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AN ENGLISH GARNER

INGATHERINGS FROM OUR HISTORY AND LITERATURE

BY EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.

'*Yea, history hath triumphed over time: which besides it, nothing but eternity hath triumphed over.*' SIR W. RALEIGH, Hist. of the World.

'*Airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers.*' J. MILTON, Areopagitica.

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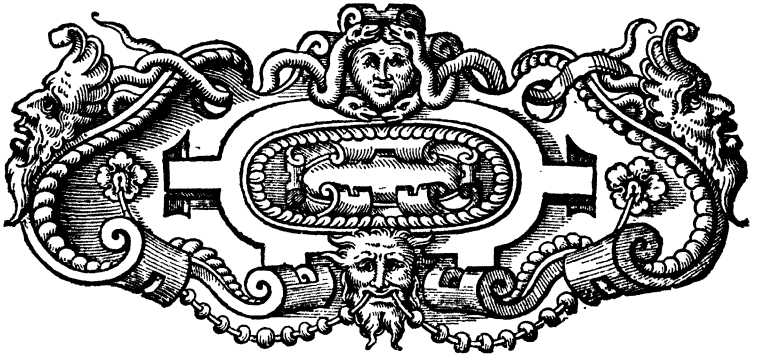
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AN

ENGLISH GARNER

INGATHERINGS

FROM OUR

HISTORY AND LITERATURE

VOL. VII.

?

I loved a lass, a fair one!

[*A Description of Love.* 1629.]

I LOVED a lass, a fair one!
As fair as e'er was seen:
She was, indeed, a rare one,
Another Sheba's Queen!
But (fool as then I was)
I thought She loved me too!
But now, alas, She has left me.
Falero! lero! loo!

Her hair, like gold, did glister.
Each eye was like a star.
She did surpass her sister,
Which passed all others, far!
She would me "Honey!" call:
She'd, O She'd kiss me, too!
But now, alas, She has left me.
Falero! lero! loo!

In summer time, to Medley
My Love and I would go;
The boatmen there, stood ready
My Love and I to row.
For cream, there, would we call!
For cakes! and for prunes too!
But now, alas, She has left me.
Falero! lero! loo!

Many a merry meeting
My Love and I have had.
She was "my only Sweeting!"
She made my heart full glad.
The tears stood in her eyes
Like to the morning dew;
But now, alas, She has left me.
Falero! lero! loo!

And as abroad we walkèd
(As lovers' fashion is),
Oft we sweetly talkèd!
The sun should steal a kiss!
The wind, upon her lips,
Likewise, most sweetly blew!
But now, alas, She has left me.
Falero! lero! loo!

Her cheeks were like the cherry;
Her skin, as white as snow:
When She was blithe and merry,
She angel-like did shew.
Her waist exceeding small.
The "fives" did fit her shoe.
But now, alas, She has left me.
Falero! lero! loo!

In summer time, or winter;
She had her heart's desire!
I still did scorn to stint her
From sugar, sack, or fire!
The world went round about;
No cares we ever knew!
But now, alas, She has left me.
Falero! lero! loo!

As we walked home together,
At midnight, through the town;
To keep away the weather,
O'er her, I'd cast my gown!
No cold, my Love should feel,
Whate'er the heavens could do!
But now, alas, She has left me.
Falero! lero! loo!

Like doves, we would be billing!
And clip and kiss so fast!
Yet She would be unwilling
That I should kiss the last.
They're JUDAS kisses now!
Since that they proved untrue.
For now, alas, She has left me.
Falero! lero! loo!

To maidens' vows and swearing;
Henceforth, no credit give!
You may give them the hearing;
But never them believe!
They are as False as Fair!
Unconstant! Frail! Untrue!
For mine, alas, has left me.
Falero! lero! loo!

'Twas I, that paid for all things!
'Twas others drank the wine!
I cannot, now, recall things;
Live but a fool, to pine!
'Twas I that beat the bush;
The bird, to others flew!
For She, alas, hath left me.
Falero! lero! loo!

If ever that Dame NATURE
(For this false lover's sake),
Another pleasing creature
Like unto her, would make;
Let her remember this,
To make the other *true*!
For this, alas, hath left me.
Falero! lero! loo!

No riches now can raise me,
No want makes me despair,
No misery amaze me,
Nor yet for want, I care:
I have lost a World itself!
My earthly heaven, adieu!
Since She, alas, hath left me.
Falero! lero! loo!



To the true ennobled Lady, and his most bountiful Mistress, Mistress ANNE FITTON, Maid of Honour to the most sacred Maid Royal, Queen ELIZABETH.

HONOURABLE MISTRESS,

IN THE wane of my little wit, I am forced to desire your protection; else every ballad singer will proclaim me bankrupt of honesty! A sort of mad fellows, seeing me merrily disposed in a Morrice, have so bepainted me in print, since my gambols began from London to Norwich, that (having but an ill face before) I shall appear to the world without a face, if your fair hand wipe not away their foul colours.

One hath written *Kemp's farewell*, to the tune of *Kery, mery, buffe*; another, his *desperate dangers in his late travail*; the third, his *entertainment to Newmarket*, which town I came never near, by the length of half the heath. Some swear in a *trenchmore*, I have trod a good way to win the world; others that guess righter, affirm, "I have without good help, danced myself out of the world!" Many say many things that were never thought.

But, in a word, your poor Servant offers the truth of his Progress and profit, to your honourable view! receive it, I beseech you! such as it is, rude and plain: for I know your

pure judgement looks as soon to see beauty in a blackamoor, or hear smooth speech from a stammerer, as to find anything but blunt mirth in a Morrice dancer! especially such a one as WILL. KEMP, that hath spent his life in mad jigs and merry jests.

Three reasons move me to make public this journey. One, to reprove lying fools I never knew. The other, to commend loving friends, which, by the way, I daily found. The third, to show my duty to your honourable self. Whose favours, among other bountiful friends, make me, despite of this sad world, judge my heart Cork, and my heels Feathers: so that, methinks, I could fly to Rome (at least, *hop to Rome*, as the old proverb is) with a mortar on my head.

In which light conceit, I lowly beg pardon and leave: for my tabourer strikes his *Hunt's up!* I must to Norwich!

Imagine, noble Mistress! I am now setting from my Lord Mayor's! the hour, about seven! the morning, gloomy! the company, many! my heart, merry!

Your worthy Ladyship's

Most unworthy servant,

WILLIAM KEMP.

KEMP'S nine days' wonder.

Performed in a Morrice from London to Norwich.

Wherein every day's journey is pleasantly set down, to satisfy his friends [as to] the truth; against all lying ballad. makers: what he did, how he was welcome, and by whom entertained.

The First Day's journey, being the first Monday in clean Lent; from the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor's, of London.

THE first Monday in Lent [*Feb.* 11, 1600], the close morning promising a clear day; attended on by THOMAS SLYE, my Tabourer; WILLIAM BEE, my servant; and GEORGE SPRAT appointed for my Overseer, that I should take no other ease, but my prescribed order: myself, that's I (otherwise called *Cavaliero* KEMP, Head Master of Morrice dancers, High Headborough of heighs, and only tricker of your Trill-lilles, and best bell-shangles, between Sion and Mount Surrey) began frolicly to foot it, from the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor's, of London, towards the Right Worshipful and truly bountiful Master Mayor's at Norwich.

Sion, near Brainford; and Mount Surrey, near Norwich.

My setting forward was somewhat before seven in the morning, my Tabourer struck up merrily, and as fast as kind people thronging together would give me leave, through London, I leapt!

By the way, many good old people, and divers others of younger years, of mere kindness, give me bowed [*bent*] sixpences and groats; blessing me with their hearty prayers and "God speeds!"

Being past Whitechapel, and having left fair London, with all that north-east suburb before named, multitudes of Londoners left not me! but either to keep a custom that many hold, that "Mile End is no walk, without a recreation at Stratford [at] Bow, with cream and cakes," or else for love they bear towards me, or perhaps to make themselves merry if I should chance, as many thought, to give over my Morrice within a mile of Mile End.

However, many a thousand brought me to Bow; where I rested a while from dancing: but had small rest with those, that would have urged me to drinking. But, I warrant you! WILL. KEMP was wise enough! To their full cups, "kind thanks!" was my return; with gentlemanlike protestations, as "Truly, Sir, I dare not! It stands not with the congruity of my health!"

"Congruity," said I! but how came that strange language in my mouth? I think scarcely that it is any Christian word: and yet it may be a good word, for ought I know; though I never made it, nor do very well understand it! Yet I am sure, I have bought it at the wordmongers, at as dear a rate as I could have had a whole hundred of bavins [*logs*] from the woodmongers.

Farewell "Congruity!" for I mean now to be more concise, and stand upon evener bases! but I must neither stand nor sit, the Tabourer strikes alarum. "Tickle it, good TOM! I'll follow thee! Farewell Bow! Have over the Bridge, where, I heard say, 'Honest Conscience was once drowned.' It is pity if it were so! but that is no matter belonging to our Morrice; let us now along to Stratford Langton!"

Many good fellows being there met, and knowing how well I loved the sport, had prepared a Bear baiting: but so unreasonable were the multitudes of people, that I could only hear the bear roar and the dogs howl.

A great spoon at Ilford, holding above a quart.

Therefore forward I went, with my hey de gaies [*heydegives*] to Ilford, where I again rested; and was by the people of the town and country thereabouts, very well welcomed: being offered carouses in the great spoon,

one whole draught [of it] being able at that time to have drawn my little wit dry; but being afraid of the old proverb, *He had need of a long spoon that eats with the Devil*, I soberly gave my boon companions the slip.

From Ilford, by moonshine, I set forward, dancing within a quarter of a mile of Romford: where in the highway, two strong jades, having belike some quarrel to me unknown, were beating and biting of each other; and such, through GOD's help, was my good hap that I escaped their hoofs, both being raised with their forefeet above my head, like two smiths over one anvil.

There, being an end of my First Day's Morrice, a kind gentleman of London [a]lighting from his horse, would have no "Nay!" but I should leap into his saddle. To be plain with ye! I was not proud; but took kindly his kindlier offer, chiefly thereto urged by my weariness. So I rode to my inn at Romford.

In that town, to give rest to my well laboured limbs, I continued two days: being much beholden to the townsmen for their love; but more to the Londoners, that came hourly thither in great numbers, to visit me, offering much more kindness than I was willing to accept.

The Second Day's journey, being Thursday of the First week.

THURSDAY [*Feb.* 14, 1600], being market day at Burnt Wood, TOM SLYE was earlier up than the lark, and sounded merrily the Morrice. I roused myself, and returned from Romford to the place where I took horse the first night; dancing that quarter of a mile back again, through Romford, and so merrily to Burnt Wood.

Yet now I remember it well, I had no great cause of mirth! For at Romford town's end, I strained my hip; and, for a time, endured exceeding pain: but being loth to trouble a surgeon, I held on, finding remedy by labour that had hurt me. For it came in a turn; and so, in my dance, I turned it out of my service again.

The multitudes were so great, at my coming to Burnt Wood, that I had much ado (though I made many entreaties and stays) to get passage to my inn.

In this town, two cut-purses [*pickpockets*] were taken, that with other two of their companions followed me from London; as many better disposed people did. But these two dy-doppers gave out, when they were apprehended, that "they had laid wagers, and betted about my journey."

Whereupon the Officers bringing them to my inn, I justly denied their acquaintance; saving that "I remembered one of them to be a noted cut-purse:" such a one as we tie to a post on our Stage, for all people to wonder at; when at a Play, they are taken pilfering.

This fellow and his half-brother being found with the deed, were sent to gaol: their other two consorts had the charity of the town! and, after a dance of *Trenchmore* at the whipping cross, they were sent back to London; where, I am afraid, there are too many of their occupation. To be short, I thought myself well rid of four such followers; and I wish heartily, that the whole world were clear of such companions!

Having rested well at Burnt Wood, the moon shining clearly and the weather being calm, in the evening, I tripped it to Ingerstone; stealing away from those numbers of people that followed me: yet, do what I could, I had above fifty in the company, some of London, the others of the country thereabouts; that would needs, when they heard my taber, trudge after me through thick and thin.

The Third Day's journey, being Friday of the First week.

ON FRIDAY morning [*Feb.* 15, 1600], I set forward towards Chelmsford, not having past two hundred; being the least company that I had in the day time between London and that place.

Onward I went, thus easily followed, till I came to Witford Bridge: where a number of country [*county*] gentlemen and gentlewomen were gathered together to see me. Sir THOMAS MILDMAY standing at his park pale [*palings*], received gently a pair of garters of me: gloves, points, and garters being my ordinary merchandise, that I put to venture for performance of my merry voyage.

So much ado I had to pass by the people at Chelmsford, that it was more than an hour ere I could recover my inn

gate; where I was fain to lock myself in my chamber, and pacify them with words out of a window instead of deeds. To deal plainly, I was so weary that I could dance no more.

The next morning, I footed it three miles of my way towards Braintree: but returned back again to Chelmsford; where I lay that Saturday and the next Sunday.

The good cheer and kind welcome I had at Chelmsford was much more than I was willing to entertain: for my only desire was to refrain from drink, and [to] be temperate in my diet.

At Chelmsford, a maid not passing fourteen years of age, dwelling with one SUDLEY my kind friend, made request to her Master and Dame, that she might dance the Morrice with me, in a great large room. They being intreated, I was soon won to fit her with bells; besides [which], she would have the old fashion, with napkin on [each of] her arms: and to our jumps, we fell!

A whole hour, she held out! but then, being ready to lie down, I left her off: but thus much in her praise, I would have challenged the strongest man in Chelmsford; and amongst many, I think few would have done so much.

The Fourth Day's journey, being Monday of the Second week.

ON MONDAY morning [*Feb.* 18], very early, I rode the three miles I danced the Saturday before; where, alighting, my Tabourer struck up, and lightly I tripped forward: but I had the heaviest way [*road*] that ever mad Morrice dancer trod: yet

With hey and ho! through thick and thin;
The hobby horse quite forgotten,
I followed as I did begin!
Although the way were rotten.

This foul way I could find no ease in, thick woods being on either side the lane; the lane likewise being full of deep holes, sometimes I skipped up to the waist! But it is an old proverb, that *it is a little comfort to the miserable, to have companions*: and amidst this miry way, I had some mirth, by an unlooked for accident.

It was the custom of honest country fellows, my unknown friends, upon hearing of my pipe (which might well be heard, in a still morning or evening, a mile), to get up and bear me company a little way.

In this foul way, two pretty plain youths watched me; and with their kindness somewhat hindered me. One, a fine light fellow, would be still before me; the other, ever at my heels!

At length, coming to a broad plash of water and mud, which could not be avoided; I fetched a rise, yet fell in over the ankles at the further end. My youth that followed me, took his jump, and stuck fast in the midst, crying out to his companion, "Come, GEORGE! call ye this dancing! I'll go no further!" for, indeed, he could go no further, till his fellow was fain to wade and help him out. I could not choose but laugh, to see how, like two frogs, they laboured!

A hearty farewell, I gave them! And they faintly bade "God speed me!" saying if I danced that dirty way, this seven years' again, they would never dance after me!

Well, with much ado, I got unto Braintree, by noon, and tarried there Monday night and the next day; only I danced three miles on Tuesday, to ease my Wednesday's journey.

If I should deny that I was welcome at Braintree, I should slander an honest crew of kind men; among whom, I fared well, slept well, and was every way well used.

The Fifth Day's journey, being Wednesday of the Second week.

TAKING advantage of my three miles that I had danced the day before; this Wednesday morning [*Feb.* 20], I tripped it to Sudbury; whither came to see me, a very kind Gentleman, Master FOSKEW, that had, before, travelled afoot from London to Berwick: who, giving me good counsel to observe temperate diet for my health, and other advice to be careful of my company, besides his liberal entertainment, departed; leaving me much indebted to his love.

In this town of Sudbury, there came a lusty tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would, in a Morrice, keep me company to Bury. I being glad of his friendly offer, gave

him thanks: and forward we did set! But ere ever we had measured half a mile of our way, he gave me over in the plain field: protesting that "if he might get a hundred pounds, he would not hold out with me!" For, indeed, my pace in dancing is not ordinary.

As he and I were parting, a lusty country lass being among the people, called him "Faint-hearted lout!" saying, "If I had begun to dance, I would have held out one mile, though it had cost my life!"

At which words, many laughed.

"Nay," saith she, "if the Dancer will lend me a leash of his bells, I'll venture to tread one mile with him, myself!"

I looked upon her, saw mirth in her eyes, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tuck up her russet petticoat. I fitted her with bells, which she, merrily taking, garnished her thick short legs: and with a smooth brow, bade the Tabourer begin.

The drum struck, forward march I, with my merry Maid MARIAN: who shook her fat sides, and footed it merrily to Melford; being a long mile.

There parting with her, I gave her, besides her skin full of drink, an English crown to buy more drink: for, good wench! she was in a piteous heat!

My kindness she requited with dropping some dozen of short courtsies [*curtsies*], and bidding "GOD bless the Dancer!"

I bad her "Adieu!" and to give her her due, she had a good ear, danced truly: and we parted friendly.

But ere I part with her, a good fellow, my friend, having writ an odd rhyme of her, I will set it down.

A country lass (brown as a berry,
Blithe of blee, in heart as merry;
Cheeks well fed, and sides well larded;
Every bone, with fat flesh guarded)
Meeting merry KEMP by chance,
Was MARIAN in his Morrice dance.
Her stump legs, with bells were garnished;
Her brown brows, with sweating varnished;
Her brown hips, when she was lag,
To win her ground, went swig-a-swag:

Which to see, all that came after
Were replete with mirthful laughter.
Yet she thumped it on her way
With a sportly *hey de gay*!
At a mile, her dance she ended;
Kindly paid, and well commended.

At Melford, divers Gentlemen met me, who brought me to one Master COLTS, a very kind and worshipful Gentleman: where I had unexpected entertainment till the Saturday.

From whose house, having hope somewhat to amend my way to Bury, I determined to go by Clare: but I found it both further and fouler.

The Sixth Day's journey, being Saturday of the Second week.

FROM Wednesday night till Saturday, having been troublesome, but much more welcome to Master COLTS; in the morning [*Feb.* 23], I took my leave, and was accompanied with many Gentlemen, a mile of my way. Which mile, Master COLTS's Fool would needs dance with me, and had his desire; where leaving me, two fools parted fair in a foul way: I keeping on my course to Clare, where I a while rested; and then cheerfully set forward to Bury [St. Edmunds].

Passing from Clare, towards Bury, I was invited to the house of a very bountiful widow, whose husband, during his life, was a yeoman of that country [*county*], dying rich, no doubt! as might well appear by the riches and plenty that abounded in every corner of the house. She is called the Widow EVERET.

At her house were met above thirty Gentlemen. Such, and so plentiful variety of good fare, I have very seldom seen in any Commoner's house. Her behaviour being very modest and friendly, argued her bringing up not to be rude. She was a woman of good presence; and, if a Fool may judge! of no small discretion.

From this widow's, I danced to Bury; coming in on the Saturday, in the afternoon: at what time, the Right Honourable [*Sir JOHN POPHAM Kt.*] the Lord Chief Justice

entered at another gate of the town. The wondering and regardless multitude making his Honour clear way, left the streets where he passed, to gape at me: the throng of them being so great, that poor WILL. KEMP was seven times stayed, ere he could recover his inn.

By reason of the great snow that then fell, I stayed at Bury from Saturday in the Second week of my setting forth, till Thursday night, the next week following.

The Seventh Day's journey, being Friday of the Third week.



PON Friday morning [*Feb.* 29] I set on towards Thetford, dancing that ten miles in three hours: for I left Bury somewhat after seven in the morning, and was at Thetford somewhat after ten that same forenoon.

But, indeed, considering how I had been booted [*his buskins covered with mire*] before, and that all this way, or the most of it, was over a heath; it was no great wonder. For I fared like one that had escaped the stocks, and tried the use of his legs to outrun the Constable; so light were my heels, that I counted the ten miles no better than a leap.

At my entrance into Thetford, the people came in great numbers to see me: for there were many there, it being [As]size time.

The noble Gentleman, Sir EDWIN RICH, gave me entertainment in such bountiful and liberal sort during my continuance there Saturday and Sunday, that I want fit words to express the least part of his worthy usage of my unworthiness: and to conclude liberally, as he had begun and continued; at my departure on Monday, his Worship gave me five pounds [=£25 *now*].

The Eighth Day's journey, being Monday of the Fourth week.



N MONDAY morning [*March* 3] I danced to Rockland ere I rested; and coming to my inn, where the host was a very boon companion, I desired to see him: but in no case, he would be spoken with, till he had shifted himself from his working days' suit.

Being armed at all points, from the cap to the foot, his black shoes shining and made straight with copper buckles of the best, his garters in the fashion, and every garment fitting *corremsquandam*, to use his own word; he enters the hall, with his bonnet in his hand, and began to cry out, "O KEMP! dear Master KEMP! You are even as welcome as, as, as," and so stammering he began to study for a fit comparison (and I thank him, at last he fitted me!) for, saith he, "thou art even as welcome as the Queen's best greyhound!"

After this dogged yet well-meaning salutation, the carouses were called in; and my friendly host of Rockland began with, "All this!" blessing the hour upon his knees, that "any of the Queen's Majesty's well-willers or friends would vouchsafe to come within his house!" as if never any such had been within his doors before.

I took his good meaning, and gave him great thanks for his kindness.

And having rested me well, I began to take my course for Hingham, whither my honest host of Rockland would needs be my guide: but, good true fat-belly! he had not followed me two fields, but he lay along and cried after me, to come back and speak with him.

I fulfilled his request, and coming to him, "Dancer!" quoth he, "if thou dance, a God's name! GOD speed thee! I cannot follow thee a foot further! but adieu, good Dancer! GOD speed thee, if thou dance a God's name!"

I having haste of my way, and he being able to keep no way, we parted. Farewell, he! He was a kind good fellow, a true Troyan! and [*if*] it ever be my luck to meet him at more leisure, I'll make him full amends with a cupful of Canary.

But now I am a little better advised, we must not thus let my mad host pass! For my friend, late mentioned before, that made the odd rhyme on my Maid MARIAN, would needs remember my Host! Such as it is, I'll bluntly set down!

He was a man not over spare,
In his eyeballs dwelt no care:
"Anon, anon!" and "Welcome, friend!"
Were the most words he used to spend.

Save, sometimes, he would sit and tell
What wonders once in Boulogne fell!
Closing each period of his tale,
With a full cup of nutbrown ale.
Tourwin and Tournay's sieges were hot,
Yet all my host remembers not.
KETT's Field and Musselborough fray
Were battles fought but yesterday.
"O 'twas a goodly matter then
To see your sword and buckler men!
There would lie here! and here! and there!
But I would meet them everywhere.
And now a man is but a prick.
A boy armed with a poating stick
Will dare to challenge Cutting DICK.
O 'tis a world! the world to see;
But 'twill not mend for thee or me!"
By this, some guest cries, "Ho! the house!"
A fresh friend hath a fresh carouse!
Still he will drink, and still be dry:
And quaff with every company.
Saint MARTIN send him merry mates
To enter at his hostree [*hostelry*] gates!
For a blither lad than he
Cannot an Innkeeper be.

Well, once again, farewell, my host at Rockland!

After all these farewells, I am sure, to Hingham I found a foul way; as before I had done from Thetford to Rockland.

Yet, besides the deep way, I was much hindered by the desire people had to see me.

For even as our shopkeepers will haul, and pull a man, with, "Lack ye! What do you lack, Gentlemen?" "My ware is best!" cries one. "Mine [the] best in England!" says another. "Here, you shall have choice!" saith the third: so were the divers voices of the young men and maidens which I should meet at every mile's end; thronging by twenty, and sometimes forty, yea, hundreds in a company. One cried "the fairest way was through their village!" another, "This is the nearest and fairest way, when you have passed but a mile and a half!" another sort cry, "Turn on

the left hand!" some "on the right hand!" that I was so amazed, I knew not sometimes which way I might best take but haphazard, the people still accompanying me, whereat I was much comforted, though the ways were bad. But, as I said before, at last I overtook it.

The Ninth Day's journey, being Wednesday of the Fourth week.

THE next morning [*March* 5] I left Hingham, not staying till I came to Barford Bridge, five young men running all the way with me; for otherwise my pace was not for footmen.

From Barford Bridge, I danced to Norwich [*eight miles*]. But coming within sight of the city, perceiving so great a multitude and throng of people still crowding more and more about me: mistrusting it would be a let [*hindrance*] to my determined expedition and pleasurable humour, which I, long before, conceived, to delight this city with (so far as my best skill and industry of my long travelled sinews could afford them): I was advised, and so took ease by that advice, to stay my Morrice a little above St. Giles his Gate; where I took my gelding, and so rode into the city, procrastinating my merry Morrice dance through the city till better opportunity.

Being come within the city, Master ROGER WEILD the Mayor, and sundry others of his worshipful Brethren, sent for me. Who perceiving how I intended not to dance into the city that night, and being well satisfied with the reasons; they allotted me time enough not to dance until Saturday after: to the end, that divers Knights and Gentlemen, together with their wives and children, who had been many days before deceived with expectation of my coming, might now, have sufficient warning accordingly, by Saturday following.

In the mean space, and during my still continuance in the city afterwards, they not only very courteously offered to bear mine own charges and my followers; but very bountifully performed it at the common charges. The Mayor and many of the Aldermen, oftentimes besides, invited us privately to their several houses.

To make a short end of this tedious description of my entertainment.

Saturday [*March* 8] no sooner came, but I returned without the city, through St. Giles his Gate; and began my Morrice where I left, at that Gate. But I entered in at St. Stephen's Gate, where one THOMAS GILBERT, in name of all the rest of the city, gave me a friendly and exceeding kind welcome: which I have no reason to omit, unless I would condemn myself of ingratitude; partly for the private affection of the writer towards me, as also for the general love and favour I found in them, from the highest to the lowest, the richest as the poorest.

It follows in these few lines.

Master K E M P his welcome to Norwich.

W With heart and hand, among the rest,
E Especially you welcome are!
L Long looked for, as welcome guest:
C Come, now at last! you be from far.
O Of most within the city, sure,
M Many good wishes you have had!
E Each one did pray, you might endure

W With courage good, the match you made!
I Intend they did, with gladsome hearts,
L Like your well-willers, you to meet!

K Know you also, they'll do their parts,
E Either in field or house, to greet
M More you, than any with you came,
P Procured thereto, with trump and fame.

Your well-willer,

T. G.

Passing the gate, there were Whifflers, such Officers as were appointed by the Mayor, to make me way through the throng of the people which pressed so mightily upon me. With great labour, I got through that narrow press, into the open Market Place.

Where, on the Cross, ready prepared, stood the City Waits, which not a little refreshed my weariness, with toiling through so narrow a lane as the people left me. Such Waits (under

Benedicite be it spoken) few cities in our realm have the like, none better! Who, besides their excellency in wind instruments, and their rare cunning on the viol and violin: their voices are admirable! every one of them able to serve in any Cathedral church in Christendom for choristers.

Passing by the Market Place, the press still increasing by the number of boys, girls, men, and women, thronging more and more before me, to see the end; it was the mischance of a homely maid (that, belike, was but newly crept into the fashion of long-waisted petticoats tied with points [*laces or tags*]; and had, as it seemed, but one point tied before) that coming unluckily in my way, as I was fetching a leap, it fell out, that I set my foot on her skirts. The point either breaking or stretching, off fell her petticoat from her waist! but, as chance was, though her smock was coarse, it was cleanly.

Yet the poor wench was so ashamed, the rather for that she could hardly recover her [petti]coat again from unruly boys; that looking before like one that had the green sickness, now had she her cheeks all coloured with scarlet.

I was sorry for her, but on I went towards the Mayor's: and deceived the people, by leaping over the Churchyard wall at St. John's; getting so into Master Mayor's gates a nearer way.

But, at last, I found it the further way about: being forced, on the Tuesday following [*March* 11], to renew my former dance; because GEORGE SPRAT, my Overseer, having lost me in the throng, would not be deposed that I had danced it, since he saw me not. And I must confess, I did not well: for the citizens had caused all the turnpikes to be taken up on Saturday, that I might not be hindered.

But now I return again to my jump, the measure of which is to be seen in the Guildhall at Norwich; where my buskins, that I then wore and danced in from London thither, stand, equally divided, nailed on the wall.

The plenty of good cheer at the Mayor's, his bounty and kind usage; together with the general welcomes of his worshipful Brethren and many others, Knights, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Gentlewomen, so much exceeded my expectation, as I adjudged myself most bound to them all.

The Mayor gave me five pounds in *Elizabeth* Angels;

which Mayor, (*fair Madame! to whom I too presumptuously dedicate my idle paces!*) as a man worthy of singular and impartial admiration, if our critic humourous minds could as prodigally conceive as he desires, for his chaste life, liberality, and temperance in possessing worldly benefits. He lives unmarried and childless: and never purchased house nor land; the house he dwells in, this year, being but hired. He lives upon merchandise; being a Merchant Venturer.

If our Merchants and Gentlemen would take example by this man, Gentlemen would not sell their lands, to become bankrupt Merchants; nor Merchants live in the possessions of youth-beguiled Gentlemen; who cast themselves out of their parents' heritages for a few outcast commodities. But Wit! whither wilt thou? What hath Morrice-tripping WILL. to do with that? It keeps not time with his dance! Therefore, room you! moral precepts! Give my legs leave to end my Morrice! or that being ended, my hands leave to perfect this worthless poor tottered [*? tattered*] volume!

Pardon me, Madam! that I am thus tedious! I cannot choose but commend sacred liberality, which makes poor wretches partakers of all comfortable benefits!

Besides the love and favour already repeated, Master WEILD, the Mayor, gave me 40s. [=£10 *now*] yearly, during my life, making me a Freeman of the Merchant Venturers.

This is the substance of all my journey. Therefore let no man believe (however before, by lying Ballets and rumours they have been abused) that either ways [*roads*] were laid open for me, or that I delivered gifts to Her Majesty.

It is good being merry, my Masters! but in a mean! and all my mirths, mean though they be, have been and ever shall be employed to the delight of my royal Mistress! whose sacred Name ought not to be remembered among such ribald rhymes as these late thin-breeched lying Ballet singers have proclaimed it.

It resteth now, that, in a word, I shew what profit I have made by my Morrice.

True it is, I put out some money to have threefold gain at my return [*i.e., he accepted bets of Three to One that he could not dance this Morris to Norwich*]. Some that love me, regard my pains and respect their promise, [and] have sent home the treble worth. Some others, at the first sight, have paid me, if I came to seek them. Others I cannot see, nor will they be willingly found! and these are the greater number.

If they had all used me well; or all, ill: I would have boldly set down the true sum of my small gain or loss! but I will have patience some few days longer.

At the end of which time, if any be behind, I will draw a Catalogue of all their names I ventured with. Those that have shewn themselves honest men; I will set before them this character, **H.** for Honesty. Before the other bench-whistlers shall stand **K.** for Ketlers or Keistrels, that will drive a good companion, without need in them, to contend for his own. But I hope I shall have no such need!

If I have, your honourable protection shall thus far defend your poor servant, that he may, being a plain man, call a spade a spade.

Thus, fearing your Ladyship is wearier with reading this toy than I was in all my merry travail; I crave pardon! and conclude this first pamphlet that ever WILL. KEMP offered to the Press: being thereunto pressed on the one side by the pitiful papers pasted on every post, of that which was neither so, nor so; and, on the other side, urged thereto in duty, to express with thankfulness the kind entertainment I found.

Your Honour's poor servant,

W. K.

KEMP's humble request to the impudent generation of Ballad-makers and their coherents, that it would please their Rascalities to pity his pains in the great journey he pretends [intends]; *and not fill the country with lies of his never-done acts, as they did in his late Morrice to Norwich.*

To the tune of *THOMAS DELONEY's Epitaph.*

MY NOTABLE SHAKE-RAGS!

THE effect of my suit is discovered in the title of my Supplication.

But for your better understandings, for that I know you to be a sort of witless beetle-heads that can understand nothing but what is knocked into your scalps, These are, by these presents, to certify unto your Blockheadships, that I, WILLIAM KEMP, whom you had near[ly] hand-rent in sunder, with your unreasonable rhymes, and shortly, GOD willing! to set forward (as merrily as I may), whither, I myself know not!

Wherefore, by the way, I would wish ye! employ not your little wits in certifying the world that I am gone to Rome, Jerusalem, Venice, or any other place at your idle appoint. I know, the best of ye, by the lies ye wrote of me, got not the price of a good hat to cover your brainless heads! If any of ye had come to me, my bounty should have exceeded the best of your good masters, the ballad buyers! I would have apparelled your dry pates in parti-coloured bonnets!

and bestowed a leash of my cast[-off] bells to have crowned ye, with coxcombs!

I have made a privy search, what private Jigmonger of your jolly number hath been the Author of these abominable Ballets written of me.

I was told, it was the great Ballad-maker, T. D., *alias* THOMAS DELONEY, Chronicler of the memorable Lives of the *Six yeomen of the West*, *JACK of Newbury*, *the Gentle Craft*, &c., and such like honest men, omitted by STOW, HOLLINSHED, GRAFTON, HALLE, FROISSART, and all the rest of those well-deserving writers.

But I was given since to understand, your late General, THOMAS, died poorly (as ye all must do!), and was honestly buried, which is much to be doubted of some of you! [*This fixes DELONEY's death about March*, 1600.]

The Quest [*inquest*] of Inquiry finding him, by death acquitted of the Indictment; I was let to wit, that another Lord of Little Wit, one whose employment for the Pageant was utterly spent, he being known to be ELDERTON's immediate heir, was vehemently suspected: but, after due inquisition was made, he was at that time known to live like a man in a mist, having quite given over the mystery.

Still the Search continuing, I met a proper upright youth, only for a little stooping in the shoulder, all heart to the heel, a penny Poet; whose first making [*ballad*] was the miserable stolen story of *MACDOEL*, or *MACDOBETH*, or *MAC*-somewhat: for I am sure a *MAC* it was, though I never had the maw to see it: and he told me there was a fat filthy Ballet-maker that should have once been his journeyman to the trade, who lived about the town; and, ten to one! but he had thus terribly abused me and my Tabourer, for that he was able to do such a thing in print. A shrewd presumption!

I found him about the Bankside, sitting at a play. I desired to speak with him, had him to a tavern, charged [*i.e.*, *for him*] a pipe with tobacco, and then laid this terrible accusation to his charge. He swells presently like one of

the four winds. The violence of his breath blew the tobacco out of the pipe, and the heat of his wrath drank dry two bowls of Rhenish wine.

At length having power to speak, "Name my accuser!" saith he, "or I defie thee, KEMP! at the quart[er] staff!"

I told him! and all his anger turned to laughter; swearing "it did him good to have ill words of a hoddy doddy! a habber de hoy! [? *hobbledehoy*], a chicken! a squib! a squall! One that hath not wit enough to make a ballet; that by POL and AEDIPOL would Pol his father, Derick his dad! do anything, how ill soever, to please his apish humour!"

I hardly believed this youth, that I took to be gracious, had been so graceless; but I heard, afterwards, his mother-in-law was eye-and ear-witness of his father's abuse, by this blessed child, on a public Stage, in "a merry Host of an Inn's" part.

Yet all this while, could not I find out the true ballet maker; till, by chance, a friend of mine pulled out of his pocket, a book in Latin, called *Mundus furiosus*, printed at Cullen [*Cologne*], written by one of the vilest and arrantest lying cullians [*wretches*] that ever wrote book; his name JANSONUS: who, taking upon him to write an abstract of all the turbulent actions that had been lately attempted or performed in Christendom, like an unchristian wretch! writes only by report, partially, and scoffingly of such whose page's shoes he was unworthy to wipe. For indeed he is now dead. Farewell, he! every dog must have a day!

But see the luck on it! This beggarly lying busybody's name brought out the Ballad-maker [? *RICHARD JOHNSON*]! and it was generally confirmed it was his kinsman! He confesses himself guilty, let any man look on his face! if there be not so red a colour that all the soap in the town will not wash white, let me be turned into a whiting, as I pass between Dover and Calais!

Well, GOD forgive thee, honest fellow!

I see, thou hast grace in thee! I prithee, do so no more! Leave writing these beastly ballets! make not good wenches, Prophetesses for little or no profit! nor for a sixpenny matter, revive not a poor fellow's fault that is hanged for his offence! it may be thine own destiny, one day: prithee, be good to them!

Call up, thy old MELPOMENE! whose strawberry quill may write the bloody lines of *the blue Lady*, and the *Prince of the burning crown*: a better subject I can tell ye! than your *Knight of the Red Cross*. So farewell! and cross me no more, I prithee! with thy rabble of bald rhymes,
least at my return, I set a cross
on thy forehead, that all
men may know thee
for a fool!

WILLIAM KEMP.

FINIS.

T [HOMAS] D [ELONEY].

Three Ballads on the Armada fight.

[Original broadsides, in British Museum. C. 18. e. 2/62–64.]

A joyful new Ballad declaring the happy obtaining of the great Galleazzo, *wherein Don* PEDRO DE VALDEZ *was the chief; through the mighty power and providence of GOD: being a special token of His gracious and fatherly goodness towards us; to the great encouragement of all those that willingly fight in the defence of His Gospel and our good Queen of England.*

To the tune of *Monsieur's Almain.*

[Entered at Stationers' Hall, 10th August, 1588; see *Transcript*, ii. 495. *Ed.* 1875.]



NOBLE England,
fall down upon thy knee!
And praise thy GOD, with thankful heart,
which still maintaineth thee!
The foreign forces
that seek thy utter spoil,
Shall then, through His especial grace,
be brought to shameful foil.
With mighty power,
they come unto our coast;
To overrun our country quite,
they make their brags and boast.

In strength of men
they set their only stay;
But we, upon the LORD our GOD
will put our trust alway!

Great is their number
of ships upon the sea;
And their provision wonderful:
but, LORD, Thou art our stay!
Their armèd soldiers
are many by account;
Their aiders eke in this attempt
do, sundry ways, surmount.
The Pope of Rome,
with many blessèd grains,
To sanctify their bad pretence,
bestoweth both cost and pains,
But little land
is not dismayed at all!
The LORD, no doubt! is on our side,
which soon will work their fall.

In happy hour,
our foes we did descry!
And under sail, with gallant wind,
as they came passing by.
Which sudden tidings
to Plymouth being brought;
Full soon our Lord High Admiral,
for to pursue them sought.
And to his train
courageously he said,
"Now, for the LORD, and our good Queen,
to fight be not afraid!
Regard our Cause!
and play your parts like men!

The LORD, no doubt! will prosper us
in all our actions then."

This great *Galleazzo*
which was so huge and high,
That, like a bulwark on the sea
did seem to each man's eye.
There was it taken,
unto our great relief,
And divers nobles, in which train
Don PEDRO was the chief.
Strong was she stuffed
with cannons great and small,
And other instruments of war,
Which we obtained all.
A certain sign
of good success, we trust:
That GOD will overthrow the rest,
as he hath done the first.

Then did our Navy
pursue the rest amain,
With roaring noise of cannons great,
till they, near Calais came.
With manly courage
they followed them so fast;
Another mighty Galleon
did seem to yield at last:
And in distress
for safeguard of their lives,
A flag of truce, they did hand out,
with many mournful cries.
Which when our men
did perfectly espy
Some little barks they sent to her,
to board her quietly.

But these false Spaniards
esteeming them but weak,
When they within their danger came,
their malice forth did break:
With chargèd cannons
they laid about them then,
For to destroy those proper barks
and all their valiant men.
Which when our men
preceivèd so to be;
Like lions fierce, they forward went
to 'quite this injury;
And boarding them
with strong and mighty hand,
They killed the men, until their Ark
did sink in Calais sand.

The chiefest Captain
of this Galleon so high,
Don HUGO DE MONCALDO, he
within this fight did die:
Who was the General
of all the Galleons great,
But through his brains, with powder's force,
a bullet strong did beat.
And many more,
by sword, did lose their breath,
And many more within the sea
did swim, and took their death.
There might you see
the salt and foaming flood,
Died and stained like scarlet red
with store of Spanish blood.

This mighty vessel
was threescore yards in length,

Most wonderful, to each man's eye,
for making and for strength.
In her were placed
a hundred cannons great,
And mightily provided eke
with bread-corn, wine, and meat.
There were of oars
two hundred, I ween.
Threescore feet and twelve in length
well measured to be seen;
And yet subdued,
with many others more:
And not a ship of ours lost!
the LORD be thanked therefore!

Our pleasant country,
so beautiful and so fair,
They do intend, by deadly war,
to make both poor and bare.
Our towns and cities,
to rack and sack likewise,
To kill and murder man and wife
as malice doth arise;
And to deflour
our virgins in our sight;
And in the cradle cruelly
the tender babe to smite.
GOD's Holy Truth,
they mean for to cast down,
And to deprive our noble Queen
both of her life and crown.

Our wealth and riches,
which we enjoyèd long;
They do appoint their prey and spoil
by cruelty and wrong.

To set our houses
a fire on our heads;
And cursedly to cut our throats
As we lie in our beds.
Our children's brains
to dash against the ground,
And from the earth our memory
for ever to confound.
To change our joy
to grief and mourning sad,
And never more to see the days
of pleasure we have had.

But GOD Almighty
be blessed evermore!
Who doth encourage Englishmen
to beat them from our shore,
With roaring cannons
their hasty steps to stay,
And with the force of thundering shot,
to make them fly away;
Who made account,
before this time or day,
Against the walls of fair London
their banners to display.
But their intent,
the LORD will bring to nought,
If faithfully we call and cry
for succour as we ought.

And yours, dear brethren!
which beareth arms this day,
For safeguard of your native soil;
mark well, what I shall say!
Regard your duties!
think on your country's good!

And fear not in defence thereof,
to spend your dearest blood!
Our gracious Queen
doth greet you every one!
And saith, "She will among you be
in every bitter storm!
Desiring you
true English hearts to bear
To GOD! to her! and to the land
wherein you nursèd were!"

LORD GOD Almighty!
(which hath the hearts in hand,
Of every person to dispose)
defend this English land!
Bless Thou, our Sovereign
with long and happy life!
Endue her Council with Thy grace!
and end this mortal strife!
Give to the rest
of commons more and less,
Loving hearts! obedient minds!
and perfect faithfulness!
That they and we,
and all, with one accord,
On Sion hill, may sing the praise
of our most mighty LORD.

T. D.

FINIS.

Printed by JOHN WOLFE
for EDWARD WHITE
1588.

The Queen's visiting of the Camp at Tilbury, with her entertainment there.

To the tune of *Wilson's wild.*

[Entered at Stationers' Hall, 10th August, 1588; see *Transcript*, ii. 495. *Ed.* 1875.]



ITHIN the year of CHRIST our Lord,
a thousand and five hundred full,
And eighty-eight by just record,
the which no man may disannul;
And in the thirtieth year remaining,
of good Queen ELIZABETH's reigning:
A mighty power there was prepared
By PHILIP, then the King of Spain,
Against the Maiden Queen of England;
Which in peace before did reign.

Her royal ships, to sea she sent
to guard the coast on every side;
And seeing how her foes were bent,
her realm full well she did provide
With many thousands so prepared
as like was never erst declared;
Of horsemen and of footmen plenty,
whose good hearts full well is seen,
In the safeguard of their country
and the service of our Queen.

