when he finds them the earliest of all his own thoughts, and the most revered by others?

26. It is easy to imagine how, by these means, it comes to pass that men worship the idols that have been set up in their minds, grow fond of the notions they have been long acquainted with there, and stamp the characters of divinity upon absurdities and errors, become zealous votaries to bulls and monkeys; and contend, too, fight, and die in defense of their opinions. *Dum solos credit habendos esse Deos, quos ipse colit.* For since the reasoning faculties of the soul, which are almost constantly (though not always warily nor wisely) employed, would not know how to move for want of a foundation and footing in most men, who through laziness or avocation, do not—or for want of time, or true helps, or for other causes, cannot—penetrate into the principles of knowledge, and trace truth to its fountain and original, it is natural for them, and almost unavoidable, to take up with some borrowed principles; which, being reputed and presumed to be the evident proofs of other things are thought not to need any other proof themselves. Whoever shall receive any of these into his mind, and entertain them there with the reverence usually paid to principles, never venturing to examine them, but accustoming himself to believe them because they are to be be-

lieved, may take up from his education and the fashions of his country any absurdity for innate principles; and by long poring on the same objects, so dim his sight as to take monsters lodged in his own brain for the images of the Deity and the workmanship of His hands.

27. *Principles must be examined.*—By this progress how many there are who arrive at principles which they believe innate, may be easily observed in the variety of opposite principles held and contended for by all sorts and degrees of men. And he that shall deny this to be the method wherein most men proceed to the assurance they have of the truth and evidence of their principles will, perhaps, find it a hard matter any other way to account for the contrary tenets, which are firmly believed, confidently asserted, and which great numbers are ready at any time to seal with their blood. And, indeed, if it be the privilege of innate principles to be received upon their own authority, without examination, I know not what may not be believed, or how anyone's principles can be questioned. If they may and ought to be examined and tried, I desire to know how first and innate principles can be tried; or at least it is reasonable to demand the marks and characters whereby the genuine innate principles may be distinguished from others; that so, amidst the great variety of pretenders, I may be kept from mistakes in so material a point as this. When this is done, I shall be ready to embrace such welcome and useful propositions; and till then I may with modesty doubt, since I fear universal consent (which is the only one produced) will scarce prove a sufficient mark to direct my choice, and assure me of any innate principles. From what has been said, I think it past doubt that there are no practical principles wherein all men agree, and therefore none innate.

BOOK II, CHAPTER I

Of Ideas in General, and their Original.

1. *Idea is the object of thinking.*—Every man being conscious to himself that he thinks, and that which his mind is applied about, whilst thinking, being the ideas that

are there, it is past doubt that men have in their mind several ideas, such as are those expressed by the words *whiteness, hardness, sweetness, thinking, motion, man, elephant, army, drunkenness,* and others. It is in the first place then to be inquired, How he comes by them? I know it is a received doctrine that men have native ideas and original characters stamped upon their minds in their very first being. This opinion I have at large examined already; and, I suppose, what I have said in the foregoing book will be much more easily admitted when I have shown whence the understanding may get all the ideas it has, and by what ways and degrees they may come into the mind; for which I shall appeal to everyone's own observation and experience.

2. *All ideas come from sensation or reflection.*—Let us then suppose the mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas; how comes it to be furnished? Whence comes it by that vast store which the busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer, in one word, from experience: in that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation, employed either about external sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our minds perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with all the materials of thinking. These two are the fountains of knowledge, from whence all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring.

3. *The object of sensation one source of ideas.*—First. Our senses, conversant about particular sensible objects, do convey into the mind several distinct perceptions of things, according to those various ways wherein those objects do affect them; and thus we come by those ideas we have of yellow, white, heat, cold, soft, hard, bitter, sweet, and all those which we call sensible qualities; which when I say the senses convey into the mind, I mean they from external objects convey into the mind what produces there those perceptions. This great source of most of the ideas we have, depending wholly upon our senses, and derived

by them to the understanding, I call "sensation."

4. *The operations of our minds the other source of them.*—Secondly. The other fountain from which experience furnisheth the understanding with ideas is the perception of the operations of our own minds within us, as it is employed about the ideas it has got; which operations, when the soul comes to reflect on and consider, do furnish the understanding with another set of ideas, which could not be had from things without; and such are perception, thinking, doubting, believing, reasoning, knowing, willing, and all the different actings of our own minds; which we, being conscious of, and observing in ourselves, do from these receive into our understanding as distinct ideas, as we do from bodies affecting our senses. This source of ideas every man has wholly in himself; and though it be not sense, as having nothing to do with external objects, yet it is very like it, and might properly enough be called "internal sense." But as I call the other "sensation," so I call this "reflection," the ideas it affords being such only as the mind gets by reflecting on its own operations within itself. By reflection, then, in the following part of this discourse, I would be understood to mean that notice which the mind takes of its own operations, and the manner of them, by reason whereof there come to be ideas of these operations in the understanding. These two, I say, viz., external material things as the objects of sensation and the operations of our own minds within as the objects of reflection, are, to me, the only originals from whence all our ideas take their beginnings. The term "operations" here, I use in a large sense, as comprehending not barely the actions of the mind about its ideas, but some sort of passions arising sometimes from them, such as is the satisfaction or uneasiness arising from any thought.

5. *All our ideas are of the one or the other of these.*—The understanding seems to me not to have the least glimmering of any ideas which it doth not receive from one of these two. External objects furnish the mind with the ideas of sensible qualities, which are all those different perceptions they produce in us; and the mind furnishes

the understanding with ideas of its own operations.

These, when we have taken a full survey of them and their several modes, combinations, and relations, we shall find to contain all our whole stock of ideas; and that we have nothing in our minds which did not come in one of these two ways. Let anyone examine his own thoughts, and thoroughly search into his understanding, and then let him tell me whether all the original ideas he has there are any other than of the objects of his senses, or of the operations of his mind considered as objects of his reflection; and how great a mass of knowledge soever he imagines to be lodged there, he will, upon taking a strict view, see that he has not any idea in his mind but what one of these two hath imprinted, though perhaps with infinite variety compounded and enlarged by the understanding, as we shall see hereafter.

6. *Observable in children.*—He that attentively considers the state of a child at his first coming into the world will have little reason to think him stored with plenty of ideas that are to be the matter of his future knowledge. It is by degrees he comes to be furnished with them; and though the ideas of obvious and familiar qualities imprint themselves before the memory begins to keep a register of time and order, yet it is often so late before some unusual qualities come in the way that there are few men that cannot recollect the beginning of their acquaintance with them; and, if it were worth while, no doubt a child might be so ordered as to have but a very few even of the ordinary ideas till he were grown up to a man. But all that are born into the world being surrounded with bodies that perpetually and diversely affect them, variety of ideas, whether care be taken about it or no, are imprinted on the minds of children. Light and colors are busy at hand everywhere when the eye is but open; sounds and some tangible qualities fail not to solicit their proper senses, and force an entrance to the mind; but yet I think it will be granted easily that, if a child were kept in a place where he never saw any other but black and white till he were a man, he would have no more ideas of scarlet or green than he

that from his childhood never tasted an oyster or a pineapple has of those particular relishes.

7. *Men are differently furnished with these according to the different objects they converse with.*—Men, then, come to be furnished with fewer or more simple ideas from without according as the objects they converse with afford greater or less variety; and from the operations of their minds within according as they more or less reflect on them. For, though he that contemplates the operations of his mind cannot but have plain and clear ideas of them, yet, unless he turn his thoughts that way, and considers them attentively, he will no more have clear and distinct ideas of all the operations of his mind, and all that may be observed therein, than he will have all the particular ideas of any landscape, or of the parts and motions of a clock, who will not turn his eyes to it and with attention heed all the parts of it. The picture or clock may be so placed that they may come in his way every day; but yet he will have but a confused idea of all the parts they are made of till he applies himself with attention to consider them each in particular.

8. *Ideas of reflection later, because they need attention.*—And hence we see the reason why it is pretty late before most children get ideas of the operations of their own minds; and some have not any very clear or perfect ideas of the greatest part of them all their lives; because, though they pass there continually, yet, like floating visions, they make not deep impressions enough to leave in the mind clear, distinct, lasting ideas, till the understanding turns inwards upon itself, reflects on its own operations, and makes them the object of its own contemplation. Children, when they come first into it, are surrounded with a world of new things, which, by a constant sollicitation of their senses, draw the mind constantly to them, forward to take notice of new, and apt to be delighted with the variety of changing objects. Thus the first years are usually employed and diverted in looking abroad. Men's business in them is to acquaint themselves with what is to be found without; and so, growing up in a constant attention to outward sensations, seldom make any

considerable reflection on what passes within them till they come to be of riper years; and some scarce ever at all.

9. *The soul begins to have ideas when it begins to perceive.*—To ask at what time a man has first any ideas is to ask when he begins to perceive; having ideas, and perception, being the same thing. I know it is an opinion that the soul always thinks; and that it has the actual perception of ideas within itself constantly as long as it exists; and that actual thinking is as inseparable from the soul as actual extension is from the body: which, if true, to inquire after the beginning of a man's ideas is the same as to inquire after the beginning of his soul. For, by this account, soul and its ideas, as body and its extension, will begin to exist both at the same time.

10. *The soul thinks not always; for this wants proofs.*—But whether the soul be supposed to exist antecedent to, or coeval with, or some time after, the first rudiments or organization or the beginnings of life in the body, I leave to be disputed by those who have better thought of that matter. I confess myself to have one of those dull souls that doth not perceive itself always to contemplate ideas; nor can conceive it any more necessary for the soul always to think than for the body always to move; the perception of ideas being, as I conceive, to the soul, what motion is to the body; not its essence, but one of its operations; and, therefore, though thinking be supposed never so much the proper action of the soul, yet it is not necessary to suppose that it should be always thinking, always in action: that, perhaps, is the privilege of the infinite Author and Preserver of things, "who never slumbers nor sleeps"; but it is not competent to any finite being, at least not to the soul of man. We know certainly, by experience, that we sometimes think; and thence draw this infallible consequence—that there is something in us that has a power to think, but whether that substance perpetually thinks, or no, we can be no farther assured than experience informs us. For to say that actual thinking is essential to the soul and inseparable from it is to beg what is in question, and not to prove it by reason; which is necessary to be done if it

be not a self-evident proposition. But whether this—that “the soul always thinks”—be a self-evident proposition that everybody assents to on first hearing, I appeal to mankind. It is doubted whether I thought all last night, or no; the question being about a matter of fact, it is begging it to bring as a proof for it an hypothesis which is the very thing in dispute; by which way one may prove anything; and it is but supposing that all watches, whilst the balance beats, think, and it is sufficiently proved, and past doubt, that my watch thought all last night. But he that would not deceive himself ought to build his hypothesis on matter of fact, and make it out by sensible experience, and not presume on matter of fact because of his hypothesis; that is, because he supposes it to be so; which way of proving amounts to this—that I must necessarily think all last night because another supposes I always think, though I myself cannot perceive that I always do so.

But men in love with their opinions may not only suppose what is in question, but allege wrong matter of fact. How else could anyone make it an inference of mine, that a thing is not, because we are not sensible of it in our sleep? I do not say there is no soul in a man because he is not sensible of it in his sleep; but I do say he cannot think at any time, waking or sleeping, without being sensible of it. Our being sensible of it is not necessary to anything but to our thoughts; and to them it is, and to them it will always be, necessary, till we can think without being conscious of it.

11. *It is not always conscious of it.*—I grant that the soul in a waking man is never without thought, because it is the condition of being awake; but whether sleeping without dreaming be not an affection of the whole man, mind as well as body, may be worth a waking man’s consideration; it being hard to conceive that anything should think and not be conscious of it. If the soul doth think in a sleeping man without being conscious of it, I ask whether, during such thinking, it has any pleasure or pain, or be capable of happiness or misery. I am sure the man is not, no more than the bed or earth he lies on. For to be happy or miserable without being conscious of it seems to

me utterly inconsistent and impossible. Or if it be possible that the soul can, whilst the body is sleeping, have its thinking, enjoyments, and concerns, its pleasure or pain, apart, which the man is not conscious of, nor partakes in, it is certain that Socrates asleep, and Socrates awake, is not the same person; but his soul when he sleeps, and Socrates the man, consisting of body and soul when he is waking, are two persons; since waking Socrates has no knowledge of or concernment for that happiness or misery of his soul which it enjoys alone by itself whilst he sleeps, without perceiving anything of it, no more than he has for the happiness or misery of a man in the Indies, whom he knows not. For if we take wholly away all consciousness of our actions and sensations, especially of pleasure and pain, and the concernment that accompanies it, it will be hard to know wherein to place personal identity.

12. *If a sleeping man thinks without knowing it, the sleeping and waking man are two persons.*—“The soul, during sound sleep, thinks,” say these men. Whilst it thinks and perceives, it is capable, certainly, of those of delight or trouble, as well as any other perceptions; and it must necessarily be conscious of its own perceptions. But it has all this apart. The sleeping man, it is plain, is conscious of nothing of all this. Let us suppose, then, the soul of Castor, whilst he is sleeping, retired from his body; which is no impossible supposition for the men I have here to do with, who so liberally allow life without a thinking soul to all other animals. These men cannot, then, judge it impossible, or a contradiction, that the body should live without the soul; nor that the soul should subsist and think, or have perception, even perception of happiness or misery, without the body. Let us, then, as I say, suppose the soul of Castor separated, during his sleep, from his body, to think apart. Let us suppose, too, that it chooses for its scene of thinking the body of another man, e. g., Pollux, who is sleeping without a soul: for if Castor’s soul can think whilst Castor is asleep, what Castor is never conscious of, it is no matter what place it chooses to think in. We have here, then, the bodies of two men with only one

soul between them, which we will suppose to sleep and wake by turns; and the soul still thinking in the waking man, whereof the sleeping man is never conscious, has never the least perception. I ask, then, whether Castor and Pollux, thus, with only one soul between them, which thinks and perceives in one what the other is never conscious of, nor is concerned for, are not two as distinct persons as Castor and Hercules, or as Socrates and Plato, were? and whether one of them might not be very happy and the other very miserable? Just by the same reason they make the soul and the man two persons, who make the soul think apart what the man is not conscious of. For, I suppose, nobody will make identity of persons to consist in the soul's being united to the very same numerical particles of matter; for if that be necessary to identity, it will be impossible, in that constant flux of the particles of our bodies, that any man should be the same person two days or two moments together.

13. *Impossible to convince those that sleep without dreaming that they think.*—Thus, methinks, every drowsy nod shakes their doctrine, who teach that their soul is always thinking. Those, at least, who do at any time sleep without dreaming can never be convinced that their thoughts are sometimes for hours busy without their knowing of it; and if they are taken in the very act, waked in the middle of that sleeping contemplation, can give no manner of account of it.

14. *That men dream without remembering it, in vain urged.*—It will perhaps be said that the soul thinks even in the soundest sleep, but the memory retains it not. That the soul in a sleeping man should be this moment busy a-thinking, and the next moment in a waking man not remember, nor be able to recollect one jot of all those thoughts, is very hard to be conceived, and would need some better proof than bare assertion to make it be believed. For who can, without any more ado but being barely told so, imagine that the greatest part of men do, during all their lives, for several hours every day think of something which, if they were asked even in the middle of these thoughts, they could remember nothing at

all of? Most men, I think, pass a great part of their sleep without dreaming. I once knew a man that was bred a scholar, and had no bad memory, who told me he had never dreamed in his life till he had that fever he was then newly recovered of, which was about the five- or six-and-twentieth year of his age. I suppose the world affords more such instances; at least, every one's acquaintance will furnish him with examples enough of such as pass most of their nights without dreaming.

15. *Upon this hypothesis, the thoughts of a sleeping man ought to be most rational.*—To think often and never to retain it so much as one moment is a very useless sort of thinking; and the soul, in such a state of thinking, does very little if at all excel that of a looking-glass, which constantly receives a variety of images, or ideas, but retains none; they disappear and vanish, and there remain no footsteps of them; the looking-glass is never the better for such ideas, nor the soul for such thoughts. Perhaps it will be said "that in a waking man the materials of the body are employed and made use of in thinking; and that the memory of thoughts is retained by the impressions that are made on the brain, and the traces there left after such thinking; but that in the thinking of the soul which is not perceived in a sleeping man, there the soul thinks apart, and, making no use of the organs of the body, leaves no impressions on it and consequently no memory of such thoughts." Not to mention again the absurdity of two distinct persons, which follows from this supposition, I answer farther that whatever ideas the mind can receive and contemplate without the help of the body, it is reasonable to conclude it can retain without the help of the body too; or else the soul, or any separate spirit, will have but little advantage by thinking. If it has no memory of its own thoughts; if it cannot lay them up for its use, and be able to recall them upon occasion; if it cannot reflect upon what is past, and make use of its former experiences, reasonings, and contemplations; to what purpose does it think? They who make the soul a thinking thing at this rate will not make it a much more noble being than those do whom they condemn for allowing

it to be nothing but the subtlest parts of matter. Characters drawn on dust that the first breath of wind effaces, or impressions made on a heap of atoms or animal spirits, are altogether as useful, and render the subject as noble, as the thoughts of a soul that perish in thinking; that, once out of sight, are gone forever, and leave no memory of themselves behind them. Nature never makes excellent things for mean or no uses; and it is hardly to be conceived that our infinitely wise Creator should make so admirable a faculty as the power of thinking, that faculty which comes nearest the excellency of His own incomprehensible being, to be so idly and uselessly employed, at least a fourth part of its time here, as to think constantly without remembering any of those thoughts, without doing any good to itself or others, or being any way useful to any other part of the creation. If we will examine it, we shall not find, I suppose, the motion of dull and senseless matter anywhere in the universe made so little use of, and so wholly thrown away.

16. *On this hypothesis, the soul must have ideas not derived from sensation or reflection, of which there is no appearance.*—It is true, we have sometimes instances of perception whilst we are asleep, and retain the memory of those thoughts: but how extravagant and incoherent for the most part they are, how little conformable to the perfection and order of a rational being, those who are acquainted with dreams need not be told. This I would willingly be satisfied in: whether the soul, when it thinks thus apart, and as it were separate from the body, acts less rationally than when conjointly with it, or no. If its separate thoughts be less rational, then these men must say that the soul owes the perfection of rational thinking to the body; if it does not, it is a wonder that our dreams should be for the most part so frivolous and irrational, and that the soul should retain none of its more rational soliloquies and meditations.

17. *If I think when I know it not, nobody else can know it.*—Those who so confidently tell us that the soul always actually thinks, I would they would also tell us what those ideas are that are in the soul of a child be-

fore or just at the union with the body, before it hath received any by sensation. The dreams of sleeping men are, as I take it, all made up of the waking man's ideas, though for the most part oddly put together. It is strange if the soul has ideas of its own that it derived not from sensation or reflection (as it must have if it thought before it received any impression from the body), that it should never in its private thinking (so private that the man himself perceives it not) retain any of them the very moment it wakes out of them, and then make the man glad with new discoveries. Who can find it reasonable that the soul should in its retirement, during sleep, have so many hours' thoughts, and yet never light on any of those ideas it borrowed not from sensation or reflection, or at least preserve the memory of none but such which, being occasioned from the body, must needs be less natural to a spirit? It is strange the soul should never once in a man's whole life recall over any of its pure, native thoughts and those ideas it had before it borrowed anything from the body; never bring into the waking man's view any other ideas but what have a tang of the cask, and manifestly derive their original from that union. If it always thinks, and so had ideas before it was united, or before it received any from the body, it is not to be supposed but that during sleep it recollects its native ideas; and during that retirement from communicating with the body, whilst it thinks by itself, the ideas it is busied about should be, sometimes at least, those more natural and congenial ones which it had in itself, underrived from the body, or its own operations about them; which since the waking man never remembers, we must from this hypothesis conclude either that the soul remembers something that the man does not, or else that memory belongs only to such ideas as are derived from the body, or the mind's operations about them.

18. *How knows anyone that the soul always thinks? For if it be not a self-evident proposition, it needs proof.*—I would be glad also to learn from these men, who so confidently pronounce that the human soul, or, which is all one, that a man, always thinks, how they come to know it; nay, how

they come to know that they themselves think, when they themselves do not perceive it? This, I am afraid, is to be sure without proofs, and to know without perceiving. It is, I suspect, a confused notion taken up to serve an hypothesis; and none of those clear truths that either their own evidence forces us to admit or common experience makes it impudence to deny. For the most that can be said of it is that it is possible the soul may always think, but not always retain it in memory; and I say it is as possible that the soul may not always think, and much more probable that it should sometimes not think, than that it should often think, and that a long while together, and not be conscious to itself, the next moment after, that it had thought.

19. *That a man should be busy in thinking, and yet not retain it the next moment, very improbable.*—To suppose the soul to think, and the man not to perceive it, is, as has been said, to make two persons in one man; and if one considers well these men's way of speaking, one should be led into a suspicion that they do so. For they who tell us that the soul always thinks do never, that I remember, say that a man always thinks. Can the soul think, and not the man? or a man think, and not be conscious of it? This perhaps would be suspected of jargon in others. If they say, "The man thinks always, but is not always conscious of it," they may as well say his body is extended without having parts. For it is altogether as intelligible to say that a body is extended without parts as that anything thinks without being conscious of it, or perceiving that it does so. They who talk thus may, with as much reason, if it be necessary to their hypothesis, say that a man is always hungry, but that he does not always feel it: whereas hunger consists in that very sensation, as thinking consists in being conscious that one thinks. If they say that a man is always conscious to himself of thinking, I ask how they know it. Consciousness is the perception of what passes in a man's own mind. Can another man perceive that I am conscious of anything, when I perceive it not myself? No man's knowledge here can go beyond his experience. Wake a man out of a sound

sleep, and ask him what he was that moment thinking on. If he himself be conscious of nothing he then thought on, he must be a notable diviner of thoughts that can assure him that he was thinking: may he not with more reason assure him he was not asleep? This is something beyond philosophy; and it cannot be less than revelation that discovers to another thoughts in my mind, when I can find none there myself: and they must needs have a penetrating sight who can certainly see that I think, when I cannot perceive it myself, and when I declare that I do not; and yet can see that dogs or elephants do not think, when they give all the demonstration of it imaginable, except only telling us that they do so. This some may suspect to be a step beyond the Rosicrucians; it seeming easier to make one's self invisible to others than to make another's thoughts visible to me, which are not visible to himself. But it is but defining the soul to be a substance that always thinks, and the business is done. If such definition be of any authority, I know not what it can serve for but to make many men suspect that they have no souls at all, since they find a good part of their lives pass away without thinking. For no definitions that I know, no suppositions of any sect, are of force enough to destroy constant experience; and perhaps it is the affectation of knowing beyond what we perceive that makes so much useless dispute and noise in the world.

20. *No ideas but from sensation or reflection evident, if we observe children.*—I see no reason therefore to believe that the soul thinks before the senses have furnished it with ideas to think on; and as those are increased and retained, so it comes by exercise to improve its faculty of thinking in the several parts of it; as well as afterwards, by compounding those ideas and reflecting on its own operations, it increases its stock, as well as facility in remembering, imagining, reasoning, and other modes of thinking.

21. He that will suffer himself to be informed by observation and experience, and not make his own hypothesis the rule of nature, will find few signs of a soul

accustomed to much thinking in a new-born child, and much fewer of any reasoning at all. And yet it is hard to imagine that the rational soul should think so much and not reason at all. And he that will consider that infants newly come into the world spend the greatest part of their time in sleep, and are seldom awake but when either hunger calls for the teat, or some pain (the most importunate of all sensations) or some other violent impression on the body forces the mind to perceive and attend to it—he, I say, who considers all this will, perhaps, find reason to imagine that a fœtus in the mother's womb differs not much from the state of a vegetable; but passes the greatest part of its time without perception or thought, doing very little but sleep in a place where it needs not seek for food, and is surrounded with liquor always equally soft, and near of the same temper; where the eyes have no light, and the ears so shut up are not very susceptible of sounds; and where there is little or no variety or change of objects to move the senses.

22. Follow a child from its birth, and observe the alterations that time makes, and you shall find, as the mind by the senses comes more and more to be furnished with ideas, it comes to be more and more awake, thinks more the more it has matter to think on. After some time it begins to know the objects which, being most familiar with it, have made lasting impressions. Thus it comes by degrees to know the persons it daily converses with, and distinguish them from strangers; which are instances and effects of its coming to retain and distinguish the ideas the senses convey to it: and so we may observe how the mind, by degrees, improves in these, and advances to the exercise of those other faculties of enlarging, compounding, and abstracting its ideas, and of reasoning about them, and reflecting upon all these; of which I shall have occasion to speak more hereafter.

23. If it shall be demanded, then, when a man begins to have any ideas, I think the true answer is, when he first has any sensation. For since there appear not to be any ideas in the mind before the senses

have conveyed any in, I conceive that ideas in the understanding are coeval with sensation; which is such an impression or motion made in some part of the body as produces some perception in the understanding. It is about these impressions made on our senses by outward objects that the mind seems first to employ itself in such operations as we call "perception, remembering, consideration, reasoning," etc.

24. *The original of all our knowledge.*—

In time the mind comes to reflect on its own operations about the ideas got by sensation, and thereby stores itself with a new set of ideas, which I call "ideas of reflection." These are the impressions that are made on our senses by outward objects, that are extrinsic to the mind; and its own operations, proceeding from powers intrinsic and proper to itself, which, when reflected on by itself, become also objects of its contemplation, are, as I have said, the original of all knowledge. Thus the first capacity of human intellect is that the mind is fitted to receive the impressions made on it, either through the senses by outward objects or by its own operations when it reflects on them. This is the first step a man makes towards the discovery of anything, and the groundwork whereon to build all those notions which ever he shall have naturally in this world. All those sublime thoughts which tower above the clouds, and reach as high as Heaven itself, take their rise and footing here: in all that great extent wherein the mind wanders in those remote speculations it may seem to be elevated with, it stirs not one jot beyond those ideas which sense or reflection have offered for its contemplation.

25. *In the reception of simple ideas, the understanding is for the most part passive.*

—In this part the understanding is merely passive; and whether or no it will have these beginnings and, as it were materials of knowledge, is not in its own power. For the objects of our senses do many of them obtrude their particular ideas upon our minds, whether we will or no; and the operations of our minds will not let us be without at least some obscure notions of them. No man can be wholly ignorant of what he does when he thinks. These simple

ideas, when offered to the mind, the understanding can no more refuse to have, nor alter when they are imprinted, nor blot them out and make new ones itself, than a mirror can refuse, alter, or obliterate the images or ideas which the objects set before it do therein produce. As the bodies that surround us do diversely affect our organs, the mind is forced to receive the impressions, and cannot avoid the perception of those ideas that are annexed to them.

BOOK II, CHAPTER XXXIII

Of the Association of Ideas.

1. *Something unreasonableness in most men.*—There is scarce anyone that does not observe something that seems odd to him, and is in itself really extravagant, in the opinions, reasonings, and actions of other men. The least flaw of this kind, if at all different from his own, everyone is quick-sighted enough to espy in another, and will by the authority of reason forwardly condemn, though he be guilty of much greater unreasonableness in his own tenets and conduct, which he never perceives, and will very hardly, if at all, be convinced of.

2. *Not wholly from self-love.*—This proceeds not wholly from self-love, though that has often a great hand in it. Men of fair minds, and not given up to the overweening of self-flattery, are frequently guilty of it; and in many cases one with amazement hears the arguings, and is astonished at the obstinacy, of a worthy man who yields not to the evidence of reason, though laid before him as clear as daylight.

3. *Nor from education.*—This sort of unreasonableness is usually imputed to education and prejudice, and for the most part truly enough, though that reaches not the bottom of the disease, nor shows distinctly enough whence it rises or wherein it lies. Education is often rightly assigned for the cause, and prejudice is a good general name for the thing itself; but yet, I think, he ought to look a little farther, who would trace this sort of madness to the root it springs from, and so explain it as to show

whence this flaw has its original in very sober and rational minds, and wherein it consists.

4. *A degree of madness.*—I shall be pardoned for calling it by so harsh a name as "madness", when it is considered that opposition to reason deserves that name, and is really madness; and there is scarce a man so free from it but that if he should always, on all occasions, argue or do as in some cases he constantly does, would not be thought fitter for Bedlam than civil conversation. I do not here mean when he is under the power of an unruly passion, but in the steady calm course of his life. That which will yet more apologize for this harsh name, and ungrateful imputation on the greatest part of mankind, is, that inquiring a little by-the-by into the nature of madness (Book II, Chap. xi. Sect. 13), I found it to spring from the very same root, and to depend on the very same cause, we are here speaking of. This consideration of the thing itself, at a time when I thought not the least on the subject which I am now treating of, suggested it to me. And if this be a weakness to which all men are so liable, if this be a taint which so universally infects mankind, the greater care should be taken to lay it open under its due name, thereby to excite the greater care in its prevention and cure.

5. *From a wrong connection of ideas.*—Some of our ideas have a natural correspondence and connection one with another; it is the office and excellency of our reason to trace these, and hold them together in that union and correspondence which is founded in their peculiar beings. Besides this, there is another connection of ideas wholly owing to chance or custom: ideas that in themselves are not at all of kin come to be so united in some men's minds that it is very hard to separate them; they always keep in company, and the one no sooner at any time comes into the understanding but its associate appears with it; and if they are more than two which are thus united, the whole gang, always inseparable, show themselves together.

6. *This connection, how made.*—This strong combination of ideas, not allied by

nature, the mind makes in itself either voluntarily or by chance; and hence it comes in different men to be very different, according to their different inclinations, educations, interests, etc. Custom settles habits of thinking in the understanding, as well as of determining in the will, and of motions in the body; all which seem to be but trains of motion in the animal spirits, which, once set a-going, continue in the same steps they have been used to, which, by often treading, are worn into a smooth path, and the motion in it becomes easy, and as it were natural. As far as we can comprehend thinking, thus ideas seem to be produced in our minds; or if they are not, this may serve to explain their following one another in a habitual train, when once they are put into that track, as well as it does to explain such motions of the body. A musician used to any tune will find that, let it but once begin in his head, the ideas of the several notes of it will follow one another orderly in his understanding, without any care or attention, as regularly as his fingers move orderly over the keys of the organ to play out the tune he has begun, though his unattentive thoughts be elsewhere a-wandering. Whether the natural cause of these ideas, as well as that regular dancing of his fingers, be the motion of his animal spirits, I will not determine, how probable soever by this instance it appears to be so: but this may help us a little to conceive of intellectual habits, and of the tying together of ideas.

7. *Some antipathies an effect of it.*—That there are such associations of them made by custom in the minds of most men I think nobody will question, who has well considered himself or others; and to this, perhaps, might be justly attributed most of the sympathies and antipathies observable in men, which work as strongly, and produce as regular effects, as if they were natural, and are therefore called so, though they at first had no other original but the accidental connection of two ideas; which either the strength of the first impression or future indulgence so united that they always afterwards kept company together in the man's mind, as if they were but one

idea. I say, "most of the antipathies," I do not say "all"; for some of them are truly natural, depend upon our original constitution, and are born with us; but a great part of those which are counted natural would have been known to be from unheeded though perhaps early impressions or wanton fancies at first, which would have been served. A grown person surfeiting with honey no sooner hears the name of it but his fancy immediately carries sickness and qualms to his stomach, and he cannot bear the very idea of it; other ideas of dislike and sickness and vomiting presently accompany it, and he is disturbed; but he knows from when to date his weakness, and can tell how he got this indisposition. Had this happened to him by an over-dose of honey when a child, all the same effects would have followed, but the cause would have been mistaken, and the antipathy counted natural.

8. I mention this not out of any great necessity there is, in this present argument, to distinguish nicely between natural and acquired antipathies; but I take notice of it for another purpose, viz., that those who have children, or the charge of their education, would think it worth their while diligently to watch and carefully to prevent the undue connection of ideas in the minds of young people. This is the time most susceptible of lasting impressions; and though those relating to the health of the body are by discreet people minded and fenced against, yet I am apt to doubt that those which relate more peculiarly to the mind, and terminate in the understanding or passions, have been much less heeded than the thing deserves; nay, those relating purely to the understanding have, as I suspect, been by most men wholly overlooked.

9. *A great cause of errors.*—This wrong connection in our minds of ideas, in themselves loose and independent one of another, has such an influence, and is of so great force to set us awry in our actions, as well moral as natural passions, reasonings, and notions themselves, that perhaps there is not any one thing that deserves more to be looked after.

10. *Instances.*—The ideas of goblins and

sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light; yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined that he can no more bear the one than the other.

11. A man receives a sensible injury¹⁰ from another, thinks on the man and that action over and over, and by ruminating on them strongly or much in his mind, so cements those two ideas together that he makes them almost one; never thinks on the man but the pain and displeasure he suffered comes into his mind with it, so that he scarce distinguishes them, but has as much an aversion for the one as the other. Thus hatreds are often begotten from slight and almost innocent occasions, and quarrels propagated and continued in the world.

12. A man has suffered pain or sickness in any place, he saw his friend die in such a room; though these have in nature nothing to do with one another, yet when the idea of the place occurs to his mind, it brings (the impression being once made) that of the pain and displeasure with it;³⁰ he confounds them in his mind, and can as little bear the one as the other.

13. *Why time cures some disorders in the mind which reason cannot.*—When this combination is settled, and whilst it lasts, it is not in the power of reason to help us and relieve us from the effects of it. Ideas in our minds, when they are there, will operate according to their natures and circumstances: and here we see the cause⁴⁰ why time cures certain affections which reason, though in the right and allowed to be so, has not power over, nor is able against them to prevail with those who are apt to hearken to it in other cases. The death of a child that was the daily delight of his mother's eyes and joy of her soul rends from her heart the whole comfort of her life, and gives her all the torment imaginable: use the consolations of reason⁵⁰ in this case, and you were as good preach ease to one on the rack, and hope to allay, by rational discourses, the pain of his joints

tearing asunder. Till time has by disuse separated the sense of that enjoyment, and its loss, from the ideas of the child returning to her memory, all representations, though ever so reasonable, are in vain; and therefore some in whom the union between these ideas is never dissolved spend their lives in mourning, and carry an incurable sorrow to their graves.

14. *Farther instances of the effects of the association of ideas.*—A friend of mine knew one perfectly cured of madness by a very harsh and offensive operation. The gentleman who was thus recovered, with great sense of gratitude and acknowledgment owned the cure all his life after, as the greatest obligation he could have received; but whatever gratitude and reason suggested to him, he could never bear the²⁰ sight of the operator: that image brought back with it the idea of that agony which he suffered from his hands, which was too mighty and intolerable for him to endure.

15. Many children, imputing the pain they endured at school to their books they were corrected for, so join these ideas together that a book becomes their aversion, and they are never reconciled to the study and use of them all their lives after; and thus reading becomes a torment to them, which otherwise possibly they might have made the great pleasure of their lives. There are rooms convenient enough that some men cannot study in, and fashions of vessels which, though never so clean and commodious, they cannot drink out of, and that by reason of some accidental ideas which are annexed to them, and make them offensive; and who is there that hath not⁴⁰ observed some man to flag at the appearance or in the company of some certain person not otherwise superior to him, but because having once on some occasion got the ascendant, the idea of authority and distance goes along with that of the person, and he that has been thus subjected is not able to separate them.

16. Instances of these kinds are so plentiful everywhere that, if I add one more, it is only for the pleasant oddness of it. It is of a young gentleman who, having learnt to dance, and that to great perfection, there happened to stand an old trunk in

the room where he learnt. The ideas of this remarkable piece of household stuff had so mixed itself with the turns and steps of all his dances that, though in that chamber he could dance excellently well, yet it was only whilst that trunk was there, nor could he perform well in any other place, unless that or some such other trunk had its due position in the room. If this story shall be suspected to be dressed up with some comical circumstances a little beyond precise nature, I answer for myself that I had it some years since from a very sober and worthy man, upon his own knowledge, as I report it; and I dare say there are very few inquisitive persons who read this, who have not met with accounts, if not examples, of this nature, that may parallel, or at least justify, this.