In Essex fair, that fertile soil
upon the hill of Tilbury,
To give our Spanish foes the foil
in gallant camps they now do lie,
Where good order is ordained,
and true justice eke maintained
For the punishment of persons
that are lewd or badly bent.
To see a sight so strange in England,
'Twas our gracious Queen's intent.

And on the eighth of August, she
from fair St. James's, took her way,
With many Lords of high degree,
in princely robes and rich array;
And to barge upon the water
(being King HENRY's royal daughter!)
She did go, with trumpets sounding,
and with dubbing drums apace,
Along the Thames, that famous river,
for to view the Camp a space.

When she, as far as Gravesend came,
right over against that pretty town,
Her royal Grace with all her train
was landed there with great renown.
The Lords, and Captains of her forces,
mounted on their gallant horses,
Ready stood to entertain her,
like martial men of courage bold
"Welcome to the Camp, dread Sovereign!"
Thus they said, both young and old.

The Bulwarks strong, that stood thereby,
well guarded with sufficient men,
Their flags were spread courageously,
their cannons were dischargèd then.
Each gunner did declare his cunning
for joy conceivèd of her coming.
All the way her Grace was riding,
on each side stood armèd men,
With muskets, pikes, and good calivers,
for her Grace's safeguard then.

The Lord General of the field
had there his bloody Ancient borne,
The Lord Marshal's colours eke
were carried there, all rent and torn,

The which with bullets was so burned
when in Flanders he sojourned.
Thus in warlike wise they marched,
even as soft as foot could fall;
Because her Grace was fully minded
perfectly to view them all.

Her faithful soldiers, great and small,
as each one stood within his place,
Upon their knees began to fall
desiring GOD, to "save her Grace!"
For joy whereof, her eyes were filled
that the water down distilled;
"LORD bless you all, my friends!" she said,
"but do not kneel so much to me!"
Then sent she warning to the rest,
they should not let such reverence be.

Then casting up her Princely eyes
unto the hill with perfect sight,
The ground all covered, she espies,
with feet of armèd soldiers bright:
Whereat her royal heart so leaped,
on her feet upright she stepped.
Tossing up her plume of feathers
to them all as they did stand,
Cheerfully her body bending,
waving of her royal hand.

Thus through the Camp she passèd quite,
in manner as I have declared.
At Master RICH's, for that night,
her Grace's lodging was prepared.
The morrow after her abiding,
on a princely palfrey riding;
To the Camp, she came to dinner,
with her Lords and Ladies all.

The Lord General went to meet her,
with his Guard of Yeomen tall.

The Sergeant Trumpet, with his mace,
And nine with trumpets after him,
Bareheaded went before Her Grace
in coats of scarlet trim.
The King of Heralds, tall and comely,
was the next in order duly,
With the famous Arms of England
wrought with rich embroidered gold
On finest velvet, blue and crimson,
that for silver can be sold.

With maces of clean beaten gold,
the Queen's two Sergeants then did ride,
Most comely men for to behold,
in velvet coats and chains beside.
The Lord General then came riding,
and Lord Marshal hard beside him,
Richly were they both attired
in princely garments of great price;
Bearing still their hats and feathers
in their hands, in comely wise.

Then came the Queen, on prancing steed,
attired like an angel bright;
And eight brave footmen at her feet
whose jerkins were most rich in sight.
Her Ladies, likewise of great honour,
most sumptuously did wait upon her,
With pearls and diamonds brave adorned,
and in costly cauls of gold:
Her Guards, in scarlet, then rode after,
with bows and arrows, stout and bold.

The valiant Captains of the field,
mean space, themselves in order set;
And each of them, with spear and shield,
to join in battle did not let.
With such a warlike skill extended,
as the same was much commended.
Such a battle pitched in England
many a day hath not been seen.
Thus they stood in order waiting
for the presence of our Queen.

At length, her Grace most royally
receivèd was, and brought again.
Where she might see most loyally
this noble host and warlike train.
How they came marching all together,
like a wood in winter's weather,
With the strokes of drummers sounding,
and with trampling horses; then
The earth and air did sound like thunder
to the ears of every man.

The warlike army then stood still,
and drummers left their dubbing sound;
Because it was our Prince's will
to ride about the army round.
Her Ladies, she did leave behind her,
and her Guard, which still did mind her,
The Lord General and Lord Marshal
did conduct her to each place.
The pikes, the colours, and the lances,
at her approach, fell down apace!

And then bespake our noble Queen,
"My loving friends and countrymen!
I hope this day the worst is seen,
that in our wars, ye shall sustain!

But if our enemies do assail you,
never let your stomachs fail you!
For in the midst of all your troops;
we ourselves will be in place!
To be your joy, your guide and comfort;
even before your enemy's face!"

This done, the soldiers, all at once,
a mighty shout or cry did give!
Which forcèd from the azure skies
an echo loud, from thence to drive;
Which filled her Grace with joy and pleasure:
and riding then from them, by leisure,
With trumpets' sound most loyally,
along the Court of Guard she went:
Who did conduct Her Majesty
unto the Lord Chief General's tent.

Where she was feasted royally
with dainties of most costly prices
And when that night approaching nigh,
Her Majesty, with sage advice,
In gracious manner, then returned
from the Camp where she sojourned
And when that she was safely sit
within her barge, and passed away;
Her Farewell then, the trumpets sounded;
and the cannons fast did play!

T. D.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by JOHN WOLF
for EDWARD WHITE. 1588.

A new Ballet of the strange and most cruel whips, which the Spaniards had prepared to whip and torment English men and women: which were found and taken at the overthrow of certain of the Spanish ships, in July last past, 1588.

To the tune of *The valiant Soldier.*

[Entered at Stationers' Hall, 31 August, 1588; see *Transcript*, ii. 498. *Ed.* 1875.]



ALL you that list to look and see
what profit comes from Spain,
And what the Pope and Spaniards both
preparèd for our gain.
Then turn your eyes and bend your ears,
and you shall hear and see
What courteous minds, what gentle hearts,
they bear to thee and me!

They say "they seek for England's good,
and wish the people well!"
They say "they are such holy men,
all others they excel!"
They brag that "they are Catholics,
and CHRIST's only Spouse!
And whatsoe'er they take in hand,
the holy Pope allows!"

These holy men, these sacred saints,
and these that think no ill:
See how they sought, against all right,
to murder, spoil, and kill!
Our noble Queen and country first
they did prepare to spoil,
To ruinate our lives and lands
with trouble and turmoil.

And not content, by fire and sword,
to take our right away;
But to torment most cruelly,
our bodies, night and day.
Although they meant, with murdering hands,
our guiltless blood to spill;
Before our deaths, they did devise
to whip us, first, their fill.

And for that purpose had prepared
of whips such wondrous store,
So strangely made, that, sure, the like
was never seen before.
For never was there horse, nor mule,
nor dog of currish kind,
That ever had such whips devised
by any savage mind!

One sort of whips, they had for men,
so smarting, fierce, and fell,
As like could never be devised
by any devil in hell:
The strings whereof with wiry knots,
like rowels they did frame,
That every stroke might tear the flesh,
they laid on with the same.

And pluck the spreading sinews from
the hardened bloody bone,
To prick and pierce each tender vein,
within the body known;
And not to leave one crooked rib
on any side unseen,
Nor yet to leave a lump of flesh,
the head and foot between.

And for our silly women eke,
their hearts with grief to clog;
They made such whips, wherewith no man
would seem to strike a dog.
So strengthened eke with brazen tags
and filed so rough and thin,
That they would force at every lash,
the blood abroad to spin.

Although their bodies sweet and fair
their spoil they meant to make,
And on them first their filthy lust
and pleasure for to take:
Yet afterwards such sour sauce
they should be sure to find,
That they should curse each springing branch
that cometh of their kind.

O Ladies fair, what spite were this!
your gentle hearts to kill!
To see these devilish tyrants thus
your children's blood to spill.
What grief unto the husband dear!
his loving wife to see
Tormented so before his face
with extreme villainy.

And think you not, that they which had
such dogged minds to make
Such instruments of tyranny,
had not like hearts to take
The greatest vengeance that they might,
upon us every one?
Yes, yes! be sure! for godly fear
and mercy, have they none!

Even as in India once they did
against those people there
With cruel curs, in shameful sort,
the men both rent and tare;
And set the ladies great with child
upright against a tree,
And shot them through with piercing darts:
such would their practice be!

Did not the Romans in this land
sometimes like practice use
Against the Britains bold in heart,
and wondrously abuse
The valiant king whom they had caught,
before his queen and wife,
And with most extreme tyranny,
despatched him of his life?

The good Queen BOADICEA,
and eke her daughters three;
Did they not first abuse them all
by lust and lechery;
And, after, stripped them naked all,
and whipped them in such sort,
That it would grieve each Christian heart
to hear that just report?

And if these ruffling mates of Rome
did Princes thus torment;
Think you! the Romish Spaniards now
would not shew their descent?
How did they, late, in Rome rejoice,
in Italy and Spain;
What ringing and what bonfires!
what *Masses* sung amain!

What printed books were sent about
as fillèd their desire,
How England was, by Spaniards won,
and London set on fire!
Be these the men, that are so mild!
whom some so holy call!
The LORD defend our noble Queen
and country from them all!

T. D.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London, by THOMAS ORWIN and THOMAS GUBBIN; and are to be sold in Paternoster Row, over against the *Black Raven*, 1588.

THE COMMENTARIES OF Sir FRANCIS VERE,

Being divers Pieces of Service, wherein he had command; written by himself, in way of *Commentary*.

Published by
WILLIAM DILLINGHAM, D.D.

Ut VERUS *in suis* Commentariis *prodidit.* CAMDEN, *Annal.*
Mihi sufficit hæc summatim è VERI Commentario *annotasse.* Idem. *Ibid.*

CAMBRIDGE:
Printed by JOHN FIELD, Printer to the famous University. *Anno Dom.* MDCLVII.

[*Brave* VERE *! who hast by deeds of arms made good*
What thou hadst promisèd by birth and blood,
Whose Courage ne'er turned edge, being backed with wise
And sober Reason, sharpened with Advice.
Look, Reader, how from Nieuport hills, he throws
Himself a thunderbolt amongst his foes !
And what his Sword indited, that his Pen
With like success doth here fight o'er again !
What MARS *performed,* MERCURY *doth tell !*
None e'er but CÆSAR *fought and wrote so well !*
Why may not then his book this title carry,
The Second Part of CÆSAR's Commentary ?

V E R I S C I P I A D Æ
duo fulmina belli.]

To the Right Worshipful HORACE TOWNSHEND, *Baronet.*

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,



HERE present you with the Works, that is, with the Actions and Writings of your great uncle, Sir FRANCIS VERE; unto which, as you have a right by blood, common to some others with you, so have you also right by purchase, proper and peculiar to yourself alone: having freely contributed to adorn the impression [*contributed towards the engravings of the original edition*]; wherein you have consulted, as the reader's delight and satisfaction, so the honour and reputation of your family.

I have read of one that used to wear his father's picture always about him; that, by often looking thereon, he might be reminded to imitate his virtues, and to admit of nothing unworthy of the memory of such an ancestor. Now, Sir, I think you shall not need any monitor than your own name! if, but as often as you write it or hear it spoken, you recall into your thoughts, those of your progenitors, who contributed to it: your honoured father, Sir ROGER TOWNSHEND, and your grandfather, the truly honourable and valiant the Lord VERE of Tilbury; men famous in their generations, for owning religion, not only by profession, but also by the practice and patronage of it. Whose virtues, while you shall make the pattern of your imitation, you will increase in favour with GOD and man, and answer the just expectations of your country. And that you may so do, it is the earnest desire, and hearty prayer of,

Sir,

Your very respectful friend and humble servant,

WILLIAM DILLINGHAM.

To the ingenuous Reader.

ALTHOUGH this book can neither need, nor admit of any Letters Recommendatory from so mean a hand: yet I thought it not incongruous to give thee some account of it; especially coming forth so many years after the author's death [Sir FRANCIS VERE died 28th August, 1608, æt. 54].

Know then, that some years since, it was my good hap to meet with a copy [i.e., in manuscript] *of it, in the library of a friend, which had been either transcribed from, or at least compared with another in the owning and possession of Major General SKIPPON: which I had no sooner looked into, but I found myself led on with exceeding delight, to the perusal of it. The gallantry of the action, the modesty of the author, and the becomingness of the style, did much affect me: and I soon resolved that such a treasure could not, without ingratitude to the author and his noble family, nor without a manifest injury to the repute our English Nation, yea, and unto truth itself, be any longer concealed in obscurity.*

Whereupon, I engaged my best endeavours to bring it into the public view: but finding some imperfections and doubtful places in that copy, I gave myself to further inquiry after some other copies; supposing it very improbable that they should all stumble at the same stone.

And so, I was favoured with another copy out of the increasing library of the Right Honourable the Earl of WESTMORELAND, which had been transcribed immediately from the author's own;

another, the Honourable the Lord FAIRFAX *was pleased to afford me the perusal of: but that which was* instar omnium, *was the Original itself, written by the author's own hand, being the goods and treasure of the Right Honourable the Earl of* CLARE, *but at present, through his favour, in my possession.*

These, Reader! are the Personages whose favour herein, I am, even upon thy account, obliged here to remember and acknowledge.

I have subjoined Sir JOHN OGLE's *account of the Last Charge at Nieuport battle: whom, I suppose, our author himself would have allowed (being his Lieutenant-Colonel) to bring up the rear. I have also inserted his account of the Parley at the siege of Ostend. Both were communicated to me, by the same friendly hand* [the Earl of CLARE] *that first lent me the copy* [manuscript] *of Sir* FRANCIS VERE.

And, for thy further satisfaction, I have adventured to continue the story of that Siege, from the time that our Author put up his pen, to the time that he put up his sword there: having first, by his example, taught others the way how to defend the town. . . .

I will not here mention anything concerning our author's life and extraction. The one whereof is sufficiently known: and for the other, I shall content myself with what Sir ROBERT NAUNTON *hath briefly written of him, which I have printed here before the book; which is all but a larger Commentary upon that which he hath there delivered.*

Only give me leave to bemoan a little our own loss, and the author's unhappiness in this, that his noble brother [Sir HORACE VERE], *having been in courage equal, and in hazards undivided, should leave him here to go alone. For as he must be allowed a great share in these actions recorded by his brother: so were his own services afterwards, when* General of the English, *so eminent and considerable, that they might easily have furnished another Commentary; had not his own exceeding modesty proved a step-mother to his deserved praises.*

He was a religious, wise, and valiant Commander: and, that which quartered him in the bosom of the Prince of ORANGE, *he was always successful in his enterprises; sometimes, to the admiration both of friends and enemies. Take an instance or two.*

When he took Sluis, there was one stronghold first to be taken, which he found some difficulty to overcome; and that was, the opinion of his friends of the impossibility of the enterprise. And for his enemies, SPINOLA *himself, were he now alive, would, I question not, do him the right which he did him in his lifetime: and bear witness of his gallant retreat with* 4,000 *from between his very fingers; when, with three times that number, he had grasped up the Prince and his men against the seashore.*

And because the proficiency of the Scholars was ever accounted a good argument of their Master's ability; I shall make bold, with their leaves, to give you a list of some of his [Sir HORACE, afterwards Lord VERE of Tilbury, who died in 1635].

HENRY, Earl of OXFORD.
THOMAS, Lord FAIRFAX.
Sir EDWARD VERE, Lieut.-Colonel.
Sir SIMON HARCOURT, Sergeant Major.
Sir THOMAS DUTTON, Captain.
Sir HENRY PAITON, Captain.
Sir JOHN BURROUGHS, Captain.
Sir THOMAS GATES, Captain.
Sir JOHN CONYERS, Captain.
Sir THOMAS GALE, Captain.
Sir WILLIAM LOVELACE, Captain.
Sir ROBERT CAREY, Captain.
Sir JACOB ASHLEY, Captain.
Sir THOMAS CONWAY, Captain.
Sir JOHN BURLACY, Captain.
Sir THOMAS WINNE, Captain.
Sir GER[VASE] HERBERT, Captain.
Sir EDWARD HARWOOD, Captain.
Sir MICHAEL EVERID, Captain.

Besides divers others, whose effigies [portraits] *do at once, both guard and adorn Kirby Hall in Essex; where the truly religious and honourable the Lady VERE doth still survive* [in 1657], *kept alive thus long by special Providence, that the present Age might*

more than read and remember, what was true godliness in [at] *eighty-eight.*

As for her Lord and husband, who died long since [in 1635], *though he left no heir male behind him, to bear his name; yet hath he distributed his blood, to run in the veins of many honourable and worshipful families in England. For his daughters were, The Right Honourable, Honourable and virtuous, the Countess of* CLARE, *the Lady* TOWNSHEND *now Countess of* WESTMORELAND, *the Lady* PAULET, *the Lady* FAIRFAX, *and Mistress* WORSTENHOLME: *whose pardon I crave, for making so bold with their names; but my hope is, they will be willing to become witnesses unto their Uncle's book (though a warlike birth), and to let their names midwife it into the world.*

Thus, Reader, I have given thee a brief account of this piece, and so recommend me to Sir FRANCIS VERE!

Sir ROBERT *NAUNTON*, in his *Fragmenta Regalia*, p. 41.

VERE.



IR FRANCIS VERE was of that ancient, and of the most noble, extract of the Earls of OXFORD; and it may be a question whether the Nobility of his House or the Honour of his Achievements might most commend him; but that we have our authentic rule,

> *Nam genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi*
> *Vix ea nostra voco*, &c.

For though he was an honourable Slip of that ancient Tree of Nobility, which was no disadvantage to his virtue: yet he brought more glory to the Name of VERE, than he took blood from the Family.

He was, amongst all the Queen's Swordsmen [*military and naval officers*], inferior to none; but superior to many. Of whom, it may be said, "To speak much of him, were the way to leave out somewhat that might add to his praise, and to forget more that would make to his honour."

I find not, that he came much to the Court, for he lived almost perpetually in the Camp: but when he did, none had more of the Queen's favour, and none less envied. For he seldom troubled it, with the noise and *alarms* of supplications: his way was another sort of *undermining*!

They report, that the Queen, as she loved martial men, would Court this Gentleman, as soon as he appeared in her presence: and, surely, he was a soldier of great worth and Command! 30 years in the service of the States [*United Netherlands*], and 20 years over the English in Chief, as the Queen's General. And he that had seen the battle at Nieuport, might there best have taken him, and his noble brother, the Lord of Tilbury, to the life.

THE
COMMENTARIES
OF
Sir FRANCIS VERE.

Boemelcr Waert.

IN THE year of our Lord 1589, the Count CHARLES MANSFELDT having passed part of his army into the Boemeler Waert (the rest lying in Brabant over against the island of Voorn), prepared both troops to pass into the said island, with great store of flat-bottomed boats; his artillery being placed to the best advantage to favour the enterprise.

The Count MAURICE had to impeach him, not above 800 men: the whole force that he was then able to gather together, not being above 1,500 men; whereof the most were dispersed along the river of Waal, fronting the Boemeler Waert, to impeach the enemy's passage into the Betuwe. Of these 800 men; 600 were English, of which myself had the command.

These seemed small forces to resist the enemy, who was then reckoned about 12,000 men; and therefore Count MAURICE and Count HOLLOCK [*the popular name of Count PHILIP WILLIAM HOHENLO*], one day, doing me the honour to come to my quarters, put in deliberation, Whether it were not best to abandon the place?

Whereunto, when others inclined; my opinion was, That in regard of the importance of the place, and for the reputation of Count MAURICE, this being the first enterprise wherein he commanded in person as chief; it could not be abandoned but with much reproach, without the knowledge and orders of the States General: and that therefore they were first to be informed in what state things stood; I undertaking in the meantime, the defence of the place.

Which counsel was followed; and I used such industry both in the intrenching of the island and planting artillery, that the enemy, in the end, desisted from the enterprise.

The relief of Rheinberg.



N THE year of our Lord 1589, the town of Berg upon the Rhine, being besieged by the Marquis of WARRENBON, and distressed for want of victuals: I was sent to the Count MEURS, Governor of Gelderland, by the States, with nine companies of English.

At my coming to Arnheim, where he lay, in a Storehouse of munitions; in giving order for things necessary for his expedition, the powder was set on fire, and he so sorely burnt, that he died within few days after.

The States of that Province called me before them, told me in what extremity the town was, the importance of the place, and facility in succouring it; desiring me to proceed in the enterprise: which I did willingly assent unto; and they appointed seven companies of their own nation to join with me, which were to be left in Berg in lieu of so many other companies to be drawn out hence.

To the Count OVERSTEIN, a young Gentleman and then without any charge [*command*], as a kinsman and follower of the Count of MEURS, they gave the command of twelve companies of horse.

With these troops, we passed to the Fort Caleti, made by SKINK, over against Rees. Where, finding the carriages appointed for that purpose, ready laden with provisions; we marched towards Berg, taking our way through a heathy

and open country: and so, with diligence surprising the enemy (who lay dispersed in their forts about the town), in full view of them, we put our provisions into the town; and so returned to the said Fort by Rees, the same way we had gone.

The second relieving of Rheinberg.



FTER some days' refreshing, new provision of victuals being made, it was thought good by the States, who, in the meantime had advice how things had passed, that we should with all speed, put in more provisions.

Being advertised that the enemy gathered great forces at Brabant, under the conduct of the Count MANSFELDT, for the strait besieging of the town; this made us hasten, and withal take the ordinary and ready way near the Rhine side. But because it was shorter, and not so open as the other; and so more dangerous, if perchance the enemy with his full power should encounter us: and because there were upon it certain small redoubts held by the enemy; we took along with us two small field pieces.

When we came within two English miles of Berg, at a Castle called Loo [*afterwards the favourite residence of WILLIAM III.*], which stands on the side of a thick wood within musket shot of the way we were [*intended*] to take through the said wood: [it] being very narrow and hemmed in, on both sides, with exceeding thick underwood (such, as I guess, as those dangerous places of Ireland). The enemy from the Castle first shewed themselves: and then came out towards the place, along the skirt of the wood, to gall our men and horses in their passage, with such bravery, as I might well perceive they were not of the ordinary garrison.

I first sent out some few Shot [*infantry with muskets*] to beat them back; giving order to our Vanguard in the meantime, to enter the passage, the Dutch footmen to follow them, and the horsemen, and the carriages [*waggons*]: with orders to pass with all diligence to the other side of the place, and then to make a stand, until the rest of the troops were come up to them; keeping with myself, who stayed in the Rearward, 50 horse, 6 trumpeters, and all the English foot.

In the meantime, the enemy seconded [*reinforced*] their troops of Shot, to the number 400 or 500; insomuch as I was forced to turn upon greater numbers with resolution to beat them home to their castle: which was so thoroughly performed, that, afterwards, they gave us leave to pass more quietly.

When the rest of the troops were passed, I made the English enter the strait [*ravine*]: who were divided into two troops; of which I took 100 men with 6 drums, placing them in the rearward of all; myself with the 50 horse, marching betwixt them and the rest of the English footmen.

This strait is about a quarter of an English mile long: and hath, about the middle of it, another way which cometh into it from Alpen, a small town not far off.

When we were past this cross way, we might hear a great shout of men's voices redoubled twice or thrice, as the Spanish manner is, when they go to charge: but, by reason of the narrowness and crookedness of the place, had no sight of them.

I presently caused the troops to march faster; and withal gave order to the trumpeters and drums that were with me, to stand, and sound a *Charge*: whereupon there grew a great stillness amongst the enemy; who, as I afterwards understood by themselves, made a stand expecting to be charged.

In the meantime, we went as fast from them as we could, till we had gotten the plain. Then having rid[den] to the head of the troops, who were then in their long and single orders, and giving directions for the embattling of them, and the turning their faces towards the strait, and the mouth of pieces also; and so riding along the troops of English towards the place, I might see from the plain, which was somewhat high raised over the woods which were not tall, the enemy coming in great haste, over a bridge some eightscore [yards] within the strait, with ensigns [*colours*] displayed, very thickly thronged together; and, in a trice, they shewed themselves in the mouth of the strait.

My hindermost troops, which were then near the strait, were yet in their long order: and with the suddenness of the sight somewhat amazed. Insomuch that a Captain, well reputed and that had, the very same day, behaved himself very valiantly, though he saw me directing as became me,

often asked What he should do? till, shortly and roughly, as his importunity and the time required I told him, that "I was never less to seek [*i.e., never had less trouble to know what to do*]!" that "he therefore should go to his place, and do as I had commanded, till further orders."

And so doubting [*fearing*] the enemy would get the plain before my troops would be thoroughly ordered to go against them; I took some of the hinder ranks of the Pikes, and some Shot, with which I made out to the strait's mouth, [at] a great pace, willing the rest to follow: whereupon the enemy made a stand, as it were doubtful to come on; and so I came presently to the push of pike with them.

Where, at the first encounter, my horse being slain under me with a blow of a pike, and falling on me so as I could not suddenly rise, I lay as betwixt both troops till our men had made the enemy give back; receiving a hurt in my leg, and divers thrusts with pikes through my garments.

It was very hard fought on both sides, till our Shot spreading themselves along the skirt of the wood, as I had before directed, flanked and sore galled the enemy: so that they could no longer endure, but were forced to give back: which they did without any great disorder, in troop. And, as they were hard followed by our men, they turned and made head manfully; which they did four several times before they broke: and, at last, they flang away their arms, and scattered asunder, thrusting themselves into the thickets; for backwards, they could not flee, the way being stopped by their own men.

I commanded the men not to disband [*scatter*], but to pursue them; and passing forward, easily discomfited the 500 horsemen, who presently left their horses, and fled into the bushes: amongst whom, it was said the Marquis of WARRENBON was in person; for the horse he was mounted on, was then taken amongst the rest.

The horsemen who fled into the thick[et]s, we followed not: but went on the straight way, till we encountered with the 24 companies of Neapolitans; who discouraged with our success, made no great resistance. We took 18 of their ensigns [*colours*], and made a great slaughter of their men, till we had recovered the bridge before mentioned of them.

My troop being small of itself, made less by this fight, and

less by the covetousness of the soldiers (whereof a good part could no longer be kept from rifling the enemy and taking horses); I thought good, not to pursue the enemy further than the said bridge: where, having made a stand till our men had taken full spoil of all behind us, the enemy not once so much as shewing himself; night growing on, I made my retreat, and two hours after sunset, came with the troops into the town of Berg.

This fight was begun and ended with one of the two English troops [*battalions of infantry*], which could not exceed 400 men: the other, which Sir OLIVER LAMBERT led, only following, and shewing itself in good order, and ready if occasion required; the Netherlanders remaining in the plain, with the horsemen and the Count OVERSTEIN.

The enemy lost about 800 men [killed]; and by an Italian Lieutenant of Horsemen, who was the only man taken alive, I understood, that Count MANSFELDT was newly, before this encounter, arrived; and had joined his forces with those of the Marquis of WARRENBON, in which were all the Spanish regiments making 220 ensigns, besides other forces: so that the whole strength was supposed to be 13,000 or 14,000 foot, and 1,200 horse, of their oldest and best soldiers.

They had intelligence of our coming, but expected us the way we had taken before; and made all speed to impeach us by cutting off this passage, sending those harquebussiers we first met with by the Castle, to entertain us in skirmish.

Presently, upon my coming to Berg, though in great pain with my wound, we fell to deliberation what was to be done. We knew the enemy's strength, and the danger we were to abide in returning: and to stay in the town were to hasten the loss of it, by eating the provisions we had brought.

Of the two, we chose rather to return. And so giving order for the change of garrison and refreshing our men, and bestowing those who were hurt, on the empty carriages; by the break of day, the morning being very foggy and misty, we set forward, in as secret manner as we could, taking the open and broader way: without sight of any enemy till about noon, when some troops of horse discovered themselves afar off, upon a very spacious heath, and gave us only the looking on. So that, without any impeachment, we arrived, that night, at the fort before Rees.

The relieving of the Castle of Litkenhooven.



N THE year of our Lord 1590, in the Castle of Litkenhooven in the Fort of Recklinghausen, there was a garrison of the States' soldiers besieged by the people of that country, aided with some good number of the Duke of CLEVE's, the Bishops of Cologne and Paderborn's soldiers, whom they call Hanniveers.

The States gave me order, with some companies of English foot, to the number of 700 or 800, and 500 Horse, to go to the relief of the said Castle: which I accepted, marching with all possible speed, in good hope to have surprised them at unawares. Arriving there one morning by break of day; I found the chief troop was dislodged, and that they [*the garrison*] wrought hard upon a fort before the entry of the Castle in which they had left good store of men.

I did expect to have found them without any entrenchment, and therefore had brought no provision of artillery or scaling ladders: without the which, it seemed very dangerous and difficult to carry it by assault. [The entrenchment] was reared of a good height with earth, and then with gabions thereupon, of six feet high, which made it almost unmountable: and to besiege them, I had no provision of victuals. So that I was to return without making of any attempt; or to attempt in a manner against reason: which notwithstanding, I resolved to adventure.

And therefore, dividing the English troops into eight parts, I conveyed them as secretly as I could, so as two of these troops might readily assault every corner of the said Fort, being a square of four small bulwarks [*bastions or batteries*], but with a distance betwixt the troops: to give on each corner with a signal of drums, at which, the first four troops should go to the assault; and another signal to the other four troops to second [*support*], if need required.

While this was in doing, I sent a drum, to summon them of the Fort to yield: who sent me word, "They would first see my artillery."

I saw by their fashion, there was no good to be done by entreaty: yet to amuse them, I sent them word, "The

artillery was not yet arrived. If they made me stay the coming of it, I would give them no conditions!"

They answered, "That I should do my worst!"

At the very instant of my drum's return, I gave the signal, and the troops speedily gave upon the Fort, as I had appointed them. Though they did their utmost endeavours, they did find more resistance than they were able to overcome; nevertheless, I gave them no second [*reinforcement*] till I might perceive those within had spent their ready powder in their furnitures. At which time, I gave the second signal; which was well and willingly obeyed, and gave such courage to the first troops, that the assault was more eager on all hands; insomuch that one soldier helping another, some got to the top of the rampires [*ramparts*]: at which, the enemy gave back, so that the way became more easy for others to climb to the top; and so finally, the place was forced, and all the men put to the sword, being in number 350, all chosen men, with the loss and hurting of about 80 of my men.

The place thus succoured, and my men refreshed for some few days, I returned homewards: and found in my way, that Burick a small town of Cleve, and a little fort on that side the Rhine, were in the meantime surprised.

The enemy then held a Royal Fort not far from Wesel, which served to favour the passage of his forces over the Rhine. This place, I understood by those of Wesel, to be slenderly provided of victuals, so as they had but to serve them from hand to mouth, out of the town; and that their store of powder was small.

I knew the service would be acceptable to the States, if I could take that Piece from the enemy; and therefore resolved to do what lay in me.

I first appointed a guard of horse and foot to hinder their recourse to the town, for their provisions.

Then passing into the town of Burick; with such stuff as I could get on a sudden, and such workmen, I began to make ladders, so as, the night following, I had forty ladders in readiness, upon which two men [at a time] might go in front. For I being so weak, and the enemy having the alarm of my being abroad, I was to expect their coming: so as it was not for me to linger upon the starving of those of the Fort.

With this provision, I resolved to give a *scalado* to the Fort: which as it was high of rampire; so had it had neither water in the ditch, nor pallisado to hinder us.

The Fort was spacious, capable of [holding] 1,500 men, and had had four very royal Bulwarks [*bastions*]; upon one of which, I purposed to give an attempt, and only false alarms on the other quarters of the Fort. And to this end, for avoiding confusion in the carriage, rearing, planting, and scaling; as also for the more speedy and round execution: I appointed eight men to every ladder, to bear, plant, and mount the same; whereof four were Shot, and four Pikes, one of either sort to mount a-front.

And being come near the Fort, in a place convenient to range the men; they were divided into two parts, and ranged a-front [*in line*]; with commandment, upon a signal given, the one half to give upon one face of the bulwark, the other upon the other: which they did accordingly, and gave a furious attempt, mounting the ladders and fighting at the top of them; the enemy being ready to receive us. But by reason many of the ladders (which were made, as I said, in haste and of such stuff as could be gotten on a sudden) were not of sufficient strength: they broke with the weight and stirring of the men.

Seeing no likelihood to prevail, and the day now growing on; I caused our men to retire, and to bring away with them their ladders that were whole: with no great harm done to our men, by reason the enemy, being diverted by the false alarms, did not flank us; neither if they had played from the Flanks [*bastions*] with small shot, could they have done any great hurt, by reason of the distance. The most hurt we had, was with blows on the head from the place we attempted, both with weapons and stones: for the journey being long, to ease the soldiers, they had brought forth no morions [*helmets*].

I therefore, purposing not to give over the enterprise, provided headpieces for them in the town of Wesel, and used such diligence that, before the next morning, I was again furnished with ladders, and in greater number. For I had persuaded the horsemen, that were well armed for the purpose with their pistols, to take some ladders also, and be ready to give the *scalado* in the same manner: but some-

what later, for even then day began to break; which not giving us time to persevere in the attempt, was the only hindrance of our victory.

For our Shot having orders, when they came to the top of the ladders, not to enter, but taking the top of the wall for a breast [work] and safeguard, to shoot at the enemy fighting at the work side and standing in the hollow of the bulwark, till the same were cleared of defendants, for to enter more assuredly: which manner of assaulting, though it be not ordinary, yet well considered, is of wonderful advantage. For having the outside of both the faces of the Bulwark not flanked as I said before, on their backs, which in the darkness of the night, and for the alarms given on the other parts, they could not see or intend.

And in this manner having galled and driven many of the enemy from the wall; and being in a manner ready to enter: day came upon us, and the enemy having discovered us from the other flanks, turned both small and great shot against us; so as we were forced to retire, carrying our ladders with us, with less loss than the day before in the fight, though more in the retreat by reason of the daylight.

The same day, I provided more ladders, purposing, the next morning, to try fortune again: when, in the evening, the Governor of the Fort, by a drum [*drummer*] wrote me a letter complaining that, against the ordinary proceedings of men of war, I assaulted before I summoned: and the drum in mine ear told me, that "if I would but do them the honour to shew them any piece of ordnance, I should quickly have the Fort!"

By which drawing of theirs, I perceived they were in fear, and in discretion thought it meeter to make my advantage thereof, by drawing them to yield, than to despair them, to my greater loss, by further attempting to carry them by force.

And so, taking a piece out of the town of Burick, I planted the same before morning; and, by break of day, sent a trumpet to summon them to yield.

Which they assented to, so they might pass away with their arms: which I granted.

And so they came forth, the same morning; two companies of Almains [*Germans*] and two half companies of Italians: being nearly as strong in number as those that attempted

them; for besides the English, I used none, but some few horsemen.

Most of their officers were hurt and slain, and of the soldiers, more than of mine.

This is true, I therefore let it be thought, that howsoever this attempt may seem rash with the ordinary proceedings of other Captains; yet, notwithstanding, I was confident upon a certain and infallible discourse of reason.

In the place, I found four double-cannon, with a pretty store of ammunition and victuals.

The same night, I and the troops were countermanded by the States: but I left the place with some guard and a better store of necessaries, before my departure.

The surprise of Zutphen Sconce.



N THE year of our Lord 1591, I lying then at Doesburg, with the English forces; the Count MAURICE wrote unto me, that, by a certain day, he would be, with his forces, before Zutphen, to besiege the same, willing me, the night before, with my troops of horse and foot of that country [*Dutch troops*], to beset the town on the same side of the river on which it standeth.

On the same side, those of the town held a Fort, which made my Lord of LEICESTER lose many men and much time before he could get it.

The Fort I thought necessary to take from the enemy, before he had knowledge of our purpose to besiege him: and because I wanted force to work it by open means, I put this sleight following in practice.

I chose a good number of lusty and hardy young soldiers, the most of which, I apparelled like the country women of those parts; the rest, like the men: and gave to some, baskets; to others packs, and such burdens as the people usually carry to the market; with pistols, short swords, and daggers under their garments. Willing them, by two or three in a company, by break of day, to be at the ferry at Zutphen, which is just against the Fort, as if they stayed for

the passage boat of the town: and bade them to sit and rest themselves, in the meantime, as near the gate of the Fort as they could for avoiding suspicion; and to seize upon the same, as soon as it was opened.

Which took so good effect, that they possessed the entry of the Fort, and held the same till an officer with 200 soldiers, who were laid in a covert not far off, came to their seconds [*supports*]; and so became fully masters of the place.

By which means, the siege of the town afterwards proved the shorter.

The siege of Deventer.



N THE siege of Deventer, by reason of the shortness of a bridge of boats laid over the ditch, for our men to go to the assault; the troops could not so roundly [*quickly*] pass as had been requisite, and so were forced to retire with no small loss.

The Count MAURICE was so discouraged, that he proposed, that night, to have withdrawn his ordnance.

I desired that he would have patience, till the next day; and resolve in the morning to begin the battery again, for five or six volleys, and then to summon them: assuring him that I would guard the bridge that night, if the enemy should attempt to burn it: as they did, though in vain.

The Count MAURICE liked well of the advice, and it had good success: for upon the summons, they yielded.

Their town had no Flank on that part. The wall, which was of brick, without any rampire, was in a manner razed to the foundation; and the town so close behind it, that they could not make any new defences: which, as they might be just causes of discouragement to the besieged; so they made me confident that, with this shew of perseverance, they would yield.

The Count HERMAN of Berg, who commanded the town, was sore bruised with a cannon. There marched of the enemy out with him, 700 or 800 able men. Amongst which, was an English Gentleman, whom, for his using unreverent and slanderous speeches of Her Majesty, I had long held in prison: out of which, he had, during that siege, made an

escape. He was excepted in the Composition, taken from them, and executed as he well deserved, not for his first, but his second offence.

The defeat given to the Duke of PARMA at Knodsenburg Fort.



N THE year of our Lord 1591, whilst the Count MAURICE was busied in Friesland, and with good success took many forts, as Delfziel, and others about Groeningen, the Duke of PARMA passed with his army into the Betuwe, and besieged the Fort on that side the river, upon the ferry to Nimeguen.

Whereupon the States countermanded the Count MAURICE, with their forces; who, being come to Arnheim, encamped in the Betuwe, right over against that town.

The Duke still continuing his siege, the States, who were then present at Arnheim (desirous us to hinder his purpose, if it were possible) in their Assembly, to which I was called with the Count MAURICE, propounded the matter, and insisted to have something exploited [*achieved*]: though we had laid before them the advantage the enemy had of us, in the number of his men, the strength of his encamping, as well by the site of the country as entrenchments. So as much time was spent, and the Council dissolved without resolution upon any special enterprise: albeit, in general, the Count MAURICE and the men of war agreed to do their utmost endeavour, for the annoying and hindering of the enemy.

I had observed by the enemy's daily coming with good troops of horse, and forcing of our scouts [*videttes*], that they were likely to bite at any bait that was cunningly laid for them; and therefore, having informed myself of the ways and passages to their army, and projected with myself a probable plot to do some good on them, I brake the same to the Count MAURICE: who liked my device well, and recommended to me the execution thereof; giving me the troops I demanded, which were 1,200 foot and 500 horse.

The distance betwixt the two armies was about four or five English miles; to the which there lay two ready ways

serving for the intercourse betwixt Arnheim and Nimeguen: the one a dike or causeway which was narrower, and most used in winter, by reason of the lowness and miriness of the country; the other larger [*broader*]: both hemmed in with overgrown ditches and deep ditches.

Nearly half a mile from the quarters, this causeway was to be passed to come to the other way, which led to the main quarters of the enemy, where most of his horse lay. About two-thirds of the way from our camp, there was a bridge.

To this bridge I marched early in the morning, sending forthwith towards the enemy's camp 200 light and well-mounted horse, with orders to beat [*drive in*] the guards of the enemy's horse, even to their very quarters, and guards of foot; to take such spoil and prisoners as lay ready in their way: and so to make their retreat, if they were followed, more speedily; otherwise at an ordinary marching pace.

In the meantime I divided my footmen into two parts, whereof, one I laid near the hither side of the bridge, in a place very covert; the other, a quarter of a mile behind: and in the rearward of them, the rest of my horse.

If the enemy came in the tail of our horse (whom for that purpose I had appointed, as beforesaid, to come more leisurely, that the enemy might have time to get to horse), I knew they could bring no footmen: and therefore was resolved to receive betwixt my troops of foot, all the horsemen they could send. But if they pursued not our men in the heat, I judged they would either come with good numbers of both kinds of men ordered [*in order*], or not at all. And if they came with good advice, that they would rather seek to cut off my passage near home, by the causeway and higher way, than to follow me directly. For the better preventing whereof, the Count MAURICE himself, with a choice part of the horse and foot of the army, was to attend at the crossway to favour my retreat.

My horsemen, about noon, gave the enemy the alarm; and according to their directions, made their retreat, no enemy appearing. Whereupon I also retired with the rest of the troops till I came to the crossway, where I found the Count MAURICE with his troops.

In the head of which, towards the way of the causeway, with some distance betwixt his troops and mine, I made a

stand in a little field by the side of the way, where they were at covert.

We had not been here half-an-hour, but our scouts brought word the enemy were at hand: which Count MAURICE's horsemen hearing, without any orders, as every one could get foremost, to the number of 700 or 800, they made with all speed towards the enemy.

I presumed, and said, "They would return faster, and in more disorder!" as it fell out. For the enemy coming as fast towards them, but in better order, put them presently in rout: and the greater the number was, the more was the amazement and confusion. Thus they passed by us, with the enemy at their heels, laying on them.

I knew not what other troops they had at hand, nor what discouragements this sight might put into the minds of our men; and therefore (whereas I purposed to have let the enemy pass, if this unlooked disorder had not happened amongst our horsemen) I shewed my troops on their flanks, and galled them both with Shot and Pikes; so that they not only left pursuing their chase, but turned their backs. Which our horsemen perceiving, followed, and thus revenged themselves to the full; for they never gave over until they had wholly defeated the troop, which was of 800 horse: of which, they brought betwixt 200 and 300 prisoners, whereof divers were Captains, as Don ALPHONSO D'AVALOS, FRADILLA, and others; with divers Cornets, and about 500 horses.

This defeat so troubled the Duke of PARMA, that, though so forward in his siege, and having filled part of the ditch of the Fort, he retired his army thence, and passed the river of Waal a little above Nimeguen, with more dishonour than in any action that he had undertaken in these wars.

The Calis [Cadiz] *Journey.*

IN THE year of our Lord 1596, I was sent for into England, at that time when the journey to the Coast of Spain was resolved on: which because of the taking of Calis, was, after, commonly called the Calis [*Cadiz*] Journey.

I returned speedily into the Low Countries, with Letters of Credence from Her Majesty, to acquaint them with Her Majesty's purpose, and to hasten the preparation of the shipping they had already promised to attend Her Majesty's Fleet in those seas: withal to let them know Her Majesty's desire to have 2,000 of her own subjects, as well of those in their pay as her own, to be employed in that action, and to be conducted by me, to the Earl of ESSEX and the Lord Admiral of England [*Lord HOWARD of Effingham*], Generals of that action, by joint Commission.

Whereunto the States assented: and I (according to my instructions given me in that behalf), by the time appointed, shipped and transported to the *rendezvous* which was assigned me before Boulogne on the coast of France, by reason that Calais in France was then besieged by the Cardinal ALBERT.

Upon that occasion, it was resolved to have employed this army for the succour and relief thereof; but coming into that road [*Boulogne*], I found no shipping of ours: and understanding that Calais was yielded the day before, I crossed the sea to Dover, where I found the whole Fleet, and the Generals; who received me with much joy and favour, being then, though far unworthy of so weighty a charge, chosen to

supply the place of Lieutenant General [*second in command*] of the Army, by the name and title of Lord Marshal.

The Fleet set sail shortly after, and my Lord of ESSEX, leaving his own ship, embarked himself in the *Rainbow* with myself and some few of his ordinary attendant servants; of purpose, as I suppose, to confer with me at the full and at ease, of his Journey.

After two days' sailing, his Lordship landed at Beachim, near Rye, with divers other noblemen that he had, attending him so far on his Journey.

He took me along with him to the Court; and thence despatched me to Plymouth, whither most of the [other] land forces were to march, to see them lodged, provided with necessaries, trained, and ordered [*marshalled into companies, &c.*]; which I did accordingly: to the great contentment of the Generals, when, at their coming, they saw the readiness of the men, which were then exercised before them.

During the stay of this Army near Plymouth, which (by reason of the contrariety of wind) was nearly a month, it pleased my Lord of ESSEX to give me much countenance, and to have me always near him; which drew upon me no small envy, insomuch as some open jars fell out betwixt Sir WALTER RALEIGH, then Rear-Admiral of the Navy, Sir CONNIERS CLIFFORD, Serjeant-Major General of the Army, and myself: which the General qualified for the time, and ordered that in all meetings at land, I should have the precedence of Sir WALTER RALEIGH; and he, of me at sea.

[As to] Sir CONNIERS CLIFFORD, though there were grudging, there could be no competition. Yet being a man of haughty stomach, and not of the greatest government or experience in martial discipline, lest ignorance or will might mislead him in the execution of his Office, and to give a rule to the rest of the High Officers, who were chosen rather for favour, than for long continuance in service; to the better directing of them in their duties, as also for the more readiness in the General himself, to judge and distinguish upon all occasions of controversy: I propounded to my Lord of ESSEX, as a thing most necessary, the setting down in writing what belonged properly to every Office in the field. Which notion his Lordship liked well, and at several times in the morning, his Lordship and myself being together, he, with

his own hand, wrote what my industry and experience had made me able to deliver: which was afterwards copied, and delivered severally to the Officers; and took so good effect that no question arose in that behalf, during the Journey. [*It is quite clear that* VERE *was used to teach this army the Art of War, as he had learnt it by actual experience in the Netherlands.*]

The wind serving, and the troops shipped, I embarked in the foresaid *Rainbow*, as Vice-Admiral of my Lord of ESSEX's Squadron.

The one and twentieth day after, being as I take it, the 1st of July [*O.S.*], the Fleet arrived early in the morning before Calis-Malis [*the city of Cadiz*], and shortly after, came to an anchor as near the Caletta as the depth would suffer us.

In the mouth of the bay, thwart of the rocks called *Los puercos*, there lay, to our judgement, 40 or 50 tall ships; whereof four were of the King's greatest and warlikest galleons, eighteen merchant ships of the West Indian Fleet outward bound and richly laden; and the rest were private merchant ships.

Because it was thought these could not escape us in putting to sea, the first project of landing our men in the Caletta went on: and so the troops appointed for that purpose, were embarked in our barges and long-boats. But the wind blowing hard, the landing was thought too dangerous; the rather for that the enemy shewed themselves on the shore, with good troops of horse and foot.

Notwithstanding, in hope the weather would calm, the men were still kept in the boats, at the ships' sterns.

This day, the Generals met not together: but the Lord Admiral had most of the sea officers aboard with him, as the Lord of ESSEX had those for land service; and Sir WALTER RALEIGH was sent to and fro betwixt them with messages. So that, in the end, it was resolved and agreed upon, to put, the next tide, into the Bay: and after the defeating of the enemy's fleet, to land our men between the town [*Cadiz*] and Punthal; without setting down any more particular directions for the execution thereof.

I then told my Lord of ESSEX that mine was a floaty [*light of draught*] ship, and well appointed for that service, that, "therefore, if his Lordship pleased! I was desirous to put in before his Lordship, and the other ships of greater

burden." To which his Lordship answered suddenly, that "In any case, I should not go in before him!"

With this, I and the rest of the officers went to our ships, to prepare ourselves.

I took my company of soldiers out of the boats into my ship: for their more safety, and better strengthening of my ship.

And because we had anchored more to the north of the Fleet, more astern, and to the leeward of the Fleet as the wind then blew, than any other ship; I thought to recover these disadvantages by a speedier losing of my anchor than the rest. And, therefore, not attending to the General's signal and warning, so soon as the tide began to favour my purpose, I fell to weighing my anchor.

But the wind was so great, and the billows so high, that the capstan, being too strong for my men, cast them against the ship's side, and spoiled [*hurt*] many of them; so that after many attempts to wind up the anchor, I was forced to cut cable in the hawse. When I was under sail, I plied only to windward, lying off and on from the mouth of the Bay to the sea, which lieth near at hand, east and west: by that means gathering nearer to the Fleet.

The Lord THOMAS HOWARD, Vice-Admiral of the Fleet, with some few other ships, set sail also, beating off and on before the mouth of the Bay; but the General, and most of the Fleet kept their anchors still.

The tide being far spent, loth to be driven again to the leeward of the Fleet, and to endanger another cable, and perchance the ship itself on that shore, which was flat and near; and the benefit of entering the Bay with the first, which was not the least consideration: I resolved to put into the mouth of the Bay as near to the enemy's fleet as I could without engaging fight, and there to cast anchor by them; which I did accordingly. So that they made a shot or two at me; but since I made no answer, they left off shooting.

I was no sooner come to anchor, but the Generals set sail, and the rest of the Fleet; and bare directly towards me, where they also anchored.

It was now late ere the Flag of "Council!" was shewn in my Lord Admiral's ship; whither my Lord of ESSEX and the rest of the Officers repaired; and there it was resolved,

the next morning, with the tide to enter the Bay, and board the Spanish ships, if they abode it. And ships of ours were appointed to begin this service, some to keep the channel and midst of the Bay; and others more floaty, to bear nearer the town to intercept the shipping that should retire that way, and hinder the galleys from beating on the flanks of our great ships.

I was not allotted with my ship to any special service or attendance. My desire was great, having till that time been a stranger to actions at sea, to appear willing to embrace the occasions that offered themselves; and therefore wound my ship up to her anchor, to be the more ready to set sail in the morning with the beginning of the flood.

The Spanish ships set sail, and made to the bottom of the Bay, rather driving than sailing; our ships following as fast as they could.

As the Spanish ships loosed from their anchors and made from us; their galleys, seventeen in number, under the favour [*cover*] of the town, made towards us ranged in good order. My ship (as before said) was floaty, stored with ordnance, and proper for that service; which made me hasten towards them, without staying for any company. Indeed, my readiness was such, by reason of my riding with my anchor a-pike [*taut*], that no other ship could come near me by a great distance. So I entered fight with them alone, and so galled them with my ordnance, which was cannon and demi-cannon, that they gave back, keeping still in order and in fight with me, drawing as near the town as they could: and with purpose, as I thought, as our ships thrust further into the Bay, to have fallen upon our smaller ships in the tail of the whole Fleet; and having made a hand with them, so to have put to the seaward of us the better to annoy us, and save themselves from being locked up.

Wherein to prevent them, I made toward the shore, still sounding with our leads till the ordnance of the town might reach me, and I the shore, with mine. Insomuch as I put them from under the town, and took certain ships which rode there at anchor forsaken of their men; and followed them, continuing fight till they came under the Fort of the Punthal: where, thwart the bottom of the Bay, which was not broad, lay their four great ships, with a pretty distance

betwixt them, spreading the breadth of the channel, and at an anchor; and were now in hot fight of ordnance with our Fleet.

I was nearer Punthal and the shore of Calis by much, than any ship of the Fleet, and further advanced into the Bay. So that now growing within shot of the fort which lay on my right hand; and in like distance to the galleons on the left hand, and having the galleys ahead of me, betwixt them all, I was plied with shot on all sides very roundly: yet I resolved to go on, knowing I had good seconds [*support*] and that "many hands would make light work." But my company, either wiser or more afraid than myself, on a sudden, unlooked by me, let fall the anchor; and by no means, would be commanded or intreated to weigh it again.

In the meantime, Sir WALTER RALEIGH came upon my left side, with his ship, and a very little ahead of me, cast his anchor; as did also the Generals, and as many of the Fleet as the channel would bear: so that the shooting of ordnance was great; and they held us good talk, by reason their ships lay thwart with their broadsides toward us, and most of us, right ahead, so that we could use but our chasing pieces.

I sent my boat aboard Sir WALTER RALEIGH, to fasten a hawse to wind my ship, which was loosed soon after my boat was put off.

About me, the galleons let slip cable at the hawse, and with the topsails wended and drew towards the shore on the left hand of the Bay; and the Indian Fleet with the rest of the shipping did the like, more within the Bay.

It was no following of them with our great ships [*which were too deep in the water*]; and therefore I went aboard my Lord of ESSEX, whose ship lay towards that side of the channel, to see what further orders would be given.

At my coming aboard, the galleons were run on ground near the shore; and their men, some in their boats, began to forsake their ships.

I was then bold to say to my Lord of ESSEX, that "it was high time to send his small shipping to board them: for otherwise they would be fired by their own men." Which his Lordship found reasonable, and presently sent his directions accordingly. And in the meantime, sent Sir WILLIAM CONSTABLE with some long-boats full of soldiers;

which his Lordship had towed at his stern, since the first embarking, to have landed at the Caletta.

But notwithstanding he made all haste possible, before he could get to the galleons, two of them were set on fire ; and the other two, by this means saved and taken, were utterly forsaken of their men, who retired through the fens, to Puerto de Santa Maria.

The Spanish Fleet thus set on ground, the prosecution of that victory was committed to, and willingly undertaken by, the sea forces by a principal Officer of the Fleet.

And because longer delay would increase the difficulty of landing our forces, by the resort of more people to Calis, it was resolved forthwith to attempt the putting of our men on shore; and to that end, commandment was given that all men appointed for that purpose should be embarked in the long-boats: and that my Lord of ESSEX should first land with those men which could be disembarked; and then my Lord Admiral to second [*support*], and repair to the General, who, the better to be known, would put out his flag in his boat.

The troops that were first to land, were the regiments of the General, my own, and those of Sir CHRISTOPHER BLUNT, Sir THOMAS GERRARD, and Sir CONNIERS CLIFFORD.

On the right hand, in a even front, with a competent distance betwixt the boats, were ranged the two regiments first named; the other three on the left: so that every regiment and company of men were sorted, together with their Colonels and chief officers in nimble pinnaces, some in the head of the boats, some at the stern, to keep good order. The General himself with his boat, in which it pleased him to have me attend him, and some other boats full of Gentlemen Adventurers and choice men to attend his person, rowed a pretty distance before the rest: whom, at the signal given with a drum from his boat, the rest were to follow according to the measure and time of the sound of the said drum, which they were to observing in the dipping of the oars; and to that end, there was a general silence as well of warlike instruments as otherwise.

Which order being duly followed, the troops came, all together, to the shore betwixt Punthal and Calis; and were landed, and several regiments embattled in an instant, with-

out any encounter at all: the Spaniards, who, all the day before, shewed themselves with troops of horse and foot on that part, as resolved to impeach our landing, being clean retired towards the town.

The number of the first disembarking was not fully 2,000 men; for divers companies of those regiments, that had put themselves into their ships again, could not be suddenly ready, by reason the boats to land them, belonged to other great ships.

Calis on that side was walled, as it were, in a right line thwart the land, so as the sea, on both sides [*ends*] did beat on the foot of the wall: which strength, together with the populousness of the town (in which, besides the great concourse of Gentlemen and others, upon the discovery of our Fleet, and alarm of our ordnance; there was an ordinary garrison of soldiers) had taken from us all thought of forcing it without battery. And therefore, being landed, we advanced with the troops to find a convenient place to encamp, till my Lord Admiral, with the rest of the forces, and the ordnance were landed.

Being advanced with the troops half the breadth of the neck of the land, which in that place is about half a mile over, we might perceive that, all along the seashore on the other side of this neck of land, men on horseback and foot repaired to the town: which intercourse it was thought necessary to cut off. And, therefore, because the greatest forces of the enemy were to come from the land; it was resolved on to lodge the better part of the army in the narrowest of the neck, which, near Punthal, is not broader than an ordinary harquebus shot.

To which strait, Sir CONNIERS CLIFFORD was sent with three regiments, viz., his own, Sir CHRISTOPHER BLUNT's, and Sir THOMAS GERRARD's, there to make a stand, to impeach the Spaniards from coming to the town, till he received further orders for the quartering and lodging of his men.

Which done, the Lord General, with the other two regiments and his Company of Adventurers, which was of about 250 worthy Gentlemen; in all, not fully a 1,000 men, advanced nearer the town, the better to discover the whole ground before it.

And as we approached afar off, we might perceive the enemy

standing in battle under the favour of the town, with cornets [*standards of the cavalry*] and ensigns [*colours of the infantry*] displayed; thrusting out some loose horse and foot towards us, as it were to procure a skirmish.

I, marking their fashion, conceived hope of a speedier gaining the town than we intended, and where then about; and said to his Lordship, at whose elbow I attended, that "those men he saw standing in battle before the town would shew and make way for us into the town that night, if they were well handled." And at the instant, I propounded the means: which was, to carry our troops as near and covertly as might be, towards the town; and to see, by some attempt, if we could draw them to fight further from the town, that we might send them back with confusion and disorder, and so have the cutting of them in pieces in the town ditch, or enter it by the same way they did.

His Lordship liked the project, and left the handling thereof to me.

I presently caused the troops to march towards the other side of the neck of land, because the ordinary and ready way to the town lay on that side, low and embayed to the foot of the hilly downs, so as troops might march very closely from the view of the town.

Then I chose out 200 men, which were committed to the conduct of Sir JOHN WINGFIELD, a right valiant Knight, with orders that he should march on roundly to the enemy where they stood in battle, and to charge and drive to their Battles the skirmishers: but if the enemy in gross proffered a charge, he should make a hasty and fearful retreat, to their judgement, the way he had gone, till he met with his seconds that followed him; and then to turn short, and with the greatest speed and fury he could, to charge the enemy.

The seconds were of 300 men, led, as I remember, by Sir MATTHEW MORGAN, who were to follow the first troops at a good distance and so as both of them, till the enemy were engaged, might not at once appear to them; and to advance with all diligence when the troops before them did retire, to meet them, charge the enemy, and enter the town with them pesle mesle [*pell mell*].

With the rest of the forces, his Lordship and I followed.

The place served well for our purpose, being covert [*hid*

with trees] and of no advantage for their horsemen; and the directions were so well observed, that the enemy were engaged in following our first troop before they discovered the rest. And so in hope and assurance of victory, being, beyond expectation, lively encountered; they fled in disorder towards the town, so nearly followed of our men, that most of the horsemen forsook their horses, and saved themselves, some by the gates, others clambering over the walls, as did also their footmen; our men following them at the heels to the very gate, which they found shut against them, and men standing over it and upon the walls to resist us.

The ditch was very hollow but dry. Out of which was raised a massy rampire, with two round Half-Bulwarks, the one towards the one sea, the other towards the other; for height and thickness, in their perfection, but not steeped and scarped: so as it was very mountable, and lay close to the old wall of the town, which somewhat overtopped it no higher than, in many places, a man might reach with his hand.

To the top of the rampire, our men climbed; who being, for the most part, old and experienced soldiers, of the Bands [*regiments*] I brought out of the Low Countries, boldly attempted to climb the wall, from which they beat with their shot, the defendants; wanting no encouragements that good example of the chiefs could give them, the General himself being as forward as any.

Whilst it was hard stroven and fought on that side, I sent a Captain and countryman [*of the same county, Essex*] of mine, called UPSHER, with some few men alongst the ditch, to see what guard was held along the wall towards the Bay-ward; and whether any easier entrance might be made that way or not, willing him to bring or send me word: which he did accordingly, though the messenger came not unto me.

He found so slender a guard, that he entered the town with those few men he had; which the enemy perceiving, fled from the walls, and our men entered as fast on the other side.

My Lord of ESSEX was one of the first that got over the walls, followed by the soldiers as the place would give them leave; and such was their fury, being once entered, that as they got in scatteringly, so they hasted towards the town, without gathering [into] any strong and orderly body of men

as in such case is requisite, or once endeavouring to open the gate for more convenient entry for the rest of the troops.

I, therefore, foreseeing what might ensue of this confusion, held the third body of the men together; and with much ado, brake open the gate, by which I entered the town: and so keeping the way that leads from the gate towards the town, joined to my foot those men I met withal, scattered here and there.

Not far from the Market Place, I found my Lord of ESSEX at a stand with 40 or 50 men; whence I might see some few of the enemy in the Market Place, which made me advance towards them, without attending any commandment: who, upon my approaching, retired themselves into the Town House; whither I pursued them, broke open the gates, and, after good resistance made by the Spaniards in the upper rooms of the House, became master of it.

In which, I left a guard, and went down into the Market Place, and found my Lord of ESSEX at the Town House door. I humbly entreated his Lordship, to make that place secure, and give me leave to scour and assure the rest of the town: which I did accordingly.

And though I was but slackly and slenderly followed, by reason of our men's greediness for spoil: yet such Spaniards as I found making head, and coming towards the Market Place, I drove back into the Fort St. Philip and the Abbey of St. Francis.

Those of the Abbey yielded, to the number of 200 Gentlemen and others; and being disarmed were put into a chapel; and there left guarded. Those of St. Philip, it being now in the evening, cried to us that "in the morning, they would render the place." Before which also having put a guard; and understanding by some prisoners that there was no other place of strength but the Old Town near the Market Place; I repaired to my Lord of ESSEX, whom I found in the Market Place, and the Lord Admiral with him.

And after I had made report upon what terms things stood, and where I had been: I went to the said Old Town to visit the guards which were commanded by Sir EDWARD CONWAY, with part of the forces landed with my Lord Admiral; and from thence, to that part of the town where we entered.

And thus all things in good assurance, I returned to the Market Place; where the rest of the forces were, being held together to be readily employed upon all occasions.

Their Lordships went up to the Town House, and there gave GOD thanks for the victory: and, afterwards, all wounded and bloody as he was, yet undressed [*i.e., his wounds*], gave the honour of knighthood to Sir SAMUEL BAGNALL, for his especial merit and valour in that day's service.

The loss was not very great on either side: for as the Spanish troops that stood ordered without the walls, got into the town confusedly and disorderly before we could mingle with them; so everyone, as he was counselled by fear or courage, provided for his own safety, the most flying to the Old Town and Castle.

Those that made head after the first entrance, being scattered here and there; our men as they followed with more courage than order, so encountered them in the like scattering manner, falling straight to handstrokes: so that it seemed rather an inward tumult and town fray than a fight of so mighty nations.

The next day, the Old Town and the Fort of St. Philip were delivered unto us: and the people that were in them, except some principal prisoners, were suffered to depart; with great courtesy shewed, especially to the women of the better sort. There went out of the town, Gentlemen and others, likely men to bear arms, betwixt 4,000 and 5,000. The brunt of this exploit was borne with less than 1,000 men.

We could have no help of Sir CONNIERS CLIFFORD; who mistaking his directions, went, with his troops to the bridge called Punto Zuarro, about three leagues distant: and my Lord Admiral, notwithstanding his Lordship used all possible diligence in the landing of his men, arrived not till we were, in a manner, full masters of the town.

It was long disputed whether the town should be held or not. I offered with 4,000 men, to defend it till Her Majesty's pleasure might be known. The Lord of ESSEX seemed to affect to remain there in person: which the rest of the Council would not assent to, but [determined] rather to abandon the town and set it on fire.

Which we did, about fourteen days after the taking of it.

I got there, three prisoners worth 10,000 ducats [£3,000 =

£15,000 *now*]. One of which was a Churchman [*ecclesiastic*], and President of the Contractation of the Indies: the other two, were ancient Knights, called Don PEDRO DE HERERA and Don GERONIMO DE AVALLOS.

In the meantime, whether of design and set purpose or negligence, the Indian Fleet, being unseized on by those who had undertaken it; some of the prisoners of the town dealt [*negotiated*] with the Generals to have those ships and their lading set at ransom. Whereupon, they had conference with the Generals, divers times, till the said ships were set on fire by the Spaniards themselves: in which was lost, by their own confession, to the worth of 12,000,000 [*i.e.*, *ducats* = £3,600,000 = *about* £18,000,000 *now*] of merchandise.

The troops being embarked, the Generals met and consulted upon their next exploit. It was long insisted on, to put to sea, and lie to intercept the West Indian Fleet, which commonly, at that time of the year, arriveth on the coast of Spain. But the scarceness of our victuals overthrew that purpose: and resolution was taken to sail towards England; and on our way to visit the ports of that coast, and so to spoil and destroy the shipping.

And so, first, we made towards Ferrol, a good town and Bishop's see of Portugal [*which country at this time belonged to Spain see Vol. III. p.* 13]: to which, by water, there was no safe entrance for our shipping; the town lying better than a league from the sea, served with a narrow creek, though a low and marshy bottom.

For the destroying of such shipping as might be in this creek, as also for the wasting of the country adjoining, and the town itself, which though it were great and populous, was unfenced with walls; it was thought meet to land the forces in a bay, some three leagues distant from the town, and so to march thither.

Which was done; the town forsaken by the inhabitants, was taken by us. Our men being sent into the country, brought good store of provisions for the refreshing of the army. The artillery we found, was conveyed into our ships. And we, after five or six days' stay, returned to our ships, the way we came.

The regiments embattled marched at large, in a triple front, in right good order; which was so much the more

strange and commendable, the men, for the most part, being new: and once ranged, having little further help of directions from the high Officers; who were all unmounted, and for the great heat, not able to perform on foot the ordinary service in such cases belonging to their charges.

The troops embarked, we made towards the Groine [*Corunna*], and looked into the Bay, but the wind blowing from the sea, it was thought dangerous to put in, and therefore, victuals daily growing more scant so that in some ships there was already extreme want, it was resolved to hasten to our coast: and so, about the midst of August, we arrived in the Downs, near Sandwich.

My Lord of ESSEX having taken land in the West parts [of England], to be with more speed at the Court, left orders with me, for the dissolving of the land forces and shipping; and sending back of the English forces into the Low Countries.

At this parting, there arose much strife betwixt the mariners and the soldiers, about the dividing of the spoil. For the mariners, envying and repining at the soldiers, who, as it fell out, had gotten most, purloined and detained their chests and packs of baggage, perforce! insomuch that, to satisfy the soldiers, I went aboard my Lord Admiral to desire of his Lordship redress; who promised to take order therein.

But some other principal Officers of the Fleet shewing themselves more partial, asked me, "Whether the poor mariners should have nothing?"

To which, I answered, "There was no reason they should pill the poor soldiers, who had fought and ventured for what little they had: and that the mariner's hope (having so rich a booty as the Indian Fleet at their mercy) was more to be desired than the trash the landsmen had got; so as they had none to blame for their poverty, but their Officers and their bad fortune."

This answer was taken to the heart, and is not forgotten to this hour [? 1606]; of which I feel the smart.

The troops dissolved [*disbanded*]; I went to Court, and there attended the most part of the winter.

The Islands Voyage.



N THE year of our Lord 1597, being the next year after the journey of Calis, another journey was made by the Earl of ESSEX to the coast of Spain and the Islands [*the Azores*], with a royal navy, as well of Her Majesty's own shipping as of her best merchants; to which also was joined a good number of the States' ships, in all about 140; with an army of 7,000 or 8,000 landsmen, as well voluntary as pressed: and commonly called the Islands Voyage.

To which I was called, by Her Majesty's commandment, to attend his Lordship: as also to deal with the States, that besides the shipping which they were to send with Her Majesty's Fleet by virtue of the contract, they would suffer 1,000 of her subjects in their pay, to be transported by me, to her said General and Fleet, for that service.

Which having obtained, I hastened into England, and found my Lord of ESSEX at Sandwich, and his Fleet in readiness, anchored in the Downs.

It was early in the morning, and his Lordship was in bed, when I was brought to him. He welcomed me, with much demonstration of favour, and with many circumstances of words.

First he told me, "My Lord MOUNTJOY was to go as his Lieutenant-General (not of his own choice, but thrust upon him by the Queen), before me in place; yet that I should retain my former office of Lord Marshal: which as it had been ever in English armies, next the General in authority; so he would lay wholly the execution of that office upon me. And as for the Lieutenant-General; as he had a title without an office, so the honour must fall in effect upon them that did the service." With much more speech to this purpose, all tending to persuade me, that it was not by his working; and to take away the discouragement I might conceive of it.

I answered that "I had partly understood, before my coming out of the Low Countries, of my Lord MOUNTJOY's going as Lieutenant-General; so that I had forethought and resolved what to do. For though I was sensible, as became me, who saw no cause in myself of this reculement [*putting*

back] and disgrace; yet my affections having been always subject to the rules of obedience, since it was my Prince's action and that it could not be but that my Lord MOUNTJOY was placed there by Her Majesty's consent, my sincerity would not give me leave to absent myself, and colour my stay from this action with any feigned excuse: but counselled me to come over, both to obey my Lord MOUNTJOY, and respect him as his place [*rank*], which I had always much honoured, required; much more his Lordship, who was General to us both. Though I was not so ignorant of his Lordship's power as to doubt that my Lord MOUNTJOY or any subject of England could be thrust upon him, without his desire and procurement.

"That therefore, as I had good cause to judge that his Lordship had withdrawn much of his favour from me, so I humbly desired his Lordship that, as by a retrenchment of the condition I was to hold in this Journey, I held it rather a resignment to his Lordship again, of the honour he had given me the last year (so far as concerned my particular respect to his Lordship, unsought for by me, than a service to him); so, hereafter, he would be pleased not to use me at all in any action, wherein he was to go Chief."

He would seem to take these speeches of mine as proceeding rather of a passionate discontentment, than of a resolution framed in cold blood; and that it would in time be digested. And so, without any sharpness on his part, the matter rested.

The purpose and design of this Journey was to destroy the Fleet that lay in Ferrol by the Groine [*Corunna*] and upon the rest of the Spanish coasts; and to that end to land our forces, if we saw cause: as also to intercept the [Spanish West] Indian Fleet.

Part of our land forces were shipped at the Downs; and we did put into Weymouth, to receive those which were to meet us there.

In that place, the Generalcalled myself and Sir WALTER RALEIGH before him; and for that he thought there remained some grudge of the last year's falling out, would needs have us shake hands: which we both did, the willinger because there had nothing passed betwixt us that might blemish reputation.

From thence, we went to Plymouth; and so towards Spain,

where, in the height [*latitude*] of 46° or 47°, we were encountered with a storm; against which the whole navy strove obstinately, till the greater part of the ships were distressed: amongst which, were the General's, mine, Sir WALTER RALEIGH's, and Sir GEORGE CARY's. My mainmast was rent in the partners [*sockets*] to the very spindle, which was eleven inches deep; insomuch as, to avoid the endangering of the ship, the Captain and Master were earnest with me, to have cast it overboard: which I would not assent unto, but setting men to work, brought it standing to Plymouth; and there strengthened it, so that it served the rest of the voyage.

The Lord THOMAS HOWARD, Vice-Admiral, with some few ships, got within sight of the North Cape [? *Finnistere*]: where, having plied off and on three or four days, doubting [*fearing*] that the rest of the Fleet was put back, because it appeared not; he returned also to our coast.

Our stay at Plymouth was about a month: more through want of wind than unwillingness or unreadiness of our ships, which, with all diligence were repaired.

In the meantime, our victuals consuming: it was debated in council, Whether the Journey could be performed or not, without a further supply of victuals? It was judged extremely dangerous; and, on the other side, as difficult to supply the army with victuals: which having to come from London and the east parts of the realm, and to be brought up at adventure, there being no sufficient store in readiness, would hardly be ministered unto us so fast as we should consume them. And therefore, it was first resolved to discharge all the land forces; saving the 1,000 I brought out of the Low Countries, with the shipping they were embarked in.

Then it was further debated in council, How to employ the Fleet? the purpose of landing the army at the Groine being dissolved.

A West Indian Voyage was propounded; whereupon every one in particular being to give his advice, it was assented to by them all. Only myself was of opinion, it could not stand with the honour, profit, and safety of Her Majesty and the State: the Fleet being so slenderly provided of forces and provisions, that nothing could be exploited [*achieved*] there

answerable to the expectation that would be generally conceived. And yet, in the meantime, through the want of Her Majesty's Royal Navy and other principal shipping, with the choice Commanders both for sea and land, the State might be endangered by an attempt made by the Spaniards upon our own coast: whom we certainly knew to have then, in readiness, a great power of sea and land forces in the north parts of Spain.

Things thus handled, the Lord General posted to the Court.

After his return, no more speech was had of the Indian Voyage; but a resolution taken to attempt the firing of the Fleet at Ferrol and on the rest of the coast of Spain, and to intercept the [Spanish West] Indian Fleet, as in our discretions we should think fittest, either when we came to the coast of Spain or by going to the Islands.

With this resolution, we set forwards, directing our course to the North Cape, with reasonable wind and weather; yet the Fleet scattered: as, in a manner, all the squadron of Sir WALTER RALEIGH, and some ships of the other squadrons that followed him; who, for a misfortune in his mainyard, kept more to seaward.

The Lord General, whilst he and the rest of the Fleet lay off and on before the Cape (attending Sir WALTER RALEIGH's coming, who with some special ships had undertaken this exploit of firing the Fleet), suddenly laid his ship by the lee: which, because it was his order when he would speak with other ships, I made to him, to know his Lordship's pleasure.

He spake to me from the poop, saying I should attend and have an eye to his ship: in which at that instant, there was an extreme and dangerous leak, though he would not have me nor any other of the Fleet know it.

Which, leak being stopped, he directed his course along the coast southward; and, about ten leagues from the Groine, called a council, in which it was resolved to give over the enterprise of Ferrol (which as it was difficult to have been executed on a sudden, so now that we had been seen by the country, it was held impossible): and not to linger upon the coast of Spain, but to go directly to the Islands, the time of the year now growing on, that the Indian Fleet usually returned.

And to advertise Sir WALTER RALEIGH, divers pinnaces were sent out, that, till such a day, the wind and weather serving, the General would stay for him, in a certain height [*latitude*], and thence would make directly for the Azores. At this council, his Lordship made [*wrote*] a despatch for England.

I do not well remember where Sir WALTER RALEIGH and the rest of the Fleet met us; but, as I take it, about Flores and Corvo, the westerliest islands of the Azores: where we arrived in seven or eight days after we had put from the coast of Spain.

We stayed there some few days; and took in some refreshing of water and victuals, such as they could yield: which being not so well able to supply us, as the other islands, it was resolved in council to put back to them; and the squadrons, for the more commodity of the Fleet, were appointed unto several islands.

The General with his squadron were to go to Fayal; the Lord THOMAS with his squadron, and I with my ship, were to go to Graciosa; and Sir WALTER RALEIGH with his, either to Pico or St. George.

But Sir WALTER RALEIGH (whether of set purpose or by mistake, I leave others to judge), making with his squadron, more haste than the rest of the Fleet, came to Fayal afore us, landed his men, and received some loss by the Spaniards that kept the top of the hill, which commanded both the haven and the town.

The General with the rest of the Fleet, came to an anchor before the island; and hearing of Sir WALTER RALEIGH's landing and loss, was highly displeased, as he had cause: it being directly and expressly forbidden, upon pain of death, to land forces without orders from the General; and there wanted not [those] about my Lord, that the more to incense him, aggravated the matter.

Seeing the Spanish ensign upon the hill, his Lordship prepared to land with all haste; and so, about an hour before sunset, came into the town.

A competent number of men were given to Sir OLIVER LAMBERT to guard the passages; and then it was consulted how to go on with the enterprise of forcing them.

They were entrenched on the top of the hill, to the number

of 200; which hill was so steep, that it seemed artillery could not be drawn towards the said trench.

The night growing on, I desired his Lordship to give me leave to go up to discover the place: which his Lordship assented to. So taking 200 soldiers, I sent forwards; the young Earl of RUTLAND, Sir THOMAS GERMAN, and divers other Gentlemen Adventurers accompanying me.

At our coming to the top of the hill, finding no watch in their trenches, we entered them, and possessed the hill: where we found some of our men slain by the Spaniards. The hill was abandoned as we supposed in the beginning of the night, unseen or undiscovered by us or those that were placed at the foot of the hill.

We were all very sorry they so escaped, as was also the Lord General: for there was no following or pursuing them in that mountainous island.

The Captain and Officers that landed with Sir WALTER RALEIGH were presently committed: and before our departure thence, Sir WALTER RALEIGH was called to answer for himself, in a full assembly of the Chief Officers both by sea and land, in the General's presence. Where, every one being to deliver his opinion of the crime, it was grievously aggravated by the most. For my part, no man shewed less spleen against him than myself.

The General's goodness would not suffer him to take any extreme course: but with a wise and noble admonition, forgave the offence; and set also at liberty the Captains that had been committed.

After the Fleet had taken the refreshing that island could afford, which was in some good measure, we put from thence: and for three days, were plying off and on betwixt Graciosa and the island of Terceira, the ordinary way of the Indian Fleet.

In the meantime, certain were sent ashore by the General, at Graciosa, to draw from the inhabitants some portion of money and provisions, to redeem them from spoiling.

They brought word to the General, in the afternoon, that from the island, a great ship was discovered on the road-way [*track*] from the Indies: but they being sent again, with some others, to make a full discovery; at their return, which was sudden, it was found to be but a pinnace.

I must confess, in this point I may be ignorant of some

particulars; because things were not done as they were wont, by council: or if they were, it was but of some few, to which I was not called. But, in all likelihood, there was wilful mistaking in some, to hinder us of that rich prey which GOD had sent, as it were, into our mouths.

Howsoever it was, that same night, when it was dark, the General with the Fleet altered their course, and bare directly with the island of St. Michael; as it was given out, to water [*i.e., the bulk of the English Fleet deliberately went out of the track of the Indian Fleet, twelve hours before its arrival*].

A pinnace coming to me, in the Lord General's name, told me "it was his pleasure my ship and the *Dreadnought*, in which Sir NICHOLAS PARKER was, should beat off and on betwixt the island of St. George and Graciosa: for that the Indian Fleet was expected." The *Rainbow* in which was Sir WILLIAM MONSON, and the *Garland*, my Lord of SOUTHAMPTON'S ship, were to lie, by the like order, on the north part of Graciosa. Willing us, if we discovered any Fleet to follow them, and to shoot off, now and then, a piece of ordnance; which should serve for a signal to the rest of the Fleet.

This order, as I take it, was delivered us about ten of the clock at night.

About midnight, or one of the clock, those of our ships might hear shooting, acording to this direction, rather in the manner of signal than of a fight, toward that part of the island [*Graciosa*] where the other two ships were to guard. This, as we afterwards understood, was from the *Rainbow*; which fell in the midst of the Indian Fleet; whom in their [*Rainbow's*] long-boat, they hailed, and by the Spaniards' own mouths, knew whence they were: who held them in scorn, and in a great bravery, told them what they were ladened withal.

The wind was very small [*light*], so as it scarce stirred our ships; but we directed our course as directly as we could, and so continued all night. The morning was very foggy and misty, so that we could not discover far: but still we might hear the shooting of ordnance, when we listened for it.

About eight or nine of the clock before noon, it began to clear: and then we might see a Fleet of twenty sails, as we judged some five or six leagues off; which was much about halfway betwixt us and Terceira.

The wind began a little to strengthen, and we to wet our

sails to improve the force of it; and somewhat we got nearer the Spanish Fleet: more through their stay, to gather themselves together; than our good footmanship.

All this while, the *Rainbow* and *Garland* followed the Fleet so near, that they might to our judgements, at pleasure have engaged them to fight. But their Fleet being of eight good galleons, the rest merchants' [ships] of good force: though the booty were of great inticement, it might justly seem hard to them to come by it; and so they only waited on them, attending greater strength, or to gather up such as straggled from the rest.

The *Garland* overtook a little frigate of the King's, laden only with cochineal; which she spoiled, and I found abandoned and ready to sink: yet those of my ship took out of her, certain small brazen pieces.

The Indian Fleet keeping together in good order, sailed still before us about two leagues; and so was got into the haven of Terceira [*Angra, see Vol. III. p.* 444], into the which, they towed their ships, with the help of those of the island, before we could come up to them.

It was evening when we came thither, and the wind so from the land, as with our ships there was no entering.

It pleased my Lord of SOUTHAMPTON and the rest of the Captains to come aboard me; where it was resolved to get as near the mouth of the haven as we could with our ships, and to man our boats well, with direction in as secret manner as they could, to attempt the cutting of the cables of the next [*nighest*] ships: by which means, the wind, as is foresaid, blowing from the land, might drive them upon us. This, though it were a dangerous and desperate enterprise, was undertaken: but being discovered, the boats returned without giving any further attempt.

The same night, we despatched a small pinnace of an Adventurer, to St. Michael, to give the Lord General advice where he should find the Indian Fleet: and us to guard them from coming out.

For we had determined to attend his Lordship's coming, before the said haven: which I accordingly performed with my ship, though forsaken of the rest [the *Dreadnought*, *Rainbow*, and *Garland*], the very same night; I know not

Three or four days after, his Lordship came with the Fleet. Who sending into the haven, two nimble pinnaces to view how the Fleet lay; upon report that they were drawn so far into the haven, and were so well defended from the land with artillery, that no attempt could be made on them, without extreme hazard, and the wind blowing still from the land that no device of fire could work any good effect, and all provisions growing scant in the Fleet, especially fresh water: his Lordship gave over that enterprise, and put with the whole Fleet from thence to St. Michael.

The General had resolved to land in this island; and therefore called a Council to advise on the manner. In which, it was concluded that the greatest part of the Fleet should remain before St. Michael [? *the town of Ribeira Grande*] to amuse the enemy; and that the soldiers, in the beginning of the evening, should be embarked in the least vessels, taking with us the barges and long-boats, and so in the night, make towards Villa Franca, which was some four or five leagues off. His Lordship, and the rest of the chief Officers of the land forces, embarking with him in a small ship, left the sea Officers before St. Michael.

The next day, about evening, we were come near Villa Franca. I moved his Lordship, to give me leave, in a boat, to discover the shore and best landing-place; whilst his Lordship gave orders for the embarking the men into the other boats: which his Lordship granted, and I performed accordingly. So as, in due time, his Lordship was advertised of it, to his contentment; and proceeded to the landing of his forces upon the sandy shore before the town: where I could discover none to give impeachment, but a few straggling fellows which now and then gave a shot.

His Lordship, as his fashion was, would be of the first to land; and I, that had learned me of his disposition, took upon me the care of sending the boats after him. The seege [? *surf*] was such that few of the men landed with their furniture [*arms, &c.*] dry. His Lordship himself took great pains to put his men in order: and, for that I perceived he took delight to do all, in good manners and respect I gave the looking on.

In the meantime, some that were sent towards the town

to discover, gave the alarm that the enemy were at hand: and I told his Lordship it were good to send presently some good troops to possess the town of Villa Franca, before the enemy got thither.

His Lordship willed me to take with me 200 men, and to do with them what I thought good myself. I took so many of those men that were readiest, and bade them follow me: amongst which, were some Gentlemen of good account, as Sir JOHN SCOT and Sir WILLIAM EVERS, which accompanied me.

I went directly to the town, which I found abandoned: and leaving some guard in the Church which stood upon the Market Place, I passed somewhat further towards St. Michael: but neither seeing nor hearing news of any enemy thereabouts, I returned to the town. To which his Lordship was come, with the rest of his army, making in all, about 2,000 soldiers, Adventurers, Officers and their trains: all which were orderly quartered in the town, where we found good store of wheat.

His Lordship having thus gotten landing, advised with Council, Whether it were better to march to St. Michael, spoil that town, and water the Fleet there; or to send for the rest of the Fleet?

The difficulties in going to St. Michael were the roughness and unevenness of the way, being, for the most part, stony hills, in which a few men, well placed, might resist and impeach the passage to many; that the people and goods of the town would be withdrawn into the Castle, which was held by a garrison of Spaniards, and not to be forced without battery and much loss of men and time; that till it were gotten, there was no watering in that part, and our general necessity could endure no delay. It was therefore resolved to send for the Fleet to Villa Franca.

In the meantime, news came from the Fleet, that a West Indian [? *East Indian*] carrack, and a ship were come into St. Michael, and rode near the Castle.

His Lordship presently determined to go thither himself, for the better ordering of things. He took my Lord of MOUNTJOY with him; and by an especial Commission under his hand, committed to my command the land and sea forces at Villa Franca.

Before his Lordship could arrive at St. Michael, the carrack had run herself on ground under the Castle: and the other ship (which was not great), laden with sugar and Brazil commodities, had been taken by Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

The third day, his Lordship returned, with the Fleet, to Villa Franca, and gave orders presently to fall a watering. There was plenty of water; but the shipping of it into boats was tedious and troublesome: for, by reason of the greatness of the seege [? *surf*], we were fain, by wading and swimming, to thrust the barrels into the sea where the boats floated. This made the work the longer.

In the meantime our victuals consumed, and grew low; though we got some little refreshing from the land: which made us content ourselves with the less water.

After some four or five days watering, his Lordship gave order to embark the army; which he began early in the morning, and continued all the day: for the seege going high, the boats took in their men at a place where but one boat could lie on at once; which, together with the distance to the shipping, made the less riddance and despatch.

His Lordship, for the better expedition, was most of the time at the water's side: sending still to me for men from the town, as he was ready to embark them.

About five of the clock, in the afternoon, the sentinels that stood on the top of the steeple, discerned troops of men on their way to St. Michael. I sent up to the steeple, Sir WILLIAM CONSTABLE, and some other Gentlemen then about me, to see what they could discern: who all agreed that they saw troops, and as they guessed some ensigns [*colours*]. I willed Sir WILLIAM CONSTABLE to hasten to his Lordship, and tell him what he had seen.

I had yet remaining with me about 500 soldiers. Of these I sent out 60, whereof 30 Shot were to go as covertly as they could to a chapel, a great musket shot from the town, on the way the enemy was discovered; with orders, upon the enemy's approach, to give their volley; and suddenly and in haste to retire to the other 30 that were placed betwixt them and the town; and then all together, in as much haste and shew of fear as they could, to come to the town; where I stood ready with the rest of the men in three troops, to receive them, and to repulse and chase those that should follow them.

This order given, my Lord of ESSEX, with the Earl of SOUTHAMPTON and some other Lords and Gentlemen, came to the Market Place: where he found me with the troops.

His Lordship inquired of me, "What I had seen?"

I said, "I had seen no enemy; but what others had seen, his Lordship had heard by their own report: and might, if it pleased his Lordship, send to see if the sentinel continued to affirm the same."

His Lordship made no answer, but called for tobacco, seeming to give but small credence to this alarm; and so on horseback, with those Noblemen and Gentlemen on foot beside him, took tobacco, whilst I was telling his Lordship of the men I had sent forth, and orders I had given.

Within some quarter of an hour, we might hear a good round volley of shot betwixt the 30 men I had sent to the chapel, and the enemy; which made his Lordship cast his pipe from him, and listen to the shooting, which continued.

I told his Lordship, it were good to advance with the troops to that side of the town where the skirmish was, to receive our men, which his Lordship liked well; and so we went at a good round pace, expecting to encounter our men: who unadvisedly in lieu of retiring in disorder, maintained the place; which the enemy perceiving, and supposing some greater troops to be at hand to second, held aloof with his main force (for the highway to the town lay by the chapel, and there was no other passage for a troop by reason of the strong fence and inclosure of the fields), but sent out light men to skirmish.