17. *Its influence on intellectual habits.*— Intellectual habits and defects this way contracted are not less frequent and powerful, though less observed. Let the ideas of "being" and "matter" be strongly joined either by education or much thought; whilst these are still combined in the mind, what notions, what reasonings, will there be about separate spirits! Let custom from the very childhood have joined figure and shape to the idea of God, and what absurdities will that mind be liable to about the Deity!

Let the idea of infallibility be inseparably joined to any person, and these two constantly together possess the mind, and then one body in two places at once shall, unexamined, be swallowed for a certain truth, by an implicit faith, whenever that imagined infallible person dictates and demands assent without inquiry.

18. *Observable in different sects.*—Some such wrong and unnatural combinations of ideas will be found to establish the irreconcilable opposition between different sects of philosophy and religion; for we cannot imagine every one of their followers to impose wilfully on himself, and knowingly refuse truth offered by plain reason. Interest, though it does a great deal in the case, yet cannot be thought to work whole societies of men to so universal a perverseness as that every one of them to a man should knowingly maintain falsehood: some at least must be allowed to do

what all pretend to, i. e., to pursue truth sincerely; and therefore there must be something that blinds their understandings, and makes them not see the falsehood of what they embrace for real truth. That which thus captivates their reasons, and leads men of sincerity blindfold from common sense, will, when examined, be found to be what we are speaking of: some independent ideas, of no alliance to one another, are, by education, custom, and the constant din of their party, so coupled in their minds that they always appear there together, and they can no more separate them in their thoughts than if they were but one idea, and they operate as if they were so. This gives sense to jargon, demonstration to absurdities, and consistency to nonsense, and is the foundation of the greatest (I had almost said of all the) errors in the world: or, if it does not reach so far, it is at least the most dangerous one, since, so far as it obtains, it hinders men from seeing and examining. When two things, in themselves disjoined, appear to the sight constantly united; if the eye sees these things riveted which are loose, where will you begin to rectify the mistakes that follow in two ideas, that they have been accustomed so to join in their minds as to substitute one for the other, and, as I am apt to think, often without perceiving it themselves? This, whilst they are under the deceit of it, makes them incapable of conviction, and they applaud themselves as zealous champions for truth, when indeed they are contending for error; and the confusion of two different ideas, which a customary connection of them in their minds hath to them made in effect but one, fills their heads with false views, and their reasonings with false consequences.

19. *Conclusion.*—Having thus given an account of the original sorts and extent of our ideas, with several other considerations about these (I know not whether I may say) instruments, or materials, of our knowledge: the method I at first proposed to myself would now require that I should immediately proceed to show what use the understanding makes of them, and what knowledge we have by them. This was that which, in the first general view I had of

this subject, was all that I thought I should have to do: but upon a nearer approach, I find that there is so close a connection between ideas and words, and our abstract ideas and general words have so constant a relation one to another, that it is impos-

sible to speak clearly and distinctly of our knowledge, which all consists in propositions, without considering first the nature, use, and signification of language; which therefore must be the business of the next book.

SOME THOUGHTS CONCERNING EDUCATION

[1693].

94. A great part of the learning now in fashion in the schools of Europe, and that goes ordinarily into the round of education, a gentleman may in a good measure be unfurnished with, without any great disparagement to himself or prejudice to his affairs. But prudence and good breeding are in all the stations and occurrences of life necessary; and most young men suffer in the want of them, and come raver and more awkward into the world than they should, for this very reason, because these qualities, which are of all other the most necessary to be taught, and stand most in need of the assistance and help of a teacher, are generally neglected and thought but a slight or no part of a tutor's business. Latin and learning make all the noise; and the main stress is laid upon his proficiency in things a great part whereof belong not to a Gentleman's Calling; which is to have the knowledge of a man of business, a carriage suitable to his rank, and to be eminent and useful in his country, according to his station. Whenever either spare hours from that, or an inclination to perfect himself in some parts of knowledge, which his tutor did but just enter him in, set him upon any study, the first rudiments of it, which he learned before, will open the way enough for his own industry to carry him as far as his fancy will prompt, or his parts enable him to go. Or, if he thinks it may save his time and pains to be helped over some difficulties by the hand of a master, he may then take a man that is perfectly well skilled in it, or choose such an one as he thinks fittest for his purpose. But to initiate his pupil in any part of learning, as far as is necessary for a young man in the ordinary

course of his studies, an ordinary skill in the governor is enough. Nor is it requisite that he should be a thorough scholar, or possess in perfection all those sciences which 'tis convenient a young gentleman should have a taste of in some general view, or short system. A gentleman that would penetrate deeper must do it by his own genius and industry afterwards: for nobody ever went far in knowledge, or became eminent in any of the sciences, by the discipline and constraint of a master.

The great work of a governor is to fashion the carriage and form the mind; to settle in his pupil good habits and the principles of virtue and wisdom; to give him by little and little a view of mankind, and work him into a love and imitation of what is excellent and praiseworthy; and, in the prosecution of it, to give him vigor, activity, and industry. The studies which he sets him upon are but as it were the exercises of his faculties and employment of his time, to keep him from sauntering and idleness, to teach him application, and accustom him to take pains, and to give him some little taste of what his own industry must perfect. For who expects that under a tutor a young gentleman should be an accomplished critic, orator, or logician? go to the bottom of metaphysics, natural philosophy, or mathematics? or be a master in history or chronology? though something of each of these is to be taught him. But it is only to open the door, that he may look in, and as it were begin an acquaintance, but not to dwell there. And a governor would be much blamed that should keep his pupil too long, and lead him too far, in most of them. But of good breeding, knowledge of the world, virtue, industry, and a love of reputation, he cannot have

too much; and if he have these, he will not long want what he needs or desires of the other.

And since it cannot be hoped he should have time and strength to learn all things, most pains should be taken about that which is most necessary; and that principally looked after which will be of most and frequentest use to him in the world.

Seneca complains of the contrary practice in his time; and yet the *Burgersdiciuses* and the *Scheiblers* did not swarm in those days as they do now in these. What would he have thought if he had lived now, when the tutors think it their great business to fill the studies and heads of their pupils with such authors as these? He would have had much more reason to say, as he does, *Non vita sed scholæ discimus*, We learn not to live, but to dispute; and our education fits us rather for the university than the world. But 'tis no wonder if those who make the fashion suit it to what they have, and not to what their pupils want. The fashion being once established, who can think it strange that in this, as well as in all other things, it should prevail? And that the greatest part of those who find their account in an easy submission to it should be ready to cry out *heresy* when any-one departs from it? 'Tis nevertheless matter of astonishment that men of quality and parts should suffer themselves to be so far misled by custom and implicit faith. Reason, if consulted with, would advise that their children's time should be spent in acquiring what might be useful to them when they come to be men, rather than to have their heads stuffed with a deal of trash, a great part whereof they usually never do ('tis certain they never need to) think on again as long as they live; and so much of it as does stick by them they are only the worse for. This is so well known that I appeal to parents themselves who have been at cost to have their young heirs taught it, whether it be not ridiculous for their sons to have any tincture of that sort of learning when they come abroad into the world? whether any appearance of it would not lessen and disgrace them in company? And that certainly must be an admirable acquisition, and deserves well to make a part

in education, which men are ashamed of where they are most concerned to show their parts and breeding.

There is yet another reason why politeness of manners and knowledge of the world should principally be looked after in a tutor; and that is, because a man of parts and years may enter a lad far enough in any of those sciences which he has no deep insight into himself. Books in these will be able to furnish him, and give him light and precedency enough to go before a young follower; but he will never be able to set another right in the knowledge of the world, and above all in breeding, who is a novice in them himself.

This is a knowledge he must have about him, worn into him by use and conversation, and a long forming himself by what he has observed to be practised and allowed in the best company. This, if he has it not of his own, is nowhere to be borrowed for the use of his pupil; or if he could find pertinent treatises of it in books that would reach all the particulars of an English gentleman's behavior, his own ill-fashioned example, if he be not well-bred himself, would spoil all his lectures; it being impossible that anyone should come forth well-fashioned out of unpolished, ill-bred company.

I say this, not that I think such a tutor is every day to be met with, or to be had at the ordinary rates; but that those who are able may not be sparing of inquiry or cost in what is of so great moment; and that other parents, whose estates will not reach to greater salaries, may yet remember what they should principally have an eye to in the choice of one to whom they would commit the education of their children; and what part they should chiefly look after themselves, whilst they are under their care, and as often as they come within their observation; and not think that all lies in Latin and French or some dry systems of logic and philosophy.

95. But to return to our method again. Though I have mentioned *Familiarity*, the severity of the father's brow, and the awe settled thereby in the mind of children when young, as one main instrument whereby their education is to be

managed, yet I am far from being of an opinion that it should be continued all along to them, whilst they are under the discipline and government of pupillage; I think it should be relaxed as fast as their age, discretion, and good behavior could allow it—even to that degree that a father will do well, as his son grows up, and is capable of it, to *talk familiarly* with him; nay, *ask his advice, and consult* with him about those things wherein he has any knowledge or understanding. By this, the father will gain two things, both of great moment. The one is that it will put serious considerations into his son's thoughts, better than any rules or advices he can give him. The sooner you *treat him as a man*, the sooner he will begin to be one: and if you admit him into serious discourses sometimes with you, you will insensibly raise his mind above the usual amusements of youth and those trifling occupations which it is commonly wasted in. For it is easy to observe that many young men continue longer in the thought and conversation of schoolboys than otherwise they would, because their parents keep them at that distance, and in that low rank, by all their carriage to them.

116. One thing I have frequently observed in children, that when they have got possession of any poor creature, they are apt to use it ill. They often torment, and treat very roughly, young birds, butterflies, and such other poor animals which fall into their hands, and that with a seeming kind of pleasure. This I think should be watched in them, and if they incline to any such cruelty, they should be taught the contrary usage. For the custom of tormenting and killing of beasts will, by degrees, harden their minds even towards men; and they who delight in the suffering and destruction of inferior creatures will not be apt to be very compassionate or benign to those of their own kind. Our practice takes notice of this in the exclusion of butchers from juries of life and death. Children should from the beginning be bred up in an abhorrence of killing or tormenting any living creature; and be taught not to spoil or destroy anything, unless it be

for the preservation or advantage of some other that is nobler. And truly, if the preservation of all mankind, as much as in him lies, were everyone's persuasion, as indeed it is everyone's duty, and the true principle to regulate our religion, politics, and morality by, the world would be much quieter and better-natured than it is. But to return to our present business; I cannot but commend both the kindness and prudence of a mother I knew, who was wont always to indulge her daughters when any of them desired dogs, squirrels, birds, or any such things as young girls use to be delighted with: but then, when they had them, they must be sure to keep them well, and look diligently after them, that they wanted nothing, or were not ill used. For if they were negligent in their care of them, it was counted a great fault, which often forfeited their possession, or at least they failed not to be rebuked for it; whereby they were early taught diligence and good-nature. And, indeed, I think people should be accustomed, from their cradles, to be tender to all sensible creatures, and to spoil or waste nothing at all.

This delight they take in *doing of mischief*, whereby I mean spoiling of anything to no purpose, but more especially the pleasure they take to put anything in pain, that is capable of it, I cannot persuade myself to be any other than a foreign and introduced disposition, an habit borrowed from custom and conversation. People teach children to strike, and laugh when they hurt or see harm come to others; and they have the examples of most about them to confirm them in it. All the entertainment and talk of history is of nothing almost but fighting and killing. And the honor and renown that is bestowed on conquerors (who for the most part are but the great butchers of mankind) farther mislead growing youth, who by this means come to think slaughter the laudable business of mankind, and the most heroic of virtues. By these steps unnatural cruelty is planted in us; and what humanity abhors, custom reconciles and recommends to us, by laying it in the way to honor. Thus, by fashion and opinion, that comes to be a pleasure which in itself neither is nor can be any.

This ought carefully to be watched, and early remedied; so as to settle and cherish the contrary and more natural temper of benignity and *compassion* in the room of it; but still by the same gentle methods which are to be applied to the other two faults before mentioned. It may not perhaps be unreasonable here to add this farther caution, viz., that the mischiefs or harms that come by play, inadvertency, or ignorance, and were not known to be harms, or designed for mischief's sake, though they may perhaps be sometimes of considerable damage, yet are not at all, or but very gently, to be taken notice of. For this, I think, I cannot too often inculcate, that whatever miscarriage a child is guilty of, and whatever be the consequence of it, the thing to be regarded in taking notice of it is only what root it springs from, and what habit it is like to establish; and to that the correction ought to be directed, and the child not to suffer any punishment for any harm which may have come by his play or inadvertency. The faults to be amended lie in the mind; and if they are such as either age will cure, or no ill habits will follow from, the present action, whatever displeasing circumstances it may have, is to be passed by without any animadversion.

117. Another way to instil sentiments of humanity, and to keep them lively in young folks, will be to accustom them to civility in their language and deportment towards their inferiors and the meaner sort of people, particularly servants. It is not unusual to observe the children in gentlemen's families treat the servants of the house with domineering words, names of contempt, and an imperious carriage; as if they were of another race and species beneath them. Whether ill example, the advantage of fortune, or their natural vanity inspire this haughtiness, it should be prevented, or weeded out; and a gentle, courteous, affable carriage towards the lower ranks of men placed in the room of it. No part of their superiority will be hereby lost, but the distinction increased, and their authority strengthened; when love in inferiors is joined to outward respect, and an esteem of the person has a share in their submission: and domestics will pay a more ready and

cheerful service when they find themselves not spurned because Fortune has laid them below the level of others at their master's feet. Children should not be suffered to lose the consideration of human nature in the shufflings of outward conditions. The more they have, the better-humored they should be taught to be, and the more compassionate and gentle to those of their brethren who are placed lower, and have scantier portions. If they are suffered from their cradles to treat men ill and rudely, because, by their father's title, they think they have a little power over them, at best it is ill-bred; and if care be not taken, will by degrees nurse up their natural pride into an habitual contempt of those beneath them. And where will that probably end but in oppression and cruelty?

118. Curiosity in children (which I had occasion just to mention *Curiosity*. § 108.) is but an appetite after knowledge; and therefore ought to be encouraged in them, not only as a good sign, but as the great instrument Nature has provided to remove that ignorance they were born with; and which, without this busy *inquisitiveness*, will make them dull and useless creatures. The ways to encourage it, and keep it active and busy, are, I suppose, these following:

(1). Not to check or discountenance any inquiries he shall make, nor suffer them to be laughed at; but to *answer* all his *questions*, and *explain* the matter he desires to know, so as to make them as much intelligible to him as suits the capacity of his age and knowledge. But confound not his understanding with explications or notions that are above it; or with the variety or number of things that are not to his present purpose. Mark what 'tis his mind aims at in the question, and not what words he expresses it in. And when you have informed and satisfied him in that, you shall see how his thoughts will enlarge themselves, and how by fit answers he may be led on farther than perhaps you could imagine. For knowledge is grateful to the understanding, as light to the eyes: children are pleased and delighted with it exceedingly, especially if they see that their inquiries are regarded, and that their de-

sire of knowing is encouraged and commended. And I doubt not but one great reason why many children abandon themselves wholly to silly sports, and trifle away all their time insipidly, is because they have found their curiosity balked, and their inquiries neglected. But had they been treated with more kindness and respect, and their questions answered, as they should, to their satisfaction, I doubt not but they would have taken more pleasure in learning, and improving their knowledge, wherein there would be still newness and variety, which is what they are delighted with, than in returning over and over to the same play and playthings.

119. (2). To this serious answering their questions, and informing their understandings in what they desire, as if it were a matter that needed it, should be added some peculiar ways of commendation. Let others whom they esteem be told before their faces of the knowledge they have in such and such things; and since we are all, even from our cradles, vain and proud creatures, let their vanity be flattered with things that will do them good; and let their pride set them on work on something which may turn to their advantage. Upon this ground you shall find that there cannot be a greater spur to the attaining what you would have the eldest learn, and know himself, than to set him upon teaching it his younger brothers and sisters.

120. (3). As children's inquiries are not to be slighted, so also great care is to be taken that they *never receive deceitful and eluding answers*. They easily perceive when they are slighted or deceived; and quickly learn the trick of neglect, dissimulation, and falsehood, which they observe others to make use of. We are not to intrench upon truth in any conversation, but least of all with children; since if we play false with them, we not only deceive their expectation and hinder their knowledge, but corrupt their innocence and teach them the worst of vices. They are travelers newly arrived in a strange country, of which they know nothing; we should therefore make conscience not to mislead them. And though their questions seem sometimes not very material, yet they should be seriously an-

swered: for however they may appear to us (to whom they are long since known) inquiries not worth the making, they are of moment to those who are wholly ignorant. Children are strangers to all we are acquainted with; and all the things they meet with are at first unknown to them, as they once were to us: and happy are they who meet with civil people that will comply with their ignorance and help them to get out of it.

If you or I now should be set down in Japan, with all our prudence and knowledge about us, a conceit whereof makes us, perhaps, so apt to slight the thoughts and inquiries of children; should we, I say, be set down in Japan, we should, no doubt (if we would inform ourselves of what is there to be known), ask a thousand questions, which, to a supercilious or inconsiderate Japaner, would seem very idle and impertinent; though to us they would be very material and of importance to be resolved; and we should be glad to find a man so complaisant and courteous as to satisfy our demands and instruct our ignorance.

When any new thing comes in their way, children usually ask the common question of a stranger: *What is it?* Whereby they ordinarily mean nothing but the name; and therefore to tell them how it is called is usually the proper answer to that demand. And the next question usually is, *What is it for?* And to this it should be answered truly and directly: the use of the thing should be told, and the way explained how it serves to such a purpose, as far as their capacities can comprehend it. And so of any other circumstances they shall ask about it; not turning them going till you have given them all the satisfaction they are capable of; and so leading them by your answers into farther questions. And perhaps to a grown man such conversation will not be altogether so idle and insignificant as we are apt to imagine. The native and untaught suggestions of inquisitive children do often offer things that may set a considering man's thoughts on work. And I think there is frequently more to be learned from the unexpected questions of a child than the discourses of

men, who talk in a road, according to the notions they have borrowed, and the prejudices of their education.

134. That which every gentleman (that takes any care of his education) desires for his son, besides the estate he leaves him, is contained (I suppose) in these four things, *virtue, wisdom, breeding, and learning*. I will not trouble myself whether these names do not some of them sometimes stand for the same thing, or really include one another. It serves my turn here to follow the popular use of these words, which, I presume, is clear enough to make me be understood, and I hope there will be no difficulty to comprehend my meaning.

135. I place virtue as the first and most necessary of those endowments that belong to a man or a gentleman; as absolutely requisite to make him valued and beloved by others, acceptable or tolerable to himself. Without that, I think, he will be happy neither in this nor the other world.

136. As the foundation of *God*, this, there ought very early to be imprinted on his mind a true notion of God, as of the independent Supreme Being, author and maker of all things, from whom we receive all our good, who loves us, and gives us all things. And consequent to this, instil into him a love and reverence of this Supreme Being. This is enough to begin with, without going to explain this matter any farther; for fear lest by talking too early to him of spirits, and being unseasonably forward to make him understand the incomprehensible nature of that infinite being, his head be either filled with false, or perplexed with unintelligible, notions of Him. Let him only be told upon occasion that God made and governs all things, hears and sees everything, and does all manner of good to those that love and obey Him; you will find that, being told of such a God, other thoughts will be apt to rise up fast enough in his mind about Him; which, as you observe them to have any mistakes, you must set right. And I think it would be better if men generally rested in such an idea of God, without being too curious in their notions about a

being which all must acknowledge incomprehensible; whereby many, who have not strength and clearness of thought to distinguish between what they can, and what they cannot, know run themselves in superstition or atheism, making God like themselves, or (because they cannot comprehend anything else) none at all. And I am apt to think, the keeping children constantly morning and evening to acts of devotion to God, as to their maker, preserver and benefactor, in some plain and short form of prayer, suitable to their age and capacity, will be of much more use to them in religion, knowledge, and virtue than to distract their thoughts with curious inquiries into His inscrutable essence and being.

137. Having by gentle degrees, as you find him capable of it, settled such an idea of God in his mind, and taught him to pray to Him, and praise Him as the author of his being, and of all the good he does or can enjoy; forbear any discourse of other spirits, till the mention of them coming in his way, upon occasion hereafter to be set down, and his reading the Scripture-history, put him upon that inquiry.

138. But even then, and always whilst he is young, be sure to preserve his tender mind from all impressions and notions of spirits and goblins, or any fearful apprehensions in the dark. This he will be in danger of from the indiscretion of servants, whose usual method is to awe children, and keep them in subjection, by telling them of *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones*, and such other names as carry with them the ideas of something terrible and hurtful, which they have reason to be afraid of when alone, especially in the dark. This must be carefully prevented: for though by this foolish way they may keep them from little faults, yet the remedy is much worse than the disease; and there are stamped upon their imaginations ideas that follow them with terror and affrightment. Such bugbear thoughts, once got into the tender minds of children, and being set on with a strong impression from the dread that accompanies such apprehensions, sink deep, and fasten themselves so as not easily, if ever, to be got out again; and

whilst they are there, frequently haunt them with strange visions, making children dastards when alone, and afraid of their shadows and darkness all their lives after. I have had those complain to me, when men, who had been thus used when young; that though their reason corrected the wrong ideas they had taken in, and they were satisfied that there was no cause to fear invisible beings more in the dark than in the light, yet that these notions were apt still upon any occasion to start up first in their prepossessed fancies, and not to be removed without some pains. And to let you see how lasting and frightful images are, that take place in the mind early, I shall here tell you a pretty remarkable but true story. There was in a town in the west a man of a disturbed brain, whom the boys used to tease when he came in their way. This fellow, one day seeing in the street one of those lads that used to vex him, stepped into a cutler's shop he was near, and there seizing on a naked sword, made after the boy; who, seeing him coming so armed, betook himself to his feet, and ran for his life, and by good luck had strength and heels enough to reach his father's house before the madman could get up to him. The door was only latched; and when he had the latch in his hand, he turned about his head, to see how near his pursuer was, who was at the entrance of the porch, with his sword up ready to strike; and he had just time to get in, and clap to the door to avoid the blow, which, though his body escaped, his mind did not. This frightening idea made so deep an impression there that it lasted many years, if not all his life after. For, telling this story when he was a man, he said that after that time till then he never went in at that door (that he could remember) at any time without looking back, whatever business he had in his head, or how little soever before he came thither he thought of this madman.

If children were let alone, they would be no more afraid in the dark than in broad sunshine: they would in their turns as much welcome the one for sleep as the other to play in. There should be no distinction made to them by any discourse of more danger or *terrible things* in the one than

the other. But if the folly of anyone about them should do them this harm, and make them think there is any difference between being in the dark and winking, you must get it out of their minds as soon as you can; and let them know that God, who made all things good for them, made the night that they might sleep the better and the quieter, and that they being under His protection, there is nothing in the dark to hurt them. What is to be known more of God and good spirits is to be deferred till the time we shall hereafter mention; and of evil spirits, 'twill be well if you can keep him from wrong fancies about them till he is ripe for that sort of knowledge.

147. You will wonder, perhaps, that I put *learning* last, especially if I tell you I think it the least part. This may seem strange in the mouth of a bookish man, and this making usually the chief, if not only bustle and stir about children, this being almost that alone which is thought on when people talk of education, makes it the greater paradox. When I consider what ado is made about a little Latin and Greek, how many years are spent in it, and what a noise and business it makes to no purpose, I can hardly forbear thinking that the parents of children still live in fear of the schoolmaster's rod, which they look on as the only instrument of education; as a language or two to be its whole business. How else is it possible that a child should be chained to the oar seven, eight, or ten of the best years of his life to get a language or two, which, I think, might be had at a great deal cheaper rate of pains and time, and be learned almost in playing?

Forgive me therefore if I say I cannot with patience think that a young gentleman should be put into the herd and be driven with a whip and scourge, as if he were to run the gauntlet through the several classes, *ad capiendum ingenii cultum*. What then? say you, would you not have him write and read? Shall he be more ignorant than the clerk of our parish, who takes Hopkins and Sternhold for the best poets in the world, whom yet he makes worse

than they are by his ill reading? Not so, not so fast, I beseech you. Reading and writing and learning I allow to be necessary, but yet not the chief business. I imagine you would think him a very foolish fellow that should not value a virtuous or a wise man infinitely before a great scholar. Not but that I think learning a great help to both in well-disposed minds; but yet it must be confessed also that in others, not so disposed, it helps them only to be the more foolish or worse men. I say this, that when you consider of the breeding of your son, and are looking out for a schoolmaster or a tutor, you would not have (as is usual) Latin and logic only in your thoughts. Learning must be had, but in the second place, as subservient only to greater qualities. Seek out somebody that may know how discreetly to frame his manners; place him in hands where you may, as much as possible, secure his innocence, cherish and nurse up the good, and gently correct and weed out any bad, inclinations, and settle in him good habits. This is the main point, and this being provided for, learning may be had into the bargain, and that, as I think, at a very easy rate, by methods that may be thought on.

148. When he can talk, 'tis time he should begin to learn to read.
Reading. But as to this, give me leave here to inculcate again what is very apt to be forgotten, viz., that great care is to be taken that it be never made as a business to him, nor he look on it as a task. We naturally, as I said, even from our cradles, love liberty, and have therefore an aversion to many things for no other reason but because they are enjoined us. I have always had a fancy that learning might be made a play and recreation to children; and that they might be brought to desire to be taught if it were proposed to them as a thing of honor, credit, delight, and recreation, or as a reward for doing something else; and if they were never chid or corrected for the neglect of it. That which confirms me in this opinion is that amongst the Portuguese 'tis so much a fashion and emulation amongst their children to learn to read and write that they cannot hinder them from it. They will learn it one from

another, and are as intent on it as if it were forbidden them. I remember that being at a friend's house, whose younger son, a child in coats, was not easily brought to his book (being taught to read at home by his mother), I advised to try another way than requiring it of him as his duty; we therefore, in a discourse on purpose amongst ourselves, in his hearing, but without taking any notice of him, declared that it was the privilege and advantage of heirs and elder brothers to be scholars; that this made them fine gentlemen, and beloved by everybody: and that for younger brothers, 'twas a favor to admit them to breeding; to be taught to read and write was more than came to their share; they might be ignorant humpkins and clowns if they pleased. This so wrought upon the child that afterwards he desired to be taught; would come himself to his mother to learn, and would not let his maid be quiet till she heard him his lesson. I doubt not but some way like this might be taken with other children; and when their tempers are found, some thoughts be instilled into them, that might set them upon desiring of learning themselves, and make them seek it as another sort of play or recreation. But then, as I said before, it must never be imposed as a task, nor made a trouble to them. There may be dice and playthings, with the letters on them to teach children the alphabet by playing; and twenty other ways may be found, suitable to their particular tempers, to make this kind of learning a sport to them.

149. Thus children may be cozened into a knowledge of the letters; be taught to read without perceiving it to be anything but a sport, and play themselves into that which others are whipped for. Children should not have anything like work, or serious, laid on them; neither their minds nor bodies will bear it. It injures their healths; and their being forced and tied down to their books in an age at enmity with all such restraint has, I doubt not, been the reason why a great many have hated books and learning all their lives after. 'Tis like a surfeit, that leaves an aversion behind not to be removed.

150. I have therefore thought that if

playthings were fitted to this purpose, as they are usually to none, contrivances might be made to teach children to read whilst they thought they were only playing. For example, what if an ivory ball were made like that of the Royal Oak Lottery, with thirty-two sides, or one rather of twenty-four or twenty-five sides; and upon several of those sides pasted on an A, upon several others B, on others C, and on others D? I would have you begin with but these four letters, or perhaps only two at first; and when he is perfect in them, then add another, and so on till each side having one letter, there be on it the whole alphabet. This I would have others play with before him, it being as good a sort of play to lay a stake who shall first throw an A or B as who upon dice shall throw six or seven. This being a play amongst you, tempt him not to it, lest you make it business; for I would not have him understand 'tis anything but a play of older people, and I doubt not but he will take to it of himself. And that he may have the more reason to think it is a play that he is sometimes in favor admitted to, when the play is done the ball should be laid up safe out of his reach, that so it may not, by his having it in his keeping at any time, grow stale to him.

151. To keep up his eagerness to it, let him think it a game belonging to those above him; and when, by this means, he knows the letters, by changing them into syllables he may learn to read without knowing how he did so, and never have any chiding or trouble about it, nor fall out with books because of the hard usage and vexation they have caused him. Children, if you observe them, take abundance of pains to learn several games, which, if they should be enjoined them, they would abhor as a task and business. I know a person of great quality (more yet to be honored for his learning and virtue than for his rank and high place), who by pasting on the six vowels (for in our language Y is one) on the six sides of a die, and the remaining eighteen consonants on the sides of three other dice, has made this a play for his children, that he shall win who, at one cast, throws most words on these four

dice; whereby his eldest son, yet in coats, has *played himself into spelling*, with great eagerness, and without once having been chid for it or forced to it.

152. I have seen little girls exercise whole hours together and take abundance of pains to be expert at "dibstones" as they call it. Whilst I have been looking on, I have thought it wanted only some good contrivance to make them employ all that industry about something that might be more useful to them; and methinks 'tis only the fault and negligence of elder people that it is not so. Children are much less apt to be idle than men; and men are to be blamed if some part of that busy humor be not turned to useful things; which might be made usually as delightful to them as those they are employed in, if men would be but half so forward to lead the way as these little apes would be to follow. I imagine some wise Portuguese heretofore began this fashion amongst the children of his country, where I have been told, as I said, it is impossible to hinder the children from learning to read and write: and in some parts of France they teach one another to sing and dance from the cradle.

153. The letters pasted upon the sides of the dice, or polygon, were best to be of the size of those of the Folio Bible, to begin with, and none of them capital letters; when once he can read what is printed in such letters, he will not long be ignorant of the great ones; and in the beginning he should not be perplexed with variety. With this die also, you might have a play just like the Royal Oak, which would be another variety, and play for cherries or apples, etc.

154. Besides these, twenty other plays might be invented depending on letters, which those who like this way may easily contrive and get made to this use if they will. But the four dice above mentioned I think so easy and useful that it will be hard to find any better, and there will be scarce need of any other.

155. Thus much for learning to read, which let him never be driven to, nor chid for; cheat him into it if you can, but make it not a business for him. 'Tis better it be a year later before he can read than that

he should this way get an aversion to learning. If you have any contests with him, let it be in matters of moment, of truth and good-nature; but lay no task on him about A B C. Use your skill to make his will supple and pliant to reason: teach him to love credit and commendation, to abhor being thought ill or meanly of, especially by you and his mother, and then the rest will come all easily. But I think if you will do that, you must not shackle and tie him up with rules about indifferent matters, nor rebuke him for every little fault, or perhaps some that to others would seem great ones; but of this I have said enough already.

156. When by these gentle ways he begins to read, some easy pleasant book, suited to his capacity, should be put into his hands, wherein the entertainment that he finds might draw him on and reward his pains in reading, and yet not such as should fill his head with perfectly useless trumpery, or lay the principles of vice and folly. To this purpose, I think *Æsop's Fables* the best, which being stories apt to delight and entertain a child, may yet afford useful reflections to a grown man; and if his memory retain them all his life after, he will not repent to find them there, amongst his manly thoughts and serious business. If his *Æsop* has pictures in it, it will entertain him much the better, and encourage him to read, when it carries the increase of knowledge with it: for such visible objects children hear talked of in vain and without any satisfaction whilst they have no ideas of them; those ideas being not to be had from sounds, but from the things themselves or their pictures. And therefore I think as soon as he begins to spell, as many pictures of animals should be got him as can be found, with the printed names to them, which at the same time will invite him to read, and afford him matter of inquiry and knowledge. *Reynard the Fox* is another book I think may be made use of to the same purpose. And if those about him will talk to him often about the stories he has read, and hear him tell them, it will, besides other advantages, add encouragement and delight to his reading, when he finds there is some use and pleasure in it.

These baits seem wholly neglected in the ordinary method; and 'tis usually long before learners find any use or pleasure in reading, which may tempt them to it, and so take books only for fashionable amusements, or impertinent troubles, good for nothing.

162. As soon as he can speak English, 'tis time for him to learn some other language. This nobody doubts of when French is proposed. And the reason is because people are accustomed to the right way of teaching that language, which is by talking it into children in constant conversation, and not by grammatical rules. The Latin tongue would easily be taught the same way if his tutor, being constantly with him, would talk nothing else to him, and make him answer still in the same language. But because French is a living language, and to be used more in speaking, that should be first learned, that the yet pliant organs of speech might be accustomed to a due formation of those sounds, and he get the habit of pronouncing French well, which is the harder to be done the longer it is delayed.

163. When he can speak and read French well, which in this method is usually in a year or two, he should proceed to Latin, which 'tis a wonder parents, when they have had the experiment in French, should not think ought to be learned the same way, by talking and reading. Only care is to be taken whilst he is learning these foreign languages, by speaking and reading nothing else with his tutor, that he do not forget to read English, which may be preserved by his mother or somebody else hearing him read some chosen parts of the Scripture or other English book every day.

164. Latin I look upon as absolutely necessary to a gentleman; and indeed custom, which prevails over everything, has made it so much a part of education that even those children are whipped to it, and made spend many hours of their precious time uneasily in Latin, who, after they are once gone from school, are never to have more to do with it as long as they live. Can

there be anything more ridiculous than that a father should waste his own money and his son's time in setting him to learn the Roman language, when at the same time he designs him for a trade, wherein he, having no use of Latin, fails not to forget that little which he brought from school, and which 'tis ten to one he abhors for the ill usage it procured him? Could it be believed, unless we had everywhere amongst us examples of it, that a child should be forced to learn the rudiments of a language which he is never to use in the course of life that he is designed to, and neglect all the while the writing a good hand and casting accounts, which are of great advantage in all conditions of life, and to most trades indispensably necessary? But though these qualifications, requisite to trade and commerce and the business of the world, are seldom or never to be had at grammar schools, yet thither not only gentlemen send their younger sons, intended for trades, but even tradesmen and farmers fail not to send their children, though they have neither intention nor ability to make them scholars. If you ask them why they do this, they think it as strange a question as if you should ask them why they go to church. Custom serves for reason, and has, to those who take it for reason, so consecrated this method that it is almost religiously observed by them, and they stick to it, as if their children had scarce an orthodox education unless they learned Lilly's Grammar.

165. But how necessary soever Latin be to some, and is thought to be to others to whom it is of no manner of use and service; yet the ordinary way of learning it in a grammar school is that which, having had thoughts about, I cannot be forward to encourage. The reasons against it are so evident and cogent that they have prevailed with some intelligent persons to quit the ordinary road, not without success, though the method made use of was not exactly what I imagine the easiest, and in short is this. To trouble the child with no grammar at all, but to have Latin, as English has been, without the perplexity of rules, talked into him; for if you will consider it, Latin is no more unknown to a child, when he

comes into the world, than English: and yet he learns English without master, rule, or grammar; and so might he Latin too, as Tully did, if he had somebody always to talk to him in this language. And when we so often see a French woman teach an English girl to speak and read French perfectly in a year or two, without any rule of grammar, or anything else but prattling to her, I cannot but wonder how gentlemen have overseen this way for their sons, and thought them more dull or incapable than their daughters.