Thus perceiving that our men held our ground, we stayed our troops in covert in the end of two lanes leading directly to the highway.

Those of the island, as we were certainly informed, could make [out] 3,000 fighting men, well armed and appointed; besides the ordinary garrison of the Spaniards. Of that number, we supposed them; because they had sufficient time to gather their strength together, and for that they came to seek us. And therefore as, on the one side, we were loth to discover our small number to them, unless they provoked us by some notable disorder, or necessity in the defence of ourselves: so we thought it not good to lessen our men by embarking of men, till the night was come, that silence and

darkness might cover our retreat. And for these reasons, I opposed their heat that propounded to charge the enemy, and their haste that would needs have the men shipped without delay.

In the beginning of the evening, which ended the skirmish, keeping our sentinels in view of the enemy, his Lordship began to embark some troops, and so continued, till about the last troop was put into the boat: his Lordship seeing all embarked before he went aboard, but those forlorn men which made the last retreat, which were committed to Sir CHARLES PERCY; with whom, I embarked, without any impeachment of the enemy, or shew to have discovered our departure.

His Lordship made the young Noblemen and some other principal Gentlemen, Knights; as Sir WILLIAM EVERS, Sir HENRY DOCKWRAY, Sir WILLIAM BROWN, and a Dutch Gentleman that accompanied that Voyage in my ship.

We were no sooner aboard, but that the wind blew a stiff gale, so as some were fain to forsake their anchors.

And with this wind, we put for England; which continuing vehement, drave us to the leeward of our course, towards the coast of Ireland. I got an extreme leak in my ship, which kept both my pumps going without intermission many days before I got to harbour; wherewith my company were much wearied, and discouraged even to despair: which made me keep aloof from other ships, lest the hope of their own safety might make them neglect that of the ship.

The Fleet kept no order at all, but every ship made the best haste home they could: which as it might have proved dangerous if the Spanish Fleet, which was then bound for our coast, had not been scattered by the same weather; so it was in some sort profitable to us. For some of our smaller shipping, which were driven most leeward towards the coast of Ireland, met with two or three Spanish ships, full of soldiers, which they took: by which, we not only understood, at our coming to Plymouth, their purpose to have landed at Falmouth, with 10,000 men; but saw the instructions and orders of the sea fights, if they had met with us, which were so full of perfection, that I have ever since redoubted [*anxiously estimated*] their sufficiency in sea cases.

The Fleet arriving thus weather-beaten at Plymouth, his Lordship posted to the Court; leaving my Lord THOMAS, now Earl of SUFFOLK [*created July* 21, 1603], my Lord MOUNTJOY, and the rest of the Officers there. And, shortly, came provision of money, with Commission to the said Lords, Sir WALTER RALEIGH, and myself, to see the same issued and distributed by common advice, for the repairing, victualling, and sending about the Fleet to Chatham; and the entertaining of the 1,000 men I had brought out of the Low Countries, which were then disposed along the coast of Cornwall, and, after, sent to Ireland.

Which business despatched, I passed by post to London; and near Mary-bone [*Marylebone*] park, I met with Sir WILLIAM RUSSELL in his coach: who being my honourable friend (then newly returned from Ireland, where he had been Deputy), I [a]lighted to salute him, with much duty and affection; who stepping out of his coach, received me with the like favour. With whom, whilst I stood bareheaded, being in a sweat, I got cold: which held me so extremely, that for three weeks after, I could not stir out of my lodging.

I understood my Lord of ESSEX was at his house at Wanstead, in great discontentment; to whose Lordship I gave presently knowledge of my arrival, as also that I would forbear to attend his Lordship till I had been at Court: which then I hoped would have been sooner than it fell out my sickness would permit.

For I supposed, at my coming to Court, Her Majesty, after her most gracious manner, would talk and question with me concerning the late Journey: and though it pleased her always to give credit to the reports I made (which I never blemished with falsehood, for any respect whatsoever!) yet I thought this forbearance to see my Lord, would make my speech work more effectually.

So soon then, as I was able to go abroad, I went to the Court, which was then at Whitehall; and (because I would use nobody's help to give me access to Her Majesty, as also that I desired to be heard more publicly) I resolved to shew myself to Her Majesty, when she came into the garden: where so soon as she set her gracious eye upon me, she called me to her, and questioned with me concerning the Journey; seeming greatly incensed against my Lord of ESSEX, laying

the whole blame of the evil success of the journey on his Lordship, both for the not burning of the Fleet at Ferrol, and missing the [West] Indian Fleet. Wherein with the truth, I boldly justified his Lordship, with such earnestness, that my voice growing shrill, the standers by, which were many, might hear; for Her Majesty then walked: laying the blame freely on them that deserved it.

And some, there present [*probably Sir W. RALEIGH*], being called to confront me, were forced to confess the contrary of that they had delivered to Her Majesty; insomuch that I answered all objections against the Earl: wherewith Her Majesty, well quieted and satisfied, sat her down in the end of the walk, and calling me to her, fell into more particular discourse of his Lordship's humours and ambition; all which she pleased then to construe so graciously, that before she left me, she fell into much commendation of him. Who, very shortly after, came to the Court.

This office I performed to his Lordship, to the grieving and bitter incensing of the contrary party against me; when notwithstanding I had discovered, as is aforesaid, in my reculement, his Lordship's coldness of affection for me; and had plainly told my Lord himself, my own resolution (in which I still persisted) not to follow his Lordship any more in the wars: yet, to make as full return as I could, for the good favour the world supposed his Lordship bare me; fearing more to incur the opinion of ingratitude, than the malice of any enemies, how great soever, which the delivery of truth could procure me.

The Government of Brielle.

STAYED the winter following in England.

In which time, my Lord SHEFFIELD making resignation of his Government of the Brielle into Her Majesty's hands; I was advised and encouraged by my good friends, to make means to Her Majesty for that charge: which it was long before I could hearken unto, having no friends to rely on.

For as I had good cause to doubt [*fear*] my Lord of ESSEX would not further me in that suit, so I was loth to have anything by his means, in the terms I then stood in with his Lordship; much less by any other person's, that were known to be his opposers.

Being still urged to undertake the suit, I began at length to take some better liking of it, and to guess there was some further meaning in it. And therefore, I answered that "if I were assured that Master Secretary [*Sir ROBERT CECIL*] would not cross me, I would undertake the matter."

Whereof, having some hope given me, I took occasion, one day, in the Chamber of Presence, to tell his Lordship as much: who answered me that "as he would be no mover or recommender of suit for me or any other; so he would not cross me."

I desired his Lordship of no further favour than might be looked for from a man in his place, for public respects.

And hereupon, I resolved to have Her Majesty moved; which Sir FULKE GREVILLE performed effectually.

Her Majesty, as her manner was, fell to objecting, that "I served the States, and that those two charges could not well stand together."

My Lord of Essex was, before this, gone from Court, discontented because of the difficulty he found in obtaining the Earl Marshalship of England. I went therefore to Wanstead to his Lordship, in good manners to acquaint him with what I had done: who rather discouraged me than otherwise in the pursuit.

Notwithstanding, I waited and followed my business hard, and one evening, in the garden, moved Her Majesty myself; who alleging, as before she had done to Sir Fulke Greville, that "it could not stand with her service, that both those places should go together;" I told her Majesty that, "I was willing, if there were no remedy, rather to forsake the States' service, than to miss the place I was a suitor to Her Majesty for, in hers." And so, for that time, Her Majesty left me without any discouragement.

The Earl of Sussex was my only competitor; and for him my Lord North professed to stand earnestly; who as soon as I was risen from my knees, told me, that "such places as I was now a suitor for, were wonted to be granted only to Noblemen."

I answered, "There were none ennobled but by the favour of the Prince; and the same way I took."

About this time, Her Majesty being in hand with the States, to make a transaction from the Old Treaty to the New, in which the States were to take upon them the payment to Her Majesty yearly, of so much money as would pay the ordinary garrison of the Cautionary Towns, it fell into deliberation, What numbers were competent for the guard of the said towns?

Wherein, before my Lords would resolve, they were pleased to call before them my Lord Sidney and myself, to hear our opinions, addressing their speech concerning the Brielle to me: whereunto I made such answers as I thought fit; not partially, as one that pretended to interest in that Government [*Governorship*]; but as I thought meet for Her Majesty's service.

And hereupon, Master Secretary took occasion merrily to say to my Lords, that they might see what a difference there was, betwixt the care of Sir Francis Vere, a neutral man, and that of my Lord Sidney, who spake for his own Govern-

ment; "but," saith his Lordship, "he will repent it, when he is Governor!"

And then he told their Lordships I was a suitor for the place; and that I should have for it his best furtherance. My Lords gave a very favourable applause to Master Secretary's resolution; and severally blamed me, that I had not acquainted them with my suit, and taken the furtherance they willingly would have given me.

It is true, I never made anybody acquainted with my suit, but Sir FULKE GREVILLE and Master Secretary. From thenceforward, I addressed myself more freely to Master Secretary; and conceived by his fashion [*manner*], an assurance of good issue: though I had not a final despatch in two months after.

In the meantime, my Lord SIDNEY and my Lord GREY were labouring to succeed me in the States' service. My Lord of ESSEX had promised his assistance to my Lord SIDNEY: insomuch as when I told him, at his coming to the Court, in what forwardness I was for the Brielle, and danger to lose my other charge, and who were competitors to succeed me; he plainly said that "he had given my Lord SIDNEY his promise, to procure him a regiment in the States' service."

I answered that "the command of the nation [*all English troops in the Dutch service*] belonged to me by commission"; that "there was as little reason for my Lord [SIDNEY] to be under my authority, as for me to yield my authority to him"; that "in respect of his Government [*Governorship*], he was uncapable of that charge as myself."

By this again, I found his Lordship's care to hold me back: notwithstanding my Lord SIDNEY had soon made an end of his suit. But my Lord GREY stuck longer to it, and was earnester; insomuch as there passed speeches in heat betwixt him and me.

And yet in the end, such was the favour of the Prince! that I enjoyed both the one and the other charge.

In the same year, 1597, about the latter end of September, I passed into the Low Countries; took and gave the oaths that are usual betwixt those of Holland, the Governor and townsmen of the Brielle; and so was established in that Government.

The Action at Turnhout.

THAT winter, 1597, the enemy laying at Turnhout, an open village, with 4,000 foot and 600 horse. One day, amongst other speeches, I said to Monsieur BARNEVELDT, that "they did but tempt us to beat them!" which it seemeth he marked; for, shortly after, the States resolved to make an attempt upon them; and gave orders to the Count MAURICE to that end, to gather his forces together. Which, at one instant, shipped from their several garrisons, arrived with great secrecy, at Gertruydenburg, in all, to the number of 6,000 foot and 1,000 horse; whereof some 200 [English] came from Flushing, with Sir ROBERT SIDNEY. Which troop, because he desired it should march with the rest of the English; in the love and respect I professed and truly bear to him, I made offer to him to command one of the two troops, the English forces were then divided into: which he refused not.

That evening was spent in consulting and ordering of things.

In the morning, by break of day, the troops began to march; and continued till two hours within night, and there rested, within a league of Turnhout. There we understood by our espial, that the enemy lay still without any manner of intrenchment; having as yet no intelligence of us.

A good part of that night was also spent in debating of matters. In the end, it was resolved, if the enemy abode our coming in the village; with our cannon to batter them and so to dislodge them, or with our troops to force the place upon them.

The Vanguard was given to the English troops, with Count MAURICE's Guard, and some other selected Companies of the Dutch which the Count kept ordinarily in the Vanguard.

The night was very cold, insomuch as the Count MAURICE himself, going up and down the quarters, with straw and such other blazing stuff, made fires in some places, with his own hands, by the *Corps du guard* [*pickets*]. Sir ROBERT SIDNEY and I got us into a barn thronged with soldiers, to rest; because there was no sleeping by the Count MAURICE,

who was disposed to watch: whence I was also called, to attend him.

In the morning, we set forward; and by break of day we came within a falcon shot [320 *yards: see Vol. IV. p.* 251] of Turnhout, where the troops were put in battle. Whence sending some light horse towards the town, to discover; word was brought that the enemy had caused his baggage to march all night, and that now the Rereward were going out of the town.

Whereupon the Count MAURICE caused our Vanguard to advance to the town: with which he marched.

By that time we were come to the town, the enemy was clear gone out of it, and some musket shot off, on the way to Herenthals [*which was twelve miles off*] beyond a narrow bridge, over which one man could only go in front. They made a stand with some of their men; and galled our scouts, which followed on the track.

The Count MAURICE made a halt, halfway betwixt the bridge and the town: where I offered to beat the enemy from this passage, if he would give me some men; alleging that this was only a shew of the enemy to amuse us, whilst he withdrew the body of his forces, and therefore this required a speedy execution. Hereupon, he appointed me 200 musketeers of his own Guard and the other Dutch companies, with officers to receive my commands saying that "he would second me, according as occasion should serve."

With which, I went directly towards this bridge. Near to which, I found Count HOLLOCK [*HOHENLO*], who, that Journey, commanded the horse. He told me of an easier passage over that water and offered me guides; but the distance agreed not with the necessity of the haste, and therefore I excused myself of altering my way: which he took in very ill part, insomuch as, not long after, he wrote unto me a letter of expostulation, as if I had failed in the acknowledgement of his authority, which he pretended [*asserted*], by an ancient Commission, to be Lieutenant-General of Holland, and consequently of all the forces; which I answered in good and fitting terms, to his contentment.

And so placing my men in the best places of advantage, to command the bridge, I made them play at the enemy;

who soon forsook the bridge, being so narrow as aforesaid, and of a good length.

I durst not adventure, at the first, to pass my men over it, the rather for that the country on the other side, was very thick of wood: but, after a little pause, I thrust over some few foot; and, by a ford adjoining, though very deep and difficult, I sent some few horse, to discover what the enemy did.

And causing mine own horse to be led through the said ford, I went myself over the bridge; from which, some half a harquebuss shot, I found a small fort of pretty defence, abandoned: into which, I put my footmen which were first passed, and sent for the rest to come with all diligence.

In the meantime, taking my horse, I rode with some few Officers and others, after the enemy; whom we soon espied, some while marching, other while standing as if they had met with some impediment before them; which we thought was caused by the number of their carriages.

The way they marched was through a lane of good breadth, hemmed in with thick underwoods on both sides of it, fit as I thought, to cover the smallness of the number of my men. Whereupon, as also on the opinion the enemy might justly conceive, that the rest of our troops followed at hand, I took the boldness and assurance to follow them with those 200 musketeers: which I put into the skirts of the wood, so as betwixt them and the highway in which the enemy marched, there was a well grown hedge.

Myself, with about some 15 or 16 horsemen, of my own followers and servants, keeping the highway, advanced towards the enemy: giving, in the meantime, the Count MAURICE advice what I saw! what I did! and what an assured victory he had in his hands, if he would advance the troops!

I was not gone two musket shots from this fort, but some choice men of the enemy, whom they appointed to make the retreat [*to act as a rearguard*] discharged on us; and our men again answered them, and pressing upon them, put them nearer to their hindermost body of Pikes: under the favour of which, they and such as, from time to time, were sent to refresh them, maintained the skirmish with us.

When they marched, I followed; when they stood, I stayed: and, standing or marching, I kept within reach, for

the most part, of their body of Pikes; so as I slew and galled many of them.

And in this manner, I held them play, at the least four hours, till I came to an open heath, which was from the bridge, about some five or six English miles; sending, in the meantime, messenger upon messenger to the Count MAURICE and the Count HOLLOCK, for more troops. And it pleased Sir ROBERT SIDNEY himself, who also came up to me, and looked on the enemy; when he saw the fair occasion, to ride back to procure more forces.

But all this while, none came, not so much as any principal Officer of the army, to see what I did.

On the left side of this heath, which is little less than three miles over, were woods and enclosed fields coasting the way the enemy were to take, in distance [off] some musket shot and a half. Along these I caused my musketeers to advance; and, as they could from the skirts of the heath to play upon the enemy: which was more to shew them and our men that were behind, by hearing the shot, that we had not forsaken the enemy, than for any great hurt we could do them.

Myself, with some thirty or forty horse that were come up to me to see the sport, following them aloof off.

The enemy, seeing no gross troop to follow them, began to take heart; and put themselves into order in four battalions: their horsemen on their wings advancing their way easily.

When we had, in this manner, passed half the heath, our [1,000] horsemen, in 16 troops (for they were so many), began to appear behind us at the entry of the heath: not the way we had passed, but more to the right hand, coasting the skirts of the heath, at a good round pace.

This sight made the enemy to mend his pace, and gave us more courage to follow them; so as now, we omitted no endeavour which might hinder their way, falling again into skirmish with them. For they fearing more those that they saw far off, than us that followed them at their heels, being a contemptible number to them that might see us and tell [*count*] us, mended still their pace.

I therefore sent messengers to those horsemen, for of our footmen there was no help to be expected, to tell them, that

if they came not with all speed possible, the enemy would get into the strait and fast country, in which there could be no good done on them.

They were not above two musket shots from the mouth of the strait [*ravine or pass*], when the Count MAURICE, with six companies of horse, came near unto us, that followed the enemy in the tail. The other horsemen, because they fetched a greater compass, and came more upon the front and right flank of the enemy, were further off. I sent to the Count to desire him to give me those horsemen [*i.e., the six companies*].

And, in the meantime, to give the enemy some stay, I made round proffer [*appearance or shew*] to charge the Rereward: under the countenance of that second [*support*], with those horse and foot I had. Which took good effect. For they, knowing no other but that all the troops were also ready to charge, made a stand; and seeing our horsemen on the right wing to grow somewhat near, put themselves into a stronger order.

My messenger returning from the Count MAURICE, told me, he would speak with me.

To whom I made haste, and as the time required, in few words having delivered my mind; he gave me three [*of his six*] companies of horse to use as I should see cause. With which, I went on the spur: for the enemy were now marching again, and were come even into the entry of the strait.

The other horsemen with the Count HOLLOCK seeing me go to charge, did the like also. So that, much about one instant, he charged on the right corner of their front and on their right flank; and I with my troops, on the rereward and left flank: so roundly, that their Shot, after the first volley, shifted for themselves; and so charged their Pikes, which being ranged in four Battles, stood one in the tail of another, not well ordered (as, in that case, they should have been) to succour the Shot, and abide the charge of the horsemen. And so we charged their Pikes, not breaking through them, at the first push, as it was anciently used by the men-of-arms with their barbed horses: but as the long pistols, delivered at hand, had made the ranks thin, so thereupon, the rest of the horse got within them. So as indeed, it was a victory obtained without a fight.

For till they were utterly broken and scattered, which was after a short time, few or none died by handistrokes.

The footmen defeated; our horsemen disordered, as they had been in the charge and execution, followed the chase of their horsemen and baggage: which took the way of Herenthals.

I foresaw that the enemy's horse, that had withdrawn themselves, in good order and untouched of us, at the beginning of the fight, would soon put to rout those disordered men: and therefore made all the haste that I could, to the mouth of the strait, there to stay them.

Where finding the Count HOLLOCK, I told him he should do well to suffer no more to pass.

So riding forward on to the other end of the strait, where it opened on a champaign, I overtook Sir NICHOLAS PARKER, who commanded the three companies of English horse under me; who had some thirty soldiers with the three cornets [*standards*].

With these, I stayed on a green plot just in the mouth of the strait, having on either hand a road washy way: with purpose to gather unto me, those that came after me; and relieve our men, if the enemy chased them.

I had no sooner placed the troop: but I might see our men coming back as fast and as disordered as they went out; passing the strait on either hand of me, not to be stayed for any intreaty.

The most of our men passed, and the enemy approaching; Sir NICHOLAS PARKER asked me, "What I meant to do?"

I told him, "Attend the enemy, with our troop there!"

"Then," saith he, "you must be gone with the rest!"

And so, almost with the latest, the enemy being upon us, I followed his counsel; and so all of us, great and small, were chased through the strait again: where our troops gathering head, and our foot appearing, we held good; and the enemy, without any further attempt, made his retreat.

There were taken between 40 and 50 ensigns, and slain and taken of the enemy, nearly 3,000: and their general Seigneur DE BALLANCY, and Count DE WARRAS died on the place.

This exploit happily achieved, Count MAURICE with the army, returned that evening, to Turnhout (where the Castle

held by some of the enemy, yielded), and the next day, marched to Gertruydenburg: and I, to accompany Sir ROBERT SIDNEY (who took the next [*nearest*] way to his Government [*Governorship*]), went with him to Williamstadt. Where I did, on my part, truly and sincerely, touching the other circumstances of the service; and was very friendly, when I made mention of him.

I gave him my letters to read, and then to one of his Captains to deliver in England: but my letters were held back; and his, that were far more partially written, delivered. Which art of doubleness changed the love I had so long borne him, into a deep dislike that could not be soon digested.

The battle of Nieuport.



N THE year of our Lord 1600, the enemy's forces being weak and in mutinies, and his affairs in disorder; the States resolved to make an offensive war in Flanders, as the fittest place to annoy the enemy most and to secure their own State, if they could recover the coast towns: which was the scope of the enterprise.

As this action was of great importance, so were the meetings and consultations about it many: to which, though unworthy, I myself was called. Where, amongst other things, the facility of the execution coming in question; it was, by most, affirmed that the enemy was not able nor durst adventure to meet us in the field: which I not only opposed in opinion; but more particularly, made it appear that within fourteen days of our landing in Flanders, they might and would be with us, to offer fight, as afterwards, it fell precisely out.

The army embarked with purpose to have landed at Ostend; but finding the wind contrary when we came to Zealand, upon a new consultation, it was resolved to disembark upon the coast of Flanders, lying on the river Schelde: and accordingly, by a small fort called the Philippines, we ran our vessels, which were flat bottomed after the manner of the country, aground at a high water; which, the ebb

coming, lay on dry ground; and so with much ease and readiness, we landed both horse and foot.

Our army consisted of about 12,000 foot and 3,000 horse; and was divided into three parts, committed to several Commanders, viz., the Count EARNEST of NASSAU, the Count SOLMES, and myself.

My troops consisted of 1,600 Englishmen, 2,500 Frisons [*Frisians*], and ten cornets [*squadrons*] of horse: with which troops, I took my turn of Vanguard, Battle, and Rereward, as it fell out.

We marched through the country to Ecloo and Bruges, and so to Oldenburg, a fort of the enemy not far from Ostend, which the enemy had abandoned, as also some others of less strength; by which means, the passage to Ostend was open and free.

The army encamped and rested there [*at Oldenburg*] two or three days, to refresh us with victuals: especially drink, whereof the army had suffered great want, the water of the country we had passed [through], being, for the most part, very troubled [*muddy*] and moorish [*boggy*].

It was again consulted, Where the army should be first employed, whether in taking the forts the enemy held in the low and broken grounds about Ostend, or in the siege of Nieuport?

The latter being resolved on, the States, who had all this while marched and abode with the army, departed to Ostend, as the fittest place to reside in: and the Count SOLMES, with his part of the army, was sent the direct way to Ostend, to take the fort Albertus, and open the passage betwixt that town and Nieuport.

The Count MAURICE, with the rest of the army, leaving the fort of Oldenburg and the others which the enemy had forsaken, well guarded (as was behooveful, because without forcing them, the enemy could not come to us but by fetching a great compass), marched by Hemskerk towards a fort called the Damme, upon the river [*Yperlee*] that goeth to Nieuport: but finding the country weak and moorish, and not able to bear the weight of our carriages and artillery, returned to a small village not far from Hemskerk, and lodged there.

Thence, we crossed through the meadows to the seaside, filling many ditches, and laying bridges to pass the waters,

whereof that country is full. And so, with much ado, we got to the downs by the seaside: and encamped, about some cannon shot from the fort Albertus; which was rendered before to the Count SOLMES.

In the morning, early, we marched upon the sea sands towards Nieuport; and, at the ebb, waded the river on that side that maketh the haven of that town: and so encamped.

We spent two or three days in quartering and entrenching ourselves in places of best advantage, for our own safety and the besieging of the town; laying a stone bridge over the narrowest of the haven for our carriages and troops to pass to and fro, at all times, if occasion required.

In the meantime, the Count was advertised from those of Ostend, and those of Oldenburg, that the enemy, with good troops of horse and foot, were come and lodged near the fort [*Oldenburg*]. Whereupon, consulting, the opinions were divers, the most agreeing that it was only a bravado made of RIVAS; who, we had heard before, had gathered between 3,000 or 4,000 together, near the Sluis, to divert us from our enterprise: and that upon our remove towards him, he would make his retreat to the Sluis again.

But this falling out jump with the calculation I had before made, I insisted that it was the gross [*bulk*] of their army; that it was needful for us, without delay, to march thither with our army also, lest that fort and the rest fell into the enemy's hands: who might then come and lodge at our backs, and cut off the passage to Ostend, to the extreme annoyance of the army: that in using diligence to prevent the enemy's taking these forts, we might at once block up and besiege those of the enemy held on the low and drowned lands; which enterprise had been in question and debated as of equal importance with that of Nieuport.

Notwithstanding that my reasons seemed well grounded; the Count MAURICE was (as he is naturally) slow in resolving, so as, for that time, no other thing was done.

The same night came messenger upon messenger, that first, the enemy had cannon; then, that they of the fort were summoned in the Archduke's name; after, that it was yielded upon conditions. And thrice that night was I called from my rest, upon these several alarms, which confirmed me in my former opinion, upon which I insisted, with this change; that

whereas my first purpose was to stop the enemy's passage under the favour of those forts: now, that occasion lost, we were to march to the hither mouth of the passage we ourselves had made through the low grounds, and to occupy the same, which was the shortest and readiest way the enemy had to the downs and seaside.

The Count MAURICE liked it well, and resolved to send forthwith the Count EARNEST, with 2,500 footmen and 500 horsemen, with some artillery also and provisions, to entrench upon the same passage; saying: "He would follow and second them, with the rest of the army, in due season." Which course I could not approve nor allow of, shewing my reasons, how this dividing of forces might endanger the whole; for I knew the enemy would, in all likelihood, use all possible diligence to get through this passage, and might well do it with his Vanguard and a part of his forces, before the arrival of these men; which, being so few, would not be able to make resistance: whereas our whole army marching, if the enemy had been fully passed the low grounds, we had our forces united to give them battle according to the resolution taken, if he sought us or came in our way. If part of his army were only passed, which was the likeliest; the shortness of time, the hindrance of the night, and the narrowness of the way considered: then we had undoubted victory. If we were there before him, the passage was ours.

About midnight, the Count [EARNEST] had his despatch and order to take of those troops that were with the Count SOLMES, as readiest for that service. The rest of the army was commanded to march down to the haven's side by the break of day, to pass with the first ebb.

It was my turn then to have the Vanguard, which made me careful not to be wanting in my duty: so as in due time, my troops were at the place appointed.

And because the water was not yet passable, I went myself to the Count MAURICE to know his further pleasure; whom I found by the bridge, with most of the chief Officers of the army: whither not long after, news was brought unto him, that the enemy was passed the downs and marching towards us; which struck him into a dump.

I told him that all possible speed must be used to pass the forces before the enemy were possessed of the other side of

the haven: that therefore, I would go to my troops, to take the first opportunity of the tide; desiring him to give me his further orders what I was to do, when I had passed the haven.

He willed me, to do all things, as I saw cause myself. Calling to him the Count LODOWICK of NASSAU, who then commanded the horse as General, he bade him go along with me, and follow my directions.

So I left the Count MAURICE, and went to my troops; and so soon as the tide served, I passed my men as they stood in their battalions.

The soldiers would have stripped themselves to have kept their clothes dry; as I had willed them when I crossed the haven first: but then I thought it not expedient, the enemy being so near; and therefore willed them "to keep on their clothes, and not to care for the wetting of them: for they should either need none, or have better and dryer clothes to sleep in that night."

When the troops of the Vanguard were passed, I left the footmen standing, ranged in their order, betwixt the downs or sand hills and the sea; and with the horse, advanced towards the enemy whom we might discover afar off coming towards us by the seaside. Not to engage a skirmish or fight, but to choose a fit place to attend them in, which was now the only advantage we could by industry get of the enemy: for by the situation of the country, that skill and dexterity we presumed to excel our enemy in (which was the apt and agile motions of our battalions) was utterly taken from us.

For the space betwixt the sea and the sand hills or downs, was commanded by the said hills, which are of many heads reared and commanding one another, containing so much breadth in most places that our troops could not occupy the whole; and were everywhere so confusedly packed together, so brokenly and steeply, that the troops could neither well discern what was done a stone's cast before them, nor advance forward in any order, to second [*support*] if need were. And on the other side of the downs towards the firm land, if the whole breadth were not possessed, the enemy might pass to the haven of Nieuport, where our bridge and most of our shipping yet lay on the dry ground, and spoil

and burn them in our view. All which inconveniences, I was to prevent.

Finding therefore, a place where the hills and downs stood, in a manner divided with a hollow bottom, the bottom narrower and the hills higher to the seaside and North than towards the inland and South, which ran clean thwart from the sea sands to the inland; the downs also there being of no great breadth, so that we might conveniently occupy them with our front, and command as well the seashore as the way that lay betwixt the low inland and the foot of the downs: in that place, on the hither side of that bottom, I resolved to attend the enemy. And therefore, having caused my troops to advance, I drew from the whole Vanguard about 1,000 men: *viz.*, 250 Englishmen; the Count MAURICE's Guard, and such other companies as usually marched with it, 250; and of the Frisons, 500, which were all musketeers: the other two troops consisting of Shot and Pikes.

The English and 50 of the Count's Guard [*i.e.*, 300 *in all*], I placed on the top of the hill that lay more advanced than the rest; which being steep and sandy, was not easily to be mounted, and in the top, so hollow that the men lay covered from the hills on the other side, and might fight from it as from a parapet.

Just behind this hill, about 100 paces, was another far more high, on the top of which also, I placed the other 200 of the Troops of the Guard; on which also, with a little labour of the soldier, they lay at good covert.

These two hills were joined together with a ridge somewhat lower than the former hill; which, endwise, lay East and West; and, broadwise, looked towards the South or inland, and commanded all the ground passable. On the outside, it was very steep, loose, sandy, and ill to be mounted; within, it was hollow. In which, I placed the 500 Frison musketeers, giving charge to the Officers to bestow their shot only to the southward, when time should serve; which was directly on our right side and flank, as we then stood turned towards the enemy.

Betwixt those two hills, on the left hand or flank looking towards the sea, I placed in covert in places for the purpose (so near the sea sand, that they might with ease and good order in an instant break into it), two of the four troops of the

English, making about 700 men, ranged with their faces to the northward, looking directly from our left flank. If the enemy adventured to pass by us to the other troops, I meant to leave them [*the* 700] in his eye.

Upon the sands, more easterly than the inmost of the two hills, I ranged in a front, with a space betwixt them, the other two troops [=650 *men*] of the English: and a pretty distance behind them, more to the seaward, the [2,000] Frisons in four battalions; two in front, with a space to receive betwixt them one of the other two battalions that stood behind them, the files and spaces betwixt the troops being as close as might be conveniently, to leave the more space for the ranging the other troops; with a competent distance betwixt each troop, so as one troop shadowed not another, but all might be in the enemy's eye at one instant.

And thus the Vanguard occupied about one-third part of the downs (leaving the rest to be manned as the occasion should serve, by the other troops), and, on the left hand, uttermost to the sea: and more advanced, I placed the horsemen [*i.e., the ten squadrons*].

I had scarce done this work, when the Count MAURICE, with the chief Commanders of the army, came to the head of my troops; where, on horseback, and in the hearing of all standers by (which were many), he put in deliberation, Whether he should advance with his army towards the enemy, or abide their coming?

Those that spake, as in such cases most men will not seem fearful, counselled to march forward: for that they thought it would daunt the enemy, and make the victory the more easy: whereas in attending him, he would gather courage out of the opinion of our fear, or take the opportunity of our stay to fortify upon the passage to Ostend, to cut off our victuals and retreat.

I alleged that their army (that had been gathered in haste, and brought into a country where they intended no such war) could neither have provision of victuals with them for any time, nor any magazines in those parts to furnish them, nor other store in that wasted country, and in that latter end of the year to be expected: so as to fear, there was none, that they should seat themselves there to starve us that had store of victuals in our shipping, and the sea open to supply us, with all sailing winds. And for the vain courage, they should

get by our supposed fear, after so long a march with climbing up and down those steep sandy hills, in the extremity of heat, wearied and spent before they could come to us, and then finding us fresh and lusty, and ready to receive them in our strength of advantage, it would turn to their greater confusion and terror.

They persisted, and as it were, with one voice opposed: so as, in the end, I was moved to say that "all the world could not make me change my counsel."

The Count MAURICE was pleased to like of it, resolving not to pass any further towards the enemy; and for the ordering of things, reposed so much trust in me as that he believed they were well, without viewing the places or examining the reasons of my doings: but returned, to give order to the rest of the army, which, as the water ebbed, he enlarged to the seaward, next the which the horsemen were placed; and six pieces of ordnance were advanced into the head [*front*] of the Vanguard.

In this order, we stayed; and the enemy, though still in the eye, moved not forward for the space of two hours, and then, rather turning from us than advancing, they crossed the downs and rested other two hours at the foot of them, towards the land: which confirmed their opinions that held he would lodge.

But we found reasons out of all their proceedings to keep us from wavering. For it was probable to us, that the enemy overwearied and tired with that night and day's travel; and seeing us passed the haven of Nieuport, wherein to have hindered and prevented us was the greatest cause of this haste, whilst he saw us stirring and ordering ourselves, might hope that we (that were fresh, now passed, and engaged to fight) would advance, the rather to have the help of our troops with the Count EARNEST, if perchance he were retired to Ostend, which, the nearer the fight were to that place, might be of most use to us; or else if we had heard of their defeat, we would be drawn on with revenge. But when they saw that we held our place, not moving forward, being out of that hope; and not provided to make any long stay, for the reasons before mentioned: they might resolve to refresh themselves, and then to advance towards us; for which, that side was more convenient than the bare sea sands.

Withal we considered, that their chief trust resting in their footmen (which were old trained soldiers, and to that day, unfoiled in the field); they would rather attend the growing of the tide, which was then at the lowest, that the scope of the sands might be less spacious and serviceable for horsemen.

About half flood, they crossed again the downs to the sea sands, and marched forward, sending some light-horsemen far before the troops. One of which, as we supposed, suffered himself to be taken; who being brought to the Count MAURICE, told him aloud that the Count EARNEST was defeated; and that he should presently have battle, augmenting the number, bravery, and resolution of their men.

The loss of our men we had understood before, and therefore were careful to have but few present at the hearing of the prisoner; whose mouth being stopped by the Count MAURICE's order, the rest that heard it bewrayed it, either in word or countenance, to the soldiers.

The enemy growing nearer and nearer, and their horsemen coming, in the head of their troops, in a competent distance to have been drawn to a fight; I would very willingly have advanced the horsemen of the Vanguard near to them, and with some choice and well-mounted men, have beaten in their carabin[eer]s and skirmishers to their gross [*main body*], with purpose, if they had been charged again, to have retired in haste with the said Vanguard of horse betwixt the sea and the Vanguard of foot: and having drawn them from their foot, under the mercy of our ordnance, and engaged to the rest of our horse, to have charged and followed them resolutely.

This advice could not savour to that young nobleman [*Count LODOWICK of NASSAU*], that was not well pleased with the power that Count MAURICE had given me over his charge; and therefore was not by him put in execution: who chose rather, as the enemy advanced leisurely, so he, in like sort, to recule [*retire*] towards the foot.

This counsel of mine taking no better effect, and their horsemen being now come within reach of our cannon; I made the motion to have them discharged, which was well liked, and so well plied that we made them scatter their troops, and in disorder fly for safety into the downs: which had doubtless given us the victory without more ado, if our horsemen had

been ready and willing to have taken the benefit of that occasion.

Their footmen, out of our reach, kept on their way alongst the sands; and the sooner to requite us, advanced their ordnance a good distance before them, and shot roundly at us and did some hurt.

The water now grew very high, so as both we and they were forced to streighten [*narrow*] our front. And the enemy—whether of purpose, as aforesaid, to fight with more advantage (as he took it), with his foot in the downs; or to avoid the shot of our ordnance (for he could not be so careless as to be surprised with the tide, and so be driven to this sudden change)—put all his forces, as well horse as foot, into the downs; which horse crossed to the green way betwixt the lowlands and the downs.

All our horsemen stood with our Rereward. Hereupon our Vanguard altering order, our Battle and Rereward passed into the downs, and (in the same distances, backward and sidewards, as they had been on the sands on my left hand before) ranged themselves. So as the front of the three bodies of foot filled the breadth of the downs: all the horsemen being placed on the green way betwixt the lowland and the foot of the downs; not in any large front, but [*echeloned*] one in the tail of another, as the narrowness of the passage enforced.

I found a fit place on the top of a hill, from whence the green way on the inside of the downs might be commanded with ordnance; on which, by the Count MAURICE his order, two demi-cannon were presently mounted.

The enemy growing very near, I told the Count "It was time for me to go to my charge;" asking him, "Whether he would command me any more service."

He said, "No! but to do as I saw cause." Willing us the Chiefs that stood about him, to advise him in what part of the army he should be personally? Whereunto, we all answered, that for many reasons, he was to keep in the rearward of all: which he yielded unto.

So I went to the Vanguard, and after I had viewed the readiness and order of the several troops, the enemy now appearing at hand; I (the better to discover their proceedings, and for the readier direction upon all occasions, as also

with my presence to encourage our men in the abiding of the first brunt), took my place in the top of the foremost hill before mentioned. Where I resolved to abide the issue of that day's service, as well because the advantages of the ground we had chosen were [favourable] to stand upon the defence; as also for that, in that uneven ground, to stir from place to place (as is usual and necessary in the execution and performance of the office of a Captain, where the country is open and plain), I should not only have lost the view of the enemy (upon whose motions, in such cases, our counsels of execution depend), but of my troops, and they of me; which must needs have caused many unreasonable and confused commandments.

The enemy's Forlorn Hope of harquebussiers, having got to the tops of the hills and places of most advantage, on the other side of this bottom before mentioned, began from thence to shoot at us, whilst their Vanguard approached: which now growing near at hand, 500 Spanish Pikes and Shot mingled, without ensigns or precise order, gave upon the place where myself was, and very obstinately, for the space of a great half-hour, laboured to enter and force it; favoured [*covered*] with more store of Shot from the tops of their hills, the gross of their Vanguard standing in some covert from the Shot with me, on the other side of the bottom.

In the meantime, the Vanguard of their horse advanced along the green way (so often mentioned) betwixt the low inland and the downs, towards our horse that stood more backward against the flank of our Battle. Our two pieces of ordnance were discharged from the top of the hill to good effect and well plied; and when they came nearer, and thwart our right flank, the 500 Frison musketeers (who, as I have before said, were destined to bestow their shot that way) did their part, and so galled them, that, upon the first proffer of a charge which our horsemen made, they were put into a disordered retreat, even to their troops of foot: our horsemen following them in the tail; who were fain, there, to give them over. At the same instant, I gave orders that a 100 men should be sent from the foremost troop of foot I had laid, as aforesaid, in the downs, to have given upon the left [? *right*] flank of the enemy, if he attempted to pass by us upon

the sands; and as covertly as they could to approach and give upon the right flank of those that were in fight with me.

When they were come up, and at hands with the enemy; I sent from the hill where I was, by a hollow descent, some 60 men to charge them in front; which amazed the enemy, and put them to run, our men chasing and killing them till they had passed the bottom, and came to the gross of their Vanguard: from which were disbanded anew, the like number [500] as before, who followed our men, and seized on some heights that were in the bottom somewhat near us, covering their Pikes under the shadow of the hills, and playing with the Shot, from the tops, upon our disbanded and skirmishing men.

I sent to drive them from thence, being loth they should gain ground upon us, one of the same troops, from whence I had drawn the 100 men before mentioned, with orders only to make that place good.

This was a bloody morsel that we strove for. For whilst our men and theirs were not covered with the hanging of the hills; as they advanced or were chased, they lay open to the shot, not only of those that were possessed of those little hills, but also of the others higher which poured in greater tempests upon them: so as the soldiers that I sent hasted, as for their safety, to get the . . . side of the hill; and the enemy, for like respect, abode their coming with resolution. So as, in an instant (as the hill was round and mountable), the men came to handiblows, upon the whole semicircle of it, with much slaughter on both sides; till in the end, the enemy was forced to retire.

In the meantime, the Battle of the enemy's foot were come up to the gross of the Vanguard: which as it had taken the right hand of the downs so did the Battle, with some distance between them, though even in front. Having been well welcomed with our Shot from the tops of the hills; the Battle stayed in as good covert as the place would afford, sending fresh men to beat ours from those grounds of advantage in the bottom; so as, ours beginning to give back, I sent a new supply to make good the place in this bottom; sometimes getting, and sometimes losing ground.

The fight was still maintained with new supplies on both sides. Wherein I persevered, though with loss of men

because the advantage the ground gave me to beat as well upon their gross as on their loose fighting men, made the loss far greater on their side: my design being to engage their whole force upon my handful of men, which I employed sparingly and by piece-meal; and so to spend and waste the enemy, that they should not be able to abide the sight of our other troops, when they advanced.

The horsemen of their Battle and ours encountered, but somewhat more advanced towards the enemy (our men having gotten courage with the first success), so as our fore-mentioned Frison musketeers could not so well favour [*cover*] them. Our horsemen being put to retreat; the enemy in the pursuit, being saluted by them [*the Frisons*], were stopped and drew back.

Their Rereward, having now come up, even with their two bodies (for so I term them, because their Ensigns [*colours*] remain together; though most of the men were drawn from them and in fight, and the Ensigns barely attended), advanced on the left hand of the Battle: and spreading the breadth of the downs, they were to my troops rather on the corner of the right flank than afront; and our Battle and Rereward upon which they directly fronted, were a musket shot behind my troops, towards which it seemed they intended to advance.

First, we gave as much [*fire*] to them as we could spare, from our hills: but when they began to open [*come within sight of*] upon my Frison musketeers (which, as before is said, could only bestow their shot on our right flank; and till that time, had done no service but against their horse), they were exceedingly galled, so as they stayed suddenly: and amazed, or ashamed to go back seeing none to chase them, in a bottom of some small covert, bestowed themselves; sending out some skirmishers along the southermost parts of the downs, against which some loose men were sent from our bodies. But our musketeers that shot, standing and without fear, from their rests, galled them most.

The horsemen of the Rereward shewed themselves on both sides. Some little bickering there was, and so they retired out of the footmen's reach.

This was a strange and unusual sight. For, whereas most commonly in battles the success of the foot dependeth upon

that of the horse; here, it was clean contrary: for so long as the foot held good, the horse could not be beaten out of the field; though, as it fell out, they might be chased to them.

All this while, the fight continued, without intermission, hotter and hotter, betwixt the two other troops [*the Archduke's Vanguard and Battle*] of the enemy and me: both of us sending fresh supplies, as occasion required, to sustain the fight. Insomuch as the whole of the English troops [1,600—250= 1,350 *men*] were engaged to a hand fight in the foresaid bottom, saving those few [250] that were placed on the hills: and on the enemy's part also, few were idle.

And now, I saw was the time to give the enemy a deadly blow: his grosses [*main bodies*] being disbanded, as well in occupying places of height and advantage to annoy us, as by those that were sent to dispute the places in question. For their only strength now consisted in their loose men: which any few horse charging on a sudden in that bottom, would have put to flight; and they being followed pesle-mesle [*pell mell*] with our foot, would never have had means to have rallied and gathered themselves together again. On the other side, I knew that without further succours, their numbers would weary and eat us up in the end.

I therefore at once sent to the [2,000] Frison footmen of the Vanguard to advance; and to the Count MAURICE, to tell him how things stood, and to desire him to send me part of the horse of the Battle. And because I saw the enemy press and gain upon our men more and more, I sent again messenger upon messenger.

In the meantime, to give our men the more courage, I went into the bottom amongst them, where riding up and down, I was in their eyes both doing the office of a Captain and soldier: and with much ado, we entertained the fight, though the enemy encroached and got upon us.

At my first coming [*i.e., unto the bottom*], I got one shot through my leg, and a quarter of an hour after, another through the same thigh; which I then, neither complained nor bragged of, nor so much as thought of a chirurgeon [*surgeon*]: for I knew, if I left the place, my men would instantly quail. I therefore chose, not having been used to have my troops foiled, to try the uttermost, rather than to

shew them the way to flee: hoping still for the coming of the Frisons and the horse I sent for.

But their haste was so small, that my men [*i.e., those in the bottom*], overlaid with numbers, forsook the place, notwithstanding my best efforts to stay them; hasting along the sands, towards our cannon; the enemy following them hard.

I was forced, seeing them all going, to go for company, with the last; uneasily and unwillingly, GOD knows! and in the way, my horse fell dead under me and upon me, that I could not stir.

I had neither Officer, Gentleman, nor servant about me, to give me help. Sir ROBERT DRURY by chance came; and a Gentleman, being a servant of his, called HIGHAM [*see p.* 136], drew me from under the horse, and set me up behind his master; which help came very seasonably, for the enemy being near at hand when I fell, by this means, I was saved out of their clutches.

Thus I rode to the ordnance, where I found my brother HORACE [*afterwards Lord VERE*] and the most of the Officers that were living, with some 300 [? *English*] foot.

I made them stand from before the ordnance, and willed the canoneers to discharge upon the enemy that now swarmed upon the sands.

At the same instant, my own company of horse and Captain BALL's coming thither; I willed them to go to the charge; and my brother with the foot to advance and second them home.

This small number of horse and foot made an exceeding great change on a sudden. For the enemy in hope of victory, followed hard; and being upon the sands, where horse might serve upon them, were soon routed and most of them cut in pieces; the rest saving themselves by flight as they could, in the downs. Our men, both horse and foot, followed them.

Their Battles, where their Ensigns remained, began to stir and rouse themselves; rather for defence than to revenge themselves: for they advanced not.

Our men, from the top of the hills, who had kept their places from the beginning, having by this means, a fair mark, plied them with shot. Our English soldiers, on all hands, with new courage resorted to the fight; and finding these

Battles very small and thin (by reason of the men they had sent to supply the fight; especially of Shot, which in these uneven places were of most service), pelted them with our shot, and pressed upon them to make them recule.

The Count MAURICE, seeing things on these terms, caused the Battle to advance, and his horsemen to make a proffer upon the enemies. Upon which sight, without attending any strokes, the enemy routed, and was chased out of the field.

In this Last Charge, I followed not. [*See Sir JOHN OGLE's account of it at pp.* 136–139.] For seeing the success upon the sands, and knowing that my directions in the prosecution of the victory would be executed; I could easily judge that the work of that day was at an end. And therefore I began to care and provide for myself: who, all this while had been undressed, the blood leaking from me at four holes: which, together with a dangerous disease that had long held me, had made me extremely weak and faint.

The enemy lost above 120 Ensigns [*colours*]. Most of his foot were slain: but not many of his horse lost.

On our side, in a manner, the whole loss fell upon the English; of whom, nearly 800 were hurt or slain. Eight [*English*] Captains were slain; of the rest, all but two were hurt, and most of my inferior officers were hurt or slain.

In the rest of the army, there was no loss at all, to speak of: especially among the foot.

I dare not take the whole honour of the victory to the poor English troop of 1,600 men; but leave it to be judged by those that may give their censure, with less suspicion of partiality.

I will only affirm that they left nothing for the rest of the army to do, but to follow the chase: and that it hath not been heard of, that, by so small a number, in a ground so indifferent, whereof the only advantage was the choice and use of the same, without help of spade or other instrument or engine of fortifying, so great and so victorious an army as the Archduke's, had been so long wrestled withal, and so far spent.

Yet this victory had been as assured with less loss, and

touch of reproach (if to give ground to a stronger may be subject to a disgraceful imputation), had the succours of horse or the foot I called for, come sooner to us: wherein I will charge and accuse none, but the messengers of their slackness.



An account of the Last Charge at Nieuport battle,

by Sir JOHN OGLE, Lieutenant-Colonel to Sir FRANCIS VERE.

THE English, who, as that great Captain Sir FRANCIS VERE *well noteth, had borne the burthen of the day (overlaid with numbers and wearied with fight, their succour not coming to them in time), were forced to retire themselves in such order as they could, from the downs to the strand: where meeting, but too late, with the* [2,000] *Frisons; they, like good fellows, to keep us company* [!] *turned all fairly back again with us, and so we both marched away together in one confused troop.*

Some loose horsemen of the enemy came up close to us, and killed of our men, thrusting divers of them, with their rapiers, under their armour, in at their backs.

Their foot followed leisurely, and were aloof, as not knowing how suddenly we might turn and make head again; for our men kept both their arms, and in troop: which Sir FRANCIS VERE, *upon occasion given by some speeches of mine, noted to me for a good sign.*

Neither was our retreat or the enemy's pursuit of any extraordinary swift pace; as may be easily gathered by the consideration both of their and our motions. For we had the leisure, though I confess not without danger, to pluck our Captain from under his horse, and mount him again behind another, as he

himself hath told in his own Relation [*p.* 132]*: wherein I cannot but wonder that it pleased him not to make any mention of me as well as* HIGHAM*; since his blood, which remained on my clothes so long after as I thought fit to wear them, witnessed clearly that I could not be far from him when that office that came so "seasonably" and in so good a time, as he saith, was performed unto him.*

In this retreat of ours, there wanted no persuasions, as well by Sir FRANCIS VERE *himself as some others, to move our men to stand and turn: for we saw a kind of faintness and irresolution, even in those that pursued us nearest. And it is certain (if we may call anything certain whose effects we have not yet seen) that if then we had turned and stood, we had prevented that Storm of Fortune, wherein we were after threatened; at least, we had saved many of our men's lives. But such apprehensions of fear and amazement had laid hold of their spirits, as no persuasion could, for that time, get any place with them.*

Sir FRANCIS VERE *with his troop formerly mentioned* [p. 132] *took his way towards the cannon, along the sands: where he, by his chirurgeon; they, by their fellows, might hope of succour.*

I being faint and weary through heat and much stirring, took some few with me, and crossed into the downs; there awhile to rest me, till I should see how the succeeding events would teach to dispose of myself, either by direction or adventure.

I was no sooner come thither [in the downs], *but I met with Captain* [CHARLES] *FAIRFAX* [brother of EDWARD FAIRFAX the Poet], *and young Master GILBERT (who soon after was slain near unto us). There we consulted what we should do. But the time and place affording no long deliberation, taught us to resolve that the best expedient for our safety was to endeavour the speedy increase of the little number which we had with us. I think they were* 30 *men. Having brought which to a reasonable competency; our further purpose was to give a charge when we should find it most expedient, that so, with our honours, we might put an end to those uncertainties, the fortune of the day had, to our judgements, then thrown upon us.*

It was not long ere that our little body was multiplied to better than 100 *men. For the loose and scattered began, of themselves, without labour, to rally unto us. So much prevails Union even in a little body: for whilst to it the broken and disbanded ones do willingly offer themselves for safety and protection; they them-*

selves, by adding of strength to that body, not only increase the number thereof, but do give and take the greater security to themselves and others.

We were, all this while, within less than a musket shot of a gross [brigade] *of the enemy, which stood in a hollow or bottom within the downs: the hills about it, giving good shelter against the drops of our shot; for the showers* [volleys] *of them, as also of the enemy's, were spent and fallen before. But neither were the hills so high, nor so steep, that they could forbid entry and commodious passage of charging, either to our horse or foot.*

The gross had not many wanting of 2,000 *men in it; and spying, as it should seem, our little handful (which at the first they might peradventure neglect or contemn in regard it was so small a number) now begin to gather some bulk and strength, thought it not unfit to prevent a further growth: and to this end, sent out* 150 *men with colours* [i.e., footmen], *closely and covertly as they could, along the skirt of the downs, next the inland and southward, with purpose to charge on the flank or back of us; which they might very conveniently do, as we then stood.*

These men advanced very nigh us, ere we descried them: when, lo, just upon the time of their discovery and of our men being ready to fall upon them, comes Sir HORACE *VERE on horseback from the strand (it should seem from the pursuit of the enemy, whom the horse had scattered, mentioned by his brother Sir* FRANCIS *VERE* [p. 132]), *with a troop of some* 200 [*foot*] *men, marching along the downs towards us.*

In this troop, there were with him, Captain SUTTON; *his* [*Sir* HORACE's] *own Lieutenant Colonel,* LOWELL, *that commanded Sir* FRANCIS *VERE's foot company; and some Lieutenants.* MORGAN *also came to us, about the same time that* FAIRFAX *and I* [with the 100 foot] *joined unto him. And these were the Officers that were afoot in the Last Charge.*

The disbanded troops [the above 150 men] *of the enemy, seeing us strengthened with such supplies, thought it their fittest course to hasten them* [*back*] *the same way they came forth towards us.*

Captain FAIRFAX *and I would have charged: but Sir* HORACE *VERE willed us to join our troops* [evidently both were footmen] *with his; and said we should go together and give one good charge for all, upon that great troop which we saw stood firm before us.*

We had now with us, our troops being joined, about some five Ensigns [= about 350 footmen], *amongst which, was mine own; which, after, was lost in the Charge, but recovered again by my Officer.*

The vigilant and judicious eye of His Excellency Prince MAURICE was, it should seem, upon our actions and motions all this while. For, as I have been informed, he seeing us make head, said to those that stood about him, Voyez! voyez les Anglais! qui tournent à la charge! *and thereupon gave present order to DUBOIS, then Commissary General for the Cavalry, to advance some of the horse, to be ready to attend and fortify the events that might happen upon this growing Charge. This I have not of knowledge; but from such hands as it were ill beseeming me, or any man, to question the credit of one of that rank, quality, and reputation.*

Our troop now, and the disbanded troop of the enemy marched both towards this gross, almost with equal pace, saving that their haste was a little greater according to the proportion of their danger if they had fallen into our clutches, being then too strong for them, ere they recovered the shelter of their own gross.

Yet such haste, they could not make, but that we were with them before they had wholly cast themselves into their friends' arms: who opening to receive them, facilitated not a little the passage of our Charge, as we then fell in pesle mesle together amongst them.

Much about this time, came in the horse, viz., the troops of [*Sir FRANCIS*] *VERE,* [*Sir EDWARD*] *CECIL, and* [*Captain*] *BALL,* [see p. 132]*; who rushing in with violence amongst them, so confounded and amazed them, that they were presently broken and disjointed: which being done, the slaughter was as great to them on their side, as the execution was easy to us on ours.*

This rupture also of theirs was not a little furthered by the Archduke's own troop of Harquebussiers; which having advanced somewhat before this gross on the skirt which lay between the inland and the higher downs, was so encountered by CECIL and his troop (who had as then received orders, by DUBOIS, from his Excellency, to charge) that they were forced, with confusion to seek succour amongst their foot: CECIL following them in close at their backs.

VERE and BALL, as I take it, charged at the front, by us; having crossed into the downs from the sands and north side

towards the sea. It should seem that having broken and scattered the enemy, who, as Sir FRANCIS VERE *himself relateth, were by them driven into the downs* [p. 132]; *and seeing Sir* HORACE VERE *also to have taken his way thither: they thought it perhaps convenient to hover thereabouts, and to hold an eye upon our and the enemy's actions; the rather because they might discern Sir* HORACE VERE *now making a new head. And so seeing us charge, charged also with us: which was not disagreeable to the first directions given and mentioned by Sir* FRANCIS VERE.

And this, by all probable conjecture, must also be the cause why Sir FRANCIS VERE, *in his discourse, maketh no mention of Sir* EDWARD CECIL. *For he not having his direction from him to charge, but from his Excellency, as himself* [CECIL] *hath told me; Sir* FRANCIS VERE *(being ignorant thereof; and himself likewise not at the Charge in person, whereby he might take notice of any man's presence) would not, as appears, expose himself to interpretations, by making any further relation touching particulars, than what might receive credit either from his own eyes or commandments.*

This Charge, through the hand and favour of GOD, gave us the day. What followed is before already set down by that great and worthy Captain, Sir FRANCIS VERE.

The Siege of Ostend.

IN THE year of our Lord 1601, the States, resolving to send their army, or a good part thereof, into Flanders, to take those forts the enemy held about Ostend, and by that means to open the passage into that country, for the greater annoyance thereof, made choice of myself, though far unfit and unworthy of so great a charge, to command the said forces as General. Of which intent, I had first but only an inkling given me; and was by some principal persons of the State encouraged to accept the same, and to take upon me a journey into England to inform Her Majesty of that purpose; and, with all the necessary circumstances, to frame her liking to the enterprise, and to induce her to the yielding of the succour of 3,000 of her subjects, to be levied, transported, and paid, at their own charge, and to be in the Low Countries by the 10th of May. With these special instructions for the manner of the enterprise:

That for the better diversion of the enemy's forces from the quarter of Flanders, the Count MAURICE should, with the first season of the year, march towards Berg upon Rhine [*Rheinberg*]; and to make shew as if he would, but not to engage his forces in the siege of that town no otherwise but that a good part thereof, especially the English, might be sent towards Ostend, upon the first summons. Which together with 2,000 soldiers to be levied out of the garrisons of Holland and Zealand, and the 3,000 they made account of out of England, should, on a sudden, be transported into Flanders for the said enterprise.

With this errand, I passed into England, delivered the whole plot to Her Majesty, who liked and allowed thereof, and with some difficulty, as her manner was, granted the men to be levied and transported in ten days' warning. For so the States desired, lest the overtimely stirring of them before their other troops were landed in Flanders, might give the enemy an alarm, to the difficulting of the enterprise. Willing me, the grant obtained, to hasten over [back].

Before my coming into the Low Countries, the Count MAURICE was marched towards Berg; and the enemy, that had long threatened to besiege Ostend, with a good part of his forces, was set down before that town: so that it was now question rather of defending, than of gaining more footing in that quarter.

The States therefore dealt with me, to take upon me the charge of the place, for which they gave me Commission, not as Governor, but as "General of the Army employed in and about Ostend," with very ample powers, as aforesaid: whereof I accepted.

And they forthwith gave orders to the Count MAURICE, to send into Holland the 20 English companies he then had in the army. With which troops, I was to go into Ostend.

At the first, he made some difficulty to send any, having engaged himself in the siege of Berg, his works for the defence of the Quarter [*forces covering the siege*] not being finished, and the enemy gathering head in Brabant, to succour and relieve that town: in the end, with importunity, he sent eight companies; with which, my brother [*Sir HORACE VERE*] came.

With these, being by the States put in good hope the rest should follow, and that I should be liberally supplied with forces, ammunition, and all necessaries for such a service: I went into the town, and landed, as I take it, the 11th of July, 1601, on the sands against the middle of the Old Town.

The enemy commanded the haven, so as there was no entering by it; and the use of the [*river*] Geule was not then known: and this place I landed at, was to be subject to their ordnance; and the seege [*rolling*] of the sea such that no shipping could lie there unbroken.

At my landing, Monsieur VANDERNOOD, the Governor, gave me the keys.

In the town, I found about 30 companies of Netherlanders,

which made 1,600 or 1,700 men, newly divided into two regiments; whereof Monsieur VANDERNOOD had the one, and Monsieur DE UTENBURGH had the other: and my eight companies might make 800 men.

The enemy had 30 pieces of cannon placed on the west side, the most within a harquebuss shot off the town; and six on the east side: with which, they shot much into the town, and did great harm to the buildings and men. Their army was judged at 12,000 men. The three parts [thereof] on the west side, quartered near Albertus, a great-cannon shot from the town; were commanded by the Archduke himself. The other part were quartered upon the top of the downs, on the east side, next the Geule.

Those of the town, before my entrance had made a sally on the west approaches: from which they were repulsed with the loss of 300 men slain and hurt.

The town, to the land[ward] was well flanked and high rampiered, but with a sandy and mouldered [*crumbling*] earth.

The Old Town, supposed free from battery, was rather strong against sudden attempts by palisadoes and such helps, than by rampire and flanks [*curtain and side bastions*] to abide the fury of the ordnance and force of approach: which notwithstanding was held to be the strongest part of the town, as well for the reasons abovesaid, as for that it was hemmed in on the one side with the Geule not passable, and on the other with the haven which was passable only some four hours in a tide.

The rest of the town, besides the ditch which was broad and deep, was environed with a royal counterscarp, with ravelins [*half-moons*] of good capacity and defence against the cannon, covering all the Bulwarks of all the town but that which they called the Peckell or East Bulwark [*bastion*], which needed not that help, as lying directly upon the Geule, and not to be assailed by any approach.

Upon the south, south-east, and south-west of the town, there is a plot of ground in the manner of an island, environed on the east side with the Geule, to the southward with a channel that runneth into the Geule, from the said Geule directly westward into the river that (in former times, passed through the Old Haven; and) now had his course in the furthest

place from the town not in distance above a harquebuss shot: to the westward, by the old channel of the said river, by which it passed into the Haven; which was now separated from the ditch of the Counterscarp by a low dam near the Poulder Bulwark. This plot of ground, covering the town, from the said Bulwark to the Spanish Bulwark which lieth upon the Geule, had, upon the south-west angle (which is where the channel from the Geule mingleth with that of the river to the haven), a little redoubt, open behind, and of no force to resist the cannon.

To the southward of this Poulder Bulwark, the country is broken by many creeks not passable nor habitable for an army, but by forced means; and in spring tides, for the most part overflown.

On the west side, the ground, for a harquebuss shot from the river (that runneth due west from the said Poulder), lay low, and subject to the like overflowing at the spring tides: but all the waters were more passable, having fewer and shallower creeks. From this bottom, the ground towards the downs goeth higher.

Betwixt these West Downs (which near the town, are more low and level than the East ones) and the *Porcépic* [Porcupine] (which is a Ravelin in the Counterscarp that closeth the New Town on that side, by which the Old Haven passeth into the town), there lieth a down on which the haven beateth on the one side, and the water of the ditch of the counterscarp on the other: being the only place, about that town, by which an approach might be made on firm ground to the wall of the town, and which therefore was held the most weak and dangerous place.

But the cutting of the aforesaid dam, and letting the sea-water into the ditch of the counterscarp was held a sure and sufficient means to prevent the enemy on that side. So as indeed nothing was so much to be doubted [*feared*] as the enemy's passing into this piece of ground before mentioned, called the Poulder: by which means, he might, notwithstanding our best endeavour, in short time, drain the ditches of the counterscarp and the town ditch; and so, make his way to the rampier.

My first care therefore was to fortify and secure the said Poulder against the enemy; and to make a safe place for our

shipping to unlade such provisions and commodities as, from time to time, should be brought unto us. Which I readily and easily performed by opening a passage in the counterscarp near the West Poulder of the Spanish Ravelin; by which means, the water from the Geule flowed into the town ditch: in which, with their masts stricken down, I have often seen above one hundred vessels lie safe from the annoyance of the enemy's great shot. Which haven though the entry grew more dangerous by the enemy's approaches, which, in process of time, they, with much cost, labour, and art, advanced, for it lay within the high-water mark (on which they raised new batteries), was used, during the siege, as the better inlet.

Albeit after, to avoid the great harm the enemy did to our shipping at their going out, I made another cut, betwixt the East Ravelin and the mount called the Moses Table, looking northward and directly into the sea: which served the turn, and saved many ships.

When my twelve companies [of English] which I expected from Berg, were arrived; I began, one night, to entrench a piece of ground higher and firmer than the rest about it, lying nearer to the low dam before mentioned, which separated the river that by the old channel had passed into the haven, from the ditch of the counterscarp: which piece of ground, stretched out in the form of a geometrical oblique or oblong, towards the West had a watered ditch, such as in those parts they use for enclosures [*hedges*]: and the whole plot, of continent sufficient to receive 800 or 900 men.

This field, I entrenched; taking the water ditch to advantage, without giving it any other form usual in fortifications; so as, for the form and seat, it was called the West Square: because the westernmost face of it was well flanked from the West Bulwark and the West Ravelin, and the face south-west from the angle of the Poulder where the channel of the Geule and the channel of the old haven met: but chiefly to hold as much room as I could.

For I expecting large numbers of men, doubted [*feared*] more I should want means in that town, hemmed in with so many waters and ditches, to sally and use them abroad, as occasion should require; than bodies to guard that which I entrenched.

The morning after I had begun this work, the enemy

turned divers pieces from the top of the downs upon it; which notwithstanding my best industry, did much hurt amongst my men, till the work was raised and thickened.

This plot put in reasonable defence, and part of the supplies [*the* 3,000 *men*] granted by Her Majesty now arrived; I began to cast up a redoubt upon the like piece of ground for firmness (but not fully half so big as the former) lying about half a harquebuss shot south-west from the angle of the Poulder, close to the river that passeth from the said angle westward, which served well to covert [*protect*] the Poulder on that side, and to flank the west face and south flank of the West Square.

The Poulder thus assured from sudden attempts, I began to raise in the said Poulder a rampier to resist the cannon on the inside of the old channel, from the ditch of the Poulder Ravelin of the counterscarp to the angle aforesaid of the Poulder, which broadways lay due West, and endways North and South. And the redoubt upon the said angle, I raised of a good height, and cannon proof, in the form of a cavallier [*earth-work*] to command over the said rampier of the Poulder.

All this while, the enemy lay still, without making any approaches or intrenchments, or attempting to hinder my works; otherwise than by his cannon shot, of which he was no niggard.

Having, as I supposed, in this manner, well provided for the safe defence of that quarter; I was desirous to draw some of the enemy from the sandhills, to dwell by us in that low watery ground to the south-west and south of the river that runneth from the West to the Poulder: which I knew would cause great expense, great labour, and much loss and consumption of men; on which, besides the plots of ground I had taken, no trench, no approach, nor lodging could be had but such as was forced.

Only about a harquebuss shot westward from my redoubt on that side and upon the same river, there was a pretty round height of ground, on which, sometimes, they of the town of Ostend had held a redoubt to the south-west and south, environed with a plashy moor, into which, by the creeks the water flowed so as, the greatest part of the tide, it was not passable.

From this plot of ground, I could discover the back of their

approaches on the downs; and from it, with cannon, could annoy them as well there, as in their shipping and boats by which their army was supplied from Bruges and other ports of the country.

If they suffered me to take this height and fortify it, I had gotten two special advantages; the annoying of them and the securing of my works on that side: which, after, I might have maintained with fewer men. If I were impeached by their sudden planting of ordnance and batteries; I knew they would possess the ground, and piece-meal engage them more and more in those drowned lands: which was the other of my drifts.

This piece of ground, to move and provoke them the more, upon St. James's Day [*July* 25, 1601], being the saint the Spaniards as their Patron do most superstitiously reverence, in the forenoon, I first sent as it were to view and discover: and anon after, I sent for men, and set them on work; and drew down in a readiness, under the favour [*cover*] of my outermost redoubt, 200 soldiers to make head, if the enemy came down to the other side of the river, to hinder my workmen with his shot.

The enemy no sooner perceived my men to work, but he turned certain pieces of ordnance upon them from the downs, and shot at us, as did also those of the Fort of Grootendorst: but being far off, the shot small, and the men (observing the shot), bowing their bodies in the hollowness of the old trench, it did little harm.

Their footmen in a great rage, as it seemed to me, of themselves kindled with zeal, without direction or orders from their chiefs, came down towards the river side amain; not armed men in battle and troop, but shot scatteringly as every one could first and readiliest take his furniture. Others with faggots in their hands, whereof they had store in their approaches, began here and there, in confused manner, to raise a trench from the downs to the river, for other trench and covert they had none: so as they were a fair mark for our artillery from the town, and our musketeers from the West Square and the South-west Redoubt; which spared no powder. Besides, the 200 musketeers I had placed with me, under the favour of small banks on the edge of the river, held them back when they came nearer hand. So as,

after much shooting and hurt done, the most of the day being spent, they gave over molesting us.

And that night, I put the place into so good defence against the attempts of handistrokes, that I left a guard in it, and workmen to add more strength to it.

In the morning, betimes, the enemy began to batter it with two cannon, which the same night they had planted on the other side of the plash directly west, and about the fourth part of the way to their Fort called Grootendorst; from whence, also, they shot with a couple of demi-culverin: and thus they continued the whole day, insomuch as our new work to them-ward was laid flat; and our men forced, for safeguard, to make hollow trenches in the said redoubt.

About an hour before sunset, troops were seen to march from Albertus towards Grootendorst: which I gathered was to make an attempt upon the said redoubt in the beginning of the evening, before the breach could be repaired; for which purpose, the water being ebbed, the time served very fitly.

I saw by their earnest proceeding, that there was no striving to keep and maintain that plot; and therefore resolved to give way, but so as I would seem to be forced from the place.

And therefore as I did set men on work in the beginning of the evening, to repair that breach; to confirm the enemy, if he had foreborn his attempt that night, in the opinion that I would maintain the place: so I gave orders to the Officer I left in it, with some 80 men to hold good watch on the side of the plash, if the enemy attempted to pass, to shew himself on the brink of the said plash with his Shot, and discharge upon them, leaving his Pikes by the fort: with orders, if they advanced, to make his retreat to the South-west Redoubt, and there to hold good.

Which directions were not well observed. For the Officer forthwith, when he had sight of the enemy's approach, which was about two hours within night, leaving his Pikes in the redoubt, he with the Shot made for the plash side, and discharged at the enemy: who being strong in numbers and resolved, continued their way; the officer still retiring hard to the redoubt and skirmishing with him, as if his purpose had been rather to have drawn the enemy into some danger, than to save himself and his troops by a timely retreat. Which is an error

that many in like cases fall into, to their utter destruction; when fear to have their valour called in question maketh them, against all reason, fight against a stronger enemy, and engage themselves where they have neither purpose nor hope to obtain the victory.

Those of the redoubt stayed the return of their men; whom the enemy pursued so hard after he had gotten footing in the firm ground, that they both at an instant, came to the redoubt; and by the way of the breach, which yet lay open, entered and overthrew soon our men; who so taken at unawares, thought it safer to fight than to run away. Others they overtook before they could get over the palisadoes on the other side of the redoubt. So as most of our Pike men were lost, but few or none of the Shot; who, holpen with the darkness of the night, and their good diligence, escaped.

Upon the alarm, having given orders for some troops to follow, I hasted to the South-west Redoubt: near which, I met with these scattered men; which I stayed, and took with me into the said Redoubt. To which, the enemy even now approached, following their fortune, and hoping of like success: and on the other side of the river towards the northward, from under the favour of the bank to which, of purpose, they had also drawn musketeers, to flank and beat in the back our men as they should shew themselves to resist the attempt of their men on the other side of the water. Of the supplies that came from the town, I reinforced the guard of the said Redoubt: by which means, as also the difficulty they found in passing their gross over the creeks, with some loss to us, yet much more to them, they retired to the redoubt they had gotten.

[The end of the *Commentaries*
of
Sir FRANCIS VERE.]

Rev. WILLIAM DILLINGHAM, D.D.

Continuation of the Siege of Ostend, from 25 July, 1601, as far as 7 Mar. 1602.

HERE endeth, or rather here breaks off, Sir FRANCIS VERE's *Commentary*. For he continued in his Government of Ostend for many months after [*till 7th March*, 1602]: but, whether it was because he thought it needless to give the world any further account of it, who were all, by this time, become, as it were, Spectators and Eye-witnesses of what he did; or whether he thought that it being so well known to many, some other would carry on the Relation, if the world should think it needful; or whatever else the reason was: I do not find that his pen ever went any further.

Yet because there were many things performed by him worthy of observation, and because the reader may perhaps have a curiosity to see the end of the story; I shall here presume to subjoin a brief account of the chief passages in the sequel of that action, according to what I have met with recorded by others, to my hand, that so we may bring off Sir FRANCIS VERE with honour from so great an engagement, and deliver him safe from the exceeding hazard of that employment: and this the rather, because I think this was the last action of consequence wherein he embarked.

General VERE had no sooner taken a sure footing to himself, and fitted the scene whereon the bloody Tragedy was afterwards to be acted, but he gave a pledge of his resolution to abide by it: refusing to quit his lodgings, notwithstanding that the enemy's cannon had

pierced them through with many a shot, and quite battered a little tower belonging to them.

But though his enemy's cannon could not enforce him to abandon so much as his own lodgings; yet did his own, by a shrewd mishap, constrain him to withdraw himself for a time out of the town. For on the 14th of August [1601], being wounded in the head with the blow of a cannon that split in the discharging, he removed into Zealand to be cured of his hurt. The enemy having gotten intelligence hereof, made no small expressions of joy and triumph; discharging many a peal of cannon.

Whereby if they hoped to fill the hearts of the besieged with terror and consternation, and to beat them from their former resolution; they were much mistaken. For the brave English soldiers observing what storms of great shot came rolling into the town, the besiegers having already discharged little less than 35,000 cannon shot against it; and perceiving by the story, that all the houses were likely, ere long, to be beaten about their ears, and so were likelier to endanger them by their fall, than any way to secure and protect them from the fury of the enemy's artillery: they advised themselves to take this course.

There was a green plot of ground in the town, commonly used for a market-place, which was something higher than the rest of the streets. Here did they earth themselves, by digging it hollow, and fitting themselves with cabins and lodgings within the ground. The like did they, by another void piece of ground upon the south-west.

Whereby, as they thought themselves secure from the enemy's battery, being confident they would not shoot mattocks and pickaxes; so did they sufficiently testify their own resolution, rather to inter themselves in the graves which they had digged, than to quit their possession of the place unto the enemy.

Hereupon, the besiegers shifted sails, and suiting their counsels to the disposition of the English soldiers (who are sooner won by fair means than foul), shot arrows with letters into the English Quarters, promising ten stivers [= 1*s.* 2*d.* (= 5*s. now*)] a day to such as would serve the Archduke against the town.

But these offers were slighted by the English, who hated falseness as much as they contemned danger: and this device was looked upon by those of the town, as the product of languishing counsels; which having already spent all their powder, came a begging for the conclusion.

And if the Archduke had then given over the siege, I question not but the world would generally have excused him. For what should he do?

He had made his approaches as near unto Sand Hill as was

possible for the Haven; which was the most probable place of doing any good upon the town. And therefore he had, ever since the beginning of the siege, bent the most of his great shot upon it, if it were possible to have made a breach: but all had hitherto produced no other effect than the fortifying of the Sand Hill Bulwark, instead of beating it down. For by this time, it was so thickly studded with bullets, that the ordnance could scarcely shoot without a tautology and hitting its former bullets; which, like an iron wall, made the later fly in pieces up in the air. Yea, the bullets in it were so many, that they left not room to drive in palisadoes, though pointed with iron: and some there were, that would have undertaken to make the Bulwark [a]new, if they might have had the bullets for their pains.

Besides, whenever they meant to assault it, they must resolve to force seven Palisadoes made of great piles, within the haven, before they could come to the foot of the Bulwark: and if they were not intercepted by the springing of a mine or two, yet was the Bulwark itself unmountable by armed men. And it might easily have been conceived they had gotten intelligence that there were thirteen cannon in the Counterscarp and other convenient places, charged with chained shot and rusty iron to scour the Sand Hill, if need should require.

Besides all this, all was to be done at a running pull. For when the coming in of the tide should sound a retreat, off they must! or be utterly lost. And they easily saw that the musketeers in the Half-moon of the Counterscarp were likely to give them such a welcome as would make many of them forget to return to the camp.

Notwithstanding all these great difficulties, no advice of old Captains could prevail against the obstinacy of the States of Flanders: who, to keep life in the siege, spared not to undertake the payment of a million of crowns [=£300,000 (=£1,300,000 *now*)] to the Archduke, rather than he should draw off from the town.

So that he took up a resolution not to stir, and, as his fugitives [*deserters*] reported, once he swore that "he would not rise from the table at which he sat, before they of the town were made to serve him." But then they, on the other side, laid a wager that they "would give it him so hot, that it should burn his fingers."

Not long after, the Lord of CHATILLON met with an unhappy mischance. For being upon the high Bulwark of Sand Hill, with Colonel UTENBRUCH and other Gentlemen and men of Command; he had his head struck off, above the teeth, with a cannon shot; and his brains dashed upon the Colonel's left cheek. Which possibly might receive its direction from the self-same hand, that did, more than once during this siege, shoot a bullet into the mouth of a charged cannon; which,

because it would not be too long indebted for such a courtesy, taking fire with the blow, returned the bullet instantly back again, attended with another of its own.

As good a marksman was he, if he did it of design, who, when a soldier of the town, having bought a loaf of bread, was holding it up in a boasting way, with a shot took away the uppermost half [of it], leaving the other in the soldier's hand: who, finding that he had received no hurt, said, "It was a fair conditioned bullet! for it had left him the better half behind." However, I believe he would rather have been contented with the lesser half, than run the hazard of dividing again.

On the 19th of September [1601], General VERE, being cured of his hurt, returned from Zealand into the town: where he found 2,000 English and 20 Ensigns [=*companies*] of French, Walloons, Scotch, and Frisons, that had arrived in his absence.

Soon after his arrival, he took care for the thickening and strengthening of divers of the works, and the uniting of those outworks on the south and west, the better thereby to secure their relief, and preserve them from the injury of the waters in the winter season.

Which the enemy perceiving, and that the town grew daily stronger and stronger, resolved to attempt it by treachery, taking the old verse—

dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirat?

To that purpose, an Englishman named N. CONISBY, as the French Diary [*i.e.*, of the Siege; ? that by HENRI HŒSTENS, intituled *Histoire du Siege d'Ostende en Flandres*, printed by ELZEVIR, at Leyden in 1615] relates, who had served them long in the quality of a Captain of foot in their army, returned through France into England: where he prevailed so much, by means of his friends, that he obtained letters of recommendation to Sir FRANCIS VERE. Unto whom, presenting himself, he desired to be admitted one of his Company: which the General could not refuse, he being a Gentleman and so effectually recommended.

This traitor having thus screwed himself unto Ostend, quickly began his practice. For he received letters and other things weekly from the enemy, and gave them intelligence of all that passed within the town, and of the best means to annoy it; managing his practices and projects according to the instructions which he received from them.

For the better conveyance of his letters to the enemy, he carried them into a broken boat, which in the beginning of the siege had been sunk by the enemy, and lay upon the dry ground betwixt the town and the camp, under the colour [*pretence*] of gratifying nature;

and there disposed them in a place appointed: whence the enemy fetched them by night, with the help of a little boat; and, upon certain days, brought him answers, and sometimes money for his reward, which he failed not to fetch at the place appointed.

When he was discovered, he had drawn four men into his conspiracy: among others a Sergeant, who was the means of revealing it.

This Sergeant coming out of prison, where his Captain had caused him to be laid some days in irons, being all malcontent, chanced to meet with CONISBY: who told him he was glad to see him out of prison; withal asking him the reason of his so great and grievous punishment.

To whom, the Sergeant railing upon his Captain, sware earnestly, that he would be revenged for the wrong he had received, though it cost him his life.

CONISBY, supposing he had found a man fit for his purpose, told him he might easily find the means to be revenged, without losing his life, and with his own profit and advancement; and that if he would follow his counsel, he should want no money.

The Sergeant began to listen to his words, and seemed inclinable enough to so advantageous a design, and ready to follow his advice. Whereupon CONISBY, having first made him swear secrecy, discovered himself: and presently asked him if he had the resolution to set fire on one of the Magazines; for which purpose, he himself had prepared a certain invention of powder, lead, and match.

This, the Sergeant undertook to perform; which he said, "could not be difficult for him to do, being often sent to fetch powder for the soldiers."

CONISBY assured him that he had practised [with] more associates; and that when he should have made the number up to twenty, he would then put the design in execution: which was, that one of the Magazines being set on fire, he would so work it, as to have the guard of a Sluice in a Bulwark near the enemy, who should then give on, and be admitted into the town.

The Sergeant seemed to hug the device, demanding only of CONISBY some assurance, under his hand, that he should have his recompence when the work should be performed. Which having once obtained, away he goes to the General, and discovers the practice to him.

Whereupon CONISBY being apprehended and put to the rack, confessed all, and that he came to Ostend with that purpose and intent: as also what instructions and promises he had received; and what [ac]complices he had made, who were likewise apprehended and put in prison.

This plot failing, the enemy's only hope of taking the town was by

stopping up the haven, and so hindering the coming in of supplies.

To this purpose, the Old Haven on the west of the town, having been made dangerous and useless, and the defendents constrained to make a new one out of the Geule on the east side: the enemy had now so straitened this also, by their float [*raft*] of great planks bearing ordnance, on the Geule; that they of the town were fain to make a second new haven against the midst of the Old Town, by which means the enemy's designs were eluded, and the ships of supplies admitted into the town at pleasure.

This dangerous thrust being so handsomely put by, the enemy had no other play left but to storm: which he resolved upon, and prepared himself accordingly.

But in the meanwhile, it will not be amiss to take notice of a passage which happened in the town. A French Gentleman, disobeying his Sergeant, and thereupon causing a great tumult, was committed to prison; and, eight days after, condemned by a Council of War, to be shot to death: but because he was descended of a good house, all the French Captains interposed their earnest entreaties to General VERE, and begged his life; which was granted, upon condition that he should ask the Sergeant forgiveness. This, when he could not, by any means or persuasion be brought unto; he had eight days' respite granted him to resolve himself: which being past, and he continuing still as obstinate as ever, he was brought forth unto the place of execution, and tied to a stake. But when once he saw the harquebussiers ready to discharge; he began to be apprehensive of the horror of death, and promised to perform the sentence, and ask the Sergeant's forgiveness: which he forthwith did, and thereupon was released. So much easier it is for pride and rashness to commit a fault, than heartily to acknowledge it.

A truer courage was that of another in the town during the siege. An English Gentleman of about 23 years of age, in a sally forth, had one of his arms shot off by a cannon: which taking up, he brought back with him into the town, unto the chirurgeon; and coming to his [*the surgeon's*] lodging, shewed it, saying, "Behold the arm, which but at dinner helped its fellow!" This he did and endured, without the least fainting, or so much as reposing upon his bed.

Not long after, on the 4th of December [1601], early in the morning, the besiegers gave a fierce and sharp assault on the English trenches: which take in the words of one present at it [*evidently Sir FRANCIS VERE's Page, HENRY HEXHAM, see pp.* 171, 174].



IR FRANCIS VERE having been abroad the most part of that night, was laid down to take his rest: but hearing the alarm that the English trenches were assaulted, and knowing of how great import that work was for the defence of the town, pulling on his stockings, with his sword in his hand; he ran in all haste, unbraced, with some soldiers and Captain COULDWELL and myself [*HENRY HEXHAM*], into the works: where he found his own Company at push of pike, upon a turnpike [*barrier*] with the enemy; who crying in French, *Entrez! entrez! advancez! advancez!* strove to enter that way; and sought to overturn the turnpike with their pikes.

Some of his Gentlemen were slashing off the heads of their pikes: among the rest, Lieutenant-Colonel PROUD (who was afterwards slain at Maestricht), which he took notice of, and shortly after made him a Lieutenant.

The enemy being repulsed and beaten off; Sir FRANCIS VERE (to the end our men might give fire the better upon them, from the town and Bulwarks that flanked these works, both with our ordnance and small shot) commanded the soldiers to take some straw from the huts within the works, and making wisps of it, to set it on fire, upon the parapet of the work, and upon the heads of their pikes: by which light the enemy were discovered, so that our men gave fire bravely upon them from the town and works; and shot into their battalions which had fallen on, and their men that were carrying off their dead. So that upon this attempt, the enemy lost a matter of 500 men, which lay under our works and between their trenches.

The enemy being retreated into his works, Sir FRANCIS VERE called me to him, and said, "Boy, come now, pull up my stockings, and tie my points!" and so returned home again to his rest.

The next Remarkable in the series of this famous siege was that memorable Treaty which General VERE entertained with the Archduke: of which I know none better able to give an account than Sir JOHN OGLE, who had much at stake in the business, and was well acquainted with the several passages thereof; of which he hath left behind him the following account.

Sir FRANCIS VERE'S *Parley at Ostend:*

written by Sir JOHN OGLE,

there present.

AFTER the battle of Nieuport, the Archduke CHARLES, desirous to clear Flanders, in the year following [1601], sat down with his army before Ostend: unto which, the Lords the States sent Sir FRANCIS VERE, their General to defend it.

He having good numbers of men, thought it most serviceable for the States, to employ them so, as he might keep the enemy at arm's end, and a fair distance from the town. To this purpose, he possessed himself of several advantageous pieces of ground, fortifying upon them so well as the time would give him leave. But they were morsels as well for the enemy's tooth as his, and therefore cost both bickering and blood on both sides, till at the last, what with numbers, artillery, and better commodity of access, he was forced to quit the most of them; and that, ere he brought them to any perfection of strength whereby to make any resistance.

Such as were nearest the town, and under the succour of his own power, as the three Quarriers or Squares, with some few others, he kept and maintained as long as he stayed there. Yet when, by protract of time and casualties of war, he found his numbers wasted, and himself (the enemy creeping upon him) so straitened as he was thrust merely upon the defence; he saw he was not in his proper element. Nor indeed, was he: for the truth is, his virtues, being great, strong, and active, required more elbow room; having their best lustre where they had the largest foil to set them off.

The works of Battle, Invasion, and the like were the proper objects of his spirit. The limits of Ostend were much too narrow for him: yet did he, there, many things worth the observation and reputation of so great a Captain as he was. Amongst the rest, that of his Parley [*negotiations with the Archduke* ALBERT] was of most eminent note; and as most noted, so most and worst censured, and that as well by Sword- as Gown-men. Yea, his judgement (which even by his enemies hath often been confessed to be one of the most able that ever our nation delivered to the world, in matters of his profession) was in the action taxed [*censured*], and that in print, too, for his manner of carriage in this business.

Now because I was, in some sort, the only instrument he used in the managing thereof, and best acquainted with all passages: I have (for the love I owe to Truth, and his memory) thought good to set down in writing, what I have hitherto delivered to the Lords the States General in their council chamber; as also, some time after that, to the Prince MAURICE of Nassau, and the Earl WILLIAM his cousin, concerning this matter.

Yet ere I come to the Relation, it shall not be amiss to wipe away two main aspersions which I have often met withal, by way of objection; and are as well in every man's mouth, as in EMANUEL DE METEREN's book.

The first, and that is the word, *it lucked well!* judging the fact by the event; but reservedly condemning the purpose, *for had not the shipping come*, say they, *as it did, what would have become of the town? He would have given it up!*

Colonel UTENHOVEN, a man of note and yet living, one of their own nation, a Governor of a town, knows better: and the following treatise shall also make it appear otherwise; and that he had not the least thought of rendering the town, though succour had not come to him at all. This point therefore shall here need no further enlargement.