166. If therefore a man could be got who, himself speaking good Latin, would always be about your son, talk constantly to him, and suffer him to speak or read nothing else, this would be the true and genuine way, and that which I would propose, not only as the easiest and best, wherein a child might, without pains or chiding, get a language which others are wont to be whipped for at school six or seven years together; but also as that wherein at the same time he might have his mind and manners formed, and he be instructed to boot in several sciences, such as are a good part of geography, astronomy, chronology, anatomy, besides some parts of history, and all other parts of knowledge of things that fall under the senses and require little more than memory. For there, if we would take the true way, our knowledge should begin, and in those things be laid the foundation; and not in the abstract notions of logic and metaphysics, which are fitter to amuse than inform the understanding in its first setting out towards knowledge. When young men have had their heads employed a while in those abstract speculations without finding the success and improvement, or that use of them which they expected, they are apt to have mean thoughts either of learning or themselves; they are tempted to quit their studies, and throw away their books as containing nothing but hard words and empty sounds; or else to conclude that, if there be any real knowledge in them, they themselves have not understandings capable of it. That this is so, perhaps I could assure you upon my own experience. Amongst other things to be learned by a young gentleman in this method, whilst others of his

age are wholly taken up with Latin and languages, I may also set down geometry for one; having known a young gentleman, bred something after this way, able to demonstrate several propositions in Euclid before he was thirteen.

167. But if such a man cannot be got, who speaks good Latin, and being able to instruct your son in all these parts of knowledge, will undertake it by this method, the next best is to have him taught as near this way as may be, which is by taking some easy and pleasant book, such as *Æsop's Fables*, and writing the English translation (made as literal as it can be) in one line, and the Latin words which answer each of them, just over it in another. These let him read every day over and over again, till he perfectly understands the Latin; and then go on to another fable, till he be also perfect in that, not omitting what he is already perfect in, but sometimes reviewing that, to keep it in his memory. And when he comes to write, let these be set him for copies, which with the exercise of his hand will also advance him to Latin. This being a more imperfect way than by talking Latin unto him; the formation of the verbs first, and afterwards the declensions of the nouns and pronouns perfectly learned by heart, may facilitate his acquaintance with the genius and manner of the Latin tongue, which varies the signification of verbs and nouns, not as the modern languages do by particles prefixed, but by changing the last syllables. More than this of grammar I think he need not have till he can read himself *Sanctii Minerva*, with Scioppius and Perizonius's notes.

In teaching of children, this too, I think, is to be observed, that in most cases where they stick they are not to be farther puzzled by putting them upon finding it out themselves; as by asking such questions as these, viz., which is the nominative case in the sentence they are to construe; or demanding what *aufero* signifies, to lead them to the knowledge what *abstulere* signifies, etc., when they cannot readily tell. This wastes time only in disturbing them; for whilst they are learning, and apply themselves with attention, they are to be kept in good humor, and everything made easy to them, and as

pleasant as possible. Therefore wherever they are at a stand, and are willing to go forwards, help them presently over the difficulty, without any rebuke or chiding, remembering that where harsher ways are taken they are the effect only of pride and peevishness in the teacher, who expects children should instantly be masters of as much as he knows; whereas he should rather consider that his business is to settle in them habits, not angrily to inculcate rules, which serve for little in the conduct of our lives; at least are of no use to children, who forget them as soon as given. In sciences where their reason is to be exercised, I will not deny but this method may sometimes be varied, and difficulties proposed on purpose to excite industry, and accustom the mind to employ its own strength and sagacity in reasoning. But yet, I guess, this is not to be done to children whilst very young, nor at their entrance upon any sort of knowledge: ther everything of itself is difficult, and the great use and skill of a teacher is to make all as easy as he can. But particularly in learning of languages there is least occasion for posing of children. For languages, being to be learned by rote, custom, and memory, are then spoken in greatest perfection when all rules of grammar are utterly forgotten. I grant the grammar of a language is sometimes very carefully to be studied, but it is not to be studied but by a grown man, when he applies himself to the understanding of any language critically, which is seldom the business of any but professed scholars. This I think will be agreed to, that if a gentleman be to study any language, it ought to be that of his own country, that he may understand the language which he has constant use of, with the utmost accuracy.

There is yet a further reason why masters and teachers should raise no difficulties to their scholars; but on the contrary should smooth their way, and readily help them forwards, where they find them stop. Children's minds are narrow and weak, and usually susceptible but of one thought at once. Whatever is in a child's head fills it for the time, especially if set on with any passion. It should therefore be the skill and

art of the teacher to clear their heads of all other thoughts whilst they are learning of anything, the better to make room for what he would instil into them, that it may be received with attention and application, without which it leaves no impression. The natural temper of children disposes their minds to wander. Novelty alone takes them; whatever that presents, they are presently eager to have a taste of, and are as soon satiated with it. They quickly grow weary of the same thing, and so have almost their whole delight in change and variety. It is a contradiction to the natural state of childhood for them to fix their fleeting thoughts. Whether this be owing to the temper of their brains, or the quickness or instability of their animal spirits, over which the mind has not yet got a full command; this is visible, that it is a pain to children to keep their thoughts steady to anything. A lasting continued attention is one of the hardest tasks can be imposed on them; and, therefore, he that requires their application should endeavor to make what he proposes as grateful and agreeable as possible; at least he ought to take care not to join any displeasing or frightful idea with it. If they come not to their books with some kind of liking and relish, 'tis no wonder their thoughts should be perpetually shifting from what disgusts them, and seek better entertainment in more pleasing objects, after which they will unavoidably be gadding.

'Tis, I know, the usual method of tutors to endeavor to procure attention in their scholars, and to fix their minds to the business in hand, by rebukes and corrections, if they find them ever so little wandering. But such treatment is sure to produce the quite contrary effect. Passionate words or blows from the tutor fill the child's mind with terror and affrightment, which immediately takes it wholly up, and leaves no room for other impressions. I believe there is nobody that reads this but may recollect what disorder hasty or imperious words from his parents or teachers have caused in his thoughts; how for the time it has turned his brains, so that he scarce knew what was said by or to him. He presently lost the sight of what he was upon, his mind was

filled with disorder and confusion, and in that state was no longer capable of attention to anything else.

'Tis true, parents and governors ought to settle and establish their authority by an awe over the minds of those under their tuition, and to rule them by that; but when they have got an ascendant over them, they should use it with great moderation, and not make themselves such scarecrows that their scholars should always tremble in their sight. Such an austerity may make their government easy to themselves, but of very little use to their pupils. 'Tis impossible children should learn anything whilst their thoughts are possessed and disturbed with any passion, especially fear, which makes the strongest impression on their yet tender and weak spirits. Keep the mind in an easy calm temper when you would have it receive your instructions or any increase of knowledge. 'Tis as impossible to draw fair and regular characters on a trembling mind as on a shaking paper.

The great skill of a teacher is to get and keep the attention of his scholar; whilst he has that, he is sure to advance as fast as the learner's abilities will carry him; and without that, all his bustle and pother will be to little or no purpose. To attain this, he should make the child comprehend (as much as may be) the usefulness of what he teaches him, and let him see, by what he has learnt, that he can do something which he could not do before; something which gives him some power and real advantage above others who are ignorant of it. To this he should add sweetness in all his instructions, and by a certain tenderness in his whole carriage make the child sensible that he loves him and designs nothing but his good, the only way to beget love in the child, which will make him hearken to his lessons, and relish what he teaches him.

Nothing but obstinacy should meet with any imperiousness or rough usage. All other faults should be corrected with a gentle hand; and kind engaging words will work better and more effectually upon a willing mind, and even prevent a good deal of that perverseness which rough and imperious usage often produces in well-disposed and generous minds. 'Tis true, ob-

stinacy and wilful neglects must be mastered, even though it cost blows to do it: but I am apt to think perverseness in the pupils is often the effect of frowardness in the tutor; and that most children would seldom have deserved blows if needless and misapplied roughness had not taught them ill-nature, and given them an aversion for their teacher and all that comes from him.

Inadvertency, forgetfulness, unsteadiness, and wandering of thought are the natural faults of childhood; and therefore, where they are not observed to be wilful, are to be mentioned softly, and gained upon by time. If every slip of this kind produces anger and rating, the occasions of rebuke and corrections will return so often that the tutor will be a constant terror and uneasiness to his pupils. Which one thing is enough to hinder their profiting by his lessons, and to defeat all his methods of instruction.

Let the awe he has got upon their minds be so tempered with the constant marks of tenderness and good-will that affection may spur them to their duty, and make them find a pleasure in complying with his dictates. This will bring them with satisfaction to their tutor; make them hearken to him as to one who is their friend, that cherishes them, and takes pains for their good. This will keep their thoughts easy and free whilst they are with him, the only temper wherein the mind is capable of receiving new informations, and of admitting into itself those impressions which, if not taken and retained, all that they and their teachers do together is lost labor; there is much uneasiness and little learning.

168. When by this way of interlining Latin and English one with another he has got a moderate knowledge of the Latin tongue, he may then be advanced a little farther to the reading of some other easy Latin book, such as Justin or Eutropius;

and to make the reading and understanding of it the less tedious and difficult to him, let him help himself if he please with the English translation. Nor let the objection that he will then know it only by rote fright anyone. This, when well considered, is not of any moment against, but plainly for, this way of learning a language. For languages are only to be learned by rote; and a man who does not speak English or Latin perfectly by rote, so that having thought of the thing he would speak of, his tongue of course, without thought of rule or grammar, falls into the proper expression and idiom of that language, does not speak it well, nor is master of it. And I would fain have anyone name to me that tongue that anyone can learn, or speak as he should do, by the rules of grammar. Languages were made, not by rules or art, but by accident, and the common use of the people. And he that will speak them well has no other rule but that; nor anything to trust to but his memory, and the habit of speaking after the fashion learned from those that are allowed to speak properly, which in other words is only to speak by rote.

It will possibly be asked here, Is grammar then of no use? and have those who have taken so much pains in reducing several languages to rules and observations; who have writ so much about *declensions* and *conjugations*, about *concords* and *syntaxis*, lost their labor, and been learned to no purpose? I say not so; grammar has its place too. But this I think I may say, there is more stir a great deal made with it than there needs, and those are tormented about it, to whom it does not at all belong; I mean children, at the age wherein they are usually perplexed with it in grammar schools.

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INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631-1700)

[For Text see page 3.]

John Dryden was the son of a small landed proprietor in a village of Northamptonshire, and, though destined to become the Poet Laureate under Charles II, grew up in a Presbyterian household in sympathy with the Roundheads. At an early age Dryden entered Westminster School, then under the direction of the celebrated "whipping master," Dr. Richard Busby. His first poem, an elegy in memory of a schoolmate, young Lord Hastings, is the composition of an imitative boy, but not without the significance of prophecy. Almost inevitably poetical conceit was a strong ingredient of his elegiac recipe, for the conceit had become the reigning fashion through the influence of Donne and Cowley. In his maturity, Dryden should have blushed, if he did not, for the execrable taste exhibited in his earliest offering to the Muses. Yet there is no denying that even after he became the high priest of poetical clearness and common sense he never completely freed his verse from vicious excess of wit. Panegyric was to constitute a strikingly large part of his work, and he always argued that at least in this kind of writing the poet might plead a license for "beautiful faults." As late as 1692, when he was over sixty years old, he confessed that he was still a victim of "a luxurious fancy, and the wantonness of wit." From Westminster he proceeded to Cambridge in 1650, took his degree in 1654, and, though he failed to obtain a fellowship, continued in residence until 1657. Soon afterwards he was back in London, where, except for a few brief intervals, he spent the remainder of his busy life. The first real promise of Dryden's genius is to be found in his poem upon the death of Cromwell (1658). Although his *Heroic Stanzas* are occasionally disfigured by extravagance of fancy, here is to be glimpsed, and for the first time, that irresistible energy of thought and phrase and that happiness of illustration which were to characterize his best poems.

That the same eulogist was ready in less than two years to greet Charles II with *Astræa Redux* does not imply, necessarily, that Dryden's political conversion was insincere. Much had happened in the short interval since Cromwell's death. The fiasco of Richard Cromwell's brief rule and the chaotic conditions following upon his abdication on May 25, 1659 argued strongly that England's only hope for a stable government lay in the re-establishment of monarchy. Dryden changed, but as Johnson says, "he changed with the nation." He was influenced too, as all men of letters were, by the happy consideration that, with the Stuart monarch, the Muses were being restored to their legitimate rights. Somewhat phlegmatic by nature and essentially practical, John Dryden—now approaching his thirtieth year—realized that the little world of London and Whitehall as reconstituted by the Restoration provided a set of conditions which, by skillful capitalization, could be made into a literary fortune. The problem was a practical one, and he approached it in a practical manner. Fortunately for his success, his moral sensibilities were not too acute, or his ideals too lofty, to forbid the employment of his talent in the service of a libertine king and a scandalous court. Delighted with the prospect of patronage and accepting the terms upon which it was to be had, by systematic compliance with the taste of his uninspired public and by unremitting application he set about achieving his destiny. Forty

years of his life were still to come. The period between 1660 and 1700 is very appropriately called the Age of Dryden; he is at once the most characteristic literary figure of his time and also the greatest. Indeed he is so completely in and of his time, he so fully epitomizes his generation, that any estimate of his work is a judgment upon the age as well as the man.

With hardly an exception, his poems were occasional in origin, the products of special circumstances. He celebrated royal progresses, coronations, births, and deaths. He was ready with a felicitous compliment for the Lord Chancellor, for the Duke of York or the Duchess, as opportunity suggested, and did not scruple to extol my Lady Castlemaine when the royal harlot's smile could be used to the advantage of his ambition. If this servility seems discreditable to the character of the man and the poet, it must be remembered that he was merely doing well what all his fellows were trying to do. Nor was the result without profit to literature. Dryden did not fashion poetry out of the commonplace in the sense meant by Wordsworth; but he was able, by means of artistic choice of ideas, richness of decorative fancy, and sweetness and elegance of meter, to confer permanent beauty upon themes of ephemeral interest. It is pleasant to reflect that if the feet of his obsequious Muse were of clay, she had a head of gold. To follow his poetical commentary on public characters and events is to pass in review the historical pageant of his time. His most ambitious endeavor in this kind was *Annus Mirabilis* (1667), a narrative poem in three hundred and four stanzas. The first part, a flattering account of England's victory over the Dutch, was intended as an apology for the poet's failure to volunteer, with other English gentlemen, for service in his Majesty's navy. His effort to clothe a slight and temporary victory with epic grandeur was doomed from the outset to result in a strained effect. Some of the stanzas are truly noble, but frankness compels the admission that there is much rubbish. The moment he passes to the second chapter of his history, the terrible visitation of the great fire of London, his style rises to a more congenial topic. Here, too, are lapses into the ludicrous; but they are fewer and less costly, and in the superb conclusion of the piece—a prophetic vision of a future London—Dryden had one of his moments of genuine inspiration.

It is safe to impute most, if not all, of his dramas to the law of necessity. With the reopening of the theater, which had been officially closed for eighteen years, dramatic composition immediately became the most remunerative and popular type of writing. The relation between the playhouse and Whitehall was so close that no writer could hope to succeed unless he wrote successfully for the stage. The new sovereign was known to be fond especially of a "merry comedy." We have Dryden's own word for it that he lacked the necessary qualifications for comedy, as apparently he did. Yet his *Wild Gallant* was ready for performance in 1663, the first specimen in an astonishingly long list. He never succeeded, not even in *Marriage à la Mode* (1672), his sprightliest comedy, in attaining what he himself called the "fashionable cut" of the best Restoration comedy of manners—perhaps for the reason suggested to him by Etherege, that he lacked the necessary "laziness of mind." When the *vis comica* failed, he resorted to an inexcusable use of salaciousness and obscenity, faults he shared with his colleagues; but he was manly enough afterwards to confess that they were unpardonable. Though not the originator of the so-called heroic play, or rhymed tragedy, he was mainly responsible for the perfection and short-lived popularity of this exotic drama. The new *genre* reached its climax of artificial splendor and "glorious nonsense" in *The Conquest of Granada*. Lack of genuine feeling could not be compensated by the bustling action of plot and elaborate scenic effects, or Dryden's sonorous diction and brilliant declamation, or even occasional outbursts of genuine poetry. "The favour which heroic plays have lately found upon our theatres," he says, "has been wholly derived to them from the countenance and approbation they have received at Court." This explains why he composed his brilliant gewgaws. Later he recanted his defense of rhyme in tragedy and mended his ways; but only one of his tragedies, he confesses, was written to please himself, *All For Love* (1678), his

imitation of the "divine Shakespeare." With all their imperfections, his plays succeeded on the stage, and did more to establish his reputation than any other part of his early work.

In 1662 Dryden was admitted to membership in the Royal Society. Though apparently never a very active member, he did more than anyone else of his time to further one professed design of the Society—to create an English prose capable of clear and practical expression of thought. When he is compared with his predecessors, the reason is seen for calling him the father of modern English prose. His marriage in 1663 to Lady Catherine Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire and the sister of Sir Robert Howard—possibly a detail in his scheme for preferment—seems not to have been a happy one. In 1670 the indefatigable poet and playwright was honored by his sovereign with the laureateship and was also appointed Royal Historiographer. If he had not already fully earned these favors, he did so afterwards by his brilliant defense of Charles II's policies. It was fortunate for Dryden himself, for English literature also, that this official relation drew the poet into the political controversy that developed in 1679 over the attempt of the Whigs to exclude the Roman Catholic Duke of York from the succession to the throne. A contemporary of Dryden's thought it a great pity that "a man in the flower of his romantic conceptions, in the full vigour of his studies on love and honour" should become so distracted "as to walk through the thorns and briars of controversy." On the contrary, it was only when Dryden entered these thorns and briars that he discovered his true genius.

His first political satire, *Absalom and Achitophel* (1681), opened up a province of poetry in which he had had no predecessor worthy of mention, in which he has never since had a dangerous rival. By long practice he had now brought the heroic couplet to its full perfection, a metrical form, which, whatever may be thought of its appropriateness in some kinds of composition, was ideally adapted to the purpose of satire. He had learned much from his long association with the great Roman satirists. Clearly, too, he had acquired new energy and strength from his reading of Milton's epic poems. He had learned also from constant experience with the stage the value of addressing poetry to the ear. *Absalom and Achitophel* is another *pièce de circonstance*; but at last accident had thrown in Dryden's way a subject which called into play all the resources of a brilliant mind and enabled him to give a full and honest display of his powers. As soon as he had entered the political fight, he was swept onward by the rush of exciting events. He had written his domesticated version of David, Absalom, and Achitophel in the service of a king sorely beset by his opponents. He wrote its sequel, *The Medal*, in pursuance of the same public design, but partly also to strike back at his scribbling adversaries, and therefore with a note of personal exasperation absent from its predecessor. Whether or not the composition of *Mac Flecknoe* (1682) was of an earlier date, his mock-heroic on Thomas Shadwell came from the press at an opportune moment. *The Second Part of Absalom and Achitophel* (1682), the production mainly of Nahum Tate, owed its best lines to Dryden's pen, including another devastating satire upon Shadwell and one on Elkanah Settle. *The Religio Laici* (1682) may be considered an integral part of this polemic program, for a defense of the Church of England was an essential detail in a general attack upon a political party that owed its strength, as the Whig party did, largely to Nonconformist malcontents.

Dryden was to appear once more in the part of royal coryphæus, but under circumstances that led to a breach with his former religious allies. Soon after the accession of James II, the Poet Laureate quietly went over to the Church of Rome. Evelyn made the following entry in his Diary for January 1, 1685-6: "Dryden, the famous play-writer, and his two sons, and Mrs. Nelly (mistress to the late —) were said to go to mass; such proselytes were no great loss to the Church." The former champion of the Anglican Establishment now composed *The Hind and the Panther* (1687) as a brief for Catholicism and also for the policy of the new king in his effort to legalize the old religion in England. Swift dismissed this as "a complete abstract of sixteen thousand schoolmen, from Scotus to Bellarmine." It is doubtful if Swift could have passed an unbiased judgment upon any performance of his cousin Dryden's, especially upon an apology for the Church of Rome

written by an apostate from the Church of England. It is true, however, that the longest and most ambitious of all Dryden's poetical compositions is marred by serious flaws in art, especially in the second and third parts. He violated such lax laws of probability as govern even the fable when he permitted the animals in his story to expatiate through pages upon the sacraments, the infallibility of the Pope, the doctrine of transubstantiation, and other abstruse theological matters. This, however, was a fault only of his machinery. There is abundant evidence in individual portions that the edge of his satire had not been dulled, and that he was more capable than ever of lucid exposition and skillful argument in rhyme. Besides, as Macaulay remarks, in no other poem of Dryden's "can be found passages more pathetic and magnificent and greater ductility and energy of language, or a more pleasing and various music."

Dryden's official empire came to an end, as James II's did, with the Revolution of 1688. Besides being deprived of his public offices and all public emoluments, he had the mortification of seeing the laurel conferred upon his bitter enemy, Thomas Shadwell. The one result of this dethronement chiefly to be regretted is that "the author of *Absalom and Achitophel*" did not dare write more satires or in any way concern himself with public matters. Otherwise the Revolution made no great change in his habits of writing, and it seems to have had little effect on his great popularity. For years he had been engaged in the translation of Latin and Greek poetry. He had contributed to a translation of Ovid's *Epistles* in 1680. Fragments of Ovid, Horace, Lucretius, Homer, and Theocritus had been given out in the *Miscellanies*. He did most of the work in *Translations of Juvenal and Horace* (1693). With the necessary leisure, he now turned to the finishing of his great work, a complete translation of Virgil. It was published in 1697.

"Dryden," says Congreve, "was an improving writer to the end." He took his leave with one of the most delightful of all his works, *Fables, Ancient and Modern* (1700). The translations from Ovid, Boccaccio, Homer, and Chaucer make pleasant reading, and the Preface which accompanies them has been read more widely and more generally enjoyed than any other of Dryden's critical essays. It is significant also as an expression of his conception of poetry. If he could have foreseen that his own poetry would be censured for its lack of imaginative and spiritual elements, he would probably have been content to claim kinship with Chaucer as another poet of common sense.

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ASTRÆA REDUX

- 3 The poem is a celebration of the Return of Justice (Astræa), who, according to fable, fled from the earth at the beginning of the Iron Age. The motto (Virgil, *Eclogues*, IV, 6): "The Virgin now returns, and the reign of Saturn is resumed."
- 3 9 *Suede*—Charles X of Sweden, successor to Queen Christina, reigned from 1654 to the time of his death, February 13, 1660.
- 3 14 *Miracles*—France and Spain signed the Treaty of the Pyrenees in 1659. The marriage of Louis XIV to the Infanta Maria Theresa, "the fair Iberian bride," took place on June 9, 1660, soon after the publication of Dryden's poem.
- 3 35 *Purple and scarlet*—The bishops and the peers. "The sight of them animated the people to such senseless fury as elephants, and many other animals, are said to show upon seeing any object of a red color." [Scott.]
- 4 65 *Laveering*—Dutch for tacking.
- 4 67 *Otho*—Galba, the Roman emperor, 68-69 A. D., opposed the succession of Otho because of his effeminacy, and adopted Piso as his heir. Otho gained the throne by force, but was defeated after a reign of three months, and committed suicide.
- 5 98 *Grandsire*—"Henry IV of France, maternal grandfather of Charles II." [Scott.]
- 5 101 *League*—The Solemn League and Covenant.
- 6 145 *Booth*—After the death of Cromwell, in 1658, Sir George Booth attempted the restoration of Charles II, but was defeated by General Lambert. General George Monk succeeded two years later.
- 6 182 *Whence Legion twice before*, etc.—An allusion to the expulsion of the Rump Parliament by Cromwell in 1653 and by Lambert in 1659.
- 7 201 *Sforza*—Lodovico Sforza (1451-1508), who murdered his nephew, the Duke of Milan, and obtained the dukedom, but was driven from Italy by Louis XII of France and died in captivity.
- 7 203 *Fogue*—French *fougue*.
- 7 219 *Scheveline*—"A small village near the Hague, at which Charles embarked on his joyful voyage." [Scott.] It is now called Scheveningen.
- 7 230 *Naseby*—Pepys reports in his Diary

May 23, 1660: "After dinner the King and Duke altered the name of some of the ships, viz., the Nazeby into Charles; the Richard, James; the Speaker, Mary; the Dunbar (which was not in company with us), the Henry; Winsly, Happy Return; Wakefield, Richmond; Lambert, the Henrietta; Chariton, the Speedwell; Bradford, the Success."

- 7 235 *Glocster*—Henry, Duke of Gloucester, younger brother of Charles II; he died in the September following.
- 8 284 *Triumphant day*—"Charles II was born on May 29, 1630; and upon the same day of the same month, 1660, made his triumphal entry into London." [Scott.]
- 8 288 *That star*—"There was a star visible on Charles's birthday, May 29, 1630, a circumstance much dwelt on by his party during the civil wars. Lilly, the astrologer, assures us it was nothing more than the planet Venus, which is sometimes visible in the daytime." [Scott.]
- 8 292 *Whiter*—A Latinism, meaning fortunate.

TO DR. CHARLETON

- 9 Dryden's poem was prefixed to *Chorea Gigantum; or, The Most Famous Antiquity of Great Britain, vulgarly called Stoneheng . . . by Walter Charleton, Dr. in Physic, and Physician in Ordinary to His Majesty* (dated 1663, but probably published late in 1662), in which the author argued that Stonehenge was a relic, not of the Romans as Inigo Jones held, but of the Danes. He had a great reputation as a physician and a writer on a variety of subjects.
- 9 3 *Stagirite*—Aristotle was so called because he was born at Stagira in Macedon.
- 9 25 *Gilbert*—William Gilbert (1540-1603), physician to Queen Elizabeth, known best for his treatise on the magnet.
- 10 27 *Boyle*—The Honorable Robert Boyle (1627-91), a scientist and one of the most active promoters of the Royal Society. His brother was Roger Lord Broghill (1621-79), who was made Earl of Orrery at the Restoration.
- 10 31 *Harvey*—"William Harvey (1578-1657), the famous discoverer of the circulation of the blood. His last treatise was

published in 1651, at the request of Dr. George Ent, a learned physician, mentioned by Dryden in the next line." [Scott.]

ANNUS MIRABILIS

- 10 The sub-title reads: "An Historical Poem containing the Progress and various Successes of our Naval War with Holland, under the Conduct of his Highness Prince Rupert, and his Grace the Duke of Albemarle, and Describing the Fire of London." For vivid accounts of the fire, see Pepys, pp. 235 ff. and Evelyn, pp. 254 ff.

SONG

- 13 From *An Evening's Love: or, The Mock-Astrologer* (1668).

EPILOGUE

- 13 6 *Cobb's tankard*—"The characters alluded to are Cob, the water-bearer, in *Every Man in his Humor*; and Captain Otter, in *Epicæne; or, The Silent Woman*, whose humor it was to christen his drinking cups by the names of Horse, Bull, and Bear." [Scott.]

DEFENSE OF THE EPILOGUE

- 14 b. 18 *Ingeniis non ille*, etc.—Horace, *Epistles*, II, i, 88, 89.
- 15 a. 12 *Si foret*, etc.—*Satires*, I, x, 68-70: "If he had fallen by fate into these times of ours, he would have polished his style considerably and lopped off every unnecessary word."
- 15 b. 48 *Neque ego*, etc.—Horace, *Satires*, I, x, 48, 49: "Nor could I dare to take away from them the crown clinging with so much honor to his forehead."
- 16 b. 2 *ἄλις ἄραυός*—"Enough of oak," as the ancients said when they grew tired of acorns." [Ker.]
- 16 b. 26 *Cædimus*, etc. Persius, *Satires*, IV, 42:
"Thus others we with deformations wound,
While they stab us; and so th' jest goes round."
(Dryden.)
- 18 a. 19 *Quem penes*, etc.—Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 72: "In which is the decision, the right and the rule of speaking."
- 18 a. 39 *Aurum ex*, etc.—Cassiodorus, *Institutio Divinarum Litterarum*, I, p. 150: "To seek gold in filth."
- 18 a. 52 *Dixeris*, etc.—Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 47: "You will write with distinction if, by skillful arrangement, you give a well-known word a new setting."
- 18 b. 8 *Et vultus*, etc.—Horace, *Odes*, I, xix, 8: "And her face too seductive to behold."
- 18 b. 15 *Et Horatii*, etc.—Petronius, *Satyricon*, 118, 5: "the studied felicity of Horace."

19 b. 25 *A famous Italian*—The reference is uncertain. Ker apparently would identify it with Matteo Pellegrini, *Delle Acutezze* (1639) or Cardinal Sforza Pallavicino, *Sopra l'Arte dello Stile* (1646).

20 a. 7 *Don John*—A character in *The Chances*.

SONG

21 *Why should a foolish marriage vow*, etc.—From *Marriage à-la-Mode* (1673).

SONG

21 *Farewell, ungrateful traitor!*—From *The Spanish Friar* (1681).

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

- 22 Dryden is said to have written his famous political satire "upon the desire of King Charles the Second." It came out anonymously in 1681, but the authorship is acknowledged in the *Discourse concerning Satire* (1693). The analogy between the biblical story of Absalom's revolt against David (II Samuel, xiii-xviii) and the Duke of Monmouth's revolt against Charles II had been employed in an anonymous tract of 1680, called *Absalom's Conspiracy, or The Tragedy of Treason*. The motto (Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 361-62): "By standing nearer, you will be still more attracted."
- 22 a. 9. *Whig and Tory*—These names had originated in 1679 in connection with the controversy over the Exclusion Bill. They denoted, respectively, those opposed to the succession of the Duke of York, or Exclusionists, and the Anti-Exclusionists. An *Anti-Bromingham* was an Anti-Whig.
- 23 b. 33 *Ense rescindendum*—Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, I, 191: "Something that must be cut off with the sword." [Noyes.]
- 24 11 *Michal*—"Queen Catherine of Portugal, the wife of Charles II, resembled the daughter of Saul in the circumstance mentioned in the text." [Scott.]
- 24 18 *Absalon*—James, Duke of Monmouth, the son of Lucy Walters, was born at Rotterdam, April 9, 1649. He had distinguished himself as commander of the English forces in various engagements on the Continent. The "Annabel" who became his bride was Anne Scott, Countess of Buccleuch.
- 24 39 *Amnon's murder*—An allusion probably to an attack made upon Sir John Coventry in 1670 because of his reflections in the House of Commons upon the King's amours. He was not murdered, but was badly disfigured. Monmouth was thought to have been the instigator.
- 24 42 *Sion*—London.
- 24 57 *Saul*—Oliver Cromwell.

- 24 58 *Ishbosheth*—Richard Cromwell. See II Samuel, iii, iv.
- 24 59 *Hebron*—Scotland, although one might expect it to signify the Netherlands or Brussels.
- 25 85 *Jerusalem*—London.
- 25 86 *Jebusites*—Roman Catholics.
- 25 104 *Jewish Rabbins*—"Doctors of the Church of England." [Christie.]
- 25 108 *That Plot*—Titus Oates (Corah, below) testified in 1678 that there was a Popish Plot to murder Charles II, place James upon the throne, and, with the aid of France, restore the Roman Catholic religion in England.
- 26 118 *Egyptian rites*—French ceremonies. The lines that follow ridicule the doctrine of transubstantiation, which Dryden afterwards defended in *The Hind and the Panther*.
- 26 128 *Hebrew priests*—"Anglican clergymen. The *fleece* is of course the tithes paid by the parishioners; Dryden's sneers at priests are incessant." [Noyes.]
- 26 150 *Achitophel*—Anthony Ashley Cooper (1621-83), created Earl of Shaftesbury in 1672. Between 1640, when he entered Parliament, and 1660 he had shifted his political allegiance repeatedly. An active proponent of the Restoration, he was highly honored by the new government: he was a member of the Cabal ministry (1670-73) and became Lord Chancellor in 1672. Later he headed the Opposition, supported the Exclusion Bill, and encouraged the Duke of Monmouth in his designs upon the throne.
- 27 170 *A son*—The merits of the second Earl of Shaftesbury were scarcely more than Dryden allows him.
- 27 175 *Triple bond*—The Triple Alliance (1668), uniting England, Sweden, and the Dutch Republic against France, was broken by a secret treaty of 1670, which resulted in an alliance of England and France in a war upon Holland. Dryden's statement to the contrary, Shaftesbury was not involved in this act of treachery.
- 27 188 *Abbethdin*—An officer in the Jewish high court of justice, signifying Shaftesbury's position as Lord Chancellor.
- 27 213 *Jebusite*—Charles II's Protestantism was rightly suspected.
- 28 264 *Gath*—Brussels.
- 28 270 *Jordan's sand*—Dover.
- 29 281 *Pharaoh*—Louis XIV.
- 31 390 *Sanhedrin*—Parliament.
- 31 418 *God was their King*—"Dryden represents the government of the Commonwealth before Cromwell's Protectorate as a theocracy." [Christie.]
- 33 513 *Solymaan rout*—The London rabble.
- 33 517 *Ethnic plot*—Popish Plot.
- 33 519 *Levites*—Priests.
- 33 525 *Aaron's race*—The clergy.
- 34 544 *Zimri*—George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham (1628-87). "The Restoration," says Scott, "put into the hands of the most lively, mercurial, ambitious, and licentious genius who ever lived, an estate of £20,000 a year, to be squandered in every wild scheme which the lust of power, of pleasure, of license, or of whim could dictate to an unrestrained imagination." During the interregnum, in 1651, he married Mary Fairfax, daughter of the parliamentary general. He played a prominent part in the government of Charles II. Upon the dismissal of Clarendon, in 1667, he was for a time chief minister, but was deprived of all offices in 1674 in compliance with a request made by the House of Commons. Thereafter he joined the Opposition. Buckingham was the principal author of *The Rehearsal* (1671), in which Dryden is satirized under the name John Bayes. For Dryden's own comment on his character of Zimri, see p. 100.
- 34 574 *Balaam*—Theophilus Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, younger brother of the Lord Hastings whose death Dryden had lamented in the earliest of his published poems. He was one of those who had presented the Duke of York as a Papist on June 26, 1680; but eventually he deserted Monmouth and supported James. *Calab*—"Lord Grey, called cold because of the report that he consented to an intrigue between his wife and Monmouth." [Noyes.]
- 34 575 *Nadab*—"William, Lord Howard of Esrick, although an abandoned debauchee, made occasional pretensions to piety. He had served under Cromwell and been a preacher of the Anabaptists. Being accused of inspiring a treasonable libel on the court party, he was sent to the Tower, where he uttered and published a canting declaration, asserting his innocence, upon the truth of which he received the sacrament. He is said, however, to have taken the communion in *lamb's wool*—ale poured on roasted apples and sugar." [Scott.]
- 34 581 *Jonas*—"Sir William Jones, who, as Attorney-General, had conducted the prosecutions of the Popish Plot. He afterwards resigned this office, wishing to disconnect himself from the government, and he united himself closely with Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Russell, and the Opposition. Bishop Burnet says that he refused the Lord Chancellorship. Mr. Luttrell in a manuscript note says that Jones drew the Habeas Corpus Act; and he probably drew the Exclusion Bill." [Christie.]
- 34 585 *Shimei*—Slingsby Bethel, one of the sheriffs of London in 1680, noted for his republicanism and parsimony.
- 35 595 *Vare*—Spanish *vara*, a wand.
- 35 617 *Rechabite*—See Jeremiah xxxv, 14.
- 35 632 *Corah*—Titus Oates (1649-1705), the principal witness against the Catholics in

- the Popish Plot. His father, a ribbon-weaver, became an Anabaptist minister and, after the Restoration, took orders in the Church of England. Titus also became an Anglican clergyman, but afterwards went over nominally to the Church of Rome. Soon after the accession of James II, he was subjected to fines, the whip, and the pillory as a perjurer, but was given a pension under William III.
- 36 658 *Rabbinical degree*—"Oates pretended to have received a degree of Doctor of Divinity at Salamanca." [Christie.]
- 36 676 *Agag's murder*—Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, the magistrate before whom Oates had made his deposition, was soon afterwards found dead near Primrose Hill, with a sword run through his body. The crime was laid at the door of the Catholics, but some thought it was instigated by Oates himself because he suspected the magistrate was at heart friendly to the Catholics. See I Samuel, xv.
- 37 700 *A banish'd man*—"Monmouth had been sent out of England by the King in September, 1679; he returned without permission in November. The King then ordered him to quit England, and he disobeyed. He was then deprived of all his offices, and banished from court." [Christie.]
- 37 705 *Egypt and Tyrus*—France and Holland.
- 37 710 *Bathsheba*—"Louise de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, the reigning mistress of Charles II. The preceding line refers to the subsidies which Charles received from France." [Noyes.]
- 37 738 *Wise Issachar*—Thomas Thynne of Longleat in Wiltshire, known because of his wealth as Tom Ten Thousand, had entertained Monmouth during his triumphal progress in 1680.
- 37 750 *A brother and a wife*—Oates accused the Duke of York and Queen Catherine of being participants in the Popish Plot.
- 39 817 *Barzillai*—James Butler, Duke of Ormond, a staunch supporter of Charles I and Charles II, one of Dryden's patrons. His eldest son, the Earl of Ossory, had died July 30, 1680.
- 40 864 *Zadoc*—William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury.
- 40 866 *The Sagan of Jerusalem*—Henry Compton, Bishop of London.
- 40 868 *Him of the western dome*—John Dolben, Dean of Westminster.
- 40 877 *Adriel*—John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, See p. 586.
- 40 882 *Jotham*—George Savile (1633-95), Viscount, Earl, and Marquis of Halifax See p. 590.
- 40 888 *Hushai*—Lawrence Hyde (1641-1711), son of the Earl of Clarendon, became Viscount Hyde and Earl of Rochester.
- 40 899 *Amiel*—Edward Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons from 1673 to 1679. He opposed the Bill of Exclusion, but supported the Revolution of 1688.