The second is that *he might have carried the matter otherwise, and have drawn less jealousy upon himself, by acquainting the Captains with it sooner; considering it was done without the privity of the Lords the States: nor was it fitting, to bring an enemy through such secret passages.*

This, at the first view, seems to say somewhat, as borrow-

ing strength from the common proceedings in other ordinary Governors; who, upon the point as well of Parley as *Article*, ere they enter into either with an enemy, consult first, as it is fit, with the Captains of the garrison; and this, it seems, was likewise expected here. But upon what reasons? Was he such a Governor? He was a General! He had Governors under him! Did he intend, as commonly do others, to deliver the town? He meant nothing less! as is partly before, and shall be hereafter largely proved. What account did the States ever require of him? What disgrace was there given him, more than a free acknowledgement of his singular carriage and judgement in the managing of a business of so great importance!

True it is, there was at first a kind of staggering, among the best; which the mist of some partial information from some malevolent person in Ostend had brought them to: but this was soon cleared (first, by his own letters in brief, and after by me more at large), if not to the most of them; yet I dare say to the most discreet and judicious amongst them.

But let us now see whether it had been either necessary or convenient that the secret of this stratagem should have been revealed sooner, either to the Lords the States, or Captains of the garrison?

To me it seems, that it had been, to the States, preposterous! to the Captains, dangerous! nay more, repugnant to sense and common reason! and that for these reasons following.

The project itself was but an *embryo*; and had been a mere abortive, had he delivered himself of it, before the attempt of the enemy: for from thence, it must receive both form and being. Now that, was uncertain and unknown to him, especially the time. He could therefore have no certain befitting subject to write to the Lords the States of this matter till the deed were done, and the project put in practice: which so soon as it was, he presently despatched a messenger, giving them a due account of the cause of his proceedings; and that, to their contentment.

It was a stratagem, whose power and virtue consisted wholly in secrecy. It was also a thread whereon hung no less than the States' town, his own honour, and the

lives of all them that were with him; and therein reason did not admit of the last communication. *For the best pledge you can have of a man's secrecy, is not to open your thoughts unto him.*

Lastly, if he would have forgot himself so much as to have committed a secret to the trust of many; could he yet promise himself that he should not meet with opposition? Would they, instantly, have been, all, of his mind? Would no man suspect the handling? Why did they then after? and that, when it was consummated and finished?

I have heard Colonel UTENHOVEN say, that "if the General should have made the proposition, he had broken the enterprise!" and he knew best the Captains' inclinations: for he was the mouth betwixt the General and them, to clear those jealousies he saw them apprehend in him. It was therefore the safest and best way that could be taken, to set this business abroach, rather without their knowledge than flatly against it; and to hazard the interpretation of the action rather than the action itself.

Besides, whoever yet knew the General VERE so simple or so weak, as to avoid military forms where they were necessary or expedient? Wanted he judgement? His enemies will not say it! Had he not will? He had too many of them too Great, to lay himself open to their malice! He was a better manager of his reputation than to give them so palpable, so gross an advantage to build their scandal on.

It was the Public Service and his own judgement that led him into this course: wherein, if there were any danger for his part, it lay on my head, which he ventured for the safety of all.

It seems, then, that as it was not necessary, so had it been exceedingly inconvenient that the book of this secret should have been sooner unclasped before it was set on foot; or to the Lords the States, before it was accomplished.

I come now to the Relation, leaving the branch in the objection, touching *the bringing in of the enemy*, as not worthy to receive an answer [*see p.* 163].

About the 12th of November [1601], it began to freeze exceedingly, the wind being North-west; where it remained till Christmas or after, blowing for the most [part] a stiff gale, and often high and stormy.

In this time, came no shipping unto us, or succour out of Holland or *Z*ealand; nor could they for the wind: nor had we any, for some few weeks after. Our men, munition, and materials wasted daily. The sea and our enemy both grew upon us.

At the spring-tide, we look still when that would decide the question touching the town, betwixt us and our adversaries: so exceedingly high and swelling it was, through the continuance of the north-west wind; which beat flat upon us, and brought extraordinary store of waters from the ocean into those narrow parts. Hands, we could set very few on work: our places of Guard were so many, our numbers so small, and those over-watched. 2,100 men was our strength; but the convenient competency for the town was at least 4,000. For workmen, our need was more than ever: for the whole town, with the new forts therein, lately begun by the General (who foresaw the storm), lay more than half open; insomuch that, in divers places, with little labour, both horse and foot might enter. The North-west Ravelin, our champion against the sea, was almost worn away. The Porcupine or *Porcépic* was not well defensible. At all these places, could the enemy come to push of pike with us, when they list, at low water.

This was our condition: neither was the enemy ignorant thereof, nor unmindful to lay hold on his advantage; preparing all things from all parts, fitting for the advancement of his purpose, that was to assault the town.

Our General saw their provision and power, and his own weakness; but could prevent none of them otherwise than by practice [*craft*]. His industry slept not. His vigilancy appeared by the daily and nightly rounds he made about the town and works. His courage was the highest, when his forces were the lowest: for even then, he manifestly made it known so much, that of his store, he furnished plenty to others.

One day, going about the walls, he began to discourse of our being pressed, and said, "He cared not what the enemy could attempt upon him!" He was in one of the strongest

quarters of the town, when he spake this; and not unwilling that such, as of themselves saw it not, should be kept ignorant of the danger that hung over their heads. The Captains and the Officers, he commended for their care and industry in their watch and guard: more to stir them up unto it, than really to congratulate that virtue in them. He said, "A Captain could receive no greater blow in his reputation, than to be surprised." Divers other speeches he used, tending to encouragement, and dissuading from security; and often, amongst them, interlaced the strength of the town.

I, at the first perceiving not his mask, began to put him in mind of some of the former particulars; the whole town's weakness, and the Archduke's opportunity: but he told me quickly by his eye, he would not have their strength touched in such an audience; so, slighting my speeches, he continued his pace, and *à la volée* his discourse, till he came to his lodging.

There, he called to me alone, and brake to me in these terms, "I perceive you are not ignorant of our estate; and therefore I will be more open and free with you! What think you? Are we not in a fine taking here! ha! I will tell you, Captain OGLE, there was never man of my fortunes and reputation, both of which have been cleared hitherto, plunged in greater extremity than I am now."

Here, we discoursed of our condition before mentioned. Whereupon, he inferred that "he was like a man that had both courage and judgement to defend himself; and yet must sit with his hands bound, whilst boys and devils came and boxed him about the ears. Yet this will I tell you too," said he, "rather than you shall ever see the name of FRANCIS VERE subscribed in the delivery of a town committed to his custody, or this hand to the least *Article* of Treaty, though with the Archduke's own person, had I a thousand lives, I would first bury them all in the rampire! Yet, in the meanwhile, judge you of the quality of this our being!"

I told him, that I thought "if he were in his former liberty; he would bethink himself ere he suffered himself to be penned up in such a cage again."

He made no reply; but addressed himself to his business, and I to mine. What his thoughts now were, I will not

enter into; unless I had more strength to reach them. Sure I am, they want no stuff to work on. For the bone he had to gnaw upon, required as good teeth as any that were in HANNIBAL'S head, to break it; and had not this been such, all the hands we had there, could not have plucked it out of our own throats.

Not long after this, the General called a Council of the Colonels and chief Officers. There he propounded these two points.

First, Whether, with the numbers formerly mentioned, we could, in time of assault, sufficiently furnish all parts?

Secondly, or if not, Whether, in such an extremity, we ought not to borrow the troops employed for the guard of the Quarriers, to the preservation of the Town?

This was more to sound our judgements than of any necessity for him to seek allowance of his actions from them, for Generals use not [*are not accustomed*] to ask leave of their Captains to dispose of their guards; what they are to quit, and what they are to keep.

Our numbers, they confessed, were too few; yet must the Quarriers at no hand be abandoned: but how to hold them sufficiently, and to provide for those places on which the fury of the storm was likely to pour itself forth, no man gave expedient. The voices were severally collected.

When it came to me, I said that "seeing our case standeth as it doth, our breaches many and great, our numbers few to defend them; my opinion is that, when we should see the cloud coming, we quit the Quarriers: for I know they were ordained for the custody, not to endanger the loss of the town:" that "of inconveniences, the least must ever be chosen"; that "it were ill husbandry to hazard the Principal, to save the Interest; and as little discretion to let the fire run on to burn the palace, whilst we were preserving the lodge."

The two Colonels, ROONE and Sir HORACE VERE, who spake after me, for the Chief spake last, were of the same mind; differing only in some circumstances, not in substance of opinion.

That the others were so scrupulous in this point is to be

thought to have proceeded rather from ignorance of our estate and danger, or else an apprehension grounded upon common opinion which was "lose the Quarriers, lose the town!"; or, it may be, the fear of the interpretation that the Lords the States would make of such an advice: and that fear was likely to be the greater, because perhaps they were not furnished with strength of reason to maintain their opinion; or else they might find it fittest to lay the burden on his shoulders that was best able to bear it, the General himself.

After this Council, there passed some few days till it was near Christmas. The Archduke was himself in person in the camp, the assault resolved on, and the time; the preparations brought down to the approaches: and the army, they only stayed for low water to give on.

Here began the General's project to receive being. Till now, it had none. Neither was it now time to call the Captains to a new Council, either to require their advice, or to tell them his own. He had his head and hands full: ours had not ached now, had not his waked then more for our safeties than ours could do for our own.

He bestirred him on all sides. His powers were quick and strong within him; and those without, he disposed of thus:

His troops, he placed mostly on Sand Hill, Porcupine or *Porcépic*, the North-east Ravelin, and the Forts and Curtain of the Old Town. These were the breaches. The other Guards were all furnished as was then fitting, according to our numbers.

The Quarriers held their men till a Parley was commenced: and by it, they were secured. The False Bray was abandoned by order, as not tenable in time of assault. The cannon in it were dismounted, lest it should be spoiled by our own in Helmont, which flanked it and the whole face of Sand Hill.

This False Bray [*a space at the bottom of the wall outside, defended by a parapet or breastwork defending, from the inner side of it, the moat*] was that dangerous *passage* mentioned in the objection going before [*pp.* 157, 159]; which I thought to have passed over, but am since otherwise advised.

It lay at the foot of Sand Hill, in the eye of the enemy, and was therefore as well known to them as to ourselves: and so was the way to it, for they saw daily our entry to the Guard, to be through a covert gallery forced through the bottom of the said hill. It [*the gallery*] was so narrow that two men armed were the most that could pass in front [*in a row*]. When you were come out of it, you were presently at the haven's side and the New Town, without discovering any Guard, Passage, or Place of importance, such as might any ways give the least advantage to the enemy's observation. It was, in truth, in nothing else secret but that it was covered overhead from the eye of the heavens: otherwise there was no passage about the whole town less prejudicial than that.

There is a bolt of the same quiver likewise fallen into EMANUEL DE METEREN's book. There, the General's judgement is, forsooth! controlled; and by the providence of Captain SINKLYER [? *SINCLAIR*] and some others, as they think, much bettered. The General, there, is said to have neglected the False Bray, and that, in a time when it was needful to have defended it: but Captain SINKLYER with other Captains provided for it. But how provided for it? SINKLYER with six musketeers undertook it! The Captains promised him two companies: the place could contain one good one! But why Musketeers alone, and not Pikes? Since they could make it good, why but six? and that against the fury of an army! What knowledge would they teach our cannon to spare the Scots and kill the Spaniards, being pesle mesle?

It is ridiculous. Captain SINKLYER, if he lived, would be angry to have his judgement thus wronged and printed so small, as to undertake the defence of the False Bray, when the Bulwark [*i.e., the Sand Hill*] itself was assaultable. But I leave these poor detractions that betray only the detractors' weakness: and so to return to the matter.

On the two Bulwarks formerly mentioned, Helmont and Sand Hill, with the mount Flamenburg, he placed store of artillery and mortars: the mortars most of all at Helmont with much ordnance; for that, as I said before, scoured the

avenue of the enemy's coming upon the Sand Hill and the Old Town.

When he had thus ordered his affairs for defence, he began to betake him to his stratagem: which, indeed, was our best shelter against that storm.

He sent Captain LEWIS COURTIER, who spake good Spanish, into the Porcupine or *Porcépic*, the nearest place of Guard to the enemy, with orders to desire speech with some of them. He called twice or thrice, or more; but none answered him. So he effected nothing.

The General displeased thereat, sent me to the place on the same errand. I called, but no man answered. I beat a drum, but they would not hear. Upon that, I returned to the General, and told him, "they expected form. If he would speak with any of them, I must go without the limits of our works."

He desired it: but feared they would shoot at me. I put it to an adventure.

Coming to the haven's side, I caused the drummer to beat: and at the second call, one answered me.

After a little stay, the Governor of Sluis, MATTHEO CERANO, came to me. Each made his quality known to the other, and I, my errand to him that "the General VERE desired to have some qualified person of theirs, sent into the town to speak with him."

He made this known to the Archduke. I attended his return; which was speedy, and with acceptance. He told me of his affection to our nation, bred and nourished through the good correspondency and neighbourhood betwixt the Lord Governor of Flushing Sir ROBERT SIDNEY, and him. He would take it as a courtesy that the General VERE would nominate and desire him of the Archduke, to be employed in this business.

This was performed: and at our next meeting, it was agreed that I should be a pledge for him; that each should bring a companion with him; that he with his, should have General VERE's, I and mine, Don AUGUSTINO's word for our safety; that during the treaty, no hostility should be used on land; and that against low water, we should find ourselves there again at the same place. This done, we parted each to his home.

I told the General what had passed. He persuaded, and that earnestly, with the Netherlandish, French, and Captains of other nations, to have some one of them accompany me in this action; the rather to avoid that interpretation which he foresaw would follow, being managed by him and his English only: but they all refused, notwithstanding he assured several of them, his purpose was no other than to gain time.

Where, myself can testify, that coming to him almost at low water, to know his further pleasure; I found him very earnest in persuading with an old Captain, called NICHOLAS DE LEUR: to whom I heard him say, *Je vous assure ce n'est que pour gaigner temps.* I was not then so good a Frenchman as that I durst say I well understood him, neither the purpose he had with him. Since, I have learned both better.

This man refused as well as the rest. Whereupon the General, in a choler, willed me, to take with me whom I would myself; for he would appoint none!

I took my old companion, and then familiar friend, Captain FAIRFAX.

CERANO and OTTANES were then at the water side, when we came. SIMON ANTHONIO and GAMBOLETTI, both Colonels [*of Horse*] or *Maestros del Campo*, brought them over on horseback to us.

On the other side, Don JUAN DE PANTOCHI, *Adjudante*, received us; and Don AUGUSTINO DE MEXIA, at the battery: behind which, was the army ranged ready for the assault.

These two brought us to the Archduke [ALBERT], who was then come to the approaches [*trenches*], accompanied as became so great a Prince.

We performed those respects that were fitting.

He vouchsafed us the honour to move his hat.

Being informed by one HUGH OWEN, an Englishman, but a fugitive, of our names and families; as also that I could speak Spanish: he conjured me "as I was a Gentleman, to tell him if there were any deceit in this handling or not?"

I told him, "If there were, it was more than I knew of: for, with my knowledge, I would not be used as an instrument in a work of that nature."

He asked me then, "What instructions I had?"

I told him, "None! For we were come hither only as

pledges to assure the return of them, to whom he had given his instructions."

He asked me again, "Whether I thought the General meant sincerely or not?"

I told him, "I was altogether unacquainted with his purpose: but for anything I knew, he did."

Upon this, we were dismissed; and were by Don AUGUSTINO [DE MEXIA], whom Don JUAN DE PANTOCHI ever attended, brought to his lodging: and there honourably and kindly entertained; and visited by most of the chiefs of the army, and also by some ecclesiastical persons.

There came an advertisement from the approaches [*trenches*], of working in the town. This was occasioned, as they thought, by noise of knocking in palisadoes.

To give orders to the contrary; we were, after, carried on horseback thither. We having received answer that "it was only a cabin of planks set up to keep beer in": the noise of that work, and their suspicion ceased together. Yet we stayed some hours at the Guard of GAMBOLETTI, the Italian Colonel, who at that time had the Point [*the advanced post or entrenchment*]; and the Conde THEODORO TRIVULCI and some others of the cavalry accompanied us some hours: after which, we returned to the camp, and to the Don AUGUSTINO, and our rest.

In the morning, we found our lodging environed with a strong guard: and understood of the discontentments of CERANO and OTTANES, who had returned; and how they had not any speech with the General.

This startled me and FAIRFAX, who dreamt of no such matter; nor of any such manner of proceedings: FAIRFAX thought I had some secret instructions in particular; and desired me to tell "what the Fox meant to do?"

I told him, and it was truth, "I knew as little as he": but calling then to mind the discourse he [*VERE*] had in his lodging, and mentioned formerly in this [*p.* 161], and comparing it with the action; I said to FAIRFAX, "I verily believed that he meant to put a trick upon them."

"But," quoth he, "the trick is put upon us, methinks! For we are prisoners and in their power; they, at liberty, and our judges."

Don AUGUSTINO coming to us, gave an end to this dis-

course; and beginning another with me, apart in his own chamber, where, with a grave and settled countenance, he told me of the Commissioners' return, their entertainment and discontentment; as also the Archduke's towards me, for abusing him. And especially he urged these two points, That I told CERANO that "the General desired speech with some from His Highness;" which seemed not to be so, for he flatly refused: and that I had said to His Highness himself that "I was not an instrument of deceit," which also appeared otherwise, and would not, I must account, be so slightly passed over.

Hereunto, I answered, "That the Commissioners are returned without speech with the General is as strange to me as unexpected to them; and I am the more sensible of this discourtesy towards them, through the kind usage I receive here of you! but as I am not of counsel in this manner of proceedings, so I know as little how to help it as I can reach the drift. Touching the other point of His Highness's displeasure towards me, I hope so noble a Prince will admit no other impression of my person or actions than the integrity of both shall fairly deliver him. For if I have deceived him, it is more than probable I am deceived myself: nor do I believe that His Highness or any of you judge me so flat or so stupid as, upon knowledge of such a purpose, in irritating His Highness, I would deliver myself and friend as sacrifices to make another man's atonement. It is certain then, if the General hath fraud in this action, he borrows [*pledges*] our persons, not our consents to work it by; which though you have now in your power, yet I will not fear the least ill measure, so long as I have the word of Don AUGUSTINO for my safety."

The noble Gentleman, moved with my confidence, took me in his arms, assured me it again; as also any courtesy during my stay there: and was indeed as good as his word.

This thus passed, he told me, "He would relate faithfully to the Archduke, what I had said:" but yet, ere he went, he desired to know of me, what I thought was to be further done.

I told him, "It could not be, but there must be a mistaking on the one side or the other. That therefore, to clear all doubts, I held it expedient for me to write to the General,

to let him know our present condition, His Highness's discontentment upon this manner of proceeding, the danger he exposed me unto; and to understand his further purpose for our enlargement."

This answer he carried presently to His Highness, and was interpreted by OWEN; and then sent by a messenger into the town. And thus was this rub removed, the Commissioners required and sent in, and the Parley brought upon the former foot again.

The General was not a little glad of their return, for it redeemed the fear he had of ours: who, as Captain CHARLES RASSART told me after, was not a little perplexed for me. He would often say, "What shall I do for my Lieutenant Colonel?" and wished he had me back again, though he paid my ransom five times over. He would sometimes comfort himself with hope of their civility and my demeanour: fearing the worst, he said, "I could not suffer better than for the public cause."

The reason he hazarded us, and handled them, was to gain so much more time. For that was precious to him, for the advancement of his works in the Old Town: to which, through the benefit of this occasion of cessation of hostility, he had now drawn most of the hands that could labour, giving them spades to work, and orders to have their weapons by them ready, upon occasion to fight.

He handled the matter so, that ere the Commissioners returned again, the Old Town and works were stronger by [the value of] a thousand men. He could not have done this, at least so conveniently, had he begun conference with them at their first entry; nor avoided that first conference, had he stayed them in the town: at least, (every man hath his own ways) he understood it so; and it was a sure and safe course for him and his designs.

For causing EDWARD GOLDWELL, a Gentleman that then waited on him in his chamber, to make an alarm at their entry: he pretended thereupon, treachery on their part, and made it the cause why he would neither let them stay in the town, nor return the way they came.

This bred disputes, and messengers passed to and fro betwixt them and the General. In the meantime, the flood [tide] came in, and the water waxed so high that there was

no passage that way, without a boat: whereof there was none on that side of the town, nor any brought; for that had been to cross his own purpose.

The Commissioners desired earnestly to be suffered to stay, though it were upon the worst Guard [*the most destroyed fort*] of the town; but it was denied. For he must rid himself of them. He could not do his business so well, if their eyes and ears were so near him.

He sent them therefore to their friends on the *east* side, forecasting wisely that ere they could come there, and thence by the south to the west side again there to have admittance to His Highness, and there to have the matter debated in Council, he should not only gain the whole winter's night, but also the most part of the next day, for his advantage. Which fell out according to that calculation; and, beyond his expectation, it continued longer.

At the Commissioners' return, his latter entertainment to them was better than the first. He feasted with them, drank and discoursed with them; but came to no direct overture of *Article*, though they much pressed him. That part of the day and the whole night was so spent, and in sleep.

The like had we in the camp; except drinking, whereof there was no excess; but of good cheer and courtesy abundance.

In the morning, were discovered five ships out of *Zealand* riding in the road. They brought 400 men, and some materials for the sea works. The men were landed on the strand with long-boats and shallops. The enemy shot at them with their artillery, but did no hurt.

The pretext of succour from the States, the General took to break off the treaty: which he had not yet really entered into.

The Commissioners were, on both sides, discharged in this order. CERANO came first into the army. It was my right to have gone [back] for him; but I sent Captain FAIRFAX, at the earnest entreaty of Don JUAN DE PANTOCHI [*pp.* 166, 167] and some others: who said, "They desired my stay, only to have my company so much the longer;" making me believe it was agreeable to them, the rather for that I spake their language. I was the more willing to yield, because I would not leave any other impression than that I saw they had received

of my integrity in the negotiation. FAIRFAX being in the town, OTTANES made not long stay; nor I, after him.

The General was not pleased that I stayed out of my turn; but when I gave him my reasons for it, he seemed to be well contented.

Concerning what was done within the town during the treaty; HENRY HEXHAM [*Sir F. VERE's Page*] gives us this further account upon his own knowledge.



HE next day, towards evening, the enemy's Commissioners, CERANO and OTTANES, returned again. General VERE's last entertainment of them, was better than his first. For he then feasted them, made them the best cheer he could, drank many healths as the Queen of England's, the King of Spain's, the Archduke's, Prince MAURICE's, and divers others; and discoursed with them at the table, before his brother Sir HORACE VERE and the chief Officers of the town, whom he had invited to keep them company: and having drunk freely, led them into his own chamber, and laid them in his own bed, to take their rests.

The Commissioners going to bed, the General took his leave of them; and presently after, went to the Old Town: where he found Captain DEXTER and Captain CLARK with their men, silently at work. Having been with them an hour or two, to give them directions what they should do, returning to his lodging, he laid him down upon his quilt, and gave me charge that, an hour before day, I should go to RALPH DEXTER, and command him from him, "not to draw off his men till the dawning of the day, but that they should follow their work lustily."

And coming to him, at the time appointed, according to my Lord's command; after the break of day, we looked out towards the sea, and espied five men-of-war, come out of Zealand, riding in the road, which had brought 400 men and some materials for the sea works.

Coming home, I wakened my Master, and told him the first news of it. He presently sent for our Captain of the Shallops and Long-boats, which la[u]nc[h]ing out, landed them on the strand, by our new Middle Haven.

And notwithstanding the enemy shot mightily upon them, with their cannon from their four batteries on the east and west side, to sink them, and hinder their landing: yet did they no other harm but only hurt three mariners.

These pieces of ordnance roused CERANO from "his naked bed": who knocking, asked me, "What was the reason of this shooting?"

I answered him in French, *Il y avait quelque gens d'armes de notres entrés dans la ville*: whereat he was much amazed; and would hardly give credit to it, till Captain POTLEY (who came with these ships, and whom he knew well) was brought before him, and assured him it was so.

General VERE, having now received part of the long-expected supplies, together with the assurance of more at hand, straightways broke off the Treaty: which, though ending somewhat abruptly, had, it seems, finished the part which was by him allotted to it.

Whereupon, he sent the Archduke the following acquittance.

WE HAVE, heretofore, held it necessary, for certain reasons, to treat with the Deputies which had authority from your Highness; but whilst we were about to conclude upon the Conditions and Articles, *there are arrived certain of our Ships of war, by which we have received part of that which we had need of: so that we cannot, with our honour and oath, continue the Treaty, nor proceed in it, which we hope that your Highness will not take in ill part; and that, nevertheless, when your power shall reduce us to the like estate, you will not refuse, as a most generous Prince, to vouchsafe us again a gentle audience.*

From our town of Ostend,
the 25th of December, 1601.

(*signed*) *FRANCIS VERE.*

Now, whosoever shall but consider how many, and how great difficulties the Archduke had struggled with, to maintain the siege; how highly concerned he was in point of honour, and how eagerly engaged in his affections; and what assured hopes he had of taking the town, will easily conceive that he must needs find himself much discomposed at so unexpected a disappointment. He had already taken it with his eyes: and as if he had bound the Leviathan for his maidens to sport withal, under the assurance of the truce, he walked the Infanta before the town, with twenty Ladies and Gentlewomen in

her train; as it were valiantly to stroke this wild beast which he had now laid fast in the toils, and to look upon the outside of the town before they entered into it.

Now, to have his hopes thus blown up, and to be thrown from the top of so much confidence; wonder not if we find him much enraged at it! and what can we now expect but that he should let fly his rage in a sudden and most furious assault upon the town? especially considering that, before the Treaty began, all things were in readiness for such a purpose. But whether it were, that the Treaty had unbended the soldiers' resolution, or the unexpected breaking off had astounded the Archduke's counsels, or whether his men were discouraged at their enemy's increased strength, or whatsoever the cause were: certain it is, that there was no considerable assault made upon the town, for many days after.

And we have cause to believe that General VERE was never a whit sorry for it; who had by this means, opportunity, though no leisure, to repair his works: wherein he employed above 1,200 men for at least eight days together. During which time, he stood in guard in person, at the time of low water in the night, being the time of greatest danger; which conduced much to the encouragement of his men. Having received intelligence, by his scouts, of the enemy's preparations and resolutions, within a few days, to give them a general assault: he was careful to man the chief places, Helmont, Sand Hill, and the rest; and to furnish them with cannon and stones, and what else might be useful for their defence.

Meanwhile, the besiegers spared no powder; but let fly at the ships, which notwithstanding, daily and nightly, went into the town: and many a bullet was interchanged between the town and the camp, which lay, all this while, pelting at one another; some small hurts on both sides being given and received.

But the 7th of January [1602] was the day designed by the besiegers wherein to attempt something extraordinary.

All the day long without intermission, did the Archduke batter the Bulwark of Sand Hill, Helmont, *Porcépic*, and other places adjoining, with 18 cannon from two of his batteries: the one at the foot of the downs upon the Catteys, and the other on the south side thereof. From whence were discharged, which the cannoneers counted, above 2,000 shot on that side of the town: all the bullets weighing 40lbs. or 46lbs. apiece.

After I was thus far engaged, I happily [*by hap*] met with an account of this bloody assault, by HENRY HEXHAM, who was present at it. To him, therefore, I shall willingly resign the story.

[HENRY HEXHAM, Sir FRANCIS VERE'S Page.

Account of the Assault on Ostend, 7th January, 1602.]

HIS Highness the Archduke then seeing himself thus deluded by General VERE's Parley, was much vexed thereat; and was very angry with the chief of his Council of War, who had diverted him from giving the assault upon that day [*23rd December*, 1601] when the Parley was called for: insomuch that some of them, for two or three days after, as it was credibly reported, durst not look him in the face.

Others, to please him, persuaded him to give an assault upon the town. Hereupon, His Highness took a resolution to revenge himself of those within the town, saying "he would put them all to the sword!" his Commanders and soldiers taking likewise an oath that, if they entered, "they would not spare man, woman, nor child in it!"

Till that, the enemy had shot upon and into the town, above 163,200 cannon shot, to beat it about our ears; scarcely leaving a whole house standing: but now, to pour out his wrath and fury more upon us, on the 7th of January [1602] above-said, very early in the morning, he began with 18 pieces of cannon and half-cannon, carrying bullets of 48lbs and 40lbs apiece [*See Vol. IV. p.* 251], from their Pile Battery, and that which stood under their Cattey upon the foot of the

downs, to batter Sand Hill, the *Porcépic*, and Helmont. And that day till evening, he shot upon Sand Hill and the Curtain of the Old Town, above 220 cannon shot; insomuch that it might rather have been called Iron Hill than Sand Hill: for it stuck so full of bullets, that many of them tumbled down into the False Bay; and others striking on their own bullets, broke in pieces, and flew up into the air as high as a steeple.

During this furious battery, the enemy, all the day long, made great preparations to assault us against night: and to that end, brought down scaling ladders, great store of ammunition, hand grenades [*small shells thrown with the hand*], and divers other instruments and materials of war fitting thereunto; and withal, towards evening, drew down his army, and ordered his men in this manner:

Count FARNESE, an Italian, should first give on, with 2,000 Italians and Spaniards, upon Sand Hill, the breach, and the Curtain of the Old Town: and the Governor of Dixmunde, with 2,000 Spaniards and other nations, upon the *Porcépic* and Helmont. Another Captain, with 500 men, was to fall on upon the West Ravelin; and another Captain, with 500 men more, upon the South Quarriers: and the Spanish Sergeant-Major General [? *OTTANES*] which was an hostage in Ostend, upon the West Quarriers. Making in all 8,000 men to assault the west side.

And the Count of BUCQUOY was to have assaulted the east side, the East Ravelin and the New Haven; as a second [*support*] for them which fell on upon the Sand Hill and the Old Town on the west side. And thus their men, time, and place were ordered.

General VERE knowing the enemy's intent, that he would assault us at low water, slept not; but was exceedingly careful and vigilant, all the day, to prepare the things necessary to defend the town and withstand the enemy. And because there were no spars, beams, and palisadoes in the Magazine, he caused divers houses that were shot [through], to be pulled down; and taking the beams and spars from off them, he made the carpenters make palisadoes and stockadoes of them. At a high water, he shut the West Sluices, and engrossed as much water as he possibly could into the Old and New Town.

Towards evening, he drew all the men in the town that were able to fight, into arms: and disposed of them, as followeth:

To maintain Sand Hill, and defend the breach, he placed his brother Sir HORACE VERE, and Sir CHARLES FAIRFAX [*pp.* 136, 166] with 12 weak companies, whereof some were not above 10 or 12 strong; giving them double arms, a pike and a musket, and a good store of ammunition.

Upon the Curtain [*i.e., the plain wall*] of the Old Town between Sand Hill and a redoubt called Schottenburch (a most dangerous place, which he feared most; being torn and beaten down with the sea and the enemy's cannon), Sir FRANCIS VERE stood himself, with Captain ZEGLIN with 6 weak companies, to help to defend it.

Within the redoubt of Schottenburch itself, he appointed Captain UTENHOVEN [*pp.* 157, 159] and Captain HAUGHTON, with their 2 companies.

From Schottenburch along the Curtain to the Old Church (which the enemy had shot down); he placed Colonel LONE with his 300 Zealanders that came in to the town [*in the five ships, pp.* 170, 172] the day [25*th Dec.*, 1601] the Parley brake off.

From the Old Church along the Curtain and the Flanks to the north part; Captain ZITHAN commanded over 6 weak companies.

Upon the redoubt called Moses Table, was Captain MONTESQUIRE DE ROQUES, a worthy French Captain, whom Sir FRANCIS VERE loved entirely for the worth and valour that was in him, with 2 French companies.

For the guarding of the North Ravelin; he appointed Captain CHARLES RASSART with 4 weak companies.

The rest of the Curtain, by reason of the Flanks upon the cut of the New Haven, being reasonably well defended, were left unmanned.

Upon the Curtain of the New Town, under Flamenburg, were placed 5 weak companies; to second [*support*] Moses Table, if need did require.

Upon Flamenburg, 2 whole-cannon and 2 field pieces were planted, to scour the Old Town.

Upon the West Ravelin, 2 companies were likewise placed, and a whole-cannon and 2 half-cannon planted upon it.

For the defending of the *Porcépic*, a place of great importance, lying under the Helmont; Sir FRANCIS VERE placed four of the strongest companies that could be found in the town.

Upon the Bulwark called Helmont, which flanked directly the breach and Sand Hill, and scoured along the strand, between the enemy's Pile Battery, the Old Haven, over which they were to pass to come to Sand Hill, and the Curtain of the Old Town, which also did help to defend the *Porcépic*: he placed 10 weak companies, whereof the General's company was one. And it had upon it 9 brass and iron pieces, ladened with chained bullets, boxes with musket bullets, and cartridge shot. These 10 companies were kept as a reserve, to be employed as a second [*reinforcement*] where most occasion required. They were commanded by Captain METKIRCK and Sergeant-Major [= *the present Major of a foot regiment: see Vol. I. p.* 463] CARPENTER.

The rest of the bulwarks and rampires, and the Counterscarp about the town were but slightly manned, with a few men; in regard that the enemy could come to attempt none of them, till he became master of the former.

Here you see a great many companies thus disposed of; but all, or most of them, were exceedingly weak, and some of them not above 7 or 8 men strong: which in all, could not make above 1,200 able fighting men, to resist an army of 10,000 men, that stood ready to assault them.

The ordnance and other instruments and materials of war, the General disposed of in this sort:

Upon the casement of the West Bulwark, he planted two whole and two half-cannon, which flanked Helmont and the *Porcépic*, and scoured along the Old Haven down as far as the Ton Beacon, beyond their Pile Battery, next to that place where they were to pass over the haven at a low water. This ordnance was likewise charged with musket bullets, chain bullets, and iron bullets.

Upon all these batteries, especially those which flanked the breach and played directly upon the strand; Sir FRANCIS VERE disposed of the best cannoneers in the town: among the rest, FRANCIS the GURMER, an excellent cannoneer, who had been the death of many a Spaniard. And because they should be sure to take their mark right upon their cog [*mark*],

before it grew dark, he commanded them to let fly two or three cannon bullets upon the strand and towards the New Haven, to see for a trial where their bullets fell, that they might find their ground the better in the night, when the enemy was to fall on.

Moreover, on the top of the breach, and along the Curtain of the Old Town, were set firkins of ashes, to be tumbled down the wall upon the enemy to blind them: also little firkins with *frize-ruyters* or quadrant tenternails, three sticking in the ground and one upright; which were likewise to be cast down the rampire to prick them, when they sought to enter. Then there were many great heaps of stones and brickbats (brought from the Old Church they had shot down) to throw amongst them. Then we had ropes of pitch, hoops bound about with squibs and fireworks to throw among them, great store of hand grenades; and clubs, which we called "Hercules Clubs," with heavy heads of wood and nails driven into the squares of them. These and some others, because the enemy had sworn all our deaths, the General provided to entertain and welcome them.

When it began to grow darkish, a little before low water, in the interim while the enemy was a cooling of his ordnance, which had played all the day long upon the breach and the Old Town: the General taking advantage of this precious time, commanded Captain DEXTER and Captain CLARK with some 50 stout workmen, who had a rose-noble [=16*s.* 8*d.*= £4 *now*] a piece, for a quarter of an hour's work, to get up to the top of the breach which the enemy's cannon had made very mountable, and then, with all expedition, to cast up a small breastwork and drive in as many palisadoes as possibly they could: that his brother Sir HORACE VERE, and the rest of the Captains and soldiers which he commanded, might have some little shelter, the better to defend the breach and repulse the enemy, when he stroved to enter. Which, blessed be GOD! with the loss of a few men, they performed.

This being done, Sir FRANCIS VERE went through the Sally Port, down into the False Bray. And it being

twilight, called for an old soldier, a Gentleman of his company, to go out *sentinel-perdu* [*i.e., in a hazardous position*], and to creep out to the strand between two gabions; giving him express command that if he saw an enemy, he should come in unto him silently, without giving any alarm at all.

He crept upon his belly as far as he could; and, at last, discovered Count FARNESE above mentioned, wading and put over the Old Haven, above their Pile Battery, with his 2,000 Italians, which were to fall on first: and, as they [had] waded over, he drew them up into battalions and divisions: which this Gentleman having discovered, came silently to Sir FRANCIS VERE, as he had commanded him. Who asked him, "What news?"

"My Lord," says he, "I smell good store of gold chains, buff jerkins, Spanish cassocks [*long military cloaks*], and Spanish blades."

"Ha!" say Sir FRANCIS VERE, "sayest thou me so! I hope thou shalt have some of them anon!" and giving him a piece of gold, he went up again through the Sally Port to the top of Sand Hill. Where he gave express order to Sergeant-Major CARPENTER to go to Helmont, and every man to his charge; and not to take any alarm, or shoot off either cannon- or musket-shot till he himself gave the signal: and then to give fire, both with the ordnance and small shot, as fast as ever they could charge and discharge.

When the enemy had put over his 2,000 Italians; he had also a signal, to give notice thereof to the Count of BUCQUOY, that they were ready to fall on: whose signal was the shot of a cannon from their Pile Battery into the sea towards his quarters, with a hollow-holed bullet, which made a humming noise.

When General VERE had got them under the swoop of his cannon and small shot, he poured a volley of cannon- and musket-shot upon them, raking through their battalions, and makes lanes through them upon the bare strand; which did so amaze and startle them, that they were at a *non-plus* whether they should fall on or retreat back again. Yet at last taking courage, and tumbling over the dead bodies, they rallied themselves and came under the foot of Sand Hill and

along the foot of the Curtain of the Old Wall, to the very piles that were struck under the wall, where they began to make ready to send us a volley.

Which Sir FRANCIS VERE seeing they were a presenting, and ready to give fire upon us, because indeed all the breast-work and parapet was beaten down flat to the rampire that day, with their ordnance, and we standing open to the enemy's shot, commanded all the soldiers to fall flat down upon the ground, while the enemy's shot flew like a shower of hail over their heads: which, for the reasons above said, saved a great many men's lives.

This being done; our men rising, saw the enemy hasting to come up to the breach, and mounting up the wall of the Old Town. Sir FRANCIS VERE flourishing his sword, called to them in Spanish and Italian, *Vienneza!*; causing the soldiers, as they climbed up, to cast and tumble down among them, the firkins of ashes, the barrels of *frize-ruyters*, the ropes, stones and brickbats which were provided for them.

The alarm being given, it was admirable to see with what courage and resolution our men fought. Yea, the LORD did, as it were, infuse fresh courage and strength into a company of poor snakes [? *sneaks or hideaways*] and sick soldiers, which came running out of their huts up to the wall to fight their shares; and the women with their laps full of powder, to supply them, when they had shot away all their ammunition.

Now were all the walls of Ostend all on a light fire, and our ordnance thundering upon them, from our Bulwarks. Now was there a lamentable cry of dying men among them: for they could no sooner come up to the top of the breach to enter it, or peep up between Sand Hill and Schottenburch but they were either knocked on the head with the stocks of our muskets or our Hercules Clubs, or run through with our pikes and swords. Twice or thrice, when they strived to enter, they were beaten off, and could get no advantage upon us.

The fight upon the breach and the Old Town continued, hotter and hotter, for the space of above an hour. The enemy fell on, at the same instant, upon the *Porcépic*, Helmont, the West Ravelin, and Quarriers; but were so bravely repulsed, that they could not enter a man.

The enemy fainting, and having had his belly full; those on the west side beat a doleful retreat: while the Lord of Hosts ended our dispute for the town, and crowned us with victory: and the roaring noise of our cannon rending the air and rolling along the superficies of the water, the wind being South and with us, carried that night the news thereof, to our friends in England and Holland.

General VERE perceiving the enemy to fall off, commanded me to run, as fast as ever I could, to Sergeant-Major CARPENTER and the Auditor FLEMING, who were upon Helmont, that they should presently [*at once*] open the West Sluice: out of which there ran such a stream and torrent, through the channel of the West Haven, that, upon their retreat, it carried away many of their sound and hurt men into the sea. And besides, our men fell [*went*] down our walls after them, and slew a great many of their men as they retreated. They took some prisoners, pillaged and stript a great many [of the killed], and brought in gold chains, Spanish pistols, buff jerkins, Spanish cassocks, blades, swords, and targets [*shields*] (among the rest, one wherein was enamelled in gold, the Seven Worthies worth 700 or 800 guilders [=£70 or £80= £350 or £400 *now*]).

Among the rest, was that soldier which Sir FRANCIS VERE had sent out to discover; who came with as much booty as ever he could lug, saying, "Sir FRANCIS VERE was now as good as his word."

Under Sand Hill and all along the walls of the Old Town, the *Porcépic*, and West Ravelin, lay whole heaps of dead carcases, 40 or 50 upon a heap, stark naked; goodly young men, Spaniards and Italians: among which, some, besides other marks to know them by, had their beards clean shaven off. There lay also upon the sand some dead horses; ladened with baskets of hand grenades. They left also behind them their scaling ladders, great store of spades and showels [*shovels*], bills, hatchets and axes, with other materials.

Here the French *Diary* adds, that those who gave the assault on the Old Town, were furnished with two or three day's victuals, which they had brought in sacks: intending to have intrenched themselves, and maintain the place against the besieged, if their enterprise had

succeeded. Also that, among the heaps of the slain was found, in man's apparel, the body of a young Spanish woman, near unto Sand Hill: who, as was conjectured by her wounds, had been slain in the assault; having under her apparel, a chain of gold set with precious stones, besides other jewels and silver. And also that, during this assault, the Archduke disposed of himself behind the battery of the Catteys; and the Infanta remained at the Fort Isabella.

Upon the east side also, they stood in three great battalions before the town, upon the Gullet; but the tide coming in, they came too late: so that they could not second those on the west side, and fall on where they were appointed; to wit, upon our New Haven, which lay upon the north-east side of the town. For the water beginning to rise, it did amaze the soldiers; and they feared, if they stayed any longer, they could not be relieved by their fellows.

However, for their honour, they would do something: and resolved to give upon our Spanish Half-Moon, which lay over the Gullet [*i.e., on the other side the Geule from the town*], on the south-east part of the town.

A soldier of ours falling out of it (a policy of Sir FRANCIS VERE's); disappointed this design [*i.e., of supporting the western attack*], and yielding himself prisoner unto them, told them that there were but 40 soldiers in the Half-Moon; and offered to lead them to it. Which he did, and they took it. For General VERE, with great judgement, had left it thus ill-manned; to draw the enemy on the east side thither, to separate them from their fellows on the west side, and to make them lose time: contenting himself to guard the places of most importance; and assuring himself that he should soon recover the other at his pleasure.

The Archduke's men, having thus taken the Half-Moon, and being many therein; they began with spades, shovels, pickaxes, and other instruments, to turn it up against the town: but all prevailed not, for it lay open towards the town. And those of the town began to shoot at them, from the South and Spanish Bulwarks, both with cannon- and musket-shot, with such fury, that they slew many of them; and withal seeing the tide come in more and more, they began to faint. Whereupon General VERE sent Captain DAY with some troops, to beat them out of it; who, with great courage,

chased them out of it, with the effusion of much blood: for, the next day, they told [*counted*] 300 men slain in the Half-Moon, besides those that were drowned and hurt.

In this general assault, which, on both sides of the town, continued above two hours upon all the places above mentioned; the Archduke, besides some that were carried into the sea, lost above 2,000 men. Among the which, there were a great number of noblemen, chiefs and commanders: among the rest, the Count D'IMBERO, an Italian (who offered as much gold as he did weigh for his ransom, yet he was slain by a private soldier); Don DURANGO, *Maistro del Campo*, or Colonel; Don ALVARES SUARES, Knight of the Order of St. James; SIMON ANTHONIO, Colonel; the Sergeant-Major-General [? OTTANES], who had been hostage in Ostend, on the 24th and 25th of December, 1601 [*see pp.* 166, 171]; and the Lieutenant-Governor of Antwerp, and divers others.

On our side, there were slain between 30 and 40 soldiers, and about 100 hurt. The men of Command slain were, Captain HAUGHTON, Captain VAN DEN LIER a Lieutenant of the new *Geux*, 2 English Lieutenants, an Ancient [*Ensign-bearer*], Captain HAUGHTON'S two Sergeants: and Master TEDCASTLE, a Gentleman of Sir FRANCIS VERE'S horse, who was slain between Sir FRANCIS VERE and myself, his Page, with two musket-bullets chained together. Who calling to me, bade me pull off his gold ring from off his little finger, and send it to his sister, as a token of his last "Good night:" and so, commending his spirit into the hands of the LORD, died. Sir HORACE VERE was likewise hurt in the leg, with a splinter that flew from a palisado.

And thus much, briefly, of the assault and the repulse they received in Ostend, that day and night; in memory of the heroic actions of Sir FRANCIS VERE, of famous memory, my old Master.

After this bloody shower was once over, the weather cleared up

into its usual temper: and so continued, not without good store of artificial thunder and lightning on both sides daily; but without any remarkable alterations, until the 7th of March then next ensuing, which was in the year 1602.

Then did General VERE, having lately repaired the Poulder and West Square, resign up his government of Ostend unto others appointed by the States to succeed him: having valiantly defended it, for above eight months, against all the Archduke's power; and leaving it much better able to defend itself, than it was at his first coming thither.

So the same night, both he and his brother, Sir HORACE VERE, embarked themselves, having sent away their horses and baggage before them; both carrying with them, and leaving behind them, the marks of true honour and renown.

FINIS.



DIELLA.

Certain Sonnets, adjoined

to the amorous Poem of

Dom DIEGO and GYNEURA.

(·.·)

By R. L., Gentleman.

Ben balla, á chi fortuna suona.



AT LONDON,

Printed for HENRY OLNEY, and are to be sold at his shop in Fleet street, near the Middle Temple Gate.

1596.

To the most worthily honoured and virtuously beautified Lady, the Lady ANNE GLEMNHAM, *wife to the most noble, magnanimous, and worthy Knight,* Sir HENRY GLEMNHAM, *&c.*

MADAM,



OUR many honourable virtues having tied me to your eternal service; to shew some part of my duty, I present your Ladyship with a few passionate Sonnets intermingled with the Loves of Dom DIEGO and GYNEURA.

Deign, gentle Lady, to accept them, and therein shew the greatness of your benignity, in receiving courteously a gift of so small worth: which though it cannot any ways equal either the number of your virtues, or the greatness of that noble House, whence your Ladyship is descended; impute it not, Madam, to my defect of Judgement, but of Fortune; for were I furnished with the greatest riches that blind goddess could bestow on a man of my state, both they and I would fall prostrate at your feet, and ever rest at your Ladyship's devotion.

Yet, Madam, as it is, it is a Child of the Muses, and, therefore, worthy to be cherished; conceived in the brain of a gallant Gentleman, and therefore to be favoured: sent into the world by me, who have ever honoured your Ladyship, and therefore crave of your Ladyship to be protected, to whom I ever wish long life, lengthened with all honourable happiness.

Your Ladyship's
in all duty,
HENRY OLNEY.





[SONNETS.]

SONNET I.

WHEN first the feathered god did strike my heart
with fatal and immedicable wound,
Leaving behind the head of his fell dart;
my bloodless body fell unto the ground.
And, when with shame I reinforced my might,
boldly to gaze on her so heavenly face,
Huge flames of fire She darted from her light,
which since have scorched me in most piteous case.
To quench which heat, an ocean of tears
have gushèd out from forth my red-swollen eyes.
But deep-fetched sighs, this raging flame uprears,
and blow the sparks up to the purple skies:
Whereat, the gods, afraid that heaven should burn,
Intreated LOVE, that I, for e'er might mourn.

SONNET II.

SOON as the azure-coloured Gates of th'East
were set wide open by the watchful Morn,
I walked abroad, as having took no rest
(for nights are tedious to a man forlorn);
And viewing well each pearl-bedewèd flower,
then waxing dry by splendour of the sun:
All scarlet-hued I saw him 'gin to lower
and blush, as though some heinous act were done.
At this amazed, I hied me home amain,
thinking that I, his anger causèd had.
And at his set, abroad I walked again;
when, lo, the moon looked wondrous pale and sad.
Anger, the one; and envy moved the other,
To see my Love more fair than LOVE's fair mother.

SONNET III.

SWIFT-FOOTED Time! look back! and here mark well
those rare-shaped parts my pen shall now declare!
My Mistress' snow-white Skin doth much excel
the pure soft wool Arcadian sheep do bear!
Her Hair exceeds gold forced in smallest wire,
in smaller threads than those ARACHNE spun!
Her Eyes are crystal fountains, yet dart fire
more glorious to behold than midday sun!
Her ivory Front, though soft as purest silk,
looks like the table * of Olympic JOVE! [* *portrait.*]
Her Cheeks are like ripe cherries laid in milk!
her alabaster Neck, the throne of LOVE!
Her other parts so far excel the rest,
That wanting words, they cannot be expressed!

SONNET IV.

WHAT sugared terms, what all-persuading art,
what sweet mellifluous words, what wounding looks,
LOVE used for his admittance to my heart!
such eloquence was never read in books!
He promised Pleasure, Rest, and Endless Joy,
Fruition of the fairest She alive.
His pleasure, pain; rest, trouble; joy, annoy;
have I since found! which me, of bliss deprive.
The Trojan horse, thus have I now let in;
wherein enclosed these armèd men were placed.
Bright Eyes, fair Cheeks, sweet Lips, and milk-white Skin,
these foes, my life have overthrown and razed.
Fair outward shews prove inwardly the worst:
Love looketh fair, but lovers are accurst!

SONNET V.

THE little Archer viewing well my Love,
stone-still amazed, admirèd such a sight;
And swore he knew none such to dwell above:
though many fair; none, so conspicuous bright!
With that enraged, flamigerous as he is,
he now 'gan loathe his PSYCHE's lovely face;
And swore great oaths, "to rob me of my bliss,"
saying that "earth for her, was too too base!"
But CYTHEREA checked her lordly son,
commanding him to bring no giglet thither!
Fearing indeed, her amorous sports were done
with hotspur MARS, if he should once but see her.
If then her beauty move the gods above;
Let all men judge, if I have cause to love!

SONNET VI.

MIRROR of Beauty! Nature's fairest Child!
Empress of Love! my heart's high-prizèd jewel!
Learn of the Dove, to love and to be mild!
be not to him that honours thee, so cruel!
But as the Asp, deaf, angry, nothing meek;
thou will not listen to my doleful plaint!
Nor once wilt look on my discoloured cheek!
which wanting blood, causeth me oft to faint.
Then, silent will I be! if that will please thee:
yet so, as in my stead, each plain, each hill
Shall echo forth my grief! and thereby ease me;
for I myself, of speaking have my fill.
If plains and hills be silent in my pain;
My death shall speak! and tell what I sustain!

SONNET VII.

[*See Vol. I. pp.* 74, 128, 460, 651: *V. p.* 370: *VI. p.* 144.]

WHEN LOVE had first besieged my heart's strong wall,
rampiered and countermured with Chastity,
And had with ordnance made his tops to fall
stooping their glory to his surquedry:
I called a parley, and withal did crave
some Composition, or some friendly Peace;
To this request, he, his consent soon gave,
as seeming glad such cruel wars should cease.
I, nought mistrusting, opened all the gates,
yea, lodged him in the palace of my heart:
When, he, in dead of night, he seeks his mates,
And shews each traitor how to play his part;
With that, they fired my heart! and thence 'gan fly!
Their names, Sweet Smiles, Fair Face, and Piercing Eye.

SONNET VIII.

LIKE to a falcon watching for a flight,
duly attending his desirèd game;
Have I oft watched and marked to have a sight
of thy fair face, exceeding niggard Fame!
Thine eyes, those seminaries of my grief!
have been more gladsome to my tirèd sprite,
Than naked savages receive relief
by comfort-bearing warmth of PHŒBUS' light.
But when each part so glorious I had seen;
I trembled more than Autumn's parchèd leaves!
Mine eyes were greedy whirlpools sucking in
that heavenly Fair, which me of rest bereaves.
Then as thy Beauty thus hath conquered me,
Fair! let relenting Pity conquer thee!

SONNET IX.

BLOT not thy beauty (Fairest, yet unkind!)
with cruel usage of a yielding heart!
The stoutest Captain scorns such bloody mind:
then mingle mercy, where thou causedst smart!
Let him not die, in his May-springing days!
that living, vows to honour thee for ever.
Shine forth some pity from thy sun-like rays!
that hard-frozed hate may so dissolve and sever!
O were thou not much harder than a flint,
thou hadst ere this, been melted into love!
In firmest stone, small rain doth make a print:
but seas of tears cannot thy hardness move!
Then, wretched I, must die before my time!
Blasted and spoilèd in my budding prime.

SONNET X.

WHEN FLORA vaunts her in her proud array,
clothing fair TELLUS in a spangled gown;
When BOREAS' fury is exiled away,
and all the welkin cleared from angry frown:
At that same time, all Nature's children joy;
trees leave, flowers bud, plants spring, and beasts increase.
Only my soul, surcharged with deep annoy,
cannot rejoice, nor sighs nor tears can cease:
Only the grafts of sorrow seem to grow;
set in my heart, no other spring I find.
Delights and pleasures are o'ergrown with woe,
laments and sobs possess my weeping mind.
The frost of grief so nips Delight at root:
No sun but She can do it any boot.

SONNET XI.

WHAT She can be so cruel as my Love,
or bear a heart so pitiless as She?
Whom love, looks, words, tears, prayers do not move;
nor sighs, nor vows prevail to pity me.
She calls my love, "a SINON to her heart!"
"my looks," she saith, "are like the crocodile's!"
"My words the Sirens sing, with guileful art!"
tears, "CIRCE's floods!" sighs, vows, "deceitful guiles!"
But my poor heart hath no interpreter
but love, looks, words, tears, prayers, sighs, or vows!
Then must it die! sith She, my comforter,
whate'er I do, nor liketh, nor allows.
With TITIUS, thus the vulture Sorrow eats me!
With steel-twigged rods, thus tyrant CUPID beats me!

SONNET XII.

THOU (like the fair-faced, gold-encovered book,
whose lines are stuffed with damnèd heresies)
Dost in thy face, bear a celestial look;
when, in thy heart, live hell-born cruelties!
With poisonous toads, the clearest spring 's infected;
and purest lawn 's nought worth, if full of stains·
So is fair Beauty, when true love 's rejected;
when coal-black hate within the heart remains.
Then love, my Dear! let that be Methridate
to overcome the venom of disdain!
Be pitiful! tread down this killing hate!
Convert to sugared pleasure, gall-ful pain!
O, sith Disdain is foe unto thy Fair,
Exile him thence! there, let him not repair!

SONNET XIII.

I KNOW, within my mouth, for bashful fear
and dread of your disdain, my words will die!
I know, I shall be stricken dumb, my Dear!
with doubt of your unpitiful reply.
I know, when as I shall before you lie
prostrate and humble, craving help of you;
Misty aspects will cloud your sun-bright eye,
and scornful looks o'ershade your beauty's hue.
I know, when I shall plead my love so true,
so stainless, constant, loyal, and upright;
My truthful pleadings will not cause you rue
The ne'er-heard state of my distressèd plight.
I know, when I shall come with face bedight
with streaming tears, fallen from my fountain eyes,

SONNET XIII.

[The same number is repeated, a kind of double Sonnet on the same thought, being attempted.]

BREATHING forth sighs of most heart-breaking might,
my tears, my sighs, and me, you will despise!
I know, when with the power that in me lies,
and all the prayers and vows that women move,
I shall in humblest mercy-moving wise,
intreat, beseech, desire, and beg your love:
I know, sweet Maiden! all will not remove
flint-hearted rigour from your rocky breast!
But all my means, my suit, and what I prove,
prove bad, and I must live in all unrest.
Dying in life, and living still in death,
And yet nor die, nor draw a life-like breath.

SONNET XIV.

WHEN broad-faced rivers turn unto their fountains
and hungry wolves devourèd are by sheep;
When marine dolphins play on snow-tipped mountains,
and foul-formed bears do in the ocean keep:
Then shall I leave to love, and cease to burn
in these hot flames, wherein I now delight!
But this I know, the rivers ne'er return,
nor silly sheep with ravening wolves dare fight,
Nor dolphins leave the seas, nor bears, the woods;
for Nature bids them all to keep their kind.
Then eyes, rain forth your over-swellèd floods,
till, drownèd in such seas, may make you blind!
Then, Heart's Delight! sith I must love thee ever,
Love me again! and let thy love persèver!

SONNET XV.

NO SOONER leaves HYPERION, THETIS' bed,
and mounts his coach to post from thence away;
Richly adorning fair LEUCOTHEA's head,
giving to mountains, tincture from his ray:
But straight I rise, where I could find no rest,
where visions and fantasies appear;
And when, with small ado, my body 's dresst,
abroad I walk, to think upon my Dear!
Where, under umbrage of some aged tree,
with lute in hand I sit and, sighing, say,
"Sweet groves, tell forth with echo, what you see!
good trees, bear witness, who is my decay!
And thou, my soul, speak! speak what rest I have,
When each our joy's despair doth make me rave!"

SONNET XVI.

BUT thou, my dear sweet-sounding lute, be still!
repose thy troubled strings upon this moss!
Thou hast full often eased me 'gainst my will:
lie down in peace, thy spoil were my great loss!
I'll speak enough of her too cruel heart,
enough to move the stony rocks to ruth!
And cause these trees weep tears to hear my smart,
though cruel She will not once weigh my truth.
Her face is of the purest white and red,
her eyes are crystal, and her hair is gold.
The World, for shape with garlands crown her head,
and yet a tigress' heart dwells in this mould.
But I must love her, Tigress! too too much!
Forced; must I love! because I find none such.

SONNET XVII.

THE sun-scorched seaman, when he sees the seas,
all in a fury, hoist him to the sky;
And throw him down again, as waves do please,
(so chaséd clouds, from ÆOL's mastiffs fly!)
In such distress, provideth with great speed
all means to save him from the tempest's rage:
He shews his wit, in such like time of need,
the big swoll'n billows' fury to assuage.
But foolish I, althouth I see my death,
and feel her proud disdain too feelingly
(Which me of all felicity bereaveth):
yet seek no means t' escape this misery.
So am I charmed with heart-enchanting beauty,
That still to wail, I think it is my duty.

SONNET XVIII.

CUPID had done some heinous act or other,
that caused IDALEA whip him very sore.
The stubborn boy away runs from his mother,
protesting stoutly to return no more.
By chance, I met him; who desired relief,
and craved that I, some lodging would him give.
Pitying his looks, which seemed drowned in grief,
I took him home; there thinking he should live.
But see the Boy! Envying at my life
(which never sorrow, never love had tasted),
He raised within my heart such uncouth strife;
that, with the same, my body now is wasted,
By thankless LOVE, thus vilely am I used!
By using kindness, I am thus abused;

SONNET XIX.



HEN Night returns back to his ugly mansion,
and clear-faced Morning makes her bright uprise;
In sorrow's depth, I murmur out his cantion
(salt tears distilling from my dewy eyes),
"O thou deceitful SOMNUS, god of dreams!
cease to afflict my over-painèd sprite
With vain illusions, and idle themes!
thy spells are false! thou canst not charm aright!
For when, in bed, I think t'embrace my Love
(enchanted by thy magic so to think),
Vain are my thoughts! 'tis empty air, I prove!
that still I wail, till watching make me wink:
And when I wink, I wish I ne'er might wake,
But sleeping, carried to the Stygian lake."

SONNET XX.



HE strongest pine, that Queen FERONIA hath,
growing within her woody empiry,
Is soon thrown down by BOREAS' wintry wrath,
if one root only his supporter be.
The tallest ship that cuts the angry wave,
and plows the seas of SATURN's second sun,
If but one anchor for a journey have,
when that is lost, 'gainst every rock doth run.
I am that pine, fair Love! that ship am I!
and thou, that anchor art and root to me!
If then thou fail (O fail not!) I must die!
and pine away in endless misery!
But words prevail not! nor can sighs devise
To move thy heart, if bent to tyrannize.

SONNET XXI.

AS WINTER's rage, young plants unkindly spilleth;
as hail, green corn; and lightnings, flowers perish;
So man's decay is Love! whose heart it killeth,
if in his soul, he carefully it cherish.
O how alluringly he offers grace;
and breathes new hope of life into our thought.
With cheerful, pleasant (yet deceitful) face
he creeps and fawns, till, in his net w' are caught;
Then, when he sees us captives by him led,
and sees us prostrate, humbly craving help,
So fierce a lion, Lybia never bred!
nor adder's sting! nor any tigress' whelp!
O blest be they that never felt his force!
LOVE hath, nor pity, mercy, nor remorse!

SONNET XXII.

LOOK, as a bird, through sweetness of the call,
doth clean forget the fowler's guileful trap;
Or one that gazing on the stars, doth fall
in some deep pit, bewailing his mishap:
So wretched I, whilst, with Lynceus' eyes,
I greedily beheld her angel's face,
Was straight entangled with such subtilties,
as, ever since, I live in woful case.
Her cheeks were roses laid in crystal glass;
her breasts, two apples of Hesperides;
Her voice, more sweet than famous THAMIRAS,
reviving death with Doric melodies:
I, hearkening so to this attractive call,
Was caught, and ever since have lived in thrall.

SONNET XXIII.

MY LIFE's preserver! hope of my heart's bliss!
when shall I know the doom of life or death?
Hell's fearful torments easier are, than this
soul's agony, wherein I now do breathe.
If thou wouldst look! this my tear-stainèd face,
dreary and wan, far differing from what it was,
Would well reveal my most tormentful case,
and shew thy Fair, my Grief as in a glass.
Look, as a deer late wounded very sore,
among the herd, full heavily doth feed;
So do I live! expecting evermore,
when as my wounded heart should cease to bleed.
How patient then, would I endure the smart
Of pitchy-countenanced Death's dead-doing dart!

SONNET XXIV.

WHEN leaden-hearted sleep had shut mine eyes,
and close o'erdrawn their windowlets of light;
Whose wateriness the fire of grief so dries,
that weep they could no longer, sleep they might!
Methought, I sank down to a pool of grief,
and then, methought, such sinking much did please me:
But when I, down was plunged past all relief;
with flood-filled mouth, I called that some would ease me!
Whereat, methought, I saw my dearest Love,
fearing my drowning, reach her hand to mine;
Who pulled so hard to get me up above,
that with the pull, sleep did forsake mine eyen.
But when awaked, I saw 'twas but a dream;
I wished to have slept, and perished in that stream.

SONNET XXV.

ROugh storms have calms, lopt boughs do grow again;
the naked Winter is reclothed by Spring;
No year so dry but there doth fall some rain:
Nature is kind, save me, to everything.
Only my griefs do never end nor cease!
no ebb doth follow my still-flowing tears!
My sighs are storms, which never can appease
their furious blasts, procured by endless cares!
Then Sighs and Sobs tell TANTALUS, "he's blest!"
go fly to TITIUS, tell him "he hath pleasure!"
So tell IXION "though his wheel ne'er rest;
his pains are sports, imposèd with some measure!"
Bid them be patient! bid them look on me,
And they shall see the Map of Misery.

SONNET XXVI.

THe love-hurt heart, which tyrant CUPID wounds,
(proudly insulting o'er his conquered prey)
Doth bleed afresh where pleasure most abounds:
for Mirth and Mourning always make a fray.
Look, as a bird sore bruisèd with a blow
(lately dividing notes most sweetly singing),
To hear her fellows, how in tunes they flow,
doth droop and pine, as though her knell were ringing.
The heavy-thoughted prisoner, full of doubt,
dolefully sitting in a close-barred cage,
Is half contented; till he looketh out.
he sees each free: then storms he in a rage!
The sight of Pleasure trebleth every pain;
As small brooks swell, and are enraged with rain.

SONNET XXVII.

THE heaven's herald may not make compare
of working words, which so abound in thee.
Thy honey-dewed tongue exceeds his far,
in sweet discourse and tuneful melody.
Th' amber-coloured tress which BERENICE
for her true-loving PTHOLOMEUS, vowed
Within IDALEA's sacred Aphrodrice,
is worthless, with thy locks to be allowed.
To thee, my thoughts are consecrate, dear Love!
my words and phrases bound to please thine ears!
My looks are such, as any heart could move:
I still solicit thee with sighs and tears!
O let not hate eclipse thy beauty's shine!
Then none would deem thee earthly, but divine.

SONNET XXVIII.

WEARY with serving, where I naught could get;
I thought to cross great NEPTUNE's greatest seas,
To live in exile: but my drift was let
by cruel Fortune, spiteful of such ease.
The ship I had to pass in, was my Mind;
greedy Desire was topsail of the same,
My Tears were surges, Sighs did serve for wind,
of all my ship, Despair was chiefest frame;
Sorrow was Master, Care, the cable rope;
Grief was the mainmast, Love, the captain of it;
He that did rule the helm was foolish Hope,
but Beauty was the rock that my ship split,
Which since hath made such shipwreck of my Joy,
That still I swim in th' ocean of Annoy.

SONNET XXIX.

CEASE, Eyes, to cherish with still flowing tears,
the almost withered roots of dying grief!
Dry up your running brooks! and dam your meres!
and let my body die for moist relief!
But DEATH is deaf! for well he knows my pain,
my slackless pain, hell's horror doth exceed.
There is no hell so black as her disdain!
whence cares, sighs, sorrows, and all griefs do breed.
Instead of sleep, when day incloistered is
in dusty prison of infernal night,
With broad-waked eyes, I wail my miseries;
and if I wink, I fear some ugly sight,
Such fearful dreams do haunt my troubled mind:
My Love 's the cause, 'cause She is so unkind.

SONNET XXX.

HE THAT can count the candles of the sky,
reckon the sands whereon Pactolus flows,
Or number numberless small atomie[s],
what strange and hideous monsters Nilus shows,
What mis-shaped beasts vast Africa doth yield,
what rare-formed fishes live in the ocean,
What coloured flowers do grow in Tempe's field,
how many hours are since the world began:
Let him, none else, give judgement of my grief!
let him declare the beauties of my Love!
And he will say my pains pass all relief:
and he will judge her for a Saint above!
But, as those things, there's no man can unfold
So, nor her Fair, nor my Grief may be told!

SONNET XXXI.

FAIR ivory Brow, the board LOVE banquets on!
sweet Lips of coral hue, but silken softness!
Fair Suns that shine, when PHŒBUS' eyes are gone!
sweet Breath that breathes incomparable sweetness!
Fair Cheeks of purest roses red and white!
sweet Tongue containing sweeter thing than sweet!
O that my Muse could mount a lofty flight,
and were not all so forceless, and unmeet
To blaze the beauty of thy several shine,
And tell the sweetness of thy sundry taste!
Able of none but of the Muses nine,
to be arightly honourèd and graced.
The first so fair, so bright, so purely precious!
The last so sweet, so balmy, so delicious!

SONNET XXXII.

THE last so sweet, so balmy, so delicious!
lips, breath, and tongue, which I delight to drink on:
The first so fair, so bright, so purely precious!
brow, eyes, and cheeks, which still I joy to think on;
But much more joy to gaze, and aye to look on.
those lily rounds which ceaseless hold their moving,
From whence my prisoned eyes would ne'er be gone;
which to such beauties are exceeding loving.
O that I might but press their dainty swelling!
and thence depart, to which must now be hidden,
And which my crimson verse abstains from telling;
because by chaste ears, I am so forbidden.
There, in the crystal-pavèd Vale of Pleasure,
Lies lockèd up, a world of richest treasure.

SONNET XXXIII.

THINKING to close my over-watchèd eyes,
and stop the sluice of their uncessant flowing;
I laid me down; when each one 'gan to rise:
new risen Sol his flame-like countenance shewing.
But Grief, though drowsy ever, yet never sleeps;
but still admits fresh intercourse of thought:
Duly the passage of each hour he keeps,
nor would he suffer me with sleep be caught.
Some broken slumbers, MORPHEUS had lent
(who greatly pitièd my want of rest);
Whereat my heart, a thousand thanks him sent:
and vowed, to serve him he was ready prest.
Let restless nights, days, hours do their spite;
I'll love her still! and Love for me shall fight!

SONNET XXXIV.

WHY should a Maiden's heart be of that proof
as to resist the sharp-pointed dart of Love?
My Mistress' eye kills strongest man aloof;
methinks, he's weak, that cannot quail a Dove!
A lovely Dove so fair and so divine,
able to make what cynic soe'er liveth,
Upon his knees, to beg of their bright eyen,
one smiling look, which life from death reviveth.
The frozen heart of cold ZENOCRATES
had been dissolvèd into hot Desire,
Had PHRYNE cast such sunbeams from her eyes
(such eyes are cause that my heart flames in fire!):
And yet with patience I must take my woe;
In that my dearest Love will have it so.

SONNET XXXV

END this enchantment, Love! of my desires!
let me no longer languish for thy love!
Joy not, to see me thus consume in fires!
but let my cruel pains, thy hard heart move!
And now, at last, with pitiful regard,
eye me, thy lover! 'lorn for lack of thee!
Which, dying, lives in hope of sweet reward,
which hate hath hitherto withheld from me.
Constant have I been, still in Fancy fast,
ordained by heavens to doat upon my Fair,
Nor will I e'er, so long as life shall last,
say any "'s fairer! breathing vital air."
But when the ocean sands shall lie unwet;
That shall my soul, to love thee, Dear! forget!

SONNET XXXVI.

LONG did I wish, before I could attain
the looked-for sight, I so desired to see;
Too soon, at last I saw what bred my bane,
and ever since hath sore tormented me.
I saw Herself, whom had I never seen,
my wealth of bliss had not been turned to bale.
Greedy regard of Her, my heart's sole queen,
hath changed my summer's sun to winter's hail.
How oft have I, since that first fatal hour,
beheld her all-fair shape with begging eye,
Till She, unkind, hath killed me with a lower,
and bade my humble-suing looks look by.
O pity me, fair Love! and highest fame
Shall blazèd be, in honour of thy name.

SONNET XXXVII.

DID I not love her as a lover ought,
with purest zeal and faithfulness of heart;
Then She had cause to set my love at naught,
and I had well deserved to feel this smart!
But holding her so dearly as I do,
as a rare jewel of most high esteem;
She most unkindly wounds and kills me, so,
my ne'er-stained troth most causeless to misdeem!
Never did one account of woman more
than I of her! nor ever woman yet
Respected less, or held in lesser store
her lover's vows, than She by mine doth set!
What resteth then? but I despair and die!
That so my death may glut her ruthless eye.

SONNET XXXVIII.

[This is a Preface to the following Poem.]

HEARKEN awhile, DIELLA! to a story
that tells of Beauty, Love, and great Disdain!
The last, caused by suspect; but She was sorry
that took that cause, true love so much to pain.
For when She knew his faith to be unfeigned,
spotless, sincere, most true and pure unto her;
She joyed as if a kingdom She had gained;
and loved him now, as when he first did woo her.
I ne'er incurred suspicion of my truth;
fairest DIELLA! why wilt thou be cruel?
Impose some end to undeservèd ruth!
and learn by others, how to quench hate's fuel!
Read all, my Dear! but chiefly mark the end!
And be to me, as She to Him, a friend!

The love of Dom DIEGO *and* GYNEURA.

[The groundwork of this Poem was probably the "Discourse" at folios 234–274 of GEOFFREY FENTON'S *Certaine Tragical Discourses written out of French and Latin.* London, 1579. 4to.]

IN CATALONIE o'erpeered by Pyren mountains
(a Province seated in the East of Spain,
Famous for hunting sports and clearest fountains),
a young heroic Gallant did remain:
He, Signior Dom DIEGO had to name,
Who for his constant faith had got such fame.

Nature had tried her deepest skill on him
(for so the Heaven-born Powers had her desired),
With such perfection framèd she each limb
that at her own work she herself admired.
Majestic JOVE gave him a Princely grace:
APOLLO, wit; and VENUS gave his face.

This lovesome youth, kind Nature's fairest child,
what for his beauteous love-alluring face,
And for he was so gracious and so mild,
was deemed of all, to be of heavenly race:
Men honoured him, and maidens gave him love;
To make him famous, men and maidens strove.

Hunting he loved, nor did he scorn to love,
(a truer-loving heart was never known!)
Which well his Mistress cruelly did prove;
whose causeless rigour, Fame abroad hath blown.
But now let's tell, how he, on hunting went;
And in what sports such pleasant time he spent.

Soon as the sun had left his watery bed
(blushing for shame, that he so long had slept),
Reviving those, which dusky night made dead;
when for his welcome, lambs on mountains leapt:
Up starts Diego, and with shrill-voiced horn,
Tells hounds and huntsmen of a clear-faced morn.

Clothed all in green, Sylvanus' livery,
he wore a low-crowned hat of finest silk,
Whose brim turned up, was fastened with a ruby,
and underneath, a pearl as white as milk;
A sleeveless coat of damask, richly laced
With Indian pearl, as thick as could be placed.

A glistering cutlass pendent by his side
(he much esteemed that beast-dismembering blade);
And half-legged buskins curiously ytied
with loops of burnished gold full finely made:
Thus goes Diego, chiefest of his name,
With silver-headed spear, to find some game.

Long while it was, ere any sport began;
at last, a hart his big-grown horns did shew,
Which (winding, straight the huntsman) 'gan to run
As fast as arrow from a Parthian bow:
In whose pursuit, by will of powerful Fates,
Diego lost himself, and all his mates.

Left thus alone, in midst of unknown place,
he invocates the favourable aid
Of Ariadne, who, with smallest lace,
freed monster-killing Theseus, so dismayed:
In worser labyrinth, did he now remain;
For none save trees or beasts could hear him 'plain.

In these meanders, straggling here and there,
goes fair Diego, listening to each sound:
Musing 'twixt purple hope and palish fear,
he thought to rest him, wearied, on the ground.
But see, he hears afar some forcèd noise;
A horn! a hound! or else some human voice!

With that, desire (which scorns least tedious let)
directed him unto that very place;
When lo, to hunt the timorous hare, were met
as Knights, so Ladies fittest for that chase:
'Mongst which, there came a Grace of heavenly fair,
Her name, "Gyneura with the golden hair."

Her Hair of such coruscant glitterous shine,
as are the smallest streams of hottest sun.
Like stars in frosty night, so look her Eyen,
within whose arches crystal springs do run.
Her Cheeks, fair shew of purest porphyry,
Full curiously were tipped with roseal die.

Her Lips like ripened cherries seemed to be,
from out whose concave coral-seeming fount,
Came sweeter Breath than musk of Araby;
whose Teeth, the white of blanched pearl surmount:
Her Neck, the lilies of Liguria
Did much excel. Thus looked fair Gyneura.

These Dryades, DIEGO then bespake
with sugared terms of mildest courtesy,
And craved to know which way he best might take,
with shortest cut, to such a Signiory;
Whereat he named himself: when presently
The ladies knew him, as a neighbour by.

GYNEURA's mother, chief of all the rest,
for that she knew his birth and his descent,
Desired him home. He grants her such request,
and thanks the Fates that him such hap hath lent:
For still on fair GYNEURA were his eyes;
And she, reciprocally, on his replies.

These dumb ambassadors, Love's chief combatants,
tell (softly whispering in each other's heart)
Her, of humble service; him, of acceptance:
His cravèd love; hers wished they ne'er might part.
Much talk they had with tongues, more with their eyes;
But, O, most with their hearts! where true love lies.

Now were they come, where as the good old lady
might boldly welcome her invited guest,
Where, after little talk (hunters are hungry!)
they all sat down unto a soon-made feast:
The lovers fed on glances of their eyes.
'Tis heavenly food, when both do sympathize!

At last, the lady of the house espied
the intercourse of those bright messengers;
Who, inwardly rejoicing, as fast plied
hers on her daughter, fittest harbingers!
To bid her keep the fairest and the best
Place in her heart, to entertain this guest.

Word back again was sent, by her fair light,
how that was done already! and replied,
"The landlord o'er his tenant hath such might
that he to enter in, is ne'er denied.
I, in a little corner of my heart,
Do live," quoth she, "he hath the greatest part!"

Diego wished this supper ne'er would end!
and yet, he longed to be in private place,
To ruminate upon his fairest friend,
and to recount the beauties of her face:
So wished Gyneura! Were never such two
That loved so dearly as these lovers do!

The gloomy curtains of the tongueless night
were drawn so close, as day could not be seen:
Now, leaden-thoughted Morpheus dims each sight!
now, murder, rapes, and robberies begin!
Nature craved rest: but restless Love would none!
Diego, Love's young prentice, thus 'gan moan:

"O heavens! what new-found griefs possess my mind!
what rare impassionated fits be these!
Cold-burning fevers in my heart I find,
whose opposite effects work me no ease.
Then Love assails the heart with hottest fight,
When Beauty makes her conquest at first sight."

"I little dreamèd of this strange event,
this heart's enthraller, mind's-disturbing Love,
When, with my huntsmen to the woods I went!
O ne'er till now, did I his greatness prove,
Whose first impression in the lover's heart,
Till then ne'er tainted, bringeth deepest smart."

Thus lay Diego, tossing in his bed,
bound to the will of all-commanding Beauty;
Whom angry Cupid now in triumph led,
expecting from his slave all servile duty.
He might have freed his prisoner so dismayed!
For sighs and groans had double ransom paid.

In like extremes (Love loves extremity!)
did fair Gyneura pass the long-thought night;
She railed against fell Cupid's cruelty
that so would tyrannize o'er a maiden's sprite.
"There needs no blows," quoth she, "when foes do yield!
O cease! take thou the honour of the field!"

The valiant Greeks, fair Ilion's fatal foes,
their tedious ten years' siege for Sparta's Queen,
Ne'er thought so long (yet long it was!) as those
love-scorched enamoured (so restless!) now ween
This night to be! A night, if spent in care,
Seems longer than a thousand pleasant are.

Thus lay they, sleepless, thoughtful, ever thinking
on sluggish humour of expected Morn,
They thought that lover's eyes were never winking!
nor sleep they e'er, in whom Love 's newly born.
He vowed, when day was come, to woo his Dear!
She swore, such wooing she would gladly hear!

At last, the Guider of the fiery coach,
drying his locks, wet in Eurotas' flood,
'Gan re-salute the world with bright approach.
angry he seemed, for all his face was blood;
Aurora's haste had made him look so red,
For loth he was, to leave fair Thetis' bed.

Scarce were his horses put in readiness,
and he himself full mounted on his seat,
When Dom Diego, full of heaviness,
abroad did walk, his night-talk to repeat.
Some two hours spent, he in again retires;
And sees his Mistress, whom he now admires.

Whereat inflamed (Love brooks no brief delay
whose fruit is danger, whose reward is pain),
With fine-filed terms, he gives her the "good day!"
and blushing, she returns it him again.
Endymion's blush, her beauty did eclipse;
His caused, by Cynthia's; hers, Adonis's lips.

Boldly encouraged by her mild aspect,
he told her that which lovers choose to tell;
How he did live by her fair eyes' reflect!
and how his heart, in midst of hers did dwell!
Much eloquence was used ('twas needless done!)
To win that heart, which was already won.

Ne'er did the dungeon thief, condemned to die,
with greater pleasure hear his pardon read,
Than did Gyneura hear his oratory,
of force sufficient to revive the dead.
She needs must yield! for, sure, he had the art,
With amorous heat to fix Diana's heart!

These lovers, thus in this both-pleasing parley,
were interrupted by Gyneura's mother,
Who, newly up (Age seldom riseth early!),
'gan straight salute her guest. So did he her.
Some terms of kindness mutually past,
She friendly leads him in, to break his fast.

Which done, as all good manners did require,
he thanked his hostess for her courtesy;
And now, at length, went home for to retire
(where he was lookèd for so earnestly).
The Lady craved, if e'er he came that way,
To see her house, and there to make some stay.

Then heavily, and with a dying eye,
joyless, he takes his leave of his fair Love:
Who for to favour him, full graciously
with loving countenance, gave to him her glove.
"Keep this," quoth she, "till better fortune fall:
My glove, my love, my hand, my heart, and all!"

At this large offer, bashful modesty,
with pure vermilion stained her all fair face,
(So looked CALYSTONE at her great belly
when chaste ILYTHIA spied her in such case.)
Let lovers judge! how grievous 'tis to part
From two, 'twixt whom there liveth but one heart.

Now is he gone who, after little travel,
attained his house, not pleasing thought desired.
At whose late absence each one much did marvel:
but, come; at his sad looks, they more admired,
Great CUPID's power, such sadness in him bred;
Who, erst, all loving hearts in triumph led.

One month, consumed in pensiveness, expired.
to recreate and revive his tired sprite;
He now on hunting goes, which he desired
not for the, once well pleasing, sport's delight:
But for he might some fit occasion find
To seek his Love, on whom was all his mind.

Where being come (suppose his sports proved bad!)
GYNEURA gave him welcome from her heart.
The sea-tossed Lord of Ithaca ne'er had,
after his twenty years' turmoil and smart,
More joyful welcome by his constant wife,
Than had DIEGO from his Love! his Life!

Two days he stayed, whence he would ne'er depart,
but custom willed that he should now return.
Yet though he went, he left with her his heart;
which for their parting, heavily 'gan mourn.
But far worse news had it (poor heart!) to grieve,
In that, GYNEURA would so soon believe.

For sooner was he not departed thence,
but straight there comes a rival to his love;
Who under true fidelity's pretence
wrought wondrous hard, DIEGO to remove.
Nor could, at first, his oaths or vows prevail
To make GYNEURA's love one whit to fail.

For, yet, they lived fast bound in Fancy's chains,
striving to pass each other in pure love:
But as there's nothing that for aye remains
without some change; so do these lovers prove
That hottest Love hath soon'st the cold'st Disdain;
And greatest pleasures have their greatest pain!

For, now, no longer could She so persèver.
She turns to deadly hate, her former kindness:
Which still had lasted, but that Nature ever
strikes into women's eyes, such dim-sight blindness;
And such obdurate hardness in their hearts,
They see, nor know not truest love's deserts.

Gyneura this confirms against her lover,
whom now, all guiltless, She condemns to die:
That, in his deed or thought, did ne'er offend her,
unless by loving her so wondrous dearly.
Such love, such hate, such liking, such disdain,
Was never known, in one heart to remain.

Thus 'twas. Diego had an enemy;
(immortal Virtue ever linkèd is
With that pale lean-faced meagre-hued Envy)
who, secretly, so falsely, tells his Miss.
How she was mocked! Diego loved another!
And stormed and raged, "What madness so should move her

To dote on him, that elsewhere sets his love?"
"He makes you think," quoth he, "whate'er he list!
That this is true, you easily may prove!
for still he wears her favour on his fist.
A hawk it is! which she (so stands the Mart)
Gives him! He, you fair words; but her, his heart!"

With this incensed (that sex will soon believe,
soonest when Envy's brood to them display it),
"Is't true?" quoth She, "for true love, doth he give
such smoothed-faced flattery! doth he thus repay it?"
She never scanned the truth of this her grief!
Love, in such cases, is of quick belief.

Her love to him was never half so great
(though once she loved him) as is now her hate!
This Momus breath, like bellows to her heat
did kindle fiery coals to hot debate.
He plies her, and exasperates his spite!
And swears and vows he "tells her but the right."

She, like a frantic Froe of Thessaly,
  maddèd with Bacchus' brain-distempering liquor,
Runs here and there, exclaiming furiously,
  with hideous, uncouth, mind-affrighting terror;
Swearing revenge on false Diego's head,
Whose lying looks, in her such madness bred.

Wherewith she invocates great Nemesis,
  and begs the power of her deity:
She tells her case to justice-doing Themis,
  and shews how she is wrongèd mightily.
She leaves no power unsought for or unprayed,
That use to help distressèd with their aid.

Wrongèd Diego, little this suspecting,
  now thought it time, to see his dearest Fair;
And, other matters of import neglecting,
  he presently to her makes his repair:
Where being come, such welcome he did find
As, at the first, did much disturb his mind.

For fair Gyneura would not now be seen.
  she sent him word, she scorned his fawning flattery!
And much did grieve that she so fond had been,
  to yield her heart to such deceitful battery.
"Bid him," quoth she, "go flatter where he list!
I like not, I! that favour on his fist!"

Such hap it was, Diego then had brought
  his hawk, the author of this fell debate:
Which well confirmed her ever-doubtful thought,
  that now she was resolved on deadly hate.
"Bid him," quoth she, "depart hence from my sight!
His loathsome presence brings me irksome spite."

'Twas hard! that he, whose love was never tainted,
whose sincere faith was kept inviolate;
Nay, in whose face, all truest love was painted:
should, for his spotless truth, be paid with hate.
He stone-astonied, like a deer at gaze,
Admired these speeches in a wondrous maze.

At last, he craved this favour he might have,
that She herself would hear what he could say.
"So Neptune's town," quoth She, "such license gave
to smooth-faced Sinon! (Ilion's lost decay)
So Sirens sing, until they have their will;
Some poor mistrustless passenger to kill!"

She would not hear him speak, O cruel She,
that causeless, thus would kill him with disdain!
He swears he's guiltless! vows innocency!
and in such vows, tears down his cheeks did rain!
Those cheeks, which stain the blushing of the Morn,
Gyneura, now, most hatefully doth scorn.

'Tis strange, that Maids should e'er be so abused,
to credit each malicious-tonguèd slave;
And to condemn a man, if once accused,
before, or proof, or trial, he may have!
Too many such there be: woe's me therefore!
Such light credulity, I must deplore.

When sighs, salt tears, and vows could do no good;
nor sighs, nor tears, nor vows could pierce her heart!
(In which Disdain, triumphant victor stood,
holding in either hand a sable dart;
Wherewith he strikes True Love and Stainless Truth,
Condemning them unto eternal ruth)

Home goes Diego, with a cheerless face;
whose steps were led by leaden-footed Grief
(Who never goes but with a dead-slow pace,
until he find some ease, or some relief).
'Twould melt a marble heart to see that man,
Erst fresh as a new-blown rose, so ashy wan.

Where being come, he straight, for four days' space,
locks him in his chamber; and there did pour
Huge showers of crystal rain adown his face
(for, sure, he loved her dearly at this hour!).
All overwhelmed in waves of sea-salt tears,
Some fatal shipwreck of his life he fears.

Wherewith, he calls for paper, pen, and ink:
and for his hawk; which presently he killed.
"Die thou!" quoth he, "so shall my Love ne'er think
that, for thy sake, to any else I yield!"
And plucking off her head, straightway he writes,
Who, sending it as token, thus indites.

"Lo, here, thou cruel Fair! that gracious favour!
the ensign, as thou saidst, of my untruth!
Behold in what high-prized esteem, I have her
that gave me it (the cause of all my ruth)!
Look, as this hawk, fair Love! so is my heart!
Mangled and torn, 'cause Thou so cruel art!"