THE MEDAL

- 43 The motto (Virgil, *Æneid*, VI, 588-89):
"Through Elis and the Grecian towns he flew;
Th' audacious wretch four fiery courses drew
He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought godlike worship from a servile train."

(Dryden.)

The Earl of Shaftesbury had been imprisoned in the Tower, and the government sought to secure an indictment against him on the charge of high treason; but the grand jury rejected the bill, and Shaftesbury was released. "The triumph of the Whigs was unbounded; and, among other symptoms of exultation, it displayed itself in that which gave rise to this poem of Dryden. This was a medal of Lord Shaftesbury, struck by William [George] Bower, an artist who had executed some popular pieces allusive to the Roman Catholic Plot. The obverse presented the bust of the Earl, with the legend, *Antomo Comiti de Shaftesbury*; the reverse, a view of London, the Bridge, and the Tower; the sun is rising above the Tower, and just in the act of dispersing a cloud; the legend around the exergue is *Lætatur*, and beneath is the date of his acquittal, *24th November, 1681*. The partisans of the acquitted patriot wore these medals on their breasts, and care was taken that this emblem should be made as general as possible." [Scott.]

- 43 a. 18 *Polander*—"It was a standing joke among the opponents of Shaftesbury, that he hoped to be chosen King of Poland at the vacancy in 1673-74 when John Sobieski was elected." [Scott.]
- 43 b. 12 *No-Protestant Plot*—A pamphlet written by Robert Ferguson to defend Shaftesbury and his associates from the charge of treasonable designs against Charles II.
- 43 b. 20 *Scanderbeg*—An Albanian prince, who died in 1476, famed chiefly for his wars against the Turks.
- 44 a. 51 *Your dead author's pamphlet*—Andrew Marvell's *An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England* (1677).
- 44 b. 1 *Buchanan*—In the tract mentioned, George Buchanan (1506-82), famous for his historical and political works and also his Latin poetry, argues the case for a limited monarchy.

- 44 b. 4 *Guisards*—Followers of the Duke of Guise (1550–88). The Prologue to Dryden's *Duke of Guise* (1682) begins: "Our play's a parallel; the Holy League Begat our Covenant; Guisards got the Whig."
- 44 b. 5 *Davila*—Italian historian (1576–1631), author of the very popular *Storia delle Guerre Civili di Francia*.
- 44 b. 13 *Theodore Beza*—French Protestant (1519–1605) who succeeded John Calvin as leader of the reformed church.
- 45 a. 40 *Nonconformist parson*—The anonymous author of *A Whip for the Fools Back, who styles Honorable Marriage a Curs'd Confinement, in his Profane Poem of Absalom and Achitophel* (1682), which was followed by *A Key (with the Whip) to open the Mystery and Iniquity of the Poem call'd Absalom and Achitophel*.
- 48 145 *The man*—Marcus Licinius Crassus.
- 49 181 *The head*—Sir John Moore, the Lord Mayor of London, was a loyal supporter of the court party; the "gouty hands" were the two Whig sheriffs of London.
- 51 270 *Stum*—"New wine used to freshen up and cause a second fermentation." [Saintsbury.]
- 51 317 *Collatine*—Lucius Tarquinius Collatinus, who aided in the dethronement of the last King of Rome. Dryden here prophesies what will happen if Monmouth is made king.
- 52 323 *Pudet hæc, etc.*—Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, I, 758:
"To hear an open slander is a curse;
But not to find an answer, is a worse."
(Dryden.)
- MAC FLECKNOE
- 52 Thomas Shadwell (1642?–92), once a friend of Dryden's, had incurred his enmity by replying to *The Medal with The Medal of John Bayes, a Satire against Folly and Knavery*.
- 52 3 *Flecknoe*—Poet and Catholic priest, born in Ireland, died in 1678.
- 52 29 *Heywood and Shirley*—Thomas Heywood (d. 1650?) and James Shirley (1596–1666), two prolific dramatists.
- 52 33 *Norwich drugget*—A coarse woollen material, which Scott says "appears to have been sacred to the use of the poorer votaries of Parnassus."
- 52 36 *King John of Portugal*—Flecknoe had visited this monarch and, according to his own report, was patronized by him.
- 53 42 *Epsom blankets, etc.*—Alluding to Shadwell's play, *Epsom Wells*; possibly also to an incident in his *Virtuoso*.
- 53 43 *The new Arion*—"Dryden in these lines apparently refers to some actual festival, now lost to memory, in which Shadwell took part. Shadwell in his preface to *Psyche* boasts of his skill in music." [Noyes.]
- 53 53 *St. André's*—"St. André was an eminent dancing master of the period." [Scott.]
- 53 54 *Psyche*—Shadwell's rhymed opera was performed in 1674.
- 53 57 *Singleton*—A musician and singer, one of his parts being Villerius in Davenant's *Stège of Rhodes*, which had been ridiculed in *The Rehearsal*.
- 53 74 *Nursery*—A theater in Golden Lane, near the Barbican, used as a training-school for actors.
- 53 78 *Maximins*—Maximin is the ranting hero of Dryden's own *Tyrannic Love* (1670).
- 53 84 *Panton*—"A celebrated punster, according to Derrick." [Scott.]
- 53 87 *Dekker*—Thomas Dekker (1570?–1632), as Scott says, "did not altogether deserve the disgraceful classification which Dryden has here assigned to him."
- 53 91 *Misers, etc.*—*The Miser*, an adaptation of Molière's *L'Avare*, and *The Humorists* are plays by Shadwell. Raymond appears in *The Humorists*; Bruce in *The Virtuoso*.
- 54 102 *Ogleby*—John Ogilby (1600–76), translator of Homer and Virgil.
- 54 105 *Herringman*—One of the principal publishers under Charles II.
- 54 122 *Love's Kingdom*—"A 'pastoral tragic-comedy' by Flecknoe, the only one of his plays ever acted." [Noyes.]
- 55 151 *Gentle George, etc.*—Sir George Etheridge (1634?–91?). Dorimant and Mrs. Loveit appear in his comedy *The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter* (1676); Cully in *The Comical Revenge; or, Love in a Tub* (1664); and Cockwood in *She Would if She Could* (1668). See p. 582.
- 55 163 *Sedley*—Sir Charles Sedley (1639–1701) wrote a prologue for Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*. Dryden implies that he helped with the play itself.
- 55 168 *Sir Formal*—Sir Formal Trifle, a character in *The Virtuoso*, described by the author, Shadwell, as "the orator, a florid coxcomb."
- 55 170 *Northern dedications*—Alluding to the frequent dedications Shadwell addressed to the Duke of Newcastle and his family.
- 55 172 *Jonson's hostile name*—Shadwell was perpetually praising Jonson and, as a continuator of the comedy of humors, regarded himself as one of "the sons of Ben."
- 55 179 *Prince Nicander's vein*—This character appears in *Psyche*.
- 55 181 *Where sold he bargains*—"Selling bargains consisted in answering innocent questions with coarse phrases like that quoted in the text." [Noyes.]
- 56 212 *Bruce and Longville*—"This is an allusion to an incident in Shadwell's *Virtuoso*, where Bruce and Longville make Sir Formal Trifle disappear through a trap-door while he is speechifying." [Christie.]

THE SECOND PART OF ABSALOM
AND ACHITOPHEL

- 56 Most of this poem was written by the Tory poet and dramatist Nahum Tate (1652-1715); but Dryden was responsible for lines 310-509, and probably aided in other portions. The motto: "Nevertheless, someone, some captive to love, may read this also."
- 56 400 *Levi*—A priest. The passage preceding this is an attack on Balak, i. e., Gilbert Burnet, afterwards made bishop. Dryden satirized him again in *The Hind and the Panther*.
- 56 405 *Mephibosheth*—Samuel Pordage, clergyman and minor writer, who was reputed to have written a reply to *Absalom and Achitophel* entitled *Azaria and Hushai* and a reply to *The Medal* entitled *The Medal Revers'd*.
- 56 407 *Uzza*—Probably Jack Hall, a poetaster of the time, but the reference is uncertain.
- 56 408 *Og and Doeg*—Og is Shadwell; Doeg is Elkanah Settle (1648-1724).
- 57 444 *Transprose*—Alluding to the title of Settle's poem called *Absalom Senior, or Achitophel Transprosd*.
- 57 446 *Makes Heav'n's gate*, etc.—An exact quotation from the opening passage of Settle's poem.

RELIGIO LAICI

- 58 Dryden's poem, a defense of the Anglican Church, is preceded by a lengthy preface in prose. The motto: "The matter refuses ornamentation—content to instruct."
- 62 213 *Th' Egyptian bishop*—Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria (c. 296-373). His principal opponent was Arius, who denied the doctrine of the Trinity. The Athanasian view was adopted by the Council of Nice in 325.
- 63 228 *Thy matchless author's work*—Father Richard Simon's *Critical History of the Old Testament*, which was translated by Henry Dickinson, the friend whom Dryden addresses.
- 63 241 *Junius and Tremellius*—Calvinistic clergymen of the sixteenth century, translators of the Bible.
- 64 291 *Like Esdras*—See II Esdras xiv.
- 64 312 *Socinian*—A follower of Lælius and Faustus Socinus, Italian writers of the sixteenth century who rejected the doctrine of the Trinity.
- 65 346 *Pelagius*—A heretic of the fourth and fifth centuries who rejected the doctrine of original sin, and asserted the ability of man to perfect himself without the aid of divine grace.
- 67 456 *Tom Sternhold's*—Thomas Sternhold (d. 1549) collaborated with John Hopkins (d. 1570) in a metrical translation of the Psalms.

TO MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW

- 68 Anne Killigrew, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Henry Killigrew, and niece to Thomas Killigrew, the playwright, was maid of honor to the Duchess of York, afterwards Queen. The year after her death, a volume of her poems was published, in 1686, to which Dryden's eulogy was prefixed.
- 71 162 *Orinda*—Mrs. Katherine Phillips, "the matchless Orinda," died in 1664. Her poems were published three years later.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER

- 72 The motto (Virgil's *Æneid*, III, 96 and I, 405 combined):
"Undaunted youths, go seek that mother earth
From which your ancestors derive their birth."
and
"And by her graceful walk, the Queen of Love is known."
(Dryden.)
The poem, written in support of the Roman Catholic Church, is preceded by a prose introduction.

- 72 1 *Hind*—The Roman Catholic Church.
- 72 13 *Of these*, etc.—The Roman Catholic priests executed in England since the Reformation.
- 73 35 *Bear*—The Independents.
- 73 37 *Hare*—The Quakers.
- 73 39 *Apc*—The freethinkers.
- 73 41 *Lion*—James II, King of England.
- 73 43 *Boar*—The Anabaptists.
- 73 53 *Reynard*—The Arians, or Unitarians.
- 75 153 *Wolf*—The Presbyterians.
- 75 163 *His ragged tail*—"The Geneva gown of the Presbyterian clergy. Their close-cropped hair and black skull cap made their ears prominent; to which fact, and to the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination, Dryden refers in l. 165." [Noyes.]
- 75 170-173 *Full many a year*, etc.—After stating Scott's explanation, Christie adds: "But it is more probable that Dryden identifies British Presbyterians, 'Wickliff's brood,' with wolves, and refers to the extinction of the animal in Wales by the tribute of wolves' heads imposed on the kings. He mixes up with this the cruel persecution of 'Wickliff's brood,' the Lollards, in the reign of Henry V. Afterwards he suggests that the British Presbyterians could not claim so respectable an origin as from 'Wickliff's brood,' though 'the last of all the litter scaped by chance,' and that he is to be deduced from the Helvetian wolf."
- 75 180 *Zuinglius*—Ulric Zwingli (1484-1531), a reformer, began preaching in Switzerland in 1516.
- 76 181 *Calvin*—John Calvin (1509-64) was expelled from France in 1536, and took up his residence at Geneva.

- 76 182 *In Israel*, etc.—Dryden's own note refers to a passage in Peter Heylyn's *Acrius Redivivus; or, The History of the Presbyterians* (1670): "I know that some out of pure zeal unto the cause would fain intitle them to a descent from the Jewish Sanchedrim, ordained by God himself in the time of Moses." This explanation Heylyn denies, but adds that Presbyterians may claim an ancient origin—they can be traced to the rebels Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, who rose against Moses and Aaron (Numbers xvi, 1–35).
- 76 204 *Your native kennel*, etc.—A contemptuous reference to the smallness of the Republic of Geneva, the sanctuary of Presbyterianism and republicanism.
- 76 209 *Tweed*—Scotland. "If Dryden had looked to his own times, he would have seen that the Scottish Presbyterians made a very decided stand for monarchy after the death of Charles I; and even such as were engaged in the conspiracy of Baillie of Jerviswood, which was in some respects the counterpart of the Rye House Plot, refused to take arms, because they suspected that the intentions of Sidney, and others of the party in England, were to establish a commonwealth." [Scott.]
- 77 235 *From Celtic woods*, etc.—"The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV in 1685. Dryden here blames the French persecution of the Huguenots." [Christie.] For a different but less plausible view, see Noyes's note.
- 77 283 *The mighty hunter*—Nimrod. See Genesis x, 9.
- 77 284 *The blessed Pan*—Christ.
- 78 289 *British Lion*—James II, who is eulogized for his toleration of the Dissenters.
- 78 327 *The Panther*—The Church of England.
- 79 351 *A Lion, old*, etc.—"Henry VIII's passion for Anne Boleyn led the way to the Reformation." [Scott.]
- 79 367 *Where marriage pleasures*, etc.—The marriage of the clergy, an innovation due to Luther.
- 79 371 *Hatter'd out*—Tired, worn out.
- 79 391 *Herds*—Shepherds.
- 80 410 *In doubtful points*, etc.—Dryden here refers to conflicting opinions concerning the nature of the Eucharist. According to the Roman Catholic doctrine of *transubstantiation*, the bread and wine are *transformed* into the body and blood of Christ; according to the Lutheran doctrine of *consubstantiation*, the body and blood of Christ *reside in* the bread and wine. The Calvinists held that the body and blood are present, not literally and physically, but only spiritually. The Anglican view was expressed somewhat vaguely, but on the whole was Calvinistic.
- 81 449 *Isgrim*—The wolf.
- 83 552 *The Hind had seen him first*—"There was a classical superstition, that, if a wolf

saw a man before he saw the wolf, the person lost his voice. Dryden has adopted, apparently without authority, the converse of this superstitious belief." [Scott.]

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

- 83 Dryden's ode was written to be sung at the Feast of St. Cecilia, which was celebrated by a music society of London annually on November 22. The music was composed by Giovanni Battista Draghi.
- 84 52 *Organ*—"St. Cecilia is by tradition the patron saint of music, and an angel is said to have visited her while she was still on earth. But the editor cannot discover Dryden's authority for making her the inventress of the organ, or for representing that she drew an angel to her by its notes." [Noyes.]

EPIGRAM ON MILTON

- 85 Printed under the engraved portrait of Milton prefixed to the 1688 edition of *Paradise Lost*.

SONG: *Fair Iris*, etc.

- 85 From *Amphitryon* (1691).

SONG: *No, no, poor suff'ring heart*

- 85 From *Cleomenes* (1692).

RONDELAY

- 86 From *Miscellany Poems*, III (1693).

EXAMEN POETICUM

- 87 a. 50 *The best poet*—The Earl of Dorset, in a poem entitled *To Mr. Henry Howard on his incomparable, incomprehensible Poem, called the British Princes*.
- 87 b. 41 *Julius Scaliger*—Physician and classical scholar (1484–1558), a man of great erudition, but exceedingly arrogant.
- 88 a. 24 *Non ingenius*, etc.—Horace, *Epistles*, II, i, 88: "He does not applaud the talents of the dead, but rather attacks us; the envious wretch hates us and ours."
- 88 b. 39 *Quantum mutatus—Æneid*, II, 274: "How greatly changed!"
- 89 a. 8 *Like Perrault*—The first volume of his *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes* was published in 1688.

A DISCOURSE CONCERNING SATIRE

- 92 a. 7 *Casaubon*—In *De satyrica Græcorum pœsi et Romanorum satyrica*, Paris, 1605.
- 93 a. 1 *Three rivals*—Persius, Juvenal, and Horace.

- 93 a. 27 *My Lord*—This essay is addressed to the Earl of Dorset.
- 93 a. 53 *Bishop of Salisbury*—Gilbert Burnet, in *A Discourse of the Pastoral Care* (1692).
- 93 b. 40 *Plebeium sapere* [*sapire*]—"To have a common savor."
- 94 a. 5 *A witty friend*—"Wycherley, whose father refused to pay his debts." [Ker.]
- 94 a. 50 *Non nostrum*, etc.—Virgil, *Eclogues*, IV, 108 (altered): "It is not for us to compose such quarrels."
- 96 a. 15 *Bonum*, etc.—"The more common a blessing is, the better."
- 96 a. 30 *Ne sententiæ*, etc.—Petronius, *Satyricon*, 118: "Let no moral obtrude from the body of your speech."
- 96 a. 51 *Omne vafer*, etc.—Persius, *Satires*, I, 116-17:
 "Unlike in method, with concealed design
 Did crafty Horace his low numbers join
 And, with a sly insinuating grace
 Laughed at his friend, and looked him in
 the face;
 Would raise a blush where secret vice he
 found,
 And tickle while he gently probed the
 wound."
 (Dryden.)
- 97 a. 10 *Plain Dealer*—Wycherley, whose comedy *The Plain Dealer* was published in 1677.
- 97 a. 21 *Carpet ground*—Smooth, level.
- 97 a. 33 *Sermo pedestris*—Pedestrian gait.
- 97 b. 23 *Non tu*, etc.—Virgil, *Eclogues*, III, 26:
 "Dunce at the best: in streets but scarce
 allowed
 To tickle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd."
 (Dryden.)
- 99 a. 19 *Fecit id Augustus*, etc.—"Augustus did this ostensibly that he might please the Roman people and the chief men of the city; but really as a matter of personal expediency; for he intended to suppress the extreme impudence in speech of certain men, a boldness from which he himself was not exempt. For it would cause comment to suppress in his own name, but it was easy and useful in the name of another. Therefore he managed it under the appearance of law; as if the dignity of the Roman people were being attacked."
- 99 a. 40 *In Cassium*, etc.—Horace, *Epode* VI: "Against Cassius Severus, the damned poet."
- 99 b. 50 *Heinsius*—Daniel Heinsius, in his edition of Horace (1612).
- 100 a. 6 *Secuit urbem*, etc.—Persius, *Satires*, I, 114:
 "Yet old Lucilius never feared the times,
 But lashed the city and dissected crimes."
 (Dryden.)
- 100 a. 9 *Ense velut*, etc.—Juvenal, *Satires*, I, 165-168:
 "But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,

And flashes in the face of guilty men,
 A cold sweat stands in drops on every
 part,
 And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to
 smart."

(Dryden.)

- 100 a. 20 *Holyday*—Barten Holyday (1593-1661) brought out a translation of Persius in 1616, of Juvenal in 1673.
- 100 a. 31 *Stapylton*—Sir Robert Stapylton published his translation of six of Juvenal's *Satires* in 1644, and in 1647 a complete translation.

TO MR. CONGREVE

- 101 *Congreve's Double-Dealer* was acted in 1693. Dryden's poem was prefixed to the first edition of the play (1694).
- 101 15 *Vitruvius*—Marcus Pollio Vitruvius, Roman author of a valuable treatise on architecture, dedicated to Augustus.
- 101 39 *Romano*—"Dryden has made a serious mistake: Giulio Romano (1492-1546) was younger than Raphael (1483-1520), and was his pupil, not his master." [Noyes.]
- 101 48 *Tom*, etc.—"Thomas Shadwell, who had succeeded Dryden as Poet Laureat and Historiographer Royal, had died in 1692: he was succeeded as Poet Laureat by Nahum Tate, and as Historiographer by Thomas Rymer, who is here probably alluded to as 'Tom the Second.'"
 [Christie]
- 102 72 *Be kind*, etc.—Congreve carried out the behest by preparing the edition of Dryden's dramatic works published in 1717.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

- 102 This ode was written in honor of the Feast of St. Cecilia on November 22, 1697. It was set to music first by Jeremiah Clarke, later by Thomas Clayton (1711) and by Handel (1736).

PREFACE TO THE FABLES

- 108 a. 8 *Mr. Rymer*—The information, however, is incorrect. "Rymer knew something about Provençal poetry, and something about Chaucer, and through Dryden and Pope has made it a matter of traditional belief that Chaucer belongs, in some way or other, to 'the Provençal School.' Dryden seems not to have distinguished between Provençal and old French." [Ker.]
- 108 b. 48 *Versus*, etc.—*Quam versus inopes verum nugæque canoræ. Ars Poetica*, 322: "Than faithless grace and nonsense harmonized." (Howes.)
- 109 a. 1 *A religious lawyer*—Jeremy Collier. See note p. 118, a. 2.
- 109 b. 53 *Impiger*, etc.—Horace, *Ars Poetica*,

- 121: "Proud, stern, relentless, brave, the hero draw." (Howes.)
- 110 a. 4 *Quo fata*, etc.—Virgil, *Æneid*, V, 709: "Resign'd in every state
With patience bear, with prudence push
your fate."
(Dryden.)
- 110 b. 7 *Most of Chaucer's stories*, etc.—"Dryden's information on this topic is sadly at fault. There is no evidence that Chaucer was acquainted with the *Decameron*. He drew the plot, and much of the detail of *Palamon and Arcite* from Boccaccio's epic the *Teseide*. The story of Griselda he took from Petrarch, whose source was Boccaccio. The main source of his *Troilus and Criseyde* was Boccaccio's poem *Il Filostrato*. Though the direct originals of *The Wife of Bath's Tale* and *The Cock and the Fox* are unknown, Chaucer certainly did not invent the plot of either of them; the first story is probably of Celtic origin, the second is found in the mediaeval beast epic of Reynard the Fox." [Noyes.]
- 111 a. 37 *Inopem*, etc.—*Metamorphoses*, III, 466: "Plenty has made me poor."
- 111 a. 44 *Bartholomew Fair*—By Ben Jonson (1614).
- 111 b. 45 *One of our late great poets*—Cowley.
- 112 a. 19 *Nimis poeta*—"Too much a poet." The source is not Catullus, but Martial, iii, 44." [Noyes.]
- 112 a. 24 *Auribus*, etc.—"Fitted to the ears of that time." Tacitus (*Dialogue* 21) describes an oration of Calvus as *auribus judicum accommodata*." [Noyes.]
- 112 a. 32 *'Tis true*, etc.—The reference is to Thomas Speght, whose edition of Chaucer was published in 1597 and again in 1602.
- 112 b. 37 *The tale of Piers Plowman—The Plowman's Tale* was wrongly attributed to Chaucer, and was included in his works until it was excluded by Tyrwhitt in 1775.
- 113 a. 34 *A King of England*—"It is almost unnecessary to mention their names—Henry II and Thomas à Becket." [Scott.]
- 113 a. 41 *Dr. Drake*—Dr. James Drake, who published in 1699 a reply to Jeremy Collier's *View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*.
- 113 a. 49 *Prior læsit*—"He was the first of-fender."
- 113 b. 26 *Baptista Porta*—Giambattista della Porta (1543?-1615), famous Italian physi-cian.
- 114 b. 32 *The late Earl of Leicester*—Philip, third Earl, to whom Dryden had dedicated *Don Sebastian* in 1690; he was the brother of Algernon Sidney.
- 115 b. 12 *Multa renascentur*—Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 70-72:
"Full many a word, now lost, again shall rise,
And many a word shall droop which now we prize,
As shifting fashion stamps the doom of each,
Sole umpire, arbitress, and guide of speech."
(Howes.)
- 116 a. 16 *Facile est*, etc.—"It is easy to add to what is already invented."
- 116 a. 24 *Scudery*—Madeleine de Scudéry (1607-1701), one of the most prolific writers of French heroic romances.
- 117 a. 31 *The Flower and the Leaf*—A poem long since excluded from the Chaucer canon.
- 117 a. 39 *One M*—Luke Milbourne (1649-1720), a clergyman, who had attacked Dryden's translation of Virgil in *Notes on Dryden's Virgil* (1698).
- 117 a. 40 *B*—Sir Richard Blackmore (1650?-1729), in the preface to *Prince Arthur* (1695), had accused Dryden of gross immorality in his writings.
- 118 a. 2 *Mr. Collier*—Jeremy Collier (1650-1726), a non-juring clergyman, had created a great sensation with his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the Stage* (1698), in which Dryden and other Restoration dramatists are handled very severely.
- 118 b. 24 *Ab abusu*, etc.—"To pass from the abuse to the proper use is no logical sequence."
- 118 b. 33 *Demetri*, etc.—Horace, *Satires*, I, x, 90, 91: "You, Demetrius, and you, Tegellius, I order to go weep amidst the seats of your schoolboys."

SAMUEL BUTLER

(1612-1680)

[For Text see page 119.]

One might infer from the vast erudition in *Hudibras* that the author of this poem, like the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, had been immersed most of his life in college libraries. But Butler's formal education seems not to have extended beyond the curriculum of the cathedral school at Worcester. While in the household of the Countess of Kent, soon after he had left school, he had the privilege of forming the acquaintance of the great John Selden and apparently of serving him as an amanuensis. He acted also as

clerk to several country justices of the peace. One of them was Sir Samuel Luke of Bedfordshire, a colonel in Cromwell's army and a thorough-paced fanatic who provided the main outlines for the character of Sir Hudibras. While bowing to his Puritan master outwardly, the clerk was watching him and his rascally companions with the eye of a humorous critic, making notes in his commonplace-book, biding the time when he could give the unctuous piety of the sequestrators an immortality in satire. How much, if any, of his burlesque poem was written at the time is not known. Butler's first publication was a plea for the restoration of monarchy, *Mola Asinaria* (1659). This so impressed the Earl of Carbery that he took the author into his service and appointed him steward of Ludlow Castle; but since the book was published under a pseudonym, it could have done little to elevate Butler from the obscurity in which he had lived.

The date given on the title-page of *Hudibras* is 1663. It is clear, however, from Pepys's Diary that it had come off the press in time to be the talk of the town by Christmas of 1662. Fortunately there were many who had a keener sense of humor than Mr. Pepys had. The success of Butler's rollicking satire was instantaneous. Charles II found the ridicule of the Presbyterian knight and his squire so amusing that he carried a copy in his pocket and was constantly quoting the jingling couplets. His gratitude took the substantial and very unusual form of a gift of £300. *Hudibras* also received the tribute usually paid a popular book by piratical printers. Within a few weeks after its first appearance, the public was warned that "there had stolen abroad a most false and imperfect copy of a poem called *Hudibras*, without name either of printer or bookseller." This was not the worst: Butler suffered also from continuations written by Grub Street and published under his name. Against all such depredation a royal injunction was issued in 1677, forbidding anybody to print *Hudibras*, or any part of it, thereafter without the consent of Samuel Butler, Esq. Butler himself brought out a second part in 1664, and a third in 1678. But his interest had shifted: the villainies of the saints were superseded by the *querelle des femmes* and the impostures of astrologists and other false pretenders to science. Butler had married a widow, who according to legend was wealthy. Whether her wealth was real or imaginary, his last years were spent in need. In spite of the merriment he had provided Charles II and his courtiers, they made no provision for him, and Charles's neglect was to be cited thereafter as another instance of his proverbial ingratitude. The charge is perpetuated in the Latin epitaph placed upon the tomb erected to Butler's memory in Westminster Abbey in 1721, and in the lines which this epitaph suggested to Samuel Wesley:

"While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him when starv'd to death and turn'd to dust
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here an emblem shown;
He ask'd for bread and receiv'd a stone."

Another epitaph, composed by John Dennis for the monument in Covent Garden Church, where Butler was buried, pays him this tribute:

"He was a whole species of poets in one:
Admirable in a manner
In which no one else has been tolerable:
A manner which begun and ended in him,
In which he knew no guide,
And has found no followers."

The claim of *Hudibras* to originality is not in the least obscured by the patent fact that the author appropriated hints from innumerable sources. His poem is original in the sense that *Paradise Lost* is; what he borrowed he transmuted into his own. A study

of his indebtedness to other writers serves mainly to emphasize important differences between the suggestions he took and the use he made of them. This is true even of his relation to *Don Quixote*. Though he derived the framework of his narrative from Cervantes, his burlesque story of adventure is different in spirit and intention from that of its Spanish predecessor; it deliberately substitutes for affectionate ridicule of a crack-brained hero a caustic and devastating satire upon religious knaves. Dryden was clearly wrong in supposing that Butler would have done better to compose his poem in the heroic couplet. The discomfiture of Sir Hudibras would have been comical enough in any meter; it is made irresistibly ludicrous by Butler's galloping doggerel, his whimsical metaphors, and his absurd rhymes. The example he set was followed by a long line of "Hudibrastic poems"; but not one of his imitators ever approached the excellence of the master, and few succeeded in reproducing more than the mere externalities of his manner. He had "followers" enough, but none that were worthy. It is a further tribute to his originality that critics are still unable to agree upon the exact relationship of the "Hudibrastic poem" to other members of the burlesque family.

At his death Butler left a large collection of unpublished manuscripts in the hands of his friend Longueville. Most of these were published in 1759 under the direction of Robert Thyer as *The Genuine Remains of Samuel Butler*; but no complete edition appeared until very recently. He was given to much repetition. Several of the posthumous poems deal with the Puritans, and some of them may have been written before *Hudibras* was. Of the prose characters it is sufficient to say that they are excellent specimens of a literary type that originated and virtually ran its course in the seventeenth century. Significantly enough, every piece we have from Butler's pen is satirical. If he found anything in his world to commend, there is no record of his approval. There is abundant evidence that, though a royalist, he was no blind partisan. He is as severe upon the brazen profligacy of the sectaries of pleasure as he had been upon the fanatics; he is as ready to stab hypocrisy in learning and science as in religion, even though it sheltered itself under the ægis of the Royal Society. But is this a reason for suspecting, with some of his critics, that he was weak in his royalist belief? Upon what theory of party loyalty or consistency of principle was it incumbent upon a monarchist to approve the kind of monarch brought in by the Restoration or to refrain from venting his disgust upon the libertine court with which Charles surrounded himself? It is an error of judgment in the other direction, however, to assert that Butler's disapproval is confined wholly within the limits of amused contempt and therefore never gives the reader a cynical impression. There are moments, not many, it is true, when his disgust approaches the savage indignation and the withering pessimism of Swift.

EDITIONS: *The Genuine Remains in Verse and Prose of Mr. Samuel Butler*, ed. by R. Thyer, 2 vols., 1759; *The Poetical Works of Samuel Butler* (Aldine Poets), rev. ed. by R. Brimley Johnson, 2 vols., 1893; *Hudibras*, ed. by Henry G. Bohn, 1900; *The Collected Works of Samuel Butler* (Cambridge English Classics), ed. by A. R. Waller, 2 vols., 1905; *Satires and Miscellaneous Poetry and Prose*, ed. by René Lamar, Cambridge, 1928.

COMMENT: Edmund Blunden, "Some Remarks on Hudibras," *London Mercury*, XVIII (1928), 637 ff.; Beverly Chew, *Essays and Verses about Books*, 1926; Hardin Craig, "Hudibras, Part I, and the Politics of 1647," in *Manly Anniversary Studies in Language and Literature*, Chicago, 1923; Joseph T. Curtiss, "Butler's *Sidrophel*," *Pub. of Mod. Lang. Assn.*, XLIV (1929), 1066 ff.; E. S. de Beer, "The Later Life of Samuel Butler," *Review of English Studies*, IV (1928), 159 ff.; W. W. Greg, "Hudibrastics," *Times Literary Supplement*, Aug. 23, 1928, 605; C. V. Hancock, "The School of Samuel Butler," *Notes & Queries*, VIII (1921), 107; Samuel Johnson, "Butler," in *Lives of the English Poets*, ed. by G. B. Hill, Vol. I, Oxford, 1905; René Lamar, "Du nouveau sur l'auteur d'*Hudibras*," *Revue Anglo-Américaine*, Feb., 1924, 213 ff.; Ricardo Quintana, "Butler," *Modern Language Notes*, XLVIII (1933), 486; Ricardo Quintana, "The Butler-Oxenden Correspondence," *Modern Language Notes*, XLVIII (1933), 1 ff.; Ricardo Quintana, "John Hall of Durham and Samuel Butler: a note," *Modern Language Notes*, XLIV (1929), 176 ff.; Robert Shafer, ed., *Seventeenth Century Studies*, by Members of the Graduate School, University of Cincinnati, Princeton, N. J., 1933, "Samuel Butler"; Jan Veldkamp, *Samuel Butler, the Author of Hudibras*, Diss. Amsterdam, Hilversum, 1924; C. M. Webster, "Hudibras and Swift," *Modern Language Notes*, XLVII (1932), 245 f.

HUDIBRAS

- 119 3 *Hard words*—Alluding to the cant terms in the vocabulary of the Puritan zealots.
- 119 19 *Nor put up blow*, etc.—Submitted to no blow except that given him on the shoulder when he was dubbed knight by his sovereign.
- 119 22 *Charrel*—"A challenge; also an agreement in writing between parties or armies which are enemies." [MS. Key.]
- 119 24 *Swaddle*—"This word has two opposite meanings, one to beat or cudgel, the other to bind up or *swathe*, hence *swaddling clothes*." [Bohn.]
- 119 30 *Stout*—Brave.
- 121 98 *Like fustian*, etc.—Men wore suits made of fustian, a coarse cloth, with slits in it through which the silk lining was seen.
- 121 115 *The orator*—Demosthenes.
- 121 120 *Tycho Brahe*—A Danish mathematician. Erra Pater was the name assumed by Lilly, the famous astrologer, in 1635.
- 122 152 *Hight irrefragable*—Alexander Hales, of the thirteenth century, was so skilled in scholastic philosophy that he was styled "Doctor Irrefragabalis."
- 122 153 *Nommal*—The medieval schoolmen were divided into two conflicting groups, the Nominal and the Realist, under the leadership, respectively, of William Occham and John Dun Scotus.
- 122 179 *Navel*—"Several of the Ancients have supposed that Adam and Eve had no navels; and among the Moderns, the late learned Bishop Cumberland was of this opinion." [Grey.]
- 123 241 *So like a tile*—"In the time of Charles I, the beard was worn sharply peaked in a triangular form, like the old English tiles. Some had pasteboard cases to put over their beards in the night, lest they should get rumbled during their sleep." [Bohn.]
- 124 246 *The fall of scepters*—"As a comet is supposed to portend some public calamity, so this parliamentary beard threatened monarchy." [Bohn.]
- 124 251 *Heart-breakers*—A special kind of curl worn by women and men.
- 124 253 *Its own fall*—Alluding to the vows taken by many Puritans that they would not cut their beards until monarchy and episcopacy were eradicated.
- 124 258 *Cordelhere*—An order of the Franciscan monks, so called from the cord they wore.
- 124 279 *Taliacotius*—A surgeon at Bologna (1553-99), author of a Latin treatise on the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, etc.
- 125 308 *Siege of Bullen*—Siege of Boulogne by Henry VIII in 1544.
- 126 385 *Prentice to a brewer*—Alluding to Oliver Cromwell.
- 127 451 *A squire*—Ralph represents the Independents.
- 128 461 *Tyrian Queen*—Dido purchased as much land as could be enclosed by the hide of an ox; by cutting the hide into small strips, she procured twenty-two furlongs. See Virgil, *Æneid*, I, 367.
- 128 465 *Cross-legg'd knights*—In the funeral effigies Crusaders are represented with their legs crossed; tailors sit cross-legged at their work.
- 128 467 *The bloody cannibal*—The Saracens; but this is also a cant term applied to lice.
- 128 470 *Hell*—A pun on *hell*—the place visited by Æneas, also the receptacle used by tailors for scraps of cloth.
- 128 481 *Commendation nine-pence*—Coins that were bent and given as love-tokens. They were called "To my love and from my love."
- 128 505 *Dip themselves*—"Alluding to Ralph's religion, who was probably an Anabaptist or Dipper." [Grey.]
- 129 533 *Agrippa*—Born at Cologne in 1486, a military leader and also author of *De Occulta Philosophia*.
- 129 535 *Anthroposophus*—Dr. Vaughan, so called from his treatise *Anthroposophia Theomagica*. Robert Floud (or Fludd) was an Elizabethan physician who devoted much time to the occult sciences. Jacob Behmen, of the same period, was a mystic; most of his writing is unintelligible except to the initiated.
- 129 539 *Rosicrucian*—The hermetical philosophy of the Rosicrucians (called also the Illuminati, the Immortales, and the Invisible Brotherhood) was originated by a German, Christian Rosenkreuz.
- 129 540 *Verè adeptus*—A title assumed by the alchemists who claimed they had discovered the philosopher's stone.
- 129 541 *The speech of birds*—Porphyry held that animals use a language which, with proper study, can be discovered by man.
- 129 546 *When they cry*, etc.—"In allusion, no doubt, to the story of Henry the Eighth's parrot, which falling into the Thames, cried out, *A boat, twenty pounds for a boat*, and was saved by a waterman, who on restoring him to the King claimed the reward. But on appeal to the parrot he exclaimed, *Give the knave a groat*." [Bohn.]
- 129 560 *Fair of Bartholmew*—The puppet-shows given at Bartholomew Fair often represented biblical history.
- 130 577 *Knights o' th' post*—Conscienceless rogues who hired themselves out as false witnesses in the courts of justice; so called because they were to be found at the posts where sheriffs' proclamations were placed.
- 130 593 *Mercury*—Patron saint of thieves.
- 131 640 *Withers*, etc.—George Wither (1588-1667), William Prynne (1600-1669), and John Vicars (1580?-1652), Puritan writers.
- 131 651 *Forked hill*—Parnassus.
- 131 659 *A town*—Probably Brentford.

- 132 709 *Curule wit*—"Some of the chief magistrates in Rome were said to hold curule offices, from the chair of state or chariot they rode in, called *sella curulis*." [Bohn.]
- 132 712 *Pharos*—The name of a famous ancient light-house.
- 133 721 *Quantum in nobis*—"To the best of our ability," we, etc.
- 133 730 *Cov'nant*—The Solemn League and Covenant.
- 133 736 *Though ev'ry nare*, etc.—"Although not every nose can smell it."
- 133 741 *Have we not*, etc.—"Have we not more than enough enemies who hate us worse than dog and snake?"
- 133 746 *Cynarctomachy*—Compounded from three Greek words meaning a fight between dogs and bears.
- 133 752 *Averruncate*—Root out.
- 133 755 *Cause*, etc.—All favorite terms in the Puritan vocabulary.
- 134 805 *Assembly*, etc.—Ralph's reference to Presbyterian institutions was ill-advised, as the sequel shows.
- 134 818 *Ad amusim*—"Correct according to rule."
- 134 822 *Totidem verbis*—"In so many words."
- 134 824 *Homæosis*—Explanation by analogy.
- 135 841 *Mira de lente*—"Great cry and little wool."
- 135 874 *Steer'd by fate*—Hudibras was a staunch predestinarian, as all Presbyterians were.
- 136 896 *Yclep'd*—Sir Samuel Luke.
- 136 909 *Phrygian knight*—Laocoon, suspect-

ing treachery, ran his spear into the wooden horse which concealed the Greek soldiers.

136 918 *A wight*—Richard Cromwell.

SATIRE UPON THE LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II

- 136 4 *Letcher*—Lecher. Cf. archaic *letch*, meaning strong desire, passion.
- 137 7 *Two dreadful judgments*—The plague of 1665 and the great fire of 1666.

A FIFTH-MONARCHY MAN

- 142 b. 11 *Perkin Warbeck*—An impostor (1474-99) who claimed to be Richard, son of Edward IV, and tried to secure the kingdom as Richard IV, but was defeated and hanged. Lambert Simnel pretended to be the Earl of Warwick and was crowned Edward VI in 1487, but was reduced to serving as turnspit in the royal kitchen.

THE HENPECKED MAN

- 143 a. 39 *In capite*—Applied to land held immediately of the king, who was spoken of as "lord paramount."

AN ASTROLOGER

- 144 a. 2 *Tam ficti*, etc.—Virgil, *Æneid*, IV, 188: "As tenacious of falsehood and wrong."

ABRAHAM COWLEY

(1618-1667)

[For Text see page 146.]

If a "Session of the Poets" had been convened on the eve of the Restoration, almost certainly first honors would have been awarded to Abraham Cowley. His fame had been great since 1633, when his *Poetical Blossoms* was published, a volume of early verse containing one poem written when the precocious author was only ten years old. While Cowley was a fellow at Cambridge, he brought out, in 1638, a pastoral drama, *Love's Riddle*, and a Latin comedy, *Naufragium Jocularè*, and immediately before his expulsion he satirized his Puritan enemies in a comedy called *The Guardian* (1641). During the troubled period that followed, he was engaged in Paris to carry on Queen Henrietta Maria's cipher-correspondence with Charles I and to conduct various diplomatic missions for the royalists. In spite of the enforced interruption of his literary pursuits, a loss he afterwards lamented in his essay "Of Myself," he found time in 1647 to produce a collection of love poems called *The Mistress*. Upon his return to England as a royalist spy in 1655, he was arrested by Cromwell's officers and imprisoned, but managed to procure his release. He then became a student of medicine, first at Oxford, and later in a rural retreat in Kent, and was granted his degree by the University of Oxford in 1657. In the year previous, he had published his *magnum opus*, a volume of poems including the *Miscellanies*, *The Mistress*, the *Pindarics*, and four books of his biblical epic, *Davidicis*. Cowley was valued chiefly for his Pindaric odes, his elaborate conceits, and his performance in the epic style. Critics overlooked the fact then, as some of their successors are still

inclined to do, that some of his poetry is characterized by a charming directness and simplicity of style at curious odds with his pompous odes and "starched similitudes." This oversight has proved costly to the poet: he was praised for pedantries which were destined to be in fashion for a short time and then to be damned as unconscionable sins against good taste. "Not being of God, he could not stand." But at the Restoration the Pindaric ode was at the height of its popularity, the tide was only beginning to turn against *préciosité* in wit, and the composition of a second-rate epic, such as Cowley's *Davideis* or Davenant's *Gondibert* (1651), was a certain passport to fame. In the year 1660 Abraham Cowley was incontestably "the darling of the Muses."

When Charles II returned, Cowley was in Paris; but he was back in England in time to present his *Ode upon the Blessed Restoration and Return of his Sacred Majesty, Charles II* on May 31, 1660. The former secretary to the Queen Mother was now ready to reap the reward for years of bitter privation. Fortune at first seemed to be in a propitious mood. *The Guardian*, revised and renamed *Cutter of Coleman-Street*, was played at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and, though not successful on the first night, afterwards redeemed itself sufficiently to be commanded at court. Cowley was considered one of the ablest counselors in the promotion of the Royal Society; Sprat says, indeed, that his *Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy* (1661) served in some respects as a model for the new organization. Meanwhile, however, the one honor he craved was being withheld; he was obtaining no guerdon from the new king. He saw one claimant after another provided for while he was left unhonored and unregarded. For this neglect of an old family servant Charles II had at least the shadow of an excuse, as the suppliant himself knew only too well. Cowley had secured Cromwell's pardon under circumstances that cast a suspicion upon his steadfastness in the Stuart cause. Unfortunately, too, that suspicion was more or less confirmed by a passage in the Preface to the poems issued in 1656—a rather vague statement to be sure, but one implying that he now acquiesced in the *de facto* government of the Usurper. The offense might conceivably have been forgiven by the good-natured Charles but for the opposing influence of his Lord Chancellor. Many repentant sinners were welcomed back to the royalist fold with rejoicing, Mr. Edmund Waller and Cowley's friend the Duke of Buckingham, and others whose acceptance of Cromwell admitted of no doubt; yet Cowley could not atone for his slight aberration, if it was one, by *A Vision concerning his late pretended Highness, Cromwell the Wicked* (1661) or by his poem called "The Complaint." Realizing finally that his prayers were to be of no avail, the "melancholy Cowley," as he now called himself, abandoned hope and went into seclusion.

Some of his friends were more grateful than Charles. The Queen Mother, St. Albans, and Buckingham, among them, made it possible for him to realize a wish he had expressed in his boyhood, of retiring to the country and living in the manner of Horace on his Sabine farm. Forsaking "the monster London," he took up his residence at Barn Elms, Surrey, in 1663. Two years later he removed to the more healthful air of Chertsey, where he remained until his death. Although his rustic exile was in a sense a *pis aller*, he undoubtedly enjoyed the ease and quiet and the opportunity he now had to play at gardening and to exchange opinions with his friend Evelyn. His literary work during these final years is so different from most of his earlier writing that it is difficult to associate it with the same authorship. When he abandoned cities, courts, and ambition, he virtually abandoned also the artificialities of style which had given him his great reputation. Now that he was a country gentleman, the forger of Pindarics and witty conceits took as his model the easy and chatty manner of Montaigne's essays. The *Several Discourses by way of Essays, in Verse and Prose* was first published, in 1668, after the author's death, under the direction of his faithful friend and literary executor, Thomas Sprat, who was also to be his Boswell. The prose essays and the accompanying verses, most of them translations from the classics, have stood the test of time much better than Cowley's earlier and more pretentious work.

"Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart."

Gradually Pope's praise has come to be applied, with some injustice, almost exclusively to what Lamb called the "graceful ramblings" of these final compositions.

EDITIONS: *The Works of Mr. Abraham Cowley*, 1668 and many subsequent editions; *The Complete Works in Verse and Prose of Abraham Cowley*, ed. by A. B. Grosart (The Chertsey Worthies Library), 2 vols., Edinburgh and London, 1881; *Prose Works*, ed. by J. R. Lumby, Cambridge 1887, rev. by Arthur Tilley, 1923; *The English Writings of Abraham Cowley*, ed. by A. R. Waller 2 vols., Cambridge, 1905-06; *The Essays and Other Prose Writings*, ed. by A. B. Gough, Oxford 1915; *Anacreon done into English out of the Original Greek by Abraham Cowley and S. B.*, 1683; London: Nonesuch Press, 1923; *The Mistress, with other select poems of Abraham Cowley, 1618-1667*, ed. by John Sparrow, 1926.

COMMENT: "Cowley's Lyrics," *Times Literary Supplement*, Nov. 18, 1926, 805 f.; Richard Aldington, "Cowley and the French Epicureans," *New Statesman*, XVIII (1921), 133 f.; C. H. Firth, "Cowley at the Restoration," *The Academy*, XLIV (1893), No. 1118, 296; H. W. Garrod, "Cowley, Johnson, and the 'Metaphysicals,'" in *The Profession of Poetry and Other Lectures*, Oxford, 1929; Edmund Gosse, "Abraham Cowley," in *Seventeenth Century Studies*, 1883; Samuel Johnson, "Cowley," in *Lives of the English Poets*, ed. by G. B. Hill, Vol. I, Oxford, 1905; Alexander C. Judson, "Abraham Cowley in Arcadia," *Seaweed Review*, XXXI (1923), 220 ff.; Jean Loiseau, *Abraham Cowley, sa vie, son œuvre*, Paris and London, 1931; Jean Loiseau, *Abraham Cowley's Reputation in England*, Paris, 1931; J. M. McBryde, "A Study of Cowley's *Davidis*," *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, II (1898), 454 ff., III (1900), 24 ff.; Arthur H. Nethercot, *Abraham Cowley: the Muse's Hannibal*, Oxford and London, 1931; Arthur H. Nethercot, "Abraham Cowley as Dramatist," *Review of English Studies*, IV (1928), 1 ff.; Arthur H. Nethercot, "Abraham Cowley's *Discourse concerning Style*," *Review of English Studies*, II (1926), 385 ff.; Arthur H. Nethercot, "Abraham Cowley's Essays," *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, XXIX (1930), 114 ff.; Arthur H. Nethercot, "Concerning Cowley's Prose Style," *Pub. of Mod. Lang. Assn.*, XLVI (1931), 962 ff.; Arthur H. Nethercot, "The Letters of Abraham Cowley," *Modern Language Notes*, XLIII (1928), 369 ff.; Arthur H. Nethercot, "The Relation of Cowley's 'Pindarics' to Pindar's Odes," *Modern Philology*, XIX (1921), 107 ff.; Arthur H. Nethercot, "The Reputation of Abraham Cowley (1660-1800)," *Pub. of Mod. Lang. Assn.*, XXXVIII (1923), 528 ff.; John Sparrow, "The Text of Cowley's *Mistress*," *Review of English Studies*, III (1927), 22 ff.; Ruth Wallerstein, "Cowley as a Man of Letters," *Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters*, XXVII (1932), 127 ff.; Emma A. Yarnall, *Abraham Cowley*, Berne, 1897.

A PROPOSITION, etc.

150 a. 24 *Arbitri duarum mensarum*—Governors for two months.

TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY

153 Prefixed to Sprat's *History of the Royal Society* (1667).

OF SOLITUDE

157 a. 1 *Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*—"Never less alone than when alone."

158 b. 49 *O quis me*, etc.—*Georgics*, II, 488: "Or lift me high to Heaven's hilly crown Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down." (Dryden.)

THE GARDEN

162 a. 15 *Studiis florere*, etc.—*Georgics*, IV, 564: "Prosper in studies of inglorious ease."

162 b. 28 *That book*—Cowley's essay was written in 1664. Evelyn had published his *Kalendarium Hortense* (1664); the book promised was *Of Gardens* (1673).

THOMAS SPRAT

(1635-1713)

[For Text see page 172.]

Two of the lasting interests in Thomas Sprat's life were developed, more or less by accident, while he was a student of arts and divinity at Wadham College, Oxford. At this

time the members of the "invisible College," under the leadership of John Wilkins, were holding those meetings that were afterwards to result in the incorporation of the Royal Society. Sprat was a favorite student of Wilkins's, and, though too young to be admitted to these learned conclaves of the *virtuosi*, became keenly interested in the scientific enterprise of which he was eventually to become the historian. Another enthusiasm of his had its birth when the great Abraham Cowley visited Oxford for the purpose of presenting his *Poems* (1656) to the University, and chained a copy in the Bodleian Library. Sprat was so stirred by this impressive ceremony that he forthwith composed an ode "Upon the Poems of the English Ovid, Anacreon, Pindar, and Virgil, ABRAHAM COWLEY." Although neither this nor any of the other frigid odes written by "Pindaric" Sprat, as he came to be known, reflects much glory on his model, years of hero-worship amply entitled him to be selected as Cowley's literary executor and biographer. He was granted his B.A. in 1654, and his M.A. in 1657. Two years later he mourned the death of Oliver Cromwell in verse as the other poets did, his elegy appearing in the same volume with Waller's and Dryden's.

At the Restoration Sprat shifted his affections to the new political *régime* as became a young man on the lookout for ecclesiastical honors. He was ordained priest on March 10, 1661, and soon afterwards, through the influence of Cowley, made chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham. From this minor post he was to be advanced through various gradations to the bishopric of Rochester in 1680. Sprat's first prose-work was of an amusingly patriotic kind. It is difficult to understand now what a storm of indignation Samuel Sorbières raised with his *Relation d'un Voyage en Angleterre* (1664). The French tourist's observations on English customs and institutions were so hotly resented that Louis XIV thought it prudent to conciliate his English friends by relegating the offender. This gesture of the Grand Monarch's did not entirely assuage the feelings of the aggrieved islanders. At the right moment, Thomas Sprat stepped forward in the rôle of national champion. His *Observations on Monsieur de Sorbier's Voyage to England*, written with some help from Evelyn, is a point-by-point refutation of the errors and aspersions of a critic who, according to Sprat himself, had spoken even more insultingly of the English than Scaliger had done in the previous century. His reply was first published in 1665; there was a second edition in 1668, and it was reprinted, together with an English translation of Sorbières's slanderous observations, in 1709. Sprat had been admitted to the Royal Society in 1663. He was also a member of the committee appointed to suggest ways and means of improving English prose style. Probably the success of his attack on Sorbières was one of the reasons for his being encouraged to write *A History of the Royal Society* (1667). The two books have much in common. No inconsiderable part of the *History* is a patriotic argument to show that the people of England, though often ridiculed by foreigners for superficial faults, have more solid virtues of mind and morals than any of their European rivals. They would succeed in science because they were the people chosen and set aside for this work by Nature herself through their geographical position and the peculiar mental habits resulting from climatic environment. This chauvinism is not, of course, the only reason for the great popularity of a book which continued to be reprinted until 1764. Nor does Dr. Johnson explain the reason fully when he says that this is "one of the few books which selection and sentiment and elegance of diction have been able to preserve, though written upon a subject flux and transitory." While expounding and defending the aims of the New Science, Sprat also explained how the scientific spirit was expected to affect the entire character of the English people, how it was to enter into and modify their religion, philosophy, and literature. His statement of the case for a dispassionate rationalism is the most compendious one to be found. Brief as his treatment of literature is, it explains more fully than the literary critics themselves do why English poetry became the unspiritual, unimaginative, and unemotional product it did become after 1660 and continued to be during the so-called Augustan Age. So long as a purely intellectual ideal prevailed, Sprat's *History* was honored as the credo, not only of

scientists, but of philosophers and poets. It lost its popularity only when new conceptions crowded out those he had codified. Although he lived to a remarkable old age and was famous for his sermons, his only other contribution of a literary kind was his *Life of Cowley*. This appeared first as a brief sketch prefixed to Cowley's Latin work on plants; it was afterwards expanded and published as an introduction to the 1668 edition of the *Works*.

EDITIONS: *The History of the Royal Society of London, for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge*, 4th edition, 1734.

THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY

- 172 a. 11 *Academics*—The Italian Academy (L'Accademia della Crusca) was founded in 1582 at Florence; the French Academy in 1634.
- 172 b. 19 *English Academy*—In December, 1664, the Royal Society appointed a

committee—including Sprat, Evelyn, Waller, and Dryden—to recommend ways of improving the English language, evidently in the hope that from this beginning there would develop an English Academy corresponding to the Italian and the French. The project was encouraged by many writers of that time and later, among them Defoe and Swift, but was never carried out. See Part II, Section XX.

JOHN EACHARD

(1636?–1697)

[For Text see page 186.]

The witty critic of Restoration clergymen, though as he says not a member of the order, had ample opportunity to observe young clergymen in the making. He was admitted to Catharine Hall, Cambridge, in 1653, obtained his B.A. in 1656, was awarded a fellowship in 1658, and proceeded to the M.A. in 1660. Five years after the appearance of his essay, he was appointed Master of Catharine Hall, and was twice elected to the vice-chancellorship of the University—in 1679 and 1695. *The Grounds and Occasions for the Contempt of the Clergy* (1670) evidently reached a large public, for several editions were called for. Such an *exposé* would inevitably stir up opposition. Eachard saw fit to make a reply to *An Answer to a Letter of Inquiry* (1671), but seems to have ignored his other assailants. That Swift was thoroughly familiar with Eachard's shrewd criticism and took hints from it is evident from his own *Letter to a Young Clergyman* (1721). Apparently after the eighteenth century it dropped out of sight, to be brought to notice again by Macaulay's extensive use of it in the famous third chapter of his *History of England*. Again the amusing picture was resented. The Reverend Churchill Babington, M.A., Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, attacked Macaulay for taking seriously a report which, in his opinion, was no better than a caricature. He claimed that Eachard had unmercifully burlesqued "the sermons of sundry injudicious and ignorant clergymen," and had drawn "the most facetious picture of the extremities to which others were reduced by poverty."

Eachard himself is careful to say that his description does not apply to all of the profession. He knew well enough that there were many excellent preachers in the Church of England and that they were amply provided for. He was thinking only of the "injudicious and ignorant" and those whose pitiable shifts to make a living were a reflection, not on them, but on the ecclesiastical system itself. It is easy to see why contemporary ecclesiastics winced under his lash, and why those of a later time would wish to think he had grossly exaggerated both the ridiculousness of pulpit oratory and the poverty of the lower orders. But there is no real ground for doubt that he was telling the truth. Evidence, though less detailed and concentrated than his, is to be had from other sources in the seventeenth and the eighteenth century. As early as 1646 the florid style of preach-

ing was assailed in *Ecclesiastes or the Gift of Preaching*, a popular book by John Wilkins, afterwards Bishop of Chester and one of the founders of the Royal Society. The ideal of plain sincerity was adopted by his friend Tillotson, whose example was followed by Stillingfleet, South, and others. There was a deliberate movement after 1660 to secure for the pulpit the kind of prose recommended in Sprat's *History of the Royal Society*. In the year Sprat's book was published South poked fun at the rhetorical style of Jeremy Taylor by saying of a sermon of his own that it contained "nothing of the door of angel's wings or the beautiful locks of cherubims; no starched similitudes, introduced with a 'thus have I seen a cloud rolling in its airy mission,' and the like." Much of the ground of Eachard's essay was covered, also, though less entertainingly, by Joseph Glanvil in *An Essay Concerning Preaching* (1678). As to the ignominious poverty of the inferior clergy, sufficient testimony could be had from novels and plays of the eighteenth century if there were no other sources of information. That Eachard added the salt of wit to his criticism does not argue against its authenticity or the sincerity of his purpose.

His essay had a much wider bearing than the title implies. If the standard of prose style was to be improved, it was necessary to discipline the clergy, for sermons were listened to by most of Charles II's subjects, and for many hearers constituted the main criterion of good English. Clergymen, says Dryden, "are commonly the first corrupters of eloquence, and the last reformed from vicious oratory." Besides, in his attack upon the vices of the pulpit, Eachard exposed the whole system of education so thoroughly that, in spite of his modest disclaimer, his essay is entitled to a position of historical importance in the period intervening between Milton and Locke.

EDITIONS: *An English Garner*, Vol. VII, ed. by E. A. Arber, 1895. Rptd. in *Critical Essays and Literary Fragments*, ed. by J. Churton Collins, n. d.

COMMENT: Florence E. Dyer, "The Eachard Family," *Times Literary Supplement*, June 27, 1929, 514; J. A. Thomas, "Some Contemporary Critics of Thomas Hobbes," *Economica*, June, 1929, 185 ff.

THE GROUNDS AND OCCASIONS, etc.

188 b. 53 *Janua Linguarum Reserata*—By John Amos Comenius, published in 1631.

190 a. 19 *Lilly's poetry*—Poetical extracts contained in the famous Latin grammar by William Lilly (1460?–1522), of which the earliest edition known is of 1527.

191 a. 30 *College tables*—Boards on which announcements were posted.

191 a. 47 *Burgesdicius*—Franco Burgersdyck (1590–1635), author of *Institutiones Logicarum* (1626), a textbook in logic which continued to be used at Cambridge until 1710.

Eustachius—Eustathius (twelfth century), Archbishop of Thessalonica, author of a Commentary on the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* and other critical works.

191 b. 29 *Wollebius*—John Wollebius, author of *Christian Divinity*, of which there was an abridged translation by Alexander Ross, called *Compendium Theologica Christiana* (1657).

192 a. 42 *Bond*—Bandage.
Glyster—Injection.

192 a. 48 *The glass*—Hour-glass.

194 a. 30 *Dominatio vestra*—Your lordship.

194 b. 53 *Lycosthenes*—Conrad Lycosthenes, author of *Indices in Ptolemaic Geographiam* (1552) and *Pradigiorum ac Ostentorium Chronicon* (1557).

195 a. 29 *Barnaby Bright*—St. Barnabas' Day, June 11, the longest day in the year according to the Old Style of reckoning.

196 a. 46 *Qui mihi*—The first words of a poem addressed by Lilly to his pupils and placed at the end of his grammar. Cf. Marlowe's *Faustus*: "Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*"

196 b. 32 *Tripas*—The final examination for honors in Cambridge University.
Terra-filius—An orator permitted to be highly satirical in a speech at the public "act" of the University of Oxford.
Prævaricator—The Cambridge equivalent of the Oxford *Terra-filius*.

200 a. 23 *The Second Part of Wits Commonwealth*—By Francis Meres (1598).

200 a. 26 *Wholly consisting of similitudes*—Collins thinks the reference is to John Spencer's *Things New and Old, or a Storehouse of Similes, Sentences, Allegories*, etc. (1658).

203 a. 15 *Friendly Debates*—Simon Patrick's *A Friendly Debate between a Conformist and a Nonconformist*, in two parts (1669).

205 b. 7 *Mr. Caryl*—Joseph Caryl's *Commentary on the Book of Job*, 12 vols. (1651–56) superseded a similar work by the Spanish theologian Joseph Pineda (d. 1637). Samuel Clarke (1599–1683) produced numerous "Lives." (See D.N.B.)

SAMUEL PEPYS

(1633-1703)

[For Text see page 210.]

Since the father of the diarist, a London tailor, was a man in humble circumstances, biographers of Pepys have inferred that most of his education was provided for by his kinsman, Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards first Earl of Sandwich, the benefactor so often referred to in the Diary as "my Lord." After Pepys had learned his rudiments, he attended the Huntingdon grammar school and St. Paul's, London, and then entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge, later transferring as a sizar to Magdalene College. At this time he was a "great Roundhead"—so outspoken indeed that years afterward he was uneasy lest his early republican sentiments might be recalled and reported to his prejudice. Except that he was once "solemnly admonished" for having been "scandalously overserved with drink the night before," nothing of note is preserved concerning his life at college. He graduated in 1653. At the age of twenty-two, he married Elizabeth St. Michel, a pretty girl of fifteen, the daughter of an impecunious Huguenot and an English mother. The young couple lived at first in the London house of Montagu, Pepys acting as a factotum for "my Lord." The year 1658 was an important one for him. In this year he underwent a successful operation for the stone, an event he afterwards commemorated annually with great ceremony. In the same year, through Montagu's influence, he was employed as a clerk to Sir George Downing, and, now that he was assured of an annual income of £50 (besides possessing a capital reserve of £40), he and his wife set up for housekeeping. At this point, while Pepys was living in Axe Yard, Westminster, he began to be his own biographer. When he made the first entry in his Diary, January 1, 1660, he was so poor that for want of coals he and his wife found it necessary at times to go to his father's house to keep warm.

Under the new government his rise to power and affluence was spectacular. It was a happy omen for the "great Roundhead" that he was allowed to accompany Montagu on the expedition sent out to bring the exiled Stuarts back to England. Pepys had cause for declaring that his good fortune really began on the *Naseby*, which was now rechristened the *Royal Charles*. He reports with gusto that before the end of this historic voyage the Duke of York actually called him "Pepys" and talked to him familiarly. The friendship he thus struck up with the future Lord High Admiral was to be lasting and profitable. He now had two patrons instead of one. On July 13, 1660, a patent was issued naming Samuel Pepys clerk of the King's ships and of the Acts of the Navy. He was thus made a member of the Navy Board, which comprised a treasurer, controller, surveyor, and four commissioners, and as secretary he had equal authority with the other members. Although the rate of pay mentioned in the patent was only £33 6s. 8d., by special arrangement his salary was fixed at £350. Ten days later he was appointed clerk of the Privy Seal—a minor honor, but one attended, he soon discovered to his joyful surprise, by a remuneration of about £3 a day. Within the same year, September 24, though utterly unqualified as he knew, he was made a justice of the peace. Pepys was more than a place-hunter. What he did not know and needed to know in the discharge of his duties, he learned. His appointment to the Tangier Commission in 1662 and to the post of surveyor-general of the Victualing Office, October 27, 1665, was in recognition of the valuable services he had rendered. Even his opponents in the Navy Office (and there were some) could not but respect his natural abilities and his application to business.

It was his accidental fate to be connected with the English navy during the most disgraceful chapter in its history. Yet the record would have been more disgraceful than it was but for his conscientious and efficient work. Under any standard of public morality except that of the Restoration, his own acquisitiveness would have been reprehensible; but according to the ethics of his time, he made no more than the legitimate profit from

his various offices. He could not be "bribed to be unjust"; yet he "was not so squeamish as to refuse a present after." The truth is (the Diary affords evidence), he could be induced to take the gift *before* the event. On one occasion, however, he returned the gratuity when he learned that the donor had changed his mind and was no longer a candidate for the position Pepys was to help him secure. By overhauling the system used in the victualing of Tangier, he managed, he tells us proudly, to save a thousand a year for his Majesty—and three hundred for himself. This statement, Stevenson remarks, "exactly fixes the degree of the age's enlightenment." At least it may be said that Pepys's casuistical distinctions were better than none at all. Although the accumulation of £6900 in his first seven years of office suggests that his palm was being crossed too frequently, only a perverse reader of the Diary would question Samuel Pepys's sincerity when he concludes his annual inventory of December 31 with fervent thanks to God that he is in a prosperous way. No one doubts that he genuinely lamented the scandalous mismanagement of funds and the wholesale speculation of his superiors, from the king down, and suffered extreme mortification over the catastrophe brought about by their ignorance and criminal selfishness. The complete failure of the navy and the ignominy of the defeat inflicted upon England by the Dutch in 1667 produced a storm of popular indignation and a parliamentary inquiry. It speaks well for Pepys's reputation among his colleagues that he was delegated to present their defense. His three-hour speech before the House of Commons on March 5, 1668, procured a favorable verdict and was quite naturally regarded by the speaker himself as one of his greatest achievements.

On account of failing eyesight, he found it necessary the next year to apply to the Duke of York for leave of absence from his official duties. Appalled by the prospect of total blindness, he closed his Diary on May 31, 1669, with this solemn entry: "And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my journal. . . . And so I betake myself to that course which is almost as much as to see myself go into the grave; for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me." His fear of blindness was not realized. His eyesight improved sufficiently to enable him to return to his official labors; but he never resumed, fully, the rôle of reporter. In the remaining thirty-three years of his life he is, therefore, a relatively indistinct figure. We have glimpses of him as he is referred to in connection with public affairs or mentioned by his friend Evelyn. There are also letters of his in print; but Pepys the letter-writer is not Pepys the diarist. The death of his wife, which occurred in 1669, evidently affected him deeply, partly because his conscience smote him for the unhappiness she had suffered upon her discovery of his infidelities. From 1672 to 1678 he served as secretary of the Admiralty. During the frenzy of the Popish Plot, he fell under suspicion, and was imprisoned in the Tower from December of 1678 to the following March, when the charge of his complicity with the Roman Catholics was dropped for want of evidence. He was reappointed to the same office in 1684. In 1684 and again in 1685 he was elected president of the Royal Society, of which he had been an active member since 1664. At the Revolution of 1688 he was again imprisoned, but without cause and for a brief time only. Under the new Whig *régime* there was no place in public life for the old servant of Charles and James Stuart. He was generally looked up to, however, as the greatest authority on naval affairs, a reputation he amply sustained by his *Memoirs of the Navy* (1690).

Pepys had been in his grave for over a hundred and twenty years before the world discovered what a mine of history and gossip and scandal and what a revelation of his interesting self he had left behind in that bundle of manuscript that had been deposited at Magdalene College. Even then it would not have been disturbed but for the publication of Evelyn's Diary and the general interest aroused by it. Pepys's readers do not need to be told why he kept his record from the eyes of his contemporaries or why he was thrown into a panic when he feared the secret of his keeping a journal had leaked out. The publication of such a document would have caused an explosion in which Mr. Pepys him-

self would have been a principal, though by no means the only, sufferer. But if he was unwilling to be read by posterity, why did he not destroy this self-incriminating manuscript? He must have known, better than anyone else, that he was leaving behind a key to his cipher, if one was needed. Under the dictation of Charles II, he had taken down an account of the king's escape from England after the battle of Worcester. Two copies of the narrative were made, one in longhand, the other in the same secret code he employed in the Diary. The work of deciphering the six huge volumes of the Diary was performed by the Reverend John Smith, and the first edition, by no means complete, was published under the editorship of Lord Braybrooke in 1825.

EDITIONS: *Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq., comprising his Diary from 1659 to 1669*, ed. by Richard, Lord Braybrooke, 2 vols., 1825, other editions, 1848-49, 1853, 1854, 1858, 1906, etc.; *Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Esq.*, ed. by Lord Braybrooke with additional notes by Mynors Bright, 6 vols., 1875-79; *The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M. A., F. R. S.*, ed. by Henry B. Wheatley, 10 vols., 1893-99, etc.; *Pepys' Memoires of the Royal Navy, 1679-1688*, ed. by J. R. Tanner, Oxford, 1906; *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*, ed. by G. Gregory Smith (Globe edition), 1929; *Private Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers of Samuel Pepys, 1679-1703, in the possession of J. Pepys Cockerell*, ed. by J. R. Tanner, 2 vols., 1926; *Further Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, 1662-1679*, ed. by J. R. Tanner, 1928; *Samuel Pepys's Naval Minutes*, ed. by J. R. Tanner, 1926; *Letters and the Second Diary of Samuel Pepys*, ed. by R. G. Howarth, 1932; *Samuel Pepys' Diary*, ed. by Willis L. Parker, 1932.

COMMENT: Gamaliel Bradford, "Pepys and His Wife," *Forum*, LXXI (1924), 516 ff.; Gamaliel Bradford, "Pepys and Humanity," *North American Review*, CCXIX (1924), 507 ff.; Gamaliel Bradford, *The Soul of Samuel Pepys*, Boston, 1924; Sir Frederick Bridge, *Samuel Pepys, Lover of Music*, 1903; Arthur Bryant, *Samuel Pepys*, New York and Cambridge, 1933; John Drinkwater, *Pepys, His Life and Character*, 1930; J. Lucas Dubreton, *Samuel Pepys, a portrait in miniature*, translated from the French by H. F. Stenning, 1924; R. M. Freeman, *Samuel Pepys—Listener*, 1931; J. K. Hansen, *Samuel Pepys, 1633-1703, Dagbog*, Copenhagen, 1925; Percy Lubbock, *Samuel Pepys* (Literary Lives), 1909; Roger P. McCutcheon, "Pepys in the Newspapers of 1679-1680," *American Historical Review*, XXXII (1926), 61 ff.; E. Moorhouse, *Samuel Pepys, Administrator, Observer, Gossip*, 1909; Arthur Ponsonby, *Samuel Pepys* (English Men of Letters), 1928; Anne Shinn, "Pepys's Method," *Saturday Review of Literature*, IV (1928), 1043; A. E. Shipley, "Mr. Pepys as a Man of Science and President of the Royal Society," *Quarterly Review*, CCXLV (1925), 219 ff.; Robert Louis Stevenson, "Samuel Pepys," in *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*, 1906; Herbert L. Stewart, "The Pepys Tercentenary," *Dalhousie Review*, XIV (1933), 273 ff.; M. Summers, "Pepys' Doll Common," Mrs. Corcy," in *Essays in Petto*, 1928; J. R. Tanner, *Samuel Pepys and the Royal Navy* (Lees Knowles Lectures, Trinity College, Cambridge), Cambridge, 1920; J. R. Tanner, "Samuel Pepys and the Trinity House," *English Historical Review*, XLIV (1929), 573 ff.; Jacob Warshaw, "Pepys as a Dramatic Critic," *The Drama*, X (1920), 209 ff.; H. B. Wheatley, *Samuel Pepys and the World He Lived In*, 1880; C. Whibley, *The Real Pepys* (The Pageantry of Life), 1900; Walter H. Whitear, *More Pepysiana: being notes on the Diary of Samuel Pepys and on the genealogy of the family, with corrected pedigrees*, 1927.

DIARY

- 210 a. 5 *The two Dukes*—Charles II's brothers, James Duke of York (afterwards James II) and Henry Duke of Gloucester (1639-60).
- 210 a. 23 *My Lord*—The Earl of Sandwich, Pepys's patron; "My Lord" and "My Lady" appear frequently in the Diary.
- 210 a. 29 *General Monk*—George Monk (1608-70), who was directly responsible for the Parliament's invitation to Charles II to assume the throne, was afterwards created Duke of Albemarle. He was given command of one of the three fleets that went out against the Dutch in 1665.
- 210 b. 19 *Sir W. Batten*—William Batten, made surveyor of the navy in 1642, later deserted the rebel party and allied himself with the royalists. Under Charles II he became a commissioner of the navy; hence Pepys's close association with him and the numerous references to him. He died in 1667.
- 210 b. 41 *Lord Chancellor's daughter*—Anne Hyde (1637-71); she was privately married to the Duke of York on September 3, 1660. See Evelyn's Diary, December 22, 1660.
- 211 a. 17 *Major-General Harrison*—Thomas Harrison had been appointed by Cromwell to conduct Charles I from Windsor to Whitehall, where the king was tried and condemned, Harrison being one of the judges.
- 211 a. 36 *The Princess Royal*—Charles II's sister, Henrietta, married to Philip, Duke of Orleans, who was the brother of Louis XIV.
- 211 a. 38 *Mrs. Palmer*—Barbara Villiers

- (1641-1709) married Roger Palmer in 1659. After she became the mistress of Charles II, in 1660, her husband was created Earl of Castlemaine; in 1670 she was created Duchess of Cleveland.
- 211 a. 42 *Mr. Carew*—One of the regicides.
- 211 a. 50 *Venner*—Thomas Venner, one of the leaders of the Fifth-monarchy men.
- 211 b. 1 *The Lost Lady*—A tragi-comedy by Sir William Barclay.
- 213 a. 21 *Serjeant Glynne*—John Glynne, knighted by Charles II. Pepys suspected his loyalty; he had served as Chief Justice of the Upper Bench during the Protectorate. John Maynard, also knighted by the new king, had been serjeant to Cromwell.
- 213 a. 39 *Young ladies of the Wardrobe*—Lord Sandwich's daughters.
- 213 a. 45 *Bartholomew Fair*—A comedy by Ben Jonson.
- 214 a. 41 *The Queen*—Catherine of Braganza (1638-1705), daughter of the King of Portugal. Her marriage to Charles II was celebrated May 21, 1662.
- 214 b. 17 *Tansy*—A rich pudding flavored with the juice of tansy.
- 214 b. 34 *Juego de Toros*—A bull-fight.
- 215 a. 42 *Sir Henry Vane*—A root-and-branch Puritan, was declared guilty of treason June 6, 1662, and executed eight days later on Tower Hill.
- 216 a. 34 *Christening of the child*—Son of Charles II and Lady Castlemaine, afterwards created Duke of Southampton.
- 217 b. 5 *Sir G. Carteret*—As treasurer of the navy from 1661 to 1667, Sir George Carteret was Pepys's superior officer, one whom he found it difficult to please. Pepys's position was especially ticklish during the violent struggle between Carteret and Sir William Coventry, which ended with the former's resignation.
- 217 b. 24 *Queen Mother*—Henrietta Maria (1609-69), mother of Charles II.
- 217 b. 31 *Mr. Crofts*—James, the son of Charles II and Lucy Walters, was created Duke of Monmouth in 1662.
- 219 b. 43 *The Villain*—A tragedy by T. Porter.
- 220 b. 10 *Mr. Coventry*—Sir William Coventry (1628?-86) was appointed a commissioner of the navy in 1662 and thus came into close relation with the diarist, who had a warm admiration for him. In the same year he was placed upon the commission for Tangier.
- 222 a. 51 *Sir John Minnes* (1599-1671)—Appointed comptroller of the navy on October 30, 1661. Pepys found the witty author of *Musarum Delicia* (1655) and *Wit Restored* (1658) a very congenial companion.
- 222 b. 3 *Monmouth was married*—To Lady Anne Scott, daughter to the Earl of Buccleuch.
- 222 b. 22 *Sir W. Pen* (1621-70)—Knighted by Charles II in 1660 and appointed a commissioner of the navy. No love was lost between him and his subordinate, Pepys.
- 223 b. 4 *Mrs. Stewart*—Frances Teresa Stewart (1648-1702), known as "La Belle Stewart," became maid of honor to Queen Catherine in 1663, and was married to the Duke of Richmond in 1667.
- 223 b. 23 *The Five Hours' Adventure*—A comedy by Sir Samuel Tuke.
- 224 a. 24 *Of a boy*—The Duke of Cambridge, who died June 20, 1667.
- 224 b. 53 *Ypocras*, or hippocras—A drink made of wine and flavored with spices.
- 225 a. 50 *The pageants*—The Lord Mayor's show.
- 227 a. 33 *The old man*—Oliver Cromwell.
- 227 a. 42 *Sorbière*—Samuel Sorbières. See p. 564.
- 229 b. 34 *Lord Hinchingbroke*—Son to the Earl of Sandwich.
- 229 b. 45 *Fishes*—Goldfish, introduced from China.
- 230 a. 20 *A red cross*—Official notice that the house was infected with the plague.
- 232 a. 53 *My Lady Denham*—Margaret Brook had been married to Sir John Denham on May 25, 1665.
- 232 b. 3 *Mrs. Price*—One of the maids of honor.
- 234 a. 18 *Pett*—Peter Pett (1610-90?), commissioner of the navy at Chatham, eventually made a scapegoat for the incompetency of the navy and forced out of office September 29, 1667.
- 234 a. 42 *Thanksgiving day*—In honor of the naval victory.
- 237 b. 53 *Tom Killigrew*—Thomas Killigrew, the elder (1612-83), Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles II and afterwards Chamberlain to the Queen; manager of the King's Company of players; a celebrated wit and a successful dramatist.
- 238 a. 18 *The English Monsieur*—A comedy by James Howard.
- 238 a. 21 *Little Nelly*—Eleanor Gwyn (1650-87), vendor of oranges in the Theater Royal, became an actress, and was adopted into the seraglio of Charles II.
- 239 b. 44 *The Maid's Tragedy*—By Beaumont and Fletcher.
- 239 b. 46 *Sir Charles Sedley*—See p. 583.
- 241 a. 30 *Duke of York's child*—Edgar, Duke of Cambridge.
- 241 a. 48 *Mrs. Phillips' poems*—Mrs. Katherine Phillips (1631-64), "the Matchless Orinda." Her poems were collected and published after her death, in 1667.
- 241 a. 53 *A Fourth Advice*—Another satire on the navy, attributed, but on insufficient evidence, to Sir John Denham.
- 241 b. 12 *The Scornful Lady*—A comedy by John Fletcher.
- 241 b. 16 *Tu Quoque*—A comedy by John Cooke—also called *The City Gallant*.
- 242 b. 34 *My Lord General*—The Duke of Albemarle.

- 244 b. 22 *The Discontented Colonel—Brennoralt, or The Discontented Colonel*, a tragi-comedy by Sir John Suckling.
- 245 b. 48 *Lord Arlington*—Henry Bennet, Lord Arlington (1618–85), a member of the Cabal.
- 246 b. 3 *Scmpronio*—A character in *The Alchymist*, by Ben Jonson.

JOHN EVELYN

(1620–1706)

[For Text see page 249.]

John Evelyn kept a diary, as his father, Richard Evelyn of Wotton, did, and apparently other gentlemen of the time, for the practical purpose of having a record of memorable events for reference. Much of the difference between his journal and Pepys's arises from an essential difference in the characters of the two men. It is impossible to think of John Evelyn, *l'homme universel* of the seventeenth century, straining his eyes by candlelight to remind himself later of what he had eaten for dinner or of the other trivia in the daily round. It is inconceivable also that he should confide to his manuscript the innermost secrets of his life as Mr. Samuel Pepys of the Navy Office was doing. Moreover, if he had adopted the same model of circumstantial minuteness and personal confession, the revelation would almost certainly have been less fascinating than Pepys's Diary, for Evelyn was debarred by an insistent dignity and steadfastness of character from experimenting with life as freely and entertainingly as Pepys allowed himself to do. But Evelyn's Diary, though less intimate and gossipy, has at least this advantage, that it covers a vastly longer period of time. The earliest entries are preceded by a brief biographical sketch going back to the date of the writer's birth, and the record continues, with no serious interruptions, to within a few days of his death.

Biographers have found some difficulty in explaining the conduct of a young royalist who, soon after his graduation from Balliol College, Oxford, and admission to the Middle Temple, left his native country and remained abroad during most of the time of the Civil War. Evelyn was on the Continent for a few months in 1641. In 1643, he obtained leave from Charles I to absent himself from the kingdom to avoid being coerced into signing the Covenant. He did not return for permanent residence until 1652, the year after the king's forces had been decisively overcome at the battle of Worcester. As Sir Leslie Stephen says, "his zeal was tempered with caution"; but his excuse, that active participation in the war would ruin his brothers without appreciable advantage to the king, was evidently accepted by his own party, for it is remarkable that Evelyn's reputation was never stained even by the breath of satire. During his residence abroad, he had married the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, Charles I's agent at the French court. Through purchase from his father-in-law, he obtained possession of Sayes Court, the beautiful country estate where he spent the remaining years of the interregnum, browsing in his library, improving his gardens, studying arboriculture, and doing all that he could with safety to prepare the way for Charles II's return to England. Emerging from his retirement in 1660, he took an active part in the founding of the Royal Society and made himself useful in various public employments. His work in caring for the sick and wounded during the Dutch war brought him into close association with Pepys, which resulted in a lifelong friendship. Though disgusted by the conduct of Charles II and his advisers, he stood loyally by the new government and also by James II until he was convinced that the Revolution was necessary for the preservation of the Church of England.

To his contemporaries Evelyn was a writer of consequence. Before the Restoration he had published *Liberty and Servitude*, an essay translated from Le Vayer, and an English version of the first book of Lucretius's *De Rerum Natura*. His *Fumifugium* (1661) is a

mere tract, written to persuade Londoners that their fogs were due to coal-smoke and could therefore be dissipated. Perhaps it was well for his reputation that his scheme of removal, though approved by Charles II, was never tested; the projector would have discovered, as Mr. Jusserand has implied, that the principal source of London fogs was to be found in nature. Evelyn's work on engraving, *Sculptura* (1662), was good enough to elicit the approbation of Horace Walpole. *Sylva* (1664), a treatise on the conservation of forests, is his most substantial treatise, and entitles him to high praise as a pioneer in the cause of reforestation. Another useful book is his *Navigation and Commerce* (1674). These and Evelyn's other publications De Quincey brushed aside as the productions of "a mere literary fribble, a fop, and a smatterer affecting natural history and polite learning." That John Evelyn wrote "like a gentleman" and was therefore a dilettante must be admitted; but De Quincey's peevish verdict is unjust, and he was still further wrong when he called the Diary "a weak, good-for-nothing little book, most praised by weak people." Upon its first publication, in 1818, it became highly popular, and has since served the purpose of many readers who have learned the history of Restoration England largely from its pages.

EDITIONS: *The Miscellaneous Writings of John Evelyn, Esq., F. R. S.*, ed. by William Upcott, 1825; *Memoirs, illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Evelyn, Esq., F. R. S.*, comprising his Diary from the year 1641 to 1705-6 and a Selection of his Familiar Letters, ed. by William Bray, 2 vols., 1818, 4th edition ed. by John Forster, 4 vols., 1850-52, new edition ed. by Henry B. Wheatley, 4 vols., 1879; *The Diary of John Evelyn*, ed. by Austin Dobson, 3 vols., 1906, Globe edition, 1908; *Directions for the Gardiner at Sajs-Court. But which may be of use for other Gardens*, ed. by Geoffrey Keynes, 1932; *Selections from Evelyn's Diary*, ed. by H. A. Treble, 1928; *Fumifugium*, Oxford, 1930; *Memoires for my Grandson*, ed. by Geoffrey Keynes, Oxford, 1927.

COMMENT: Mary Johnston, "John Evelyn's Vergilian Pilgrimage," *Classical Weekly*, XXIII (1930), 109 f.; Geoffrey Keynes, "John Evelyn as a Bibliophil," *Library*, XII (1931), 175 ff.; Elizabeth R. Pennell, "A Note on Wren," *London Mercury*, VII (1923), 634 f.; Donald A. Roberts, "Evelyn and South," *Times Literary Supplement*, July 24, 1930, 612; E. S. Roscoe, "A Seventeenth Century Friendship: John Evelyn and Margaret Godolphin," *Contemporary Review*, Jan., 1930, No. 781, 78 ff.

DIARY

- 249 a. 34 *Sir Richard Browne*—Evelyn's father-in-law.
 249 a. 36 *The Queen*—Henrietta Maria, the Queen Mother.
 249 b. 41 *Character*—*A Character of England*, written by Evelyn.
 250 b. 4 *October 22, 1658*—Cromwell's funeral is described in the Diary under this date.
 250 b. 27 *Fumifugium*—See the entry under October 1.
 251 b. 11 *Siege of Rhodes*—A semi-operatic play by Davenant.
 254 b. 52 *Non enim*, etc.—"For we have no stable government."
 256 a. 19 *Lord Broghill*—Soon afterwards created Earl of Orrery.
 257 a. 23 *Cabal*—The Committee for Foreign Affairs; so named from the initial letters of the committeemen's names—Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley Cooper, Lauderdale.
 257 a. 46 *Prince of Orange*—Afterwards William III.
 257 a. 53 *Mademoiselle Querouaille*—Louise Renée de Keroualle (1649-1734) was brought to England by Charles II's sister, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans ("Ma-

- dame"), in order that the French beauty might inveigle the English king into an alliance with Louis XIV. The scheme succeeded. She became Charles's favorite mistress and was created Duchess of Portsmouth August 19, 1673.
 257 b. 17 *Gibbon*—Usually called Grinling Gibbons (1648-1721), celebrated for his delicate carving. See entry, below, for December 29, 1686.
 258 b. 13 *Mrs. Nelly*—Nell Gwyn.
 259 b. 6 *Lord Arlington's only daughter*—She was then five years old.
 260 a. 9 *An Italian lady*—Mary of Modena. Anne Hyde, the first Duchess of York, had died in 1671.
 261 a. 9 *Mr. Pepys*—He had been accused of being a Roman Catholic, but, no proof being adduced, the charge was dismissed.
 262 a. 10 *The Earl of Essex*—The attempt was made to prove that he was murdered.
 263 a. 2 *Hablador*—Romancer.
 265 a. 2 *Jesuit's powder*—Quinine.
 268 a. 7 *The Prince*—William of Orange, crowned soon afterwards as William III.
 269 b. 15 *Mr. Pepys*—This arrest was made upon the false charge that Pepys had given France secret information concerning the English navy.

JOHN BUNYAN

(1628-1688)

[For Text see page 271.]

The best account of Bunyan's early life is his own *Grace Abounding*. It is characteristic of the man that in his autobiography he is so preoccupied with matters of the spirit that he says almost nothing of the outer facts of his life. He was proud of his humble origin and lowly work as a tinsmith, not ashamed of his slight education, because the biblical promises are made to the poor. He tells us casually, for the purpose of citing an example of special providence, that he was once a soldier. We have to go elsewhere to learn that he was drafted into the parliamentary army when he was seventeen years old, and served from 1644 to 1647 under the command of Sir Samuel Luke, that militant saint who sat for Samuel Butler's portrait of Sir Hudibras. Bunyan mentions his first marriage, but does not give the name of his wife, his principal recollection being that she came of a godly family and brought to their meagre household stock two profitable books of piety. What *Grace Abounding* does explain, with excruciating fullness, is the prolonged agony of a soul terrified by superstitious beliefs, struggling to achieve peace with God. Bunyan's portrayal of spiritual conflict stands alone in English literature, and it has less in common with St. Augustine's *Confessions* than the frequent comparison indicates. A closer analogy to Bunyan's biography is to be found in *A Relation of the Fearful Estate of Francis Spira*, the story of the dying agonies of an Italian who had committed the unpardonable sin, a book which Bunyan had read with breathless horror. In 1653 he joined a Nonconformist church at Bedford, and was soon persuaded by his fellow-religionists to exercise his talents by preaching, although, as events afterwards proved, even yet he was to be harassed by doubts of his election to grace. Collision with the pestiferous Quakers, a sect then in its infancy, led the young preacher to write his first book, *Some Gospel Truths Opened*; it was published in 1656, and was followed by *A Vindication* (1657). A more characteristic work, one looking forward to *Grace Abounding*, is appropriately entitled *A Few Sighs from Hell, or the Groans of a damned Soul* (1658). Similar importance attaches to *The Doctrine of the Law and Grace Unfolded* (1659), a treatise expounding with the cruelty of relentless logic the dogma of predestination, which was the greatest of all the pitfalls in Bunyan's own way to redemption.

In November, 1660, the old laws against conventicles having been revived, Bunyan was arrested and imprisoned at Bedford for preaching without a license. He could have secured immediate release by agreeing to comply with the law, but, proudly refusing to accept freedom upon terms offered by Mammon, he remained in prison until 1672, when he was liberated by Charles II's Act of Indulgence. During these twelve years Bunyan indemnified himself in some measure by preaching to his fellow-prisoners and also by composing nine religious books, including *The Holy City, or the New Jerusalem* (1665), *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* (1666), and *A Confession of My Faith* (1672). As soon as he was discharged, he resumed his preaching at Bedford; but, owing to parliamentary objection, the royal indulgence (mainly a subterfuge of Charles II's for greater leniency to Roman Catholics) was revoked three years afterward, and Bunyan was again imprisoned. It was during this second term in prison, which lasted only six months, that he composed *Pilgrim's Progress*. If any books can be attributed to pure inspiration, this is one of them. While he was engaged upon another composition, suddenly a vision came to him, one so vivid that he was compelled to lay aside what he was doing and record the story of Christian's pilgrimage from sin to glory. *Pilgrim's Progress* was first published early in 1678. A second edition appeared in the same year, and a third in 1679, in each of which new material was added, bringing the work to its final form. It is perhaps needless to say that Bunyan never again reached the same high plane of excellence. Of the numer-

ous works he composed afterwards, the most readable are *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman* (1680) and *The Holy War* (1682). In the Second Part of *Pilgrim's Progress* (1684) he recounts the experiences of Pilgrim's wife Christiana and their children in their "dangerous journey, and safe arrival at the desired country." Though better allegory than most Englishmen have been able to produce, it lacks the compelling naturalness and vividness of the first pilgrimage.

EDITIONS: *The Pilgrim's Progress*, London: Noel Douglas, 1928; *The Pilgrim's Progress, and The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, ed. by G. B. Harrison, London: Nonesuch Press, 1928; *The Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come*, ed. by J. B. Wharey, Oxford and London, 1928; *The Pilgrim's Progress*, ed. by C. Whibley, Boston, 1926, London, 1930; *Pilgrim's Progress*, illustrated by William Strang, New York, 1928; *The Pilgrim's Progress. Pt. I*, ed. by Charles and Constance Davies, London, 1932; *The Pilgrim's Progress as John Bunyan Wrote It: Being a Facsimile Reproduction of the First Edition, published in 1678*, ed. by John Brown, 1894; *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners, and The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, London: Dent, 1928; *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, ed. by Bonamy Dobrée (World's Classics), Oxford and London, 1929.

COMMENT: J. B. Baillie, "The Mind of John Bunyan," *The Hibbert Journal*, XXVII (1929), 385-405; John Brown, *John Bunyan (1628-1688): his life, times, and work*, revised by Frank Mott Harrison, 1928; Augustus R. Buckland, *John Bunyan: His Life and Times*, Philadelphia, 1928; A. K. De Blois, *John Bunyan the Man*, Philadelphia, 1928; John W. Draper, "Bunyan's Mr. Ignorance," *Modern Language Review*, XXII (1927), 15 ff.; James A. Froude, *Bunyan* (English Men of Letters), 1880; Harold Golder, "Bunyan and Spenser," *Pub. of Mod. Lang. Assn.*, XLV (1930), 216 ff.; Harold Golder, "Bunyan's Giant Despair," *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, XXX (1931), 361 ff.; Harold Golder, "Bunyan's Valley of the Shadow," *Modern Philology*, XXVII (1929), 55 ff.; Harold Golder, "John Bunyan's Hypocrisy," *North American Review*, CCXXIII (1926-27), 323 ff.; G. O. Griffith, *John Bunyan*, 1928; William H. Harding, *John Bunyan, Pilgrim and Dreamer*, 1928; Frank Mott Harrison, *A Bibliography of the Works of John Bunyan*, Supplement to the Bibliographical Society's Transactions, No. 6, 1932; G. B. Harrison, *John Bunyan: a study in personality*, 1928; W. H. Hutton, *John Bunyan*, 1928; Edmund A. Knox, *John Bunyan in Relation to His Times*, 1928; T. B. Macaulay, *John Bunyan*, ed. by Arthur D. Innes, Cambridge, 1898; J. W. Mackail, *The Pilgrim's Progress. A lecture delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, March 14, 1924, 1924*; Mary Smyth, "Puritan Bunyan and Catholic Dante," *Nineteenth Century*, CIV (1928), 249 ff.; Harold E. B. Speight, *The Life and Writings of John Bunyan*, 1928; Gerhard Thiel, *Bunyan's Stellung innerhalb der religiösen Strömungen seiner Zeit*, Breslau, 1931; D. Thompson, *Talks with Bunyan*, 1895; J. B. Wharey, *A Study of the Sources of Bunyan's Allegories*, Baltimore, 1904; J. B. Wharey, "Bunyan's Mr. Badman," *Modern Language Notes*, XXXVI (1921), 65 ff.; J. B. Wharey, "Bunyan's Mr. Badman and the Picaresque Novel," *Texas Studies in English*, March 15, 1924, IV, 49 ff.

GRACE ABOUNDING

- 272 b. 40 *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*—By Arthur Dent, a Puritan clergyman, first published in 1610. By 1637 it had reached the eighteenth edition.
- 272 b. 41 *The Practice of Piety*—By Lewis Bayly, Bishop of Bangor (d. 1631). The date of the first edition is not known, but

in 1630 there was a twenty-fifth edition.

286 a. 3 Francis Spira—Nathaniel Bacon's translation, entitled *A Relation of the Fearful Estate of Francis Spira in 1548*, was first published in 1637. Four other editions appeared in the seventeenth century, and it continued to be popular throughout the eighteenth century, the last edition appearing in 1784.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

(1634?-1674)

[For Text see page 306.]

Thomas Traherne was the son of a Hereford shoemaker. If biographers are right in thinking he was of Celtic origin, this circumstance helps to account for the strain of mysticism that pervades all of his creative work. Little is known of his life. After taking a degree in arts and divinity at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1652, he became rector of a small church near Hereford, where he lived until he was made chaplain, ten years later, to Sir Orlando Bridgman, then Keeper of the Seal. At the time of his death, Traherne

was known as an author only to the few (a very small number no doubt) who had read his *Roman Forgeries* (1673), a controversial treatise aimed at the Church of Rome. *Christian Ethics* (1675), a posthumous work, though deserving a better fate than it had, seems to have attracted slight notice. Thereafter complete silence falls upon his name. It was not interrupted by the publication of *A Serious and Pathetical Contemplation of the Mercies of God* (1699), for, although the work itself is praised in an introductory sketch, no mention is made of the author's name.

The real Traherne was never known until he was brought to light in the twentieth century by the accidental discovery of a sheaf of his manuscripts. Alexander Grosart decided that the poems and short pieces of prose were written by Henry Vaughan, and would have included them in the edition of Vaughan's work which he was then preparing for the press if he had not been prevented by his death. The solution of the mystery, one of the most romantic chapters in modern scholarship, we owe to Bertram Dobell. Under his editorship, Traherne's poems were published in 1903, and the prose meditations in 1908. Meanwhile another manuscript had been located, in the British Museum, containing poems which had been copied and prepared for the press, probably soon after 1674, by the poet's brother, Philip Traherne, who for some reason had not carried out his design of publication. Except for slight editorial changes, twenty-three of these are duplicates from the manuscripts used by Dobell, but thirty-seven of them were new. The entire collection, edited by H. I. Bell, was published in 1910 under the title *Poems of Felicity*. The consequence of these discoveries is that the golden treasury of seventeenth-century religious verse is further enriched by additions worthy to be associated with the productions of Herbert, Crashaw, and Vaughan. And exquisite as Traherne's verse often is, most readers will concur in the judgment expressed by more than one critic that the finest flower of his poetic genius is to be found, not in his poems, but in the richly musical and imaginative centuries of prose meditations.

EDITIONS: *The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne*, ed. by Bertram Dobell, 1903, 2nd edition, 1906, 3rd edition, with the addition of "Poems of Felicity," ed. by Gladys I. Wade, 1932; *Traherne's Poems of Felicity*, ed. by H. I. Bell, Oxford, 1910; *Centuries of Meditations*, ed. by Bertram Dobell, 1908, 1927.

COMMENT: T. O. Beachcroft, "Traherne and the Cambridge Platonists," *Dublin Review*, CLXXXVI (1930), 278 ff.; T. O. Beachcroft, "Traherne, and the Doctrine of Felicity," *New Criticism*, IX (1930), 291 ff.; M. L. Dawson, "Thomas Traherne," *Times Literary Supplement*, Sept. 29, 1927; S. T. N. Parker, "The Riches of Thomas Traherne," *To-Day*, June, 1922, and *Living Age*, CCCXIV (1922), 223 ff.; E. N. S. Thompson, "The Philosophy of Thomas Traherne," *Philological Quarterly*, VIII (1929), 97 ff.; Gladys I. Wade, "The Manuscripts of the Poems of Thomas Traherne," *Modern Language Review*, XXVI (1931), 401 ff.; Gladys I. Wade, "Thomas Traherne as 'Divine Philosopher,'" *The Hibbert Journal*, XXXII (1934), 400 ff.

JOHN SELDEN

(1584-1654)

[For Text see page 330.]

Selden's *Table-Talk*, the only work of his known to the general reading public, did not appear in print until thirty-five years after his death. He had long since acquired the reputation of being one of the most learned men in England. His first celebrated treatise, *De Diis Syris*, which deals with geography in Syria, the Hebrew language, and the rise of polytheism, was published in 1617. *A History of Tithes* (1618) had the misfortune to offend James I, and led to the author's imprisonment in the Tower. Selden acquired his fame as an authority on international law by two publications—*Mare Clausum* (1635), written in opposition to Grotius's *Mare Liberum* in defense of the thesis that national proprietorship may be established over the sea as well as the land, and *De Jure naturali et*

gentium juxta disciplinam Hebræorum (1640). It is a curious commentary on the caprices of fortune that the author of these and other erudite treatises highly lauded by Ben Jonson and his contemporaries is remembered now chiefly because of his pleasant chit-chat in hours of relaxation.

"His style in all his writings," according to his friend Lord Clarendon, "seems harsh and sometimes obscure . . . ; but in his conversation he was the most clear discourser, and had the best faculty of making hard things easy, and of presenting them to the understanding, of any man that hath been known." For the preservation of his *aurea dicta* we are indebted to his amanuensis, the Reverend Richard Milward, who, having the good sense to realize that Selden's conversation was invaluable, kept a faithful record of his best sayings over a period of twenty years. Milward died in 1680, nine years before *Table-Talk* was published, but left the manuscript fully prepared for the press. Since the book is dedicated to Mr. Justice Hales, and Sir Matthew Hales was not a justice after 1658, the probability is that it was put into shape soon after Selden's death. Johnson admired *Table-Talk* partly because an Englishman had here equalled French wits in what they considered their peculiar province. Coleridge was even more enthusiastic in his praise. "There is more weighty bullion sense in this book," Coleridge avows, "than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer."

EDITIONS: *Table-Talk: being the Discourses of John Selden, Esq. Being His Sense of Various Matters of Weight and High Consequence; relating especially to Religion and State*, 1689, ed. by S. W. Singer, 1847, ed. by David Irving, Edinburgh, 1854, ed. by Samuel Harvey Reynolds, Oxford, 1892, ed. by I. Gollancz, 1899; *Table Talk of John Selden*, ed. for the Selden Society by Sir Frederick Pollock, 1927; *Johannis Seldeni. Ad Fletam Dissertatio*, reprinted from the edition of 1647, ed. by David Ogg, Cambridge, 1925.

COMMENT: Coleridge, S. T., "On Selden's Table Talk," in *Literary Remains*, Volume II, 1836.

TABLE-TALK

- 330 a. 17 *Bishops' Bible*—Translation by Archbishop Parker and eight bishops, published in 1568.
 330 a. 18 *King James's*—Begun in 1607, published in 1611.
 331 a. 28 *The word not left out*—The King's

- printers, in 1632, were fined £3000 for this omission.
 332 a. 13 *Catus fidelium*—The band of the faithful.
 335 b. 4 *Fides est servanda*—"Faith must be preserved."
 337 a. 38 *Sub Annulo Piscatoris*—The papal signature, literally "Under the signet-ring of the Fisherman."

EDMUND WALLER

(1606–1687)

[For Text see page 344.]

Apart from his poetical reputation, Waller was distinguished for his great wealth, his witty and agreeable conversation, and the elegant speeches he delivered during his many years of service in the House of Commons. His public career, with one exception, was as smooth as his verses. As the result of "Waller's plot," an effort to restore London to Charles I, he was charged with treason by the parliamentary party, and was "drawn after much tergiversation and shuffling to confess his guilt." He escaped execution (the fate of some of his followers) mainly, it is said, through the eloquence of the plea for mercy he addressed, robed in black, to the House of Commons. The penalty finally imposed upon him was a fine of £10,000 and banishment from the realm. The sentence was revoked, however, in 1651, and he returned from his exile in France. Except in this one instance, Waller was diplomatic enough to keep on the right side of the political winds that harassed England during the reigns of James I, Charles I, Oliver Cromwell, and Charles II,

and stood ready always with his neat verses of compliment to honor whatever authority was in power. There is no reason to suppose that the two poems in praise of Cromwell were not sincere. When Charles II complained that Mr. Waller's panegyric upon the Protector was more spirited than his poem *To the King, upon His Majesty's Happy Return* (as it undoubtedly is), Waller procured his pardon with the well-known reply, "Sir, we poets never succeed so well in writing truth as fiction."

Waller's verses are much less impressive now than they were to his enraptured contemporaries. The incontestable virtues of his style are clarity of thought and regularity of meter. According to Aubrey, "When he was a briske young sparke, and first studied poetry, 'Me thought,' said he, 'I never sawe a good copie of English verses; they want smoothness; then I began to essay.'" His passion for perfect technique was such that he was said to have spent the better part of a summer in polishing the ten couplets to be written on the flyleaf of the Tasso he presented to the Duchess of York. Scrupulous artistry of the kind was naturally held in high esteem by the avowed exponents of poetical correctness who came into possession after 1660. Waller was indeed the professed model in versification for the entire group of Restoration poets. Dryden went so far as to declare that the dignity of English rhyme "was never known until Mr. Waller taught it." The real point comes out in Dryden's further statement, that he "first showed us to conclude the sense most commonly in distichs, which, in the verse of those before him, runs on for so many lines together, that the reader is out of breath to overtake it." In brief, Waller was lauded by the neo-classic poets as the first Englishman who composed good heroic couplets. Although some of this honor belonged to Fairfax and Sandys, as Dryden was aware, the ascription was in the main correct. In view of this one accomplishment, Waller's contemporaries overlooked the paucity of his thought and the absence of true feeling. Also they undervalued those few poems of his which, if superficial, have at least a dainty lyric charm, such as "Behold the brand of beauty tost," "Lines upon a Girdle," and "Go, lovely rose." It is significant, too, that these songs belong to his earlier period; but for the superb "Of the Last Verses in the Book," it might be said that after the Restoration he wrote almost nothing that rises above the plane of conventional prettiness. Yet the inscription upon his tomb advertises that he was "inter poetas sui temporis facile princeps." Three years after his death, a new edition of his poetry appeared, accompanied by a prefatory eulogy, in which it is said, "He was, indeed, the parent of English verse, and the first that showed us our tongue had beauty and numbers in it."

EDITIONS: *Works of Edmund Waller, Esq., in Verse and Prose*, published by Mr. Fenton, 1729; *Poems, &c., Written upon Several Occasions, and to Several Persons, 1712*; *The Poems of Edmund Waller*, ed. by G. Thorn-Drury (Muses' Library), 1893.

COMMENT: Richard Aldington, "A Note on Waller's Poems," *Living Age*, CCCXII (1922), 179 ff.; Theodore H. Banks, "The Personal Relations between Denham and Waller," *Modern Language Notes*, XLII (1927), 372 ff.; Beverly Chew, *Essays and Verses about Books*, 1926; E. S. de Beer, "An Uncollected Poem by Waller," *Review of English Studies*, VIII (1932), 203 ff.; Fenton's *Observations on the Works of Edmund Waller, Esq.*, 1730; H. J. C. Grierson, "Poems by Waller," *Times Literary Supplement*, Dec. 29, 1927, 989; Roswell G. Ham, "Manuscripts of Waller," *Times Literary Supplement*, Sept. 8, 1932, 624; Samuel Johnson, "Waller," in *Lives of the English Poets*, ed. by G. B. Hill, Vol. I, Oxford, 1905; Claude Lloyd, "Edmund Waller as a Member of the Royal Society," *Pub. of Mod. Lang. Assn.*, XLIII (1928), 162 ff.; G. F. Malden, "Poems by Waller," *Times Literary Supplement*, Jan. 19, 1928, 44; Ella T. Riske, "The Date and Occasion of Waller's Panegyric to My Lord Protector," *Pub. of Mod. Lang. Assn.*, XLIII (1928), 1201 f.; Ella T. Riske, "Waller in Exile," *Times Literary Supplement*, Oct. 13, 1932, 734; Nelly Roeckerath, *Der Nachruhm Hërricks und Wallers* (Köln Anglistische Arbeiten, XIII), Leipzig and London, 1931; Voltaire, *Lettres Philosophiques*, Lettre XXI.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER

344 II *The valiant Duke*—Duke of York.

OF HER MAJESTY

352 14 *The glorious Prince*—John Sobieski,
King of Poland.

ANDREW MARVELL

(1621-1678)

[For Text see page 355.]

After graduation from Trinity College, Cambridge, Marvell spent four years in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain, time employed, says Milton, "to very good purpose and the gaining of those four languages." Upon his return to England in 1650, he became tutor to Lord Fairfax's daughter, Mary, who was afterwards married to the Duke of Buckingham. Marvell's best poems were written during the three years of his residence in the Fairfax household at Nun Appleton in Yorkshire. The *Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland* (1650), his first work of importance, is considered by many critics to be one of the most spirited classical imitations in English. "The Garden," "The Drop of Dew," and other nature poems written at this time, though some were not published until 1681, are still fresh with the charms of the countryside that inspired them, and it is these that constitute Marvell's one certain claim upon popular affection. The season of his efflorescence was a brief one. It is unhappily true that "the singer of an April mood, who might have bloomed year after year in ardent hearts, is buried in the dust of politics, in the valley of dead bones." In 1653 he was appointed tutor to William Dutton, Cromwell's ward, and in 1657 became associated with Milton in the Latin secretaryship to Cromwell. Except in the elegy upon Cromwell's death, which takes precedence over all the other poems produced upon this occasion, Marvell cannot be said ever again to have approached the high excellence of his own example.

Most of his other poetry is satirical; the only notable exception indeed is his eulogy of *Paradise Lost*. Marvell had given a specimen of his satirical vein in *Fleckno, an English Priest at Rome*, a personal satire written while he was in Rome in 1645 and valuable chiefly because it provided Dryden a hint for *Mac Flecknoe*. His first political satire was *The Character of Holland*. In this, as in *Fleckno* and the later satires, are to be found occasional lapses into bad taste, which the reader finds difficult to reconcile with the fine sensibilities displayed in the Nun Appleton poems. After the Restoration Marvell was completely immersed in politics. From 1660 to the time of his death, in 1678, he represented the city of Hull in the House of Commons. The letters of instruction he wrote to his constituents during this period are a lasting testimony to his efficient diligence, and evidence also of a political integrity which for the time was rare if not unique. The fact that he gave his allegiance to the new government but afterwards became a hostile critic of the ministry, if not of Charles II personally, is no reflection upon the critic. The revolt was inevitable in a man of Marvell's high ideals. Disappointed more and more with the new rulers and finally disgusted by their shameless conduct, he seems to have clung desperately to the belief that the king's advisers were to blame, and not the king himself, until he could solace himself no longer even with this pleasing fiction. How many of the satirical poems usually attributed to him actually came from his pen has not been determined. All verse of the kind was anonymous. It was circulated and printed, when printed at all, with extreme caution. By the time regular publication was safe, after the Revolution of 1688, Marvell himself had been dead ten years and there was not then, and has not since been, any certain method of tracing the authorship. All generalizations covering this part of Marvell's work are therefore based upon conjecture. Without exception critics agree, however, in assigning to him *The Last Instructions to a Painter*, one of several burlesques inspired by Waller's *Instructions to a Painter*. He was probably responsible for several other pieces of a similar kind, satires even more severe in tone and less suggestive of the finer side of the poet's genius. If any apology is needed for the fierce personal attacks, the bitterness is sufficiently explained by the viciousness of the crew he assailed; the plain speech of the indictment seldom, if ever, exceeds the facts, and the author was well within

the limits of good taste as they were defined by political controversialists in the reign of Charles II.

EDITIONS: *The Works of Andrew Marvell*, ed. by Edward Thompson, 3 vols., 1776; *The Complete Works in Verse and Prose of Andrew Marvell*, ed. by A. B. Grosart, 4 vols. (The Fuller Worthies Library), 1873; *The Poems and Satires of Andrew Marvell*, ed. by G. A. Aitken, 2 vols. (The Muses' Library), 1898; *The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell*, ed. by H. M. Margoliouth, 2 vols., Oxford, 1927; *Miscellaneous Poems*, London: Nonesuch Press, 1923.

COMMENT: G. A. Aitken, "Marvell's Satires," *Academy*, Aug. 10, 1895; William H. Baguley, ed., *Andrew Marvell, 1621-1678: Tercentenary Tributes* by Augustine Birrell, H. Hensley Henson, T. S. Eliot, Cyril Falls, E. Gosse, H. J. Massingham, J. C. Squire, and Edward Wright, New York and Oxford, 1922; H. C. Beeching, "Lyrical Poems of Andrew Marvell," *National Review*, XXXVII, (1901), 747 ff.; Francis Buckley, "The Quality of Marvell's Poetry," *North American Review*, CXCVII (1913), 235 ff.; Augustine Birrell, *Andrew Marvell* (English Men of Letters), 1905; E. K. Chambers, "Poetry of Andrew Marvell," *Academy*, XLII, 230 ff.; Arthur Clutton-Brock, "Marvell," in *More Essays on Books*, 1921; J. Dove, *The Life of Andrew Marvell*, 1832; T. S. Eliot, "Andrew Marvell," in *Homage to John Dryden*, 1924; Cyril Falls, "Andrew Marvell," *Nineteenth Century*, LXXXIX (1921), 630 ff., and in *The Critic's Armoury*, 1924; E. P. Hood, *Andrew Marvell. His Life and Writings*, 1853; Pierre Legouis, *André Marvell, poète, puritain, patriote, 1621-1678*, Paris and London, 1928; Pierre Legouis, "Andrew Marvell: Further Biographical Points," *Modern Language Review*, XVIII (1923), 416 ff.; Pierre Legouis, "Marvell et Swift. Note sur un passage du 'Conte du Tonneau,'" *Revue Anglo-Américaine*, Feb., 1924, 240 ff.; Pierre Legouis, "Marvell's Maniban," *Review of English Studies*, II (1926), 328 ff.; H. M. Margoliouth, "Andrew Marvell, Senior," *Review of English Studies*, II (1926), 96 f.; H. M. Margoliouth, "Andrew Marvell: Some Biographical Points," *Modern Language Review*, XVII (1922), 351 ff.; R. Poscher, *Andrew Marvell's Poetische Werke*, Vienna and Leipzig, 1908; Henry Rogers, "Andrew Marvell," *Edinburgh Review*, LXXIX (1844), 68 ff.; Victoria M. Sackville-West, *Andrew Marvell*, 1929; Thomas Sheppard, *Andrew Marvell Tercentenary Celebrations at Hull: a Record*, 1922; Geoffrey Woledge, "Saint Amand, Fairfax and Marvell," *Modern Language Review*, XXV (1930), 481 ff.

ON MR. MILTON'S PARADISE LOST

- 355 Prefixed to the second edition (1674) of Milton's poem.
- 355 21 *In a play*—Dryden's opera, *The Fall of Angels and Man in Innocence*, based on *Paradise Lost*, was licensed April 17, 1674, but not published until 1677, when it appeared under a new title, *The State of Innocence, and Fall of Man: An Opera*.
- 356 46 *Town-Bays*—Dryden appears in *The Rehearsal* (1671) as Bayes.
- 356 51 *Commend*—In order to comply with the fashion for rhyme, the poet must use "commend" when he really means "praise."

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

- 356 This poem and the two that follow were written before 1660.
- 356 34 *Lew*—Warmth. On the uncertainty of the text, see Margoliouth's note.

THE LAST INSTRUCTIONS, etc.

- 359 2 *Third time*—Three sittings were usually required by a portrait-painter.
- 359 6 *Without a fleet*—The English fleet was withdrawn from service in May, 1667.
- 359 7 *Signpost*—Of an inn.
- 359 10 *Aley*—Also of an inn. From *ale*.
- 360 15 *Score out*—Draw in outline.
- 360 15 *Compendious*—Minute.

- 360 16 *Hooke*—An allusion to Robert Hooke's *Micrographia: Or Some Physiological Descriptions of Minute Bodies Made by Magnifying Glasses*, etc. (1665).
- 360 17 *Controller*—Clifford was Controller of the Household.
- 360 21 *The painter*—Protogenes. The story is found in Pliny's *Natural History*, XXXV, 10 (36).
- 360 29 *St. Albans*—See Pepys's Diary August 19 and December 31, 1662, pp. 217, 220.
- 360 105 *Pair of tables*—A folding table or board used in playing backgammon.
- 360 109 *Trick-track*—A kind of backgammon.
- 360 114 *Turnor*—Sir Edward Turnor was Speaker of the House of Commons 1661-73; besides, he was Attorney-General to the Duke of York, and received numerous perquisites. He therefore represented the court as well as the Commons, and would probably be biased.
- 360 116 *Strike the die*—A trick used by his lowest throwers of the die.
- 360 124 *Squeeze*—Parliament had been requested to vote £1,800,000.
- 360 126 *Goodrick*—Sir John Goodrick, a member of the House, worked for the interests of the court.
- Paston*—Sir Robert Paston, another member, was notoriously well-inclined to the court party.
- 360 129 *Hyde*—Lord Chancellor Clarendon.
- Bennet*—Henry Bennet, Lord Arlington.

- 361 136 *Cassowar*—Cassowary.
 361 138 *Indented*—Referring to the indentures held by the farmers of the excise.
 361 143 *Black Birch*—"John Birch (1616-91), excise official under the Protectorate, and auditor after the Restoration." [Margoliouth.]
 362 600 *Cornb'ry*—Henry Hyde, Lord Cornbury (1638-1709), eldest son of the Lord Chancellor Hyde.
 362 605 *Duncombe*—Sir John Duncombe, Commissioner of Ordnance.
Legge—William Legge, Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance.
 363 631 *Daniel*—According to Margoliouth, "probably Sir Thomas Daniel, who commanded a company in Colonel John Russell's regiment of Foot Guards."
- 363 636 *Lack*—"Crimson Lake." [Margoliouth.]
 363 649 *Douglas*—Archibald Douglas.
 366 918 *Grandsire Harry*—Henry IV of France, father of Henrietta Maria, was murdered by Ravillac in 1610.
 366 927 *Castlemaine*—Lady Castlemaine had long plotted the ruin of the Lord Chancellor.
 366 928 *Coventry*—See note p. 220, b. 10.
 366 942 *Pett*—See note p. 234, a. 18. Commissioner Pett was made a scapegoat for the failure of the navy; Hyde likewise was offered up as a sacrifice to his enemies at court. See Evelyn's Diary, August 27, 1667. This statement is made by Marvell in spite of his own hostility to the Lord Chancellor.

CHARLES COTTON

(1630-1687)

[For Text see page 367.]

Charles Cotton, of Beresford Hall, Staffordshire, is known chiefly perhaps because he contributed, in 1676, a second part to Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*. The affectionate association of the two men is in itself an indication of the amiable character of Walton's young friend. Cotton is one of those delightful gentlemen of the seventeenth century who, through no law of necessity and without entering the lists of professional writers, greatly enriched English literature out of a sheer love for writing. He occupies a large place in the historical evolution of English burlesque poetry through his interest in the writings of Scarron. Cotton's *Scarronides* (1664-65), a burlesque version of the first and the fourth book of the *Æneid* loosely translated from Scarron's *Virgil Travestie* set an example of incalculable influence on poets of the Restoration. He also gave his countrymen, in 1685, a much more readable translation of Montaigne's *Essays* than that by Florio. Cotton's little poems, most of them lyrical descriptions of nature, were thrown off at odd moments throughout his life. Though of a minor character, they have the combined charm of an angler's genial personality and the pleasant country places in which he spent most of his fifty-seven years.

EDITIONS: *The Genuine Poetical Works of Charles Cotton, 1725, 1741, 1765*; *Poems by Charles Cotton*, ed. by J. R. Tutin, 1904; *Poems from the Works of Charles Cotton*, decorated by C. Lovat Fraser, 1922; *The Poems of Charles Cotton, 1630-1687*, ed. by John Beresford, 1923; *The Complete Gamesier, by Charles Cotton, 1674*; and *Lives of the Gamesiers, by Theophilus Lucas, 1714*, ed. by Cyril Hughes Hartmann, 1929.

COMMENT: John Beresford, "The Poetry of Charles Cotton," *London Mercury*, V (1921), 57 ff.; Gerald W. Brace, "Charles Cotton, Poet," *Saturday Review of Literature*, VII (1930), 146; C. J. Sembower, *The Life and the Poetry of Charles Cotton*, Philadelphia, 1911.

MORNING QUATRAINS

368 71 *Snies*—Swarms.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

(1638-1706)

[For Text see page 371.]

Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and, after 1677, sixth Earl of Dorset, was in his younger years a typical man of fashion, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber and a faithful

member of the Circle of Wits who held their Rabelaisian meetings in the apartments of Lady Castlemaine. Besides Old Rowley himself, the coterie included Buckhurst, Sedley, Etherege, and Rochester, and sometimes the Duke of Buckingham. It was such an aggregation of aristocratic wit and wickedness as could have been tolerated only in those merry days when

"All by the King's example liv'd and lov'd."

To Buckhurst belongs the honor (in which, however, he was not alone) of preceding his royal master in the affections of Nell Gwyn, who called him her Charles the First. Horace Walpole, looking back from the distance of a century, said of him: "He was the finest gentleman of the voluptuous court of Charles II, and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries, Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the Duke's want of principles, or the Earl's want of thought. It was not that he was free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderness of it too, which made everybody excuse whom everybody loved."

The literary activities of this madcap fraternity are said to have been encouraged by Edmund Waller, who counseled them to pattern their work upon the example of the Cavalier poets under Charles I, especially of Sir John Suckling. Although their first enterprise, a joint translation of Corneille's *La Mort de Pompée*, had only dubious success, it enlisted the service of some young men who were to make valuable contributions to Restoration drama and lyric. Dorset's best-known composition, his "Song written at sea," enjoyed additional reputation because it was thought to have been composed while the poet was actually being "rolled up and down" on one of his Majesty's ships in the Dutch War of 1665. This is now known not to be the case; but the discovery that it was written six months before the battle on *terra firma* scarcely lessens its claim to being an excellent ballad. Dorset is said to have applied himself diligently to his studies and to have had a fierce contempt for mediocre writing. Partly for this reason, he has only a thin sheaf of verses to show for a long lifetime. His taste in matters of literature was considered infallible. It is to be remembered to the credit of his good judgment that he realized the worth of *Hudibras* and of *Paradise Lost* and brought these to the attention of the fashionable world, and that he had a happy faculty of discovering true merit in young men of promise. With all his accomplishments, he was not the great poet he appeared to his contemporaries. They were dazzled by his wit and elegance, and even more by his rôle as Mæcenas. Dorset was a liberal and enlightened patron and friend to a long line of poets, including Edmund Waller, John Dryden, Matthew Prior, and Alexander Pope. Their eulogies, if sincere, were colored by the recollection of benefits received and hopes of others to follow. To Dryden he was "the restorer of poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best of patrons." Prior's estimate was even more flattering. He thought that Dorset's manner of writing would "hardly ever be equalled." "Every one of his pieces," he declares further, "is an ingot of gold, intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as wrought or beaten thinner would shine thro' a whole book of any author." The legend was still flourishing when Addison rated the late Lord Dorset as "one of the finest critics as well as the best poets of his age." Without denying that Dorset occasionally turned a pretty line of lyric and had no inconsiderable talent for satire, it is sufficient praise to say with Dr. Johnson that his poems are "the effusions of a man of wit, gay, vigorous, and airy."

In spite of their jibes at marriage, each of the court poets "lugg'd about the matrimonial load," Dorset three times in fact. As his youthful spirits subsided, he settled down to a more orthodox and serious life, apparently emerging into greater respectability than any of his companions. His attachment to the Stuart cause did not prevent his taking an active part in the dethronement of James II. Under the Dutch King he was Lord Chamberlain and held other responsible offices, applying himself so earnestly to public affairs that his

youthful escapades were more or less forgotten, and he was thought of as a great statesman and a patron of letters.

EDITIONS: *The Works of the Earl of Dorset in The Works of the Most Celebrated Minor Poets*, Vol. I, 1749; *The Works of the English Poets*, ed. by Samuel Johnson, Vol. II, 1779; *The Works of the English Poets*, ed. by A. Chalmers, Vol. VIII, 1810; *A New Miscellany of Original Poems on Several Occasions*, ed. by C. Gildon, 1701.

COMMENT: Helen A. Bagley, "A Checklist of the Poems of Charles Sackville, Sixth Earl of Dorset and Middlesex," *Modern Language Notes*, XLVII (1932), 454 ff.; Samuel Johnson, "Dorset," in *Lives of the English Poets*, ed. by G. B. Hill, Volume I, Oxford, 1905.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

(1634?–1691?)

[For Text see page 375.]

Etherege preferred, as many other royalists did, to live abroad while "there was no king in Israel," and to his long residence in France may be attributed a Gallic turn of thought and phrase manifest in all of his writing. If he returned to England in 1663, as Sir Edmund Gosse conjectures, the gay Lotario had a year of idle and fashionable life in London—making the round of Locket's, the Mulberry Garden, and the other haunts *à la mode*—before he proved his talent as a dramatist. *The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub* was acted at the Duke of York's Theater in 1664. Some of those who attended the performance, more discerning than Mr. Samuel Pepys of the Navy Office, were aware that they were witnessing the birth of a new kind of comedy. It is not too much to say of this and, more especially of the two plays that followed—*She Would if She Could* (1668) and *The Man of Mode* (1676)—that they are the progenitors of the brilliant Restoration comedy of manners which was to come to its final perfection in the work of William Congreve.

Etherege very wisely dedicated his first comedy to Lord Buckhurst. Upon the further recommendation of his witty conversation and lax morals, "Gentle George" became at once an indispensable companion to the aristocratic young bloods who dazzled and scandalized the cits. Etherege's success in literature was in a way a *succès de scandale*, for his best work in comedy is a clever stage-reproduction of the fashions and follies of the polite world in which he shone. According to one report, he intended to portray his own character in Dorimant, the heartless rake in *The Man of Mode*; according to another, this rôle, even to the very details of the actor's costume, was copied from the Earl of Rochester. Dean Lockier made the caustic suggestion that, unintentionally, the author portrayed himself in the egregious coxcomb, Sir Fopling Flutter. Only a participant in the life could depict it on the stage; Etherege, born to the manner, succeeded naturally where his friend Dryden, at his best, accomplished a *tour de force*. Etherege valued himself especially on a "noble laziness of the mind," which he actually possessed in a high degree, and which endeared him to his sauntering Majesty. "Nature, you know," he says of himself, "intended me for an idle fellow, and gave me passion and qualities fit for that blessed calling." His pleasures were those of his kind—intrigues, drunken brawls, skirmishing the watch, and other rakehell sports. He obtained the money required for the purchase of his knighthood by marrying a wealthy widow; but the supply was soon exhausted by reckless living. Faced by dire need, he managed in 1685, through the influence of Mary of Modena, to be appointed ambassador to Ratisbon. It is doubtful if such another representative of England can be found in the annals of diplomacy. How he behaved in the provincial German town and how the staid citizens were astonished and insulted by his conduct can be learned in part from the "Letter Book" which he preserved. Deprived of his post by the Revolution, he took up his residence in Paris, and there spent the brief remainder of his gay and witty life.

EDITIONS: *The Works of Sir George Etherege containing his Plays and Poems*, 1704, 1715, 1735: *Works*, ed. by A. W. Verity, 1888; *The Works of Sir George Etherege*, ed. by H. F. B. Brett-Smith, Oxford, 1927—; *The Letterbook of Sir George Etherege*, ed. by Sybil Rosenfeld, Oxford and London, 1928.

COMMENT: "Sir George Etherege," *Times Literary Supplement*, March 1, 1928, 137 f.; Eleanor Boswell, "Sir George Etherege," *Review of English Studies*, VII (1931), 207 ff.; H. F. B. Brett-Smith, "The Works of Etherege," *Review of English Studies*, V (1929), 77 f.; Bonamy Dobrée, "His Excellency Sir George Etherege," in *Essays in Biography, 1680-1726*, Oxford and London, 1925; Dorothy Foster, "Sir George Etherege," *Review of English Studies*, VIII (1932), 458 f.; Elizabeth L. Hewins, "Entertaining in the Grand Manner," *Sewanee Review*, XXXVIII (1930), 22 ff.; Vincenz Meindl, *Sir George Etherege, sein Leben, seine Zeit und seine Dramen*, Vienna and Leipzig, 1901; George Williamson, "Sir George Etherege and his Gilded Butterflies," *University of California Chronicle*, XXIX (1927), 44 ff.; W. von Wurzbach, "George Etherege," *Englische Studien*, XXVII (1899), 234 ff.

SONG: *If she be not*, etc.

375 From *The Comical Revenge* (1664)

SONG: *To little or no purpose*

375 From *She Would if She Could* (1668).

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

(1630-1701)

[For Text see page 377.]

After Sedley had been at Oxford about a year studying under the direction of Dr. Wilkins of Wadham College, the death of Sir William Sedley, his brother, brought him into possession of the family estate and the baronetcy. Promptly forsaking the academic life, he took up his residence in London, married the sister of his brother's widow, and at the age of twenty set up for a man of fashion. London was no longer the stronghold of grim piety it had been earlier in the Puritan *régime*. With a little circumspection, a wealthy young baronet could manage to sow a considerable crop of wild oats even before his blessed Majesty was restored. Already initiated in genteel vices, Sedley was ready to play a conspicuous rôle in the orgy that followed when "the late troubles" were over. According to many *censores morum* of the Restoration, he was the ringleader of the profligate wits sheltered by Charles II, and the most notorious in the quartet of titled blackguards. To condemn anyone for profanity and lewdness, it was sufficient to say he was "worse than Sir Charles Sedley." The populace was particularly shocked by a profane sermon delivered by Sedley (in "a state of nature") from the balcony of the Cock Tavern, in Bow Street, on June 16, 1663; but this drunken frolic, in which he was abetted by Dorset and Lord Ogle, was extraordinary mainly because in this particular instance royalty did not intervene, but allowed the offender to suffer a fine and imprisonment for his misdemeanor.

Charles II was so fascinated by Sedley's ready wit and skill at repartee that he "singled him out for the best genius of the age, and frequently told his familiars that Sedley's style, whether in writing or discourse, would be the standard of the English tongue." This reputation, however, was not sustained by his dramatic work. "Apollo's Viceroy," as Charles called him, was the author of two comedies, *The Mulberry Garden* (1668) and *Bellamira, or The Mistress* (1687), neither of which had, or deserved, the popularity of his friend Etherege's plays, and his rhymed version of *Antony and Cleopatra* (1677) was a dismal failure. This is not to say that Sedley did not contribute individual elements of great importance to the evolution of the Restoration comedy of manners; but apparently he talked more cleverly than he wrote. Shadwell remarked that he had heard Sedley "speak more wit at a supper than all my adversaries with their heads joined together can write in a year." His chief literary gift consists in a few imperishable lyrics, songs written in the light and fluent manner of Lovelace and Suckling. Like Etherege, he was

indebted, as a playwright and as a lyricist, to his thorough knowledge of French literature, which he improved by occasional sojourns in Paris.

Whether Sedley's vile life enters into the explanation or not, his wife became insane, imagining herself to be a queen and requiring a homage which must have been very irksome to her wayfaring husband. In time, he managed to make the necessary financial arrangement for packing her off to a French convent for good and all. Their daughter, Dorinda of "sparkling wit," ran true to form in becoming the mistress of James II, and was made Countess of Dorchester. It is probable that mortification over this family disgrace, rather than any sincere political conviction, actuated Sedley's hearty support of the Revolution. As he looked upon the coronation of William and Mary, he observed to a friend, "Well, I am even in point of civility with King James. For as he made my daughter a Countess, so I have helped to make his daughter a Queen." The years had brought something like discretion; but, in spite of his more serious attention to parliamentary duties, Sedley did not thrive under the gloomy William as his friend Dorset did. He was, however, more staunch in his allegiance to the Muse. Dorset's late writing is mainly in the satiric vein, some of his most trenchant lines being inspired by Dorinda, the daughter of his early playmate. Sedley continued, at intervals, to turn out fragile lyrics written in the manner of his early life; some of his poems were published, the year of his death, in Charles Gildon's *Miscellany*.

EDITIONS: *The Poetical Works of the Honourable Sir Charles Sedley, Baronet, and his Speeches in Parliament*, published from the original MS. by Captain Ayliffe, 1707. *The Works*, 2 vols., 1722; *The Works of the Honourable Sir Charles Sedley, Bart., in Prose and Verse*, 2 vols., 1778; *The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Charles Sedley*, collected and edited from the old editions by V. de Sola Pinto, 2 vols., 1928.

COMMENT: Eleanore Boswell, "Footnote to Seventeenth-Century Biographies. Sir Charles Sedley," *Modern Language Review*, XXVI (1931), 344; Eleanore Boswell, "Lady Sedley's Receipt Book," *Times Literary Supplement*, Dec. 12, 1929, 1058; C. Max Lissner, *Sir Charles Sedley's Leben und Werke*, Halle, 1905; W. L. Phelps, "Two Sonnets Hitherto Unnoticed," *Modern Language Notes*, XVIII (1903), 173 f.; V. de Sola Pinto, *Sir Charles Sedley, 1639-1701: a study in the life and literature of the Restoration*, 1927; V. de Sola Pinto, "Some Notes on Sir Charles Sedley," *Times Literary Supplement* (Corr.), Nov. 2, 9, 1922; C. Fell-Smith, Nov. 16.

TO CHLORIS

377 From *The Mulberry Garden* (1668).

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

(1647-1680)

[For Text see page 381.]

"Of all the rakes who graced, or disgraced, the Court of Charles II, Rochester," according to Beresford Chancellor, the biographer of English rakes, "is generally regarded as the most notorious." Where claims to notoriety are so evenly balanced, it is perhaps too nice a task to decide among them, especially between those of Sedley and Rochester. But this may be said for the latter's pretension, that he crowded into the brief span of fourteen years enough follies for a long lifetime. After the necessary attendance at Wadham College, he was made Master of Arts at the tender age of thirteen, having "sucked from his mother, the University, those perfections of wit, eloquence, and poetry which afterwards by his own corrupt stomach were turned into poison by himself and others." In what respects his education was improved by the Grand Tour, with considerable residence at the court of Louis XIV, is matter of conjecture only. His handsome person, his extreme youth, his elegant manners, and his wit would have been sufficient passport to the good graces of the revelers in Whitehall

if he had not had the further advantage of being related on his mother's side to my Lady Castlemaine. Through his appointment as Gentleman of the Bedchamber he came into intimate association with Buckhurst as well as the king, and so was admitted under perfect auspices to the *petits soupers* and the criminal pursuits of his elders in wickedness.

Rochester's escapades furnish some of the liveliest passages in Pepys's Diary and *Grammont's Memoirs*. Fond as Charles II was of Rochester and careless of the royal dignity, he found it necessary periodically to banish the young madcap from court. It was during these seasons of exile that Rochester, disguised as a mountebank or pious citizen or inn-keeper, indulged in his most whimsical frolics. He was feared as much as he was loved and flattered. Much of his talent for satire was expended upon the follies of that court of which he himself was a principal figure. He also had the audacity, which none of the other poetical noblemen possessed, to speak his mind freely to the Merry Monarch himself. The story is told that on one occasion Rochester intended to give Charles II a copy of verses satirizing some of the maids at court, but, being in his usual state of inebriation, handed him by mistake a biting satire on his Majesty himself. The least plausible detail in the story is the statement that the poet made an error. Rochester's kidnaping of Mrs. (Miss) Mallet set London agog, and resulted in his being sent to the Tower. Later, however, she became his wife, apparently of her own choice. There is some evidence, too, that, in spite of his gross infidelities, his affection for her was real and permanent. The "mad Earl" died more edifyingly than he had lived. When he saw the end of his gay life approaching, his thoughts turned to Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop Burnet, who had solaced the last hours of one of the young libertine's repentant mistresses. Evidently the clergyman squeezed from the dying man the last ounce of confession. That the world might profit by the death-bed repentance of the distinguished sinner, Burnet published the lesson in what was to become one of the most popular religious tracts in England, *The Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester* (1680).

No English poet calls for a sharper distinction between the critic's moral and aesthetic judgment. Even if we assume, what is almost certainly true, that some of the scandalous poems attributed to Rochester were written by others, there is no doubt that he was guilty of extreme foulness, and indeed that sometimes he mistook mere obscenity for wit. But the reader who is so disgusted that he can see nothing else is unworthy of the office of critic. In the midst of the filth are to be found some of the most exquisite lyrics of the period. Indeed, if Rochester had a contemporary rival in the charming kind of light lyric made fashionable by Lovelace and his associates, it was only Sedley. Not to admit this merit, but to set aside such work as merely insipid, as one critic does, is *ipso facto* to dishonor the function of criticism. Nor is it easy to see why Horace Walpole emphasized the Earl's "want of thought." Rochester's satires prove, if they prove nothing else, that he had his moments of serious reflection. It was not Dorset or Etherege or Sedley who composed *A Satire against Mankind*, but the youngest member of the group, and the most reflective. It is true that the author was indebted to Boileau's Ninth Satire, and that the atmosphere of Whitehall was permeated with cynicism; yet the fact remains that Rochester's damnatory estimate of the human race—one more contemptuous even than Swift was to express in *Gulliver's Travels*—is largely his own. It is the logical product of a clever mind confronted by the paradox of the Restoration, an age equally noted for intellectual brilliance and moral degradation.

EDITIONS: *Poems on Several Occasions: with Valentinian, A Tragedy*, 1680, 1685, 1691, 1696; *The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Honourable the late Earls of Rochester and Roscommon*, 1707, 1709, 1711; *The Works of John Earl of Rochester, containing Poems on Several Occasions, etc.*, 1714, 1732; *Works of the English Poets*, ed. by Samuel Johnson, Vol. X, 1779; *The Collected Works of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, ed. by John Hayward, 1926.

COMMENT: Geoffrey Bullough, "A Satyr on the Court Ladies," *Times Literary Supplement*, Feb. 18, 1932, 112; Bonamy Dobrée, *Rochester. A Conversation between Sir George Etherege and Mr. Fitzjames*, 1926; E. D. Forgues, "John Wilmot, Comte de Rochester," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Aug. and Sept., 1857; Brice Harris, "A Satyr on the Court Ladies,"

Times Literary Supplement, Aug. 20, 1931, 633; J. Isaacs, "The Earl of Rochester's Grand Tour," *Review of English Studies*, III (1927), 75 f.; Samuel Johnson, "Rochester," in *Lives of the English Poets*, ed. by G. B. Hill, Vol. I, Oxford, 1905; Thomas Longueville, *Rochester and Other Literary Rakes of the Restoration*, 1902; Robert Parsons, *A Sermon Preached at the Funeral of the Right Honourable John Earl of Rochester*, 1680; Johannes Prinz, *John Wilmot Earl of Rochester, his life and writings (Palæstra, 154)*, Leipzig, 1927; Voltaire, *Lettres Philosophiques*, Lettre XXI; George Williamson, "The Restoration Petronius," *University of California Chronicle*, XXIX (1927), 273 ff.; Ralph Wright, "Rochester," *New Statesman*, XXI (1923), 388 ff.

A SATIRE AGAINST MANKIND

- 382 73 *Ingelo*—The Rev. Nathaniel Ingelo, D.D., author of the religious romance *Benivolio and Urania* (1660), which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, marks "the lowest depth to which English romance-writing sank."
 382 74 *Patrick's Pilgrim*—Bishop Simon Patrick's *Parable of the Pilgrim* (1664), an allegorical work similar to Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.
Sibb's Soliloquies—A contemptuous allusion to one of the many religious books by Richard Sibbes (1577-1635), probably *Divine Meditations and Holy Contemplations* (1638).
 382 90 *Whimsical philosopher*—Diogenes.
 383 120 *Meres*—Sir Thomas Meres (1635-1713), a commissioner of the Admiralty from 1679 to 1684.

AN ALLUSION TO HORACE

- 385 37 *When Lec*, etc.—Alluding to Nathaniel

- Lee's tragedy, *Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow* (1676).
 385 40 *Busby*—Richard Busby (1606-95), headmaster of Westminster School.
 386 94 *Mistapha, or the Son of Solymán the Magnificent*—By the Earl of Orrery, one of the early heroic plays (1668).
The English Princess, or the Death of Richard the Third—By John Caryl (1667).
 386 108 *Betty Morice*—She is said to be the "Bonny Black Bess" celebrated in Dorset's poem. See pp. 371-72.
 386 112 *Purblind knight*—"An allusion apparently to Sir Carr Scrope (1649-1680), who at least so understood it; he replied in a *Defence of Satire*, which was in turn answered by Rochester in the verses *To Sir Carr Scrope*." [Spingarn.]
 386 118 *Shepherd*—Sir Fleetwood Shepherd.

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL

- 388 15 *Sir Sidrophel*—The name of the astrologer satirized in Butler's *Hudibras*.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

(1649-1721)

[For Text see page 390.]

John Sheffield, successively Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis of Normanby, and Duke of Buckinghamshire, lived a much more respectable life than the four court poets we have now considered, and, whether for this reason or not, is less interesting as man and writer. How intimately he knew them is not clear, but he was not endowed with sufficient wit or profligacy to be a boon companion of theirs. His poetical *Essay on Satire*, written in 1675, leaves no doubt that he had a hearty contempt for three of them. Rochester, supposing that this was the work of Dryden, who may have acted as counselor, was so incensed by the passage relating to him that he hired some bullies to waylay the Poet Laureate in Rose Alley and give him a severe cudgeling. Sheffield's *Essay on Poetry* (1682) shares the historical honor with the Earl of Roscomon's *Essay on Translated Verse* (1684) of having anticipated the general design of Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, and for this reason is of accidental importance. The most vigorous passage is another attack on Rochester, who is roundly scored for "barefac'd bawdry." The culprit himself now being dead, the defense of his poetry was undertaken by Robert Wolseley, who, though not wholly successful in his brief for Rochester, was near the truth when he asserted that the Earl of Mulgrave was scarcely the man to pose as the Muses' lawgiver, and that his *ars poetica* was made up of "scraps of Bossu, Rapin, Boileau, Mr. Dryden's Prefaces and table-talk." It was almost *de rigueur* that a gentleman of parts be able to

turn off a pretty song, and Sheffield had just sufficient knack to entitle him to a niche in anthologies of Restoration lyric.

EDITIONS: *The Works of John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis of Normanby and Duke of Buckingham*, 2 vols., 1723, 3rd edition, 1740; *The Works of the English Poets*, ed. by A. Chalmers, Vol. X, 1810; *The Works of the Most Noble John Sheffield, Late Duke of Buckingham, 1721*; *Poems on Several Occasions. To which are added the Tragedies of Julius Cæsar and Marcus Brutus, 1752.*

COMMENT: Samuel Johnson, "Sheffield, Buckinghamshire," in *Lives of the English Poets*, ed. by G. B. Hill, Vol. II, Oxford, 1905.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE

- 390 30 *Armstrong*—Sir Thomas Armstrong, who stabbed Mr. Scroop in the theater at Dorset Gardens. He was Gentleman of Horse to the King.
Ashton—According to Scott, a half-wit frequently mentioned in lampoons.
- 391 55 *Dunbar*—Robert Constable, third Viscount of Dunbar.
- 391 56 *Sir Carr*—Sir Carr Scrope, courtier and poetaster.
- 391 61 *Royal mistresses*—The Duchess of Cleveland and the Duchess of Portsmouth.
- 391 74 *Aylesbury*—Robert Bruce, Earl of Aylesbury.
- 391 76 *Danby's*—Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby.
- 391 89 *Nokes and Lee*—Famous actors of comic parts.
- 392 102 *Machiavel*—The Earl of Shaftesbury.
- 392 122 *New Earl*—Earl of Essex (1631–83).
- 392 145 *Tropos'*—"This was the infamous

- Lord Chief Justice Scroggs. At first he stickled hard for the Popish Plot; but, finding that ceased to be the road to preferment, he became as eager on the other side." [Scott.] This identification has, however, been questioned.
- 393 192 *Ned Howard*—An allusion to Dorset's poem to Mr. Edward Howard, on his *Incomparable, Incomprehensible Poem, called the British Princess.*
- 394 210 *Little Sid*—Sir Charles Sedley. See p. 583.
- 394 229 *Hewet*—Etherege's Sir Fopling Flutter was said by some to represent Sir George Hewet, a notorious coxcomb.
Jack Hall—A minor poet, thought to have been meant by Dryden's Uzza in *The Second Part of Absalom and Achitophel*, 407.
- 394 243 *Killigrew*—Thomas Killigrew (1612–83)
- 394 244 *Bessus*—A character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and No King*, an arrogant coward.

JOHN OLDHAM

(1653–1683)

[For Text see page 398.]

Though the son of a Nonconformist minister, John Oldham entered St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, at the age of seventeen and obtained his Bachelor's degree in 1674. During the next four years he was employed as usher in the free school at Croydon. There is a story that, while he was here, Dorset and Rochester, who had been favorably impressed by his verses, paid the obscure poet a visit. If this is true, their encouragement apparently resulted in no substantial benefits. As tutor in private families, Oldham came into somewhat closer connection with the literary life of London. Dryden was among his friendly admirers, and he found a patron in the Earl of Kingston. Scarcely had he begun to gain recognition as a poet, however, before he died of smallpox at the age of thirty. His poems are probably a mere promise of what he might have done if his life had not been tragically brief.

Oldham experimented in the Pindaric ode, as most ambitious writers did, and tried his hand at various other forms of poetry; but, as he came to realize, his most promising work was in satire.

"Satire's my only province and delight
 For whose dear sake alone I've vow'd to write:
 For this I seek occasions, court abuse,
 To show my parts and signalize my muse."

His indignation sometimes took the form of irony, as in *A Satire against Virtue and The Careless Good Fellow*. More frequently it is direct fulmination. His principal work, *Satires upon the Jesuits* (1681), is the logical product of the popular frenzy produced by the so-called Popish Plot and of Oldham's peculiar genius. Under the circumstances, moderation was not to be expected. If Oldham's indignation got the better of his judgment, his rage and credulity are merely typical of the Protestant reaction to the stories originated by Titus Oates and the other witnesses against the Roman Catholics. It is difficult to think that his satires were not influenced by a similar tirade delivered against the Jesuits by Phineas Fletcher in his *Locustæ*, a Latin poem which was translated into English by Fletcher himself as *The Apollyonists* (1627). Oldham's main literary inspiration came, however, from his great familiarity with the satirists of Augustan Rome. The influence of Persius is obvious in the Prologue, and echoes of Horace are frequent; but the supreme master was the thundering Juvenal, of whose Thirteenth Satire Oldham made a good translation. Oldham supposed, as most of the earliest satirists did, until Dryden corrected the error, that the satiric effect is enhanced by "the harsh cadence of a rugged line." A degree of uncouthness is, then, a matter of deliberate intention. He brought himself into comparison with Rochester by writing, in imitation of Boileau, a *Satire against Mankind*. The attempt has been made to prove that he, not Dryden, was the author of *Mac Flecknoe*. But even if better evidence existed for the claim, there would remain the insuperable difficulty of accounting for a refinement of style which Oldham nowhere else has exhibited. It is also difficult to think that John Dryden, if guilty of a downright theft, could have composed his beautiful poem *To the Memory of Mr. Oldham*.

EDITIONS: *The Poetical Works of John Oldham*, ed. by Robert Bell, 1854; *The Compositions in Prose and Verse of Mr. John Oldham, to which are added Memoirs of his life, etc.*, ed. by Edward Thompson, 3 vols., 1770; *Poems and Translations*, 1683; *Remains in Verse and Prose*, 1684; *Works. Together with His Remains*, 4 parts, 1686, etc.

SATIRES UPON THE JESUITS

PROLOGUE

- 398 8 *The Plot*—The Popish Plot.
 398 17 *Suarez*—Francisco Suarez (1548-1617), Spanish theologian, entered the Society of Jesus in 1564.
Escobar—Antonio Escobar y Mendoza (1589-1669), a Jesuit writer much ridiculed by English and French wits of the seventeenth century.
 398 20 *Ignatian's*—The founder of the Society of Jesus was Ignatius of Loyola (1491-1556).
 398 35 *St. Omer's dose*—There was a college of English Jesuits at St. Omer.
 398 36 *Godfrey*—Oldham has no doubt that Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey was murdered by the Catholics.
 399 65 *The Bor*—Probably refers to the tide-wave.

SATIRE I

- 399 *Garnet's ghost*—Thomas Garnet (1575-1608), an English Jesuit, was arrested in connection with the Gunpowder Plot (1605), but released for want of evidence, and banished for life. In defiance of the sentence, he returned to England; he was

- condemned to death, and executed at Tyburn June 23, 1608.
 399 17 *His*—Charles II's.
 400 55 *Clement*—Jacques Clément, a Dominican friar, murdered Henry III of France in 1589.
Ravillac—François Ravillac assassinated Henry IV of France May 14, 1610.
 400 64 *My vast attempt*—The Gunpowder Plot.
 402 149 *Reigning witch*—Queen Elizabeth.
 402 154 *Great Mary*—Queen Mary, who restored the Roman Catholic worship in England (1553-58).
 403 196 *Huss*—John Huss, Bohemian reformer, was burned at the stake as a heretic in 1415.
 403 197 *Waldo's cursed rout*—Waldenses, followers of Peter Waldo, who was excommunicated by Pope Lucius III in 1184.
 403 198 *Wyckliffe*—John Wycliffe (c. 1320-84), English reformer.
 403 203 *French brave*—Probably Maurevel, a French bravo, who murdered Mouy, one of the leaders of the Huguenots.
 403 219 *Macquire*—Apparently Will Mac-Queer, a notorious highwayman, bastard son of an Irish priest. He was afterwards executed (1691).
 405 321 *That tyrant's wish*—The wish expressed by Caligula.

- 405 330 *Medina*—The seventh Duke of Medina Sidonia (1550–1615), commander-in-chief of the Spanish Armada.
- 405 331 *Alva*—The Duke of Alva (1508–83) was execrated by all Protestants on account of the cruel measures he employed to reduce the Netherlands to the rule of Spain and the Church of Rome.
- 406 26 *Sidney and Monsieur d'Avaux*—Jean-Antoine de Mesmes, Count d'Avaux (1640–1709), Louis XIV's ambassador at The Hague (1676–88), who did his utmost, by fomenting the divisions and party spirit in the United Provinces, to render them powerless in the councils of Europe. Algernon Sidney was concerned with d'Avaux and Barillon, French ambassador at London, in these intrigues.
- 406 27 *Casel*—A town in northern France. William of Orange there defeated Philip, the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV.
- 407 40 *Mr. Fox*—John Fox (1516–87), the martyrologist.

THE CARELESS GOOD FELLOW

- 406 15 *To woolen*—An allusion to the new law passed in the interest of the woolen industry, requiring that all corpses be buried in woolen shrouds.

MRS. APHRA BEHN

(1640–1689)

[For Text see page 408.]

No reliable biography of Mrs. Behn has been written, and probably none will ever be, for the details of her life are buried beneath so many erroneous statements of her own and of others that the truth may elude all investigation. It was supposed until recently that her maiden name was Johnson, but it now appears to have been Amis. Whether or not her father was a barber, as Lady Winchelsea reported, no doubt he was too inconsiderable to have been appointed governor of an English colony, and the entire report of Mrs. Behn's visit to the West Indies may be confidently set aside as nothing more than the device of a fictionist to give additional plausibility to her story of Oroonoko, the royal slave. The truth seems to be that her nearest approach to these islands was through the pages of George Warren's *Impartial Description of Surinam* (1667). Who Mr. Behn was is not known, or when she married him, if indeed she married at all. It is a matter of record that she spent some time in Holland as a political spy for Charles II, that the government remittances were characteristically unpunctual, that she returned to England in a state of poverty, and that she was for a time imprisoned for debt.

Necessity as well as native talent explains why she was the first English woman to make a livelihood by means of her pen. Since she had to sell her literary wares, she naturally engaged in dramatic composition, for it was the most remunerative. Necessarily, too, she conformed to the prevailing taste for comedies of a too, too racy kind. Though all of hers are imitative, and few have much intrinsic value, she was shrewd enough to compound the conventional elements in such a way as to compete successfully with her rakish male rivals. She is to be honored for her candor in discarding, once or twice at least, the stereotyped pretense of a moral purpose and frankly admitting that she designed to please a lewd audience with a lewd play. In the long list of her dramas, tragedies as well as comedies, *The Rover*, a comedy produced in 1677, is usually considered her best performance.

Her prose fiction was merely a by-product, and notably increased when her popularity as a playwright began to wane. The *Love Letters between a Nobleman and his Sister* (1683), a thinly-veiled account of a contemporary scandal, was followed by numerous "histories" and "novels," the chronology of which is obscure. Three of the best were published in a single volume in 1688: *Oroonoko, or, The Royal Slave, The Fair Jilt, or Tarquin and Miranda*, and *Agnes de Castro, or The Force of Generous Blood*. A collection published eight years after her death included some of her best stories, *The Ad-*

ventures of the Black Lady, The Court of the King of Bantam, and The Unfortunate Happy Lady, a True History. With the sole exception of Bunyan, she contributed more to the future of realistic fiction than any other writer of her time. *Oroonoko*, the longest of her novels, owes very much of its popularity to its anticipation of the literature opposed to slavery and to the author's adumbration of Rousseau's belief in the goodness of natural man. Upon close inspection, however, the divine Astræa's protest against the inhumanity of the slave-system turns out to be mainly, if not wholly, a protest against the enslavement of a prince. *Oroonoko* has, therefore, only a slight claim as the ancestor of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The author's principal purpose evidently was to write a good story, and the humanitarian effect is accidental. Here, as elsewhere in her fiction, she owes her success chiefly to the skill with which, in the rôle of eye-witness, she anticipated in a measure Defoe's art of "lying like truth." The story of the ill-starred Oroonoko and Imoinda was given additional currency through Southerne's dramatic adaptation of the novel (1696), which was one of the popular tear-producers of the eighteenth century. It was dramatized also, but less successfully, by William Walker in 1698.

EDITIONS: *The Works of Aphra Behn*, ed. by Montague Summers, 6 vols., 1916; *Poems upon Several Occasions*, 1684.

COMMENT: Ernest Bernbaum, "Mrs. Behn's Biography a Fiction," *Pub. of Mod. Lang. Assn.*, XXVIII (1913), 432 ff.; Ernest Bernbaum, "Mrs. Behn's Oroonoko," *Kittredge Anniversary Papers*, 1913; Rosamond Gilder, "Aphra Behn," *Theatre Arts Monthly*, XII (1928), 397 ff.; Miss C. J. Hamilton, "The First Lady Novelist," *Cornhill Magazine*, LXXVIII (1898), 522; Brice Harris, "Aphra Behn's 'Bajazet to Gloriana,'" *Times Literary Supplement*, Feb. 9, 1933, 92; Walter and Clare Jerrold, *Five Queer Women*, 1929; Edwin D. Johnson, "Aphra Behn's Oroonoko," *Journal of Negro History*, X (1925), 334 ff.; P. E. More, "A Bluestocking of the Restoration," *The Nation*, CIII (1916), 299 ff.; Evelyn Pole, "Aphra Behn," *London Bookman*, LXXXII (1932), 242 f.; Victoria M. Sackville-West, *Aphra Behn, the Incomparable Astrea* (Representative Women Series), 1927; P. Siegel, *Aphra Behns Gedichte und Prosa-werke, Anglia*, XXV (1902), 86 ff. and 329 ff., Halle, 1902; Montague Summers, "A Note on Mrs. Behn and a Dickens Parallel," *Notes & Queries*, CLIX (1930), 274 f.

GEORGE SAVILE, MARQUIS OF HALIFAX

(1633-1695)

[For Text see page 445.]

A full account of the political activities of George Savile, first Marquis of Halifax, would constitute almost a complete history of English politics during the turbulent period from 1660 to the time of his death. As parliamentary leader, Minister under Charles II, President of the Council under James II, and Lord Privy Seal under William III, to mention only his most important offices, Halifax was constantly at the center of public affairs. It was he who turned the tide against Shaftesbury and the other extreme Whigs by defeating the Exclusion Bill in the House of Lords in 1680. This dramatic action was all the more conspicuous because Halifax, the only foe capable of matching steel with Shaftesbury, was himself a Whig. It is not surprising that he was regarded by Dryden as a brand snatched from the burning and given a prominent place in the Tory poet's roll of honor.

"Jotham of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
Endued by nature and by learning taught
To move assemblies, who but only tried
The worse a while, then chose the better side;
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can do."

But if the author of *Absalom and Achitophel* supposed that the witty and eloquent Jotham had committed himself permanently to "the better side" of the Tories, he was soon to be undeceived. Halifax opposed the Exclusion Bill through consideration, not for the Duke of York, but for the constitution of the realm. He could never be depended upon in advance to act unreservedly with either the Whig or the Tory party, but, instead, he left himself free to judge an issue solely on its merits. Such independence of judgment could not be understood by the fierce partisans of his day. Halifax was inevitably branded as a "trimmer." Far from resenting the imputation, he proudly accepted the term of reproach as in reality a tribute to his intelligence and courage. *The Character of a Trimmer* is his vindication of the *via media* in politics. Though not published until 1688, this essay was written in 1685 and circulated freely in manuscript in the closing days of Charles II's reign. Not to be deceived by James II, Halifax composed *A Letter to a Dissenter* (1686) and *The Anatomy of an Equivalent* (1688) to warn the Nonconformists against the suicidal policy of accepting the royal offer of toleration, the real purpose of which was to cloak James's design of reinstating the Roman Catholic religion. The new king, though virtually compelled to employ Halifax, feared him, and for good reason. The "trimmer" who had saved the succession for James in 1680 was the leading spirit in organizing the Glorious Revolution of 1688, by which the tyrannical sovereign was deprived of his throne.

"What distinguishes him from all other English statesmen," says Macaulay, "is this, that, through a long public life, and through frequent and violent revolutions of public feeling, he almost invariably took the view of the great questions of his time which history has finally adopted. He was called inconstant, because the relative position in which he stood to the contending parties was perpetually varying. As well might the pole-star be called inconstant because it is sometimes to the east and sometimes to the west of the pointers. To have defended the ancient and legal constitution against a seditious populace at one conjunction, and against a tyrannical government at another; to have been the foremost champion of order in the turbulent Parliament of 1680, and the foremost champion of liberty in the servile Parliament of 1685; to have been just and merciful to Roman Catholics in the days of the Popish plot, and to Exclusionists in the days of the Rye House plot; to have done all in his power to save both the head of Stafford and the head of Russell; this was a course which contemporaries, heated by passion, might not unnaturally call fickle, but which deserves a very different name from the later justice of posterity."

Another striking characteristic of his political pamphlets is the absence of personal satire and lampoon. Strong as the temptation must have been to a writer of Halifax's powers of ridicule, he restrained himself from the method of political warfare employed by his contemporaries and devoted his energies wholly to the consideration of general principles. His political philosophy was the essence of simplicity. Abstract theory was of little moment to Halifax. His system of political thought derives its energy almost exclusively from a cardinal principle which was to form the basis of Edmund Burke's philosophy, the imperative need of adapting all polity and legislation to the peculiar character of the people to be governed. He believed as little as Burke himself did in the perfectibility of human nature and in the perfection of government. With the kind of political wisdom that can be acquired only by participation in politics, the disillusioned man of affairs saw government for what it really is, a compromise of which the best to be expected is a sufficient degree of central authority to guarantee the rights of collective society without intolerable hardship on the component members. The tracts embodying his practical wisdom were composed evidently with no thought of a literary reputation. They were published without his name, and even when he might have safely acknowledged his responsibility, he made no effort to claim them. At his death he left in manuscript *The Character of Charles II*, which was first published

in 1750, and with it *Political, Moral and Miscellaneous Thoughts and Reflexions*. The same good sense, the same dash of mild cynicism, and the same fertility of metaphorical illustration characterize everything he wrote. Perhaps a clue to his way of thinking is to be found in his fondness for Montaigne. Charles Cotton's translation of the *Essays* was dedicated to Halifax, who in his acknowledgment of the honor said that "it is the book in the world I am best entertained with."

Nothing of his has been read more widely and pleasurably than *The Lady's New Year's Gift; or Advice to a Daughter* (1688). Even here, where the tender affections of a father are in conflict with the grim ideals of the Stoic, Halifax remains true to the light of experience. If the existing order seemed cruel to women, only a sentimental weakling would question the justice of the traditional scheme merely because it bore hard upon one whom he loved. The compromise in this instance as in all other social arrangements worked a grievance, admittedly, upon some individuals; but it was justified by the pragmatic consideration that it conduced to the good of the greatest number. He could do no more, then, than instruct his daughter how, in spite of the inequalities of law and convention, she might triumph over her future husband by means of the charms nature has lavished upon females by way of compensation. The daughter of the elegant Halifax was to become the mother of the elegant Lord Chesterfield. He is said to have written on the fly-leaf of his mother's copy of this essay, "Love's Labors Lost."

EDITIONS: *The Lady's New Year Gift; or, Advice to a Daughter*, ed. by Bonamy Dobrée, 1927; *Character of King Charles the Second*, 1927; *The Complete Works of Sir George Savile, Marquess of Halifax*, ed. by W. Raleigh, Oxford, 1912.

COMMENT: "George Savile, Lord Halifax," *Times Literary Supplement*, Dec. 15, 1927, 941 f.; Bonamy Dobrée, "George Savile Marquess of Halifax," in *Variety of Ways*, Oxford, 1932; H. C. Foxcroft, *Sir George Savile Marquis of Halifax*, 2 vols., 1898; John Murray, "Halifax's Trimmer," *Times Literary Supplement*, April 11, 1929, 296; H. Paul, *Men and Letters*, 1901; A. W. Reed, "George Savile, Marquis of Halifax," in F. J. C. Hearnshaw, ed., *The Social and Political Ideas of Some English Thinkers of the Augustan Age*, 1928.

THE CHARACTER OF A TRIMMER

450 a. 8 *Quod principi*, etc.—"Let that be law which is pleasing to the prince."

454 a. 12 *Triennial Act*—According to an enactment of 1641, Parliament was to assemble at least once every three years, whether the king so ordered or not.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

(1628–1699)

[For Text see page 461.]

William Temple, the son of an Irish judge, acquired his first fame in diplomatic service under Charles II's government. While envoy at Brussels in 1668, he concluded the Triple Alliance, which united England, Holland, and Sweden against the design of France to secure control of Spain. The fact that Charles II virtually nullified the good effects of this alliance by the secret Treaty of Dover (1670) in no way detracted from the wisdom of the policy itself or the diplomatic skill of the principal negotiator. Temple was chiefly responsible also for the Treaty of Nymegen and, in 1677, for the marriage of Princess Mary to William of Orange, a matrimonial arrangement which prepared the way for the political settlement to be effected by the Revolution. His numerous essays on political subjects, though valuable mainly to the student of history, are not without general interest. The most important are *An Essay upon the Advancement of Trade in Ireland* (1673) and *Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands* (1673). *Upon the Origin and Nature of Government* (written about

1672) deserved better than to be wholly ignored by John Locke. If not profound, Temple's explanation of the origin of political society is remarkable for the singular circumstance that the author renounced the conventional notion of the social compact, and adopted the more modern opinion that the state arose from the gradual and insensible expansion of the patriarchal system of government.

Temple, the skillful diplomat, lacked the effrontery and the toughness of fibre needed by anyone who was to engage in domestic politics under Charles II. When the government was on the verge of collapse, Temple was called upon, in 1679, to devise a *modus vivendi* and to reconcile sovereign and people. To attain his purpose, he established a council consisting of thirty advisers. "The scheme might have succeeded," says Garnett, "if thirty disinterested politicians had been forthcoming; but the entire kingdom could barely have furnished the number requisite for the redemption of Sodom." Mortified by his failure and disgusted by the conduct of his colleagues, Temple made up his mind to retire from public life and to perplex himself no further in the effort to mend the world. "I have had in twenty years' experience," he declared in his *Memoirs*, "enough of the uncertainty of princes, the caprices of fortune, the corruption of ministers, the violence of factions, the unsteadiness of counsels, and the infidelity of friends: nor do I think the rest of my life enough to make any new experiments." In this mood, he retired to his country estate at Sheen, and later to Moor Park, where his household included Jonathan Swift and Esther Johnson. Even after the accession of William and Mary had brought in a *régime* congenial to his own political principles, he could not be induced to come out of his retirement and take up again the responsibilities of a public servant.

In *The Gardens of Epicurus* there are pleasant glimpses of the retired diplomat which remind us of Evelyn's life and the latter part of Cowley's. Now that he had the leisure he had long coveted, Temple turned to the writing of his *Memoirs* and those pieces by which he is chiefly remembered, his leisurely and informal essays. These, with some other material, were published under the appropriate title of *Miscellanea*. The first volume appeared in 1680, the second in 1690, and the third, posthumously under the editorship of his literary executor Jonathan Swift, in 1701. No other composition of his elicited so much discussion as his essay *On Ancient and Modern Learning* (1690). It was this that brought over to England from France the learned war between the Ancients and the Moderns, one happy consequence of which—the only one perhaps—was that it suggested to Temple's secretary, Swift, the idea of *The Battle of the Books*. The value of Temple's attack upon modern art and science is disproportionate to the clamor it raised. He was too fond of playing the oracle to become a sober historian or critic. He had the habit of talking *ex cathedra* about matters he understood imperfectly, of resting large conclusions upon insufficient data, and of warping the evidence to his own purpose. A writer who, late in the seventeenth century, could seriously question Harvey's demonstration of the circulation of the blood and its importance in medical procedure could hardly be relied upon to pronounce authoritatively upon the accomplishment of modern scientists. Faults of the kind are not so numerous in the companion essay, *Of Poetry*. This, too, is a glorification of antiquity, but the essay is more trustworthy in matters of historical fact, and some of the comments upon current literary tendencies are marked by great shrewdness of observation. Temple is never more engaging than when he is playing the part of medical adviser. From the time of his young manhood he had had a valetudinarian interest in ailments and cures, as all know who have read the charming letters written to him by Dorothy Osborne during their courtship from 1652 to 1654. Although his love letters were not preserved, it is evident from hers that these "romantic lovers," who were married in 1655, were constantly exchanging notes upon their symptoms, and were bound together all the more firmly because each of them was the victim of the melancholic disease which was then coming to be known as the spleen. This

fussy preoccupation was probably aggravated, too, by the temperamental peculiarities of their son, John Temple, who committed suicide. Lady Giffard, Temple's sister, reports in her "Character" of her celebrated brother that he was painfully addicted to sudden fits of lowness of spirits—to be accounted for, if at all, only by the strange influence of weather. Temple's pronouncements upon medicine, as well as those upon social, political, and literary matters, were held in the highest esteem by his successors. With all his faults of judgment, he was so revered that for a century after his death to quote him as an authority was little less than to say *ipse dixit*. His great reputation as a writer of good prose rested upon a somewhat more solid footing. "It is generally believed," Swift said, "that this author has advanced our English tongue to as great perfection as it can well bear." The clarity and simplicity of his style were imitated by the Queen Anne essayists, and Johnson declared, with some exaggeration to be sure, that "Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose."

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OF POETRY

- 462 a. 8 *Carmina vel*, etc.—Virgil, *Eclogues*, VIII, 69-71:
 "Pale Phoebe, drawn by verse, from
 Heav'n descends
 And Circe chang'd with charms Ulysses'
 friends.
 Verse breaks the ground, and penetrates
 the brake,
 And in the winding cavern splits the
 snake."
 (Dryden.)
- 462 b. 3 *Casaubon*—Meric Casaubon, author of *Treatise concerning Enthusiasm*, etc. (1655).
- 466 a. 36 *Feliciter audet*—Horace, *Epistles*, II, i, 166. "He succeeds by audacity."
- 466 a. 37 *Lusit amabiliter*—*Ibid.*, II, i, 148. "He charms us by his drollery."
- 466 a. 45 *Three lines of Horace*—*Ibid.*, II, i, 211-13.
- 466 b. 30 *Aristotle says*—Problems, xix, 28.
- 466 b. 31 *Tacitus*—*Germania* II.
- 466 b. 38 *Pliny*—*Natural History*, VII, 57, 14.
- 468 b. 36 *Book of fables*—Fables of Pilpay.
- 468 b. 49 *Longi Pastorialis*—The Greek pastoral romance *Daphnis and Chloe*, ascribed to Longus.
- 469 b. 10 *O Animula*, etc.—Pope paraphrased

the *Adriani Morientis ad Animam* as follows:

"Ah, fleeting Spirit! wand'ring fire,
 That long hast warm'd my tender
 breast,
 Must thou no more this frame inspire,
 No more a pleasing cheerful guest?
 Whither, ah whither, art thou flying,
 To what dark undiscover'd shore?
 Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dy-
 ing,

And Wit and Humour are no more!"

- 473 b. 8 *Those lines of Horace*—*Satires*, I, iv, 81-85: "He who slanders his absent friend, who does not defend him when another accuses, who attempts to raise loud laughter of man and gain the reputation of a wit, who can make up things he never saw, and is unable to keep secrets, he is wicked—beware of him, O Roman."
- 473 b. 44 *La Secchia Rapita*—A mock-heroic poem by Alessandro Tassoni, published in 1622.
- 473 b. 45 *Virgil Travestie*—By Paul Scarron, published in 1648-52, and paraphrased by Charles Cotton as *Scarronides* (1664, 1665).
- 473 b. 46 *Sir John Minnes*—See note p. 222, a. 51.
- 475 b. 41 *Rosycrucia principles*—See note p. 129, 539.

JOHN LOCKE

(1632-1704)

[For Text see page 494.]

None of the literary productions of the late seventeenth century reflect more clearly the rigorous practicality of the age than do the philosophical treatises of John Locke. In keeping with the spirit of experimentation embodied in the Royal Society, Locke subjected the fundamental questions of philosophy to the test of reason and common sense. His constant style is, "Let anyone examine his own thoughts," "For which I shall appeal to everyone's own observation and experience." In his attack upon the cobwebs of *a priori* theories, he used the disconcerting method afterwards employed, with less reserve, by Dr. Johnson. It is this habit of constantly referring all speculative questions to observation and experience that has gained him an enthusiastic adoption by his practical-minded countrymen. Unlike his predecessors, he discussed philosophical problems in the manner and in the language of a layman. As a philosopher, he exerted himself chiefly in opposition to the opinion that man is endowed with an innate moral sense or intuition. All one has to do in order to refute the argument for this natural endowment, says Locke, is to examine the plain matter of fact as it is recorded in the history of the race and in the experience of the individual man. The same inquisitorial method is used to reveal fallacies in the contentions of social and political theorists, to expose the faults in an illogical system of education, and indeed to correct abuses in general of mere theory divorced from the facts of experience. If Locke is not the greatest of English philosophers, as some have confidently proclaimed, at least he is the most representative. The author of *An Essay concerning Human Understanding* is truly *Jean Bull philosophe*.

"I no sooner perceived myself in the world," Locke wrote late in life, "than I found myself in a storm." In spite of the turmoil of the Civil War, his education was uninterrupted. From Westminster School he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1652. While serving there as a tutor, he seems to have contemplated taking orders, but declined an offer of preferment, probably because he had then decided upon the profession of medicine. For some reason, he never obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine, but, instead, was made Bachelor of Medicine in 1674, and the next year was granted a medical studentship in his college. It was this interest of his that led to his momentous acquaintance with Lord Ashley, afterwards the first Earl of Shaftesbury. The association of the two Whigs began in 1666. Locke was soon installed in the Shaftesbury household and was ministering to his patron in a variety of ways. He saved the life of Shaftesbury himself by a successful operation. He arranged an advantageous match for Shaftesbury's son, "that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing" of Dryden's satire. He served as *accoucheur* at the birth of the son born of this marriage, who was to become the author of the *Characteristics*, and also superintended the young philosopher's education. Meanwhile Locke had begun to play a minor part in politics. When Shaftesbury became Lord Chancellor in 1672, his factotum was appointed first as secretary for presentation of benefices, and later secretary to the Board of Trade. Upon the Lord Chancellor's fall from power in 1675, he took the opportunity of spending some time on the Continent in search of health. Later, when Shaftesbury came into power again, the association was renewed. It was natural that Locke should have been suspected of complicity in Shaftesbury's revolutionary designs. Although he apparently was innocent, he thought it prudent to follow the example of the fiery rebel himself and seek refuge in Holland. This was in August of 1683, somewhat less than a year after the flight and death of his patron. Locke was to remain abroad until the Revolution had brought his party into control. On February 6, 1689, the ardent Whig had the satisfaction of returning to his native country on the same ship that brought over Queen Mary.

Locke was fifty-seven years old before he was known as an author. He had been a student from his youth. His long residence abroad had given him ample leisure to pursue his studies and had also brought him into beneficial contact with some European thinkers. An abstract of *An Essay concerning Human Understanding* was published in Le Clerc's *Bibliothèque universelle* in 1688, and the *Epistola de Tolerentia* appeared in Holland soon after the author's return to England. This was afterwards published in an English translation made by William Popple (1690), and was followed by two other letters on the same subject. Under the new government Locke was offered the post of ambassador to Berlin or Vienna, but declining all diplomatic honors, he was appointed Commissioner of Appeals in 1689, and in 1696 Commissioner of Trade and Plantations. His great works followed one another with astonishing rapidity. In most of them the author was acting as a more or less official apologist of the new order of things established by the Revolution. The first of his *Two Treatises of Government* (1690) is an exhaustive refutation of Sir Robert Filmer's *Patriarcha* (1680). Filmer's doctrine of divine right of kings is so absurdly wrong that his book seems hardly to deserve the elaborate attention it receives; but Filmer's treatise was the latest and most popular textbook in support of Stuart absolutism and had to be demolished before Locke could gain a favorable hearing for his own defense of popular rights. In order to justify the new political constitution of England brought about by the Whigs, specifically the expulsion of James II, Locke laid down premises which, if pursued to a logical conclusion, would yield more liberal policies than he himself wished to avow. Indeed there is ground for the assertion that, in spite of his own cautious reservations, he provided materials to be used by political theorists much more democratic than he was, including some of the doctrinaires of the French Revolution. The same ironical fate attended most of his teaching. No sooner had his greatest work appeared, *An Essay concerning Human Understanding* (1690)—"the best chart of the human mind," Hallam calls it—than conservative theologians began to scent lurking heresy in the new psychology of sensation. If Locke intended *The Reasonableness of Christianity* (1695) as a disclaimer, it failed of its purpose. His effort to determine the precise relation between natural reason and religious faith resulted, as most efforts of the rationalists did, in weakening the argument for the supernatural. The inherent danger of his philosophy was given notorious publicity by John Toland, who avowed that he derived from Locke basic support for his own *Christianity Not Myste-ri-ous* (1696), a book so offensive to the orthodox that the heretical author was regarded as a public enemy. Not only Toland, but most of the freethinkers of the eighteenth century, avowed, honestly enough too, that they were disciples of the orthodox Locke, and had his warrant for their system. Among those who visited him at Oates, where he lived in the family of Lord and Lady Masham, was a young squire, Anthony Collins, the author in 1713 of that scandalous book, *A Discourse of Freethinking*, which led to Swift's famous attack. The principal assailant of Locke himself was Edward Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester. His *Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity* (1696), aimed at both Locke and Toland, was the beginning of a controversy that ended only with Locke's death.

Some Thoughts concerning Education (1693), written at the request of William Molyneaux, is one of Locke's most delightful compositions. His revolt from the antiquated methods of education in use at the time, and long afterwards, was more than a mere theoretic difference. The more pleasant and profitable ways of training youth he himself had demonstrated while supervising the education of the Shaftesbury children. Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards the third Earl of Shaftesbury, had amply confirmed the wisdom of Dr. Locke's new system. In training him, however, Locke had armed his chief opponent in philosophy. His pupil was to become the author of *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times, etc.* (1711), a work devoted mainly to defending the doctrine of an innate moral sense.

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TWO TREATISES OF GOVERNMENT

- 494 Locke supports various opinions of his own by lengthy quotations from Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*. Important as they undoubtedly are in a study of the origins of Locke's philosophy, these footnotes may well be dispensed with by the general reader, and are therefore omitted.

AN ESSAY CONCERNING HUMAN UNDERSTANDING

- 511 *b.* 47 *Without assistance or pity*—"Gruber apud Thevenat, Part IV, p. 13." [Locke.]
 511 *b.* 50 *Without scruple*—"Lambert apud Thevenat, p. 38." [Locke.]
 511 *b.* 51 *Eat their own children*—"Vossius de Nili Origine, Cap. 18, 19." [Locke.]
 511 *b.* 53 *Fat and eat them*—P. Mart, Dec. 1." [Locke.]
 512 *a.* 1 *Garcilasso de la Vega*—"Hist. des Incas, Lib. I., Cap. 12." [Locke.]
 512 *a.* 12 *No religion, no worship*—"Lery, Cap. XVI, pp. 216, 231." [Locke.]
 512 *a.* 16 *Voyage of Baumgarten*—"Baumgarten, Peregrim, Lib. II., Cap. I, p. 73." [Locke.] The work of a German noble, whose account of his travels in Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine (1507) was revised by Joseph Scaliger.
 512 *a.* 19 *Ibi*, etc.: "Here (that is, near Belbes

in Egypt) we saw a holy Saracen sitting naked as he was born, in heaps of sand. It is the custom, as we learned, for the Mohammedans to worship as holy men and to venerate those who are mad and lacking reason. And what is more, they also consider as venerable for their holiness those who after they have led for a long time the basest of lives have at length taken to one of voluntary penance and poverty. Indeed the race of men of this sort have certain unbridled liberties, of entering what homes they wish, of eating, of drinking, and, what is greater, of copulation; if children follow upon this copulation, they likewise are held holy. Great honors are offered to these men, while they live; but to the dead, either huge temples or vast monuments are raised, and great fortunes are brought to the place to touch them and bury them. We heard these sayings and wonders through the interpretation of our Mucelus. Moreover, a certain holy man whom we saw in that place was especially commended publicly as a holy man, divine, and remarkable for his integrity; to such a degree that he was no bedfellow of women, nor of boys, but rather of asses and mules!"
 515 *a.* 25 *Lord Herbert*—Edward Herbert, first Baron Herbert of Cherbury (1583-1648), frequently referred to as the father

- of Deism in England. His first philosophical treatise, *De Veritate*, was published in 1624.
- 515 a. 35 *Notitiæ communes*—Common notions.
Prioritas—Priority.
Independentia—Independence.
- 515 a. 36 *Universalitas*—Universality.
Certitudo—Certainty.
- 515 a. 37 *Necessitas*—Necessity.
- 515 a. 38 *Faciunt ad hominis conservationem*—Those things which are for the preservation of man.
- 515 a. 39 *Modus, conformationis*—Manner of agreeing.
Assensus nulla interposita mora—Assent with no interposition of delay.
- 515 a. 43 *Adeo ut*, etc.—“Truths which flourish everywhere are not circumscribed within the confines of one religion. For they are divinely inscribed in the mind itself—liable to harm by no traditions, whether written, or unwritten.” And: “Our Catholic truths, which are inscribed in the inner court as if the undoubted words of God.”
- 515 b. 2 *Esse aliquod*, etc.—“There is some supreme divinity.”
- 515 b. 3 *Numen illud*, etc.—“This divinity ought to be worshiped.”
Virtutem cum, etc.—“Virtue joined with piety is the best worship of God.”
- 515 b. 5 *Respiscendum*, etc.—“One should seek remission of sins.”
- 515 b. 6 *Dari*, etc.—“Rewards or punishments are to be given after the completion of this life.”
- 518 b. 32 *Dum solos*, etc.—“While he well believes that those only whom he worships are to be held gods.”

SOME THOUGHTS CONCERNING EDUCATION

- 532 a. 11 *Burgersdiciuscs*—See note p. 191, a. 47.
- 532 a. 12 *Scheiblers*—Christoph Scheibler was the author of *Philosophia Compendia*, which set forth in two hundred pages of Latin the essentials of logic, metaphysics, physics, geometry, astronomy, optics, etc. A sixth edition was published at Oxford in 1639.
- 537 b. 48 *Ad capiendum*, etc.—To receive the culture of learning.

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¹ When no place of publication is indicated, it is either London or New York.

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