"I swear to thee, by all the rites of love!
by heaven's fair head! by earth! and black-faced hell!
I ne'er meant other love but thine to prove!
nor, in my heart, that any else should dwell!
Let this suffice, my Joy! my Dear! my Chief!
My griefs are too too long, though letter brief."

'Twas time to end! for floods gushed out amain,
out came the springtide of his brinish tears,
Which whatsoe'er he wrote blot out again,
All blubbered so to send it scarce he dares;
And yet he did. "Go thou," quoth he unto her,
"And for thy Master, 'treat! solicit! woo her!"

"And pray thee, if thy fortune be so good
as to be viewed by sunshine of her eyes,
Bid her take heed in spilling guiltless blood!
tell her there's danger in such cruelties!"
With this, he gave it to the messenger,
Who, making speed, in short time, brought it her.

She, when She heard from whom the letter came,
returns it back again, and straight replied,
"My friend!" quoth She, "hadst thou not told his name,
perhaps thy letter had not been denied."
Whereat She paused, "but yet I'll see," quoth She,
"With what persuading terms, he flatters me!"

'Twas quickly read (God knows it was but short!)
Grief would not let the writer tedious be,
Nor would it suffer him fit words to sort,
but pen it, chaos like, confusedly:
Yet had it Passion to have turned hard stones
To liquid moisture! if they heard his moans.

But cruel She, more hard than any flint,
worse than a tigress of Hyrcania,
Would not be moved! nor could his lines take print
in her hard heart! So cruel was Gyneura!
She which once loved him dearly (too too well!),
Now hates him more than any tongue can tell!

O Nature! chiefest mother of us all!
why did you give such apt believing hearts
To womenkind, that thus poor men enthrall,
and will not duly weigh true love's deserts?
O had their hearts been like unto their face;
They, sure, had been of some celestial race!

She, pitiless, sends back to Dom Diego,
and says, "His words cannot enchant her heart!
Ulysses like, She will not hear Calypso,
nor lend her ears to such enticing art!
Bid him," quoth She, "from henceforth, cease to write!
Tell him, his letters aggravate my spite!"

Full heavy news it was, to stainless love!
to him that had enshrined her in his thought!
And in his heart, had honoured her above
the world! To whom, all else save her seemed nought.
Nay, unto him, whose person, wit, and fair
Might surely with the best make just compare.

But, blinded as She was, She 'steems him not,
Hate and Disdain do never brook respect.
She did not know that Beauty's foulest blot
consisted in true-loving-heart's neglect.
No, She, more stubborn than the North-east wind,
Would not admit such knowledge in her mind.

Let those who, guiltless, have felt Disdain;
whose faithful Love hath been repaid with Hate,
Give rightful judgement of Diego's pain!
who bought his favours at the highest rate.
This news such pleasure, in his soul had bred,
As hath the thief that hears his judgement read.

After some time, he writes again unto her,
he could not think She would persèver so;
But when he saw her answer, like the other,
he then surceased to send her any mo[r]e;
But did resolve to seek some uncouth place,
Where he might, unfound out, bewail his case.

Thinking, indeed, She, by his absence might
at length intenerate her flintful heart,
And metamorphose her conceivèd spite
into true love, regardant of his smart.
He seeks all means, poor lover! how to gain
His rigorous Lady from such fell disdain.

At last, he calls to mind the Pyren mountains,
those far-famed woody hills of wealthy Spain;
Which for wild beasts and silver-visaged fountains,
hath got the praise of all that there remain.
Hither posts Dom Diego, fraught with grief,
Hoping those woods would yield him some relief.

Where being come, all pilgrim-like attired,
he pries about to see if he could find
Some house-like cave; for rest he much desired,
his body now was weary as his mind.
"O gods!" quoth he, "if Youth find such distress,
What hope have I, of future happiness?"

With that, he sees a rock, made like a cabin,
all tapestried with Nature's mossy green,
Wrought in a frizzled guise, as it had been
made for Napæa, mountains' chiefest Queen:
At mouth of which, grew cedars, pines, and firs;
And at the top, grew maple, yew, and poplars.

"So, here!" quoth he, "I'll rest my wearied body!
In thee, delightful place of Nature's building,
Will I erect a grief-framed monastery;
where, night and day, my prayers I'll ne'er cease yielding
To thee, my Dear! No other Saint I have.
O lend thine ears to him, that his heart gave!"

Two days were spent in this so pleasant seat
(this stone-built Palace of the King CONTENT)
Before DIEGO tasted any meat,
or once did drink, more than his eyes had lent.
O irresisted force of purest Love!
Whom pains, thirst, hunger can no whit remove.

Sometimes when as he scans her Cruelty;
and feels his pains, like HYDRA's head, increasing,
He wished the Scythian Anthropophagi
did haunt these woods! that live by man's flesh eating.
Or else the Thracian Bossi! so renowned
For cruel murdering whom, in woods they found.

That so, the Gordian knot of his pain
(indissoluble e'en whiles he did live)
Might be untied! when as his heart was slain,
when he (O restful time!) should cease to grieve.
But yet, the Sisters kept his vital breath:
They would not let him die so base a death.

Some other times, when as he weighs her Beauty,
her VENUS-staining face, so wondrous fair;
He then doth think, to wail 'tis but his duty!
sith caused by her, that is without compare.
And, in this mood, unto high JOVE he prays;
And praying so, he thus unto him says:

"Great Governor of wheel-resembling heaven!
command thy under-Princes to maintain
Those heavenly parts, which to my Love they've given!
O let her ne'er feel death, or death's fell pain!
And, first, upon thy Sister, lay thy mace;
Bid her maintain my Love's majestic Grace!"

"Injoin the strange-born motherless Minerva,
and her, to whom the foamy sea was mother,
Still to uphold their gifts in my Gyneura!
Let Wit and Beauty live united with her!
With sweet-mouthed Pytho, I may not suspense;
Great goddess! still increase her Eloquence!"

"Thou, musical Apollo, gav'st her hand!
and thou, her feet, great sun-god's dearest Love!
To such your rare-known gifts all gracious stand.
and now, at last, do I crave, great Jove!
That, when they die (perhaps, they die above!);
Thou wilt bequeath these gifts unto my Love!"

On every neighbour tree, on every stone
(he durst not far range from his secure cave)
Would he cut out the Cause of all his moan;
and curiously, with greatest skill engrave.
There needed no Leontius his Art!
Grief carveth deepest, if it come from th' heart.

When some stone would not impression take,
he straight compares it to his Mistress's heart.
"But stay," quoth he, "my working tears shall make
thee penetrable, with the least-skilled Art,
O had my tears such force to pierce her mind!
Those sorrows I should lose, and new joys find."

" Thou ever-memorable stone," quoth he,
" tell those whom Fate or fortune here shall lead,
How dearly I have loved the cruell'st She
that ever Nature, or the world hath bred!
Tell them, her hate and her disdain were causeless!
O leave not out to tell, how I was guiltless!"

Whereat, the very stone would seem to weep,
whose wrinkled face would be besmeared with tears,
" O man, whate'er thou be, thy sorrows keep
unto thyself!" quoth he, " I'll hear no cares!
Tell them that care not, tell GYNEURA of thee!
We stones are ruthful, and thy plaints have pierced me!"

With this, he seeks a russet-coatèd tree,
and straight disclothes him [*it*] of his long-worn weed;
And whilst he thus disrobes him busily,
he felt his half-dead heart afresh to bleed:
Grieving that he should use such cruelty,
To turn him naked to his foe, wind's fury.

But now uncased, he 'gins to carve his cares,
his Passions, his constant-living Love,
When, lo, there gushes out clear sap-like tears,
which, to get forth from prison, mainly strove.
" Since Pity dwells," quoth he, " in trees and stone;
Them will I love! GYNEURA, thou hast none!"

" Yet needs I must confess, thou once didst love me!
thy love was hotter than the Nimphœum hill;
But now, when time affords me means to prove thee,
thy love, than Caucasus is more cold and chill!
And in thy cold, like Ethiopian hue,
Thou art not to be changed from false to true!"

"O look, fair Love! as in the springing plant,
one branch entwines and grows within another,
So grow my griefs! which makes my heart to pant
when thick-fetched sighs my vital breath doth smother.
I, spoiled by Cruelty, am adjudged to death,
Thus all alone to yield my living breath."

"Thou hast the fairest face that e'er was seen!
but in thy breast (that alabaster rock!)
Thou hast a fouler heart! Disdain hath been
accounted blacker than the chimney's stock.
O purify thy soul, my dearest Love!
Dislodge thy hate, and thy disdain remove!"

"But, all in vain, I speak unto the wind!
then should they carry these my plaints unto her;
Methinks, thou still shouldst bear a gentle mind,
'dear-loving Zephyr! pray, intreat, and woo her!
Tell her, 'twere pity I should die alone
Here in these woods, where none can hear me moan.'"

"But 'tis no matter, She is pitiless!
like the Sicilian stone, that more 'tis beat
Doth wax the harder. Stones are not so ruthless
which smallest drops do pierce, though ne'er so great.
If seas of tears would wear into her heart;
I had, ere this, been easèd of my grief!"

Thus, in these speeches, would Diego sit,
bathing his silver cheeks with trickling tears;
Which, often running down, at last found fit
channels to send them to their standing meres.
Who, at his feet (before his feet there stood
A pool of tears) received the smaller flood.

Ne'er had the world a truer loving heart!
Abydos cease to speak of constant love!
For, sure, thou, Signior Dom Diego! art
the only man that e'er Hate's force did prove!
Thy changeless love hath close enrolled thy name
In steel-leaved Book of ever-living Fame.

That wide-mouthed Time, which swallows good deserts,
shall shut his jaws, and ne'er devour thy name!
Thou shalt be crowned with bays by loving hearts,
and dwell in Temple of eternal Fame!
There, is a sacred place reserved for thee!
There, thou shalt live with perpetuity!

So long lived poor Diego in this case,
that, at the length, he waxèd somewhat bold
To search the wood, where he might safely chase
(necessity, thy force cannot be told!)
The fearful hare, the coney, and the kid:
Time made him know the places where they bid.

This young-yeared hermit, one day among the rest,
as he was busily providing meat,
Which was, with Nature's cunning, almost dresst
dried with the sun, now ready to be eat':
Enraged upon a sudden; throws away
His hard-got food, and thus began to say:

"O cruel stars, stepmothers of my good!
and you, you ruthless Fates! what mean you thus
So greedily to thirst for my heart's blood?
why joy you so, in ununiting us?
Great Powers, infuse some pity in her heart,
That thus hath, causeless, caused in me this smart!"

"I ne'er was wont to use such cookery,
to drudge and toil when peasants take their pleasure;
My noble birth scorns base-born slavery,
this easeless life hath neither end nor measure.
Thou great SOSIPOLIS, look upon my state!
Be of these ne'er-heard griefs compassionate!"

"I feel my long-thought life begin to melt
as doth the snow 'gainst midday heat of sun!
Fair Love! thy rigour I have too much felt!
O, at the last, with cruelty have done!
If tears, thy stony heart could mollify;
My brinish springs should flow eternally!"

"Sweet Love, behold those pale cheeks washed in woe!
that so my tears may as a mirror be;
Thine own fair shadow lively for to show
and portrait forth thy angel-huèd beauty.
NARCISSUS-like then, shouldst thou my face kiss,
More honey sweet than VENUS gave ADONIS."

"Fear not, GYNEURA! fair NARCISSUS' hap,
thy neck, thy breast, thy hand is lily-white,
They all are lilies ta'en from FLORA's lap:
ne'er be thou changed, unless to Love, from Spite!
O that thou wert but then transformèd so,
My summer's bliss would change my winter's woe."

"If thou didst know, in what a loathsome place,
I spend my days, sad and disconsolate,
What foggy Stygian mists hang o'er my face,
thou wouldst exile this thy conceivèd hate.
This hemisphere is dark; for Sol him shrouds!
My sighs do so conglomerate the clouds."

"I told thee, I, thou Cruel too severe!
when Hate first 'gan to rise, how I was guiltless!
Thine ears were deaf, thou wouldst not hearken ere!
thy heart was hardened, rocky, pitiless!
O had mine eyes been blind, when first they viewed thee!"
Would God I had been tongueless, when I sued thee!"

"But thou wast then as ready to receive
as I to crave. O great inconstancy!
O 'twas that fatal hour did so bereave
my blissful soul of all tranquility!
Thou then didst burn in love, now freeze in hate,
Yet, pity me! sweet Mercy ne'er comes late!"

"Look, as the crazen tops of armless trees,
or latest downfall of some agèd buildings,
Do tell thee of the North wind's boisterous furies,
and how that EOLUS lately hath been stirring:
So in my thin-cheeked face, thou well mayst see
The furious storm of thy black cruelty!"

"But thou inexorable art, ne'er to be won!
though lions, bears, and tigers have been tamed;
Thy wood-born rigour never will be done
which thinks for this, thou ever shalt be famed.
True, so thou shalt! but famed in infamy
Is worse than living in obscurity."

"If thou didst know, how grievous 'tis to me
to live in this unhabited abode,
Where none, but Sorrow, keeps me company:
I know thou wouldst thy heart's hate then unload!
O, I did ne'er deserve this misery!
For to deny the truth were heresy."

"I tell thee, Love! when secret-tonguèd night
puts on her misty sable-coloured veil,
My wrangling Woes within themselves do fight!
they murder Hope! which makes their Captain wail;
And wailing so, can never take his rest,
That keeps such unruled soldiers in his breast."

"So when the clear night's-faults-disclosing day
peeps forth her purple head, from out the East;
These Woes, my soldiers, cry out for their pay:
and if denied, they stab me with unrest!
My tears are pay; but all my tears are dried,
Therefore I must, their fatal blows abide."

In these laments, did Dom DIEGO live
long time; till, at the last, by powerful Fate,
A wandering huntsman, ignorance did drive
unto the place whence he returned but late:
Who viewing well the print of human steps,
Directly followed them, and for joy leaps.

At last, he came unto DIEGO's cave
in which he saw a savage man, he thought,
Who much did look like the Danubian slave,
such deep-worn furrows in his face were wrought.
DIEGO, much abashèd at this sight,
Came running forth, him in his arms to pligh

For glad he was, God knows! to see a man,
who, wretch! in two years' space, did ne'er see any.
Such gladness, joy, such mirth, such triumph can
not be set down: suppose them, to be many!
But see, long had they not conferred together;
But, happy time! each one did know the other.

With that, Diego shows him all his love,
his penance; her first love, and now her hate.
But he requested him hence to remove,
and, at his house, the rest he should dilate:
Which he denied; only he now doth write,
By this his friend, unto his Heart's Delight:

"Dear Love!" quoth he, "when shall I home return?
when will the coals of hate be quenched with love?
Which now in raging flames my heart do burn.
O, when wilt thou, this my disdain remove?
Ask of this bearer! be inquisitive,
And he will tell thee, in what case I live!"

"Inquire of her, whose hawk hath caused this woe,
if for that favour, ever I did love her.
And she will curse me, that did use her so!
and she will tell thee, how I loved another.
'Twas thee, Gyneura! 'twas thy fairest self!
I held thee, as a pearl; her, drossy pelf!"

"Then, when thou hast found out the naked truth;
think of thy Diego, and his hard hap!
Let it procure of thee some moving ruth,
that thou hast, causeless, cast him from thy lap!
Farewell, my Dear! I hope this shall suffice
To add a period to thy cruelties."

The messenger (to spur forth her desires,
and hasten her unto his well-loved friend)
Tells her, how he lies languishing in fires
of burning griefs which never will have end:
Bids her to fly to him, with wings of zeal!
And thus Diego's pains, he doth reveal.

"O adamantic-minded Maid," quoth he,
"why linger you in this ambiguous thought?
Open thine eyes, no longer blinded be!
those wounding looks, thy Lover dear hath bought!
Unbolt thy heart's strong gate of hardest steel!
O let him now the warmth of pity feel!"

"O let him now the warmth of pity feel,
that long hath knocked cold-starven at thy door!
Wanting Love's food, he here and there doth reel
like to a storm-tossed ship, that's far from shore.
Feed him with love, that long hath fed on cares!
Be anchor to his soul, that swims in tears!"

"Gyneura! let him harbour in thy heart!
rig and amend his trouble-beaten face!
O calm thy hate, whose winds have raised his smart!
see him not perish in this woful case!
And for in sea-salt tears, he long hath lived;
Let him, by thy fresh water be relieved!"

"O shall I tell thee, how I found him there,
his house wherein he live (if live he did,
Or rather spend his time in dying fear)
was built within the ground, all darksome hid
From Phœbus' light, so ugly hell-like cave,
In all the world again you cannot have!"

"All made of rugged hard-favoured stones,
whose churlish looks afford the eye no pleasure:
In whose concavity, winds breathed hoarse groans;
to which sad music, Sorrow danced a measure.
O'ergrown it was, with mighty shadeful trees;
Where poor Diego, sun nor moon ne'er sees."

" To this black place, repairèd every morn
the fair OREADES, pity-movèd girls,
Bringing to poor DIEGO so forlorn
moss to dry up his tears, those liquid pearls.
Full loth they were to lose such crystal springs,
Therefore this sponge-like moss, each of them brings."

" ' Here, dry,' say they, ' thou love-forsaken man!
those glassy conduits, which do never cease,
On the soft-feeling weed! and, if you can,
We all intreat, your griefs you would appease!
Else wilt thou make us pine in griefful woe,
That ne'er knew care, or love, or friend, or foe! ' "

" Straight, like a shooting comet in the air,
away depart these sorrow-piercèd Maids!
Leaving DIEGO in a deep despair,
who now, his fortune, now, his fate upbraids.
' O heavens,' quoth he, ' how happy are these trees,
That know not love, nor feel his miseries.' "

" Melts not thy heart, GYNEURA! at his cares!
are not thy bright transparent eyes yet blind
With monstrous deluge of o'erflowing tears?
remains there yet disdains within thy mind?
Disgorge thy hate! O hate him not, that loves thee;
Maids are more mild than men; yet pity moves me!

" Break, break in pieces that delicious chest!
whiter than snow on Hyperboreal hill.
Chase out Disdain, deprive him of his rest;
murder and mangle him, that rules thy will!
Be it ne'er said, that fair GYNEURA's beauty,
Was overpeised by causeless cruelty! "

"Cruel to him that merits courtesy!
loathèd of thee, that doth deserve all love!
Basely rejected, scorned most churlishly,
that honours thee above the saints above!
True Love is priceless, rare, and therefore dear.
We feast not royal kings with homely cheer!"

"Too long it were, to tell thee all his merits;
for in delay consists his long-looked death.
Post haste of thine must, now, revive his spirits;
or shortly he will gasp his latest breath!
Speak, fair Gyneura! speak, as I desire!
Or let thy vain-breathed speeches back retire!"

Look, as a man late taken from a trance,
stands gazing here and there, in senceless wise;
Not able of himself his head t'advance;
but standeth like a stone, in death-like guise:
So looked Gyneura, hanging down her head,
Shaming that Folly, her so much had led.

Repentant sorrow would not let her speak,
the burning flames of grief did dry her tears;
Yet, at the last, words out of prison brake,
that longed to utter her heart's inward cares:
And stealingly there glides with heavy pace
A rivulet of pearl along her face.

"O cease," quoth She, "to wound me any more,
with oft repeating of my cruelties!
Thou of thy tears, kind man! hath shed great store;
when I, unkinder maid! scarce wet mine eyes!
O let me now bewail him once for all!
'Twas none but I, that caused his causeless thrall!"

"Eternal Jove, rain showers of vengeance on me!
plague me, for this black deed of wrongful hate!
Be blind mine eyes! they shall not look upon thee,
Diego! till thou be compassionate!
And when thou dost forgive what I have done,
Then shall they shine like shortest-shaded sun!"

"O slack thy swift-paced gallop, wingèd Time!
turn back, and register this my Disdain!
Bid poets sing my hate in ruthful rhyme!
and pen sad Iliads of Diego's pain!
Let them be writ in plain-seen lines of glass,
To shew how loving, he; I, cruel was!"

Hereat she paused. "Tell me, sweet Sir!" quoth She,
"how I might see my dear-embosomed friend?
That now (if what is past may pardoned be)
unto his griefs, I may impose an end!"
Wherewith, they both agreed that, the next day,
They would enjourney them without more stay.

Long were they not! ("Desire still goes on ice
and ne'er can stay till that he hath his wish."
Men's willing minds each thing doth soon entice
to haste to that, which they would fain accomplish.)
But that they came, as having a good guide,
Unto the place where they, Diego spied.

Sacred Pymplæides endip my quill
within the holy waters of your spring!
Infuse into my brain some of your skill!
that joyfully of these, I now may sing,
These lovers now, 'twixt whom late dwelt annoy,
Swimming in seas of overwhelming joy.

But, pardon me, you Dames of Helicon!
for thus invoking your divinest aid,
Which was by me (unworthy) called upon:
at your rare knowledge, I am much dismayed.
My barren-witted brains are all too base
To be your sacred Learning's resting-place!

Thus of themselves, in pleasure's ecstasy,
these lovers now embrace them in their arms.
Speechless they are! eye counterfixed on eye!
like two that are conjured by magic charms.
So close their arms were twined, so near they came,
As if both man and woman were one frame.

In the end, as doth a current lately stayed,
rush mainly forth his long-imprisoned flood,
So brake out words! and thus Diego said;
"What, my Gyneura! O my heart's chief good!
Is't possible that thou thyself shouldst deign
In seeing me, to take so wondrous pain?"

"O, speak not of my pain, my dearest Love!
all pain is pleasure that I take for thee;
Thou that so loyal and so true dost prove,
might'st scorn me now, so credulous to be!
Then, sweet Diego, let us now return,
And banish all things that might make us mourn!"

'Twere infinite, to tell of their great gladness,
their amorous greetings, and their souls' delight!
Diego, now, had exiled grief and sadness,
ravished with joy whilst he enjoyed her sight.
Let it suffice, they homeward now retire:
Which sudden chance, both men and maids admire.

GYNEURA now delights but in his presence,
she cannot once endure him from her sight;
His loveful face is now her soul's sole essence,
and on his face, she doats both day and night.
She ne'er did once disdain him half so much
As now she honours him; Love's force is such.

DIEGO now wrapped in a world of pleasure,
unparadised in having his desire;
Floating in seas of joy above all measure,
sought means to mitigate Love's burning fire:
Who walking with his Love alone, one day,
Discharged his mind, and thus began to say:

"O fair GYNEURA! how long will 't be
ere saffron-robèd HYMEN do unite us?
My soul doth long that happy hour to see,
O let the angry Fates no longer spite us!
Lingering delays will tear my grievèd heart!
Let me no longer feel so painful smart!"

GYNEURA which desired it as her life,
tells him that pain shall shortly have a cure.
"Shortly," quoth She, "I'll be thy married wife,
tied in those chains which ever will endure!
Be patient then, and thou shalt plainly see,
In working it, how forward I will be!"

And so She was. No time did she mispend,
wherein she gets not things in readiness,
That might to HYMEN's rites full fitly tend,
or once conduce to such their happiness.
All things prepared: these Lovers now are chained
In marriage bands; in which they long remained.

These, whilst they lived, did live in all content,
contending who should love each other most;
To which Pure Love, proud Fame, her ears down lent!
and through the world, of it doth highly boast.
O happy he! to whom Love comes at last,
That will restore what Hate before did waste.

{ *Then, dearest Love! Gyneurize at the last!*
And I shall soon forget whate'er is past. }



ND now, Farewell! when I shall fare but ill!
flourish and joy, when I shall droop and languish!
All plenteous good await upon thy will!
when extreme want shall bring my soul, death's anguish!
Forcèd by thee, thou mercy-wanting Maid!
must I abandon this my native soil;
Hoping my sorrow's heat shall be allayed
by Absence, Time, Necessity, or Toil.
So now, adieu! the winds call my depart!
Thy Beauty's excellence, my rudest quill
Shall never more unto the world impart!
so that it know they Hate! I have my will.
And when thou hear'st that I, for thee shall perish;
Be sorrowful! and henceforth, True Love cherish!

FINIS

Poco senno basta a chi Fortuna suona.

[The Sixth and Seventh volumes of this Series are designed, among other things, to give a large and just insight into the Life and Literature of the Age of Queen ANNE. Thus in the Sixth volume, will be found, SWIFT's Controversy with J. PARTRIDGE, the Astrologer at *pp.* 469–502; GAY's *Present State of Wit*, at *p.* 503; TICKELL's *Life of JOSEPH ADDISON*, at *p.* 513; the fullest, and indeed the only account STEELE ever gave of ADDISON's share in the Literary serial Half-Sheets of which he was the Editor, at *p.* 523; and ARBUTHNOT's *Law is a Bottomless Pit*, at *p.* 537.

So here, are subjoined a series of friendly testimonies, stretching over half a century, from 1669 to 1713, as to the heart-rending indignities offered to the Clergy (whether in the capacity of the parson of the parish, or that of a domestic chaplain) by those who listened to their ministrations or kept them in their houses; and who were, besides, politically bound up with them, as a class, in the nation.

Finally, at the end of this volume, will be found a number of pieces by DANIEL DEFOE, giving much information relating to the Dissenting side of the Life and Thought of that reign.

Every one of these pieces is thoroughly significant; and so far as it goes, can be relied upon as giving a true impression of the Time.

The History of the Age of Queen ANNE has yet to be written. No period of England's Story is so complicated; or more full of incident, of cross currents, of abortive attempts, and of double-double dealing.

But standing out amidst it all, is the Political Power of the Clergy, and of their great cry "The Church is in danger!" It requires a lively exercise of the imagination to realize, that the Clergy, thus politically dominant, could possibly be looked upon, for the most part, as the Helots of Society; that even so early as 1669, they were

> Accounted by many, the Dross and Refuse of the nation. Men think it a stain to their blood to place their sons in that function; and women are ashamed to marry with any of them. . . . Also that, of all the Christian Clergy of Europe, whether Romish, Lutheran, or Calvinistic, none are so little *respected, beloved, obeyed,* or *rewarded,* as the present pious, learned, loyal Clergy of England; even by those who have always professed themselves of that Communion. [*p.* 244.]

On the other hand, the hunted and persecuted Nonconformist Ministers were held in the highest veneration by those who sympathized with them.

Matters had come, indeed, to a very different state of things, since GEORGE HERBERT's *Country Parson* had appeared in 1631.

Besides this general object, these pieces give a kind of background to the life of JONATHAN SWIFT. He, with his eyes wide open, entered a

Profession thus loaded with indignities. Surely, much of his character and habits may be looked upon as a Sturdy Revolt against social surroundings that were as irreligious as they were degrading.

We know he must have read Dr. EACHARD's book and the Controversy to which it gave rise, early in life, from the following remarks in his *Apology* prefaced to the Fourth Edition of the *Tale of a Tub*, 1710: and one cannot but see that the Enquiry into *The Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy, &c.*, must have largely affected both his character and style. For he read it inversely. He was just the opposite, in every way, of what Dr. EACHARD says the bulk of the Clergy, in his time, were.

SWIFT's remarks are:

> The Apology being chiefly intended for the satisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unnecessary to take any notice of such treatises as have been writ[ten] against this ensuing Discourse; which are already sunk into waste paper and oblivion: after the usual fate of common Answerers to books which are allowed to have any merit. They are indeed like annuals that grow about a young tree, and seem to vie with it for a summer; but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of any more.
>
> When Dr. EACHARD writ his book about *the Contempt of the Clergy*, numbers of those Answerers immediately started up: whose memory, if he had not kept alive by his Replies, it would now [1710] be utterly unknown that he were ever answered at all.

It may be necessary to observe, that from the subsequent Controversy it would appear, that at least some of the specimens of sermons adduced by Dr. EACHARD, are not precise quotations: but are witty aggravations and exaggerations of things said in a much more dull and common way.

This sequence of pieces on the Social Contempt of the Clergy is as follows:—

1669 E. CHAMBERLAYNE. Extract from *Angliæ Notitia* ... ... *p.* 243
1670 T. B. [*Rev. J. EACHARD, D.D.*] *The Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion enquired into*... *p.* 245
1710 I. BICKERSTAFF [*R. STEELE*]. A Paper from the *Tatler* with some lines by J. OLDHAM ... ... *p.* 317
1713 N. IRONSIDE [*R. STEELE*]. A Paper from the *Guardian* *p.* 322]

EDWARD CHAMBERLAYNE.

The social position of the English Established Clergy, in 1669, A.D.

[*Angliæ Notitia*, or the Present State of England. 1st *Ed.* 1669.]

AT PRESENT, the revenues of the English Clergy are generally very small and insufficient: above a third of the best benefices of England, having been anciently, by the Pope's grant, appropriated to monasteries, were on their dissolution, made *Lay fees*; besides what hath been taken by secret and indirect means, through corrupt compositions and compacts and customs in many other parishes. And also many estates being wholly exempt from paying tithes, as the lands that belonged to the Cistercian Monks, and to the Knights Templars and Hospitallers.

And those benefices that are free from these things are yet (besides First Fruits and Tenths to the King, and Procurations to the Bishop) taxed towards the charges of their respective parishes, and towards the public charges of the nation, above and beyond the proportion of the Laity.

The Bishoprics of England have been also since the latter of HENRY VIII.'s reign, to the coming in of King JAMES, most miserably robbed and spoiled of the greatest part of their lands and revenues. So that, at this day [1669], a mean gentleman of £200 from land yearly, will not change his worldly estate and condition with divers Bishops: and an Attorney, a shopkeeper, a common artisan will hardly change theirs, with the ordinary Pastors of the Church.

Some few Bishoprics do yet retain a competency. Amongst which, the Bishopric of Durham is accounted one of the chief: the yearly revenues whereof, before the late troubles [*i.e.*, *the Civil Wars*] were above £6,000 [=£25,000 *now*]: of which by the late *Act for abolishing Tenures in capite* [1660], was lost about £2,000 yearly.

Out of this revenue, a yearly pension of £800 is paid to the Crown, ever since the reign of Queen ELIZABETH; who promised, in lieu thereof, so much in Impropriations: which was never performed.

Above £340 yearly is paid to several officers of the County Palatine of Durham.

The Assizes and Sessions, also, are duly kept in the Bishop's House, at the sole charges of the Bishop.

Also the several expenses for keeping in repair certain banks of rivers in that Bishopric, and of several Houses belonging to the Bishopric.

Moreover, the yearly Tenths, public taxes, the charges of going to and waiting at Parliament, being deducted; there will remain, in ordinary years, to the Bishop to keep hospitality, which must be great, and to provide for those of his family, but about £1,500 [=£4,500 *now*] yearly.

The like might be said of some other principal Bishoprics.

The great diminution of the revenues of the Clergy, and the little care of augmenting and defending the patrimony of the Church, is the great reproach and shame of the English Reformation; and will, one day, prove the ruin of Church and State.

"It is the last trick," saith St. GREGORY, "that the Devil hath in this world. When he cannot bring the Word and Sacraments into disgrace by errors and heresies; he invents this project, to bring the Clergy into contempt and low esteem."

As it is now in England, where they are accounted by many, the Dross and Refuse of the nation. Men think it a stain to their blood to place their sons in that function; and women are ashamed to marry with any of them. *pp.* 383-389.

It hath been observed, even by strangers, that the iniquity of the present Times in England is such, that the English Clergy are not only hated by the Romanists on the one side, and maligned by the Presbyterians on the other . . . ; but also that, of all the Christian Clergy of Europe, whether Romish, Lutheran, or Calvinistic, none are so little *respected, beloved, obeyed*, or *rewarded*, as the present pious, learned, loyal Clergy of England; even by those who have always professed themselves of that Communion. *p.* 401.

THE GROUNDS & OCCASIONS OF THE CONTEMPT OF THE CLERGY AND RELIGION

Enquired into.

In a LETTER *written to* R. L.

LONDON,
Printed by W. GODBID for N. BROOKE at the *Angel* in Cornhill. 1670.

This work is dated August 8, 1670. ANTHONY À WOOD in his *Life* (*Ath. Oxon.* I. lxx. Ed. 1813), gives the following account of our Author.

February 9 [1672] A. W. went to London, and the next day he was kindly receiv'd by Sir LIOLIN JENKYNS, in his apartment in Exeter house in the Strand, within the city of Westminster.

Sunday 11 [Feb. 1672], Sir LIOLIN JENKYNS took with him, in the morning, over the water to Lambeth, A. WOOD, and after prayers, he conducted him up to the dining rome, where archb. SHELDON received him, and gave him his blessing. There then dined among the company, JOHN ECHARD, the author of *The Contempt of the Clergy*, who sate at the lower end of the table between the archbishop's two chaplayns SAMUEL PARKER and THOMAS THOMKINS, being the first time that the said ECHARD was introduced into the said archbishop's company. After dinner, the archbishop went into his withdrawing roome, and ECHARD with the chaplaynes and RALPH SNOW to their lodgings to drink and smoak.

JOHN EACHARD, S.T.P., was appointed Master of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, in 1675.]

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 humour, 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 crystaline 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, for ever, 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 OF THE CONTEMPT OF THE CLERGY AND RELIGION Enquired into.

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 [*Nonconformists*].

But if so be, it be allowable (where we have so undoubtedly learned and honourable 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 offence 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 undoubtedly would be much more useful, so much more delightful to them, than to be tormented with a tedious story how PHÆTON 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 such 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 *Τύπτω*, setting a day also apart also to recite *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.

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 Rumblers out of 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 or 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 honour to Rome and Athens, having little or no respect to the usefulness and excellency of the books themselves, as many 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 [*technical terms*] 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 savoury, 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 favoured 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 becomes 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 [*at sight*], 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: "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 unconsidered. The little mighty Governors whereof, having, for the most part, not sucked in above six or seven mouthsful 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 disciples, that to such as these oft-times is committed the guidance and instruction of a whole parish: whose parts and improvements 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 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 ofttimes a very great inconvenience and damage to the Church.

And as many such Dismal Things are sent 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 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 ofttimes persons of an inferior condition; and who (either by imprudent counsellors, or else out of a tickling conceit of their sons being, forsooth, 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 judgement, would offer their advice; and speak 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 favours 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 [*Notice-boards*], 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 200, for the most part, yearly Commence [*Matriculate*], scarce the fifth part of these continue after their taking the First Degree [*B.A.*]. 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 [*at once*] 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 [in] the looking after 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 Parlour, 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 humours 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 Detriments, 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 [*bandage*] or give a glyster [*an injection*]. 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 [*the hour-glass on the pulpit*] be out.

Many, I know very well, are forced to discontinue [*at College*], having neither stock [*capital*] 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 enfeebles 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 set 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 ofttimes 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 [*personal*] 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 [their] 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 splendour 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 [*natural capacity*], 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 [*bandage*] 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 [*variegate*]

a sermon, or to say *Salveto!* to some travelling *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 [*manner*] of common speech, must savour 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 judgement 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 Centre 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, ofttimes, 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[ly] 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 [*snatches*], Tales out of the *Dictionary*, or else ready Latined to his hand, out of LYCOSTHENES.

This done, he comes to the end of the table, and having made a submissive leg [*made a submissive bow*] and a little admired [*gazed at*] 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 [*slenderness*] 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 phantastical 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 Joquing* [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 subtility 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, ofttimes 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 judgement, 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 catched 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 "*tanutus*! 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* [*reassemble*] 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 joque, 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 Judgement and Reason, and make him a man of sense and reputation in this world.

And as for the pretence 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. O, 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 [1660]!
>
> O, how the Freshmen will skip, to hear one of those lines well laughed at, that they have been so often yerked [*chided*] 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, now-a-days, "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 [*QUIXOTE*] of Mancha; and there are many now living, Wits of our own, who never, certainly, were at all inspired from a *Tripus*'s, *Terræ-filius*'s, or *Prævarecator*'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 beneficed, 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 [*disliked*], 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 mountingly 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 preachment. 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 phantastic glory, and a great studiousness of being wondered at: as if getting into the pulpit were a kind of Staging [*acting*]; 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 phantastically! 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 [*evidently the ordinary length of a sermon at this time, see pp.* 259, 313]; 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 plough or mends hedges.

Certainly he that considers the design of his Office, and has a conscience answerable to that holy undertaking, must needs conceive 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 [*mattresses*], 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 [*alms*] as him that is able to relieve half the town. It is very plain that neither our Saviour, 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 judgement 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 skilful part of the congregation, but shall seem also ridiculous to the very unlearned tradesmen [*mechanics*] 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 dishonoured 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 valour, 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 judgement, by contenting themselves to understand by colours, 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 parishioners' 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 ungovernable.

But they are not so Unserviceable, as, usually, they are Ridiculous. For people of the weakest parts are most commonly overborn 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 [by FRANCIS MERES] called *the Second Part of Wits Commonwealth* [1598]: I pray mind it! it is the *Second Part*, and not the *First*! And there is, besides, a book wholly consisting of Similitudes [? JOHN SPENCER'S *Things New and Old, or a Storehouse of Similies, Sentences, Allegories, &c.*, 1658] 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 Saviour 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 Saviour 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 Saviour 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 Saviour, 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 a 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 Saviour 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 Saviour 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 shew 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 Almanack? how seasonable and savoury it is likely to be!

It seems also not very easy for a man in his sermon to learn [*teach*] 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 armoury! Shall I shew 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 [*stockings*] 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* [*i.e.*, SIMON PATRICK, afterwards Bishop of ELY, who wrote *A Friendly Debate between a Conformist and a Nonconformist*, in two parts, 1669]: who, particularly, has at large discovered the intolerable foolcries 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 shew 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 Handmaid! 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 Councillor, 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 have now done, Sir, with that imprudent way of speaking by Metaphor and Simile. There are many other things commonly spoken out of the pulpit, that are much to the disadvantage and discredit of the Clergy; that ought also to be briefly hinted. And that I may the better light upon them, I shall observe their *common method of Preaching*.

[**1.**] Before the text be divided, a *Preface* is to be made.

And it is a great chance if, first of all, the Minister does not make his text to be *like something or other*.

For example. One, he tells you, "And now, methinks, my Text, like an ingenious [*clever*] Picture, looks upon all here present: in which, both nobles and people, may behold their sin and danger represented." This was a text out of *Hosea*. Now, had it been out of any other place of the *Bible*; the gentleman was sufficiently resolved to make it like "an ingenious Picture."

Another taking, perhaps, the very same words, says, "I might compare my Text to the mountains of Bether, where the LORD disports Himself like a young hart or a pleasant roe among the spices."

Another man's Text is "like the rod of MOSES, to divide the waves of sorrow"; or "like the mantle of ELIJAH, to restrain the swelling floods of grief."

Another gets to his Text thus, "As SOLOMON went up six steps to come to the great Throne of Ivory, so must I ascend six degrees to come to the high top-meaning of my Text."

Another thus, "As DEBORAH arose, and went with BARAK to Kadesh; so, if you will go with him, and call in the third verse of the chapter, he will shew you the meaning of his Text."

Another, he fancies his Text to be extraordinarily like to "an orchard of pomegranates;" or like "St. MATTHEW

sitting at the receipt of custom;" or like "the dove that NOAH sent out of the Ark."

I believe there are above forty places of Scripture, that have been "like RACHEL and LEAH": and there is one in *Genesis*, as I well remember, that is "like a pair of compasses stradling." And, if I be not much mistaken, there is one, somewhere else, that is "like a man going to Jericho."

Now, Sir, having thus made the way to the Text as smooth and plain as anything, with a *Preface*, perhaps from ADAM, though his business lie at the other end of the *Bible*: in the next place; [**2**] he comes *to divide the Text.*

Hic labor, hoc opus
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Silvestrem tenui.

Now, come off the gloves! and the hands being well chafed [*rubbed together*]; he shrinks up his shoulders, and stretches forth himself as if he were going to cleave a bullock's head, or rive the body of an oak!

But we must observe, that there is a great difference of Texts. For all Texts come not asunder alike! For sometimes the words naturally *fall* asunder! sometimes they *drop* asunder! sometimes they *melt*! sometimes they *untwist*! and there be some words so willing to be parted that they *divide themselves*! to the great ease and rejoicing of the Minister.

But if they will not easily come to pieces, then he falls to hacking and hewing! as if he would make all fly into shivers! The truth of it is, I have known, now and then, some knotty Texts, that have been divided seven or eight times over! before they could make them *split* handsomely, according to their mind.

But then comes the Joy of Joys! when the Parts jingle! or begin with the same Letter! and especially if in Latin.

O how it tickled the Divider! when he got his Text into those two excellent branches, *Accusatio vera: Comminatio severa*: "A Charge full of Verity: A Discharge of Severity." And, I will warrant you! that did not please a little, viz., "there are in the words, *duplex miraculum; Miraculum in modo* and *Miraculum in nodo.*"

But the luckiest I have met withal, both for Wit and

Keeping of the Letter, is upon these words of *St. Matthew* xii. 43, 44, 45 : "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest and finding none. Then he saith I will return," &c.

In which words, all these strange things were found out. First, there was a *Captain* and a *Castle*. (Do you see, Sir, the same letter!) Then, there was an *ingress*, an *egress*; and a *regress* or *reingress*. Then, there was *unroosting* and *unresting*. Then, there were *number* and *name*, *manner* and *measure*, *trouble* and *trial*, *resolution* and *revolution*, *assaults* and *assassination*, *voidness* and *vacuity*. This was done at the same time, by the same man! But, to confess the truth of it! it was a good long Text; and so, he had the greater advantage.

But for a short Text, that, certainly, was the greatest *break* that ever was! which was occasioned from those words of *St. Luke* xxiii. 28, "Weep not for me, weep for yourselves!" or as some read it, "but weep for yourselves!"

It is a plain case, Sir! Here are but eight words; and the business was cunningly ordered, that there sprang out eight Parts. "Here are," says the Doctor, "eight Words, and eight Parts!

1. Weep not!
2. But weep!
3. Weep not, but weep!
4. Weep for me!
5. For yourselves!
6. For me, for yourselves!
7. Weep not for me!
8. But weep for yourselves!

That is to say, North, North-and-by-East, North-North-East, North-East and by North, North-East, North-East and by East, East-North-East, East and by North, East."

Now, it seems not very easy to determine, who has obliged the world most; he that found out the Compass, or he that divided the fore-mentioned Text? But I suppose the cracks [*claps*] will go generally upon the Doctor's side! by reason what he did, was done by undoubted Art and absolute industry: but as for the other, the common report is that it was found out by mere foolish fortune. Well, let it go how it will! questionless, they will be both famous in their way, and honourably mentioned to posterity.

Neither ought he to be altogether slighted, who taking that of *Genesis* xlviii. 2 for his text; viz., "And one told JACOB, and said, 'Behold, thy son JOSEPH cometh unto thee!'" presently perceived, and made it out to his people, that his Text was "a spiritual Dial."

"For," says he, "here be in my Text, twelve words, which do plainly represent the twelve hours. *And one told JACOB, and said, 'Thy son JOSEPH cometh unto thee!'* And here is, besides, *Behold*, which is the Hand of the Dial, that turns and points at every word of the Text. *And one told JACOB, and said, 'Behold, thy son JOSEPH cometh unto thee!'* For it is not said, *Behold JACOB!* or *Behold JOSEPH!* but it is, *And one told JACOB, and said, Behold, thy son JOSEPH cometh unto thee.* That it is say, Behold *And*, Behold *one*, Behold *told*, Behold *JACOB*. Again Behold *and*, Behold *said*, and also Behold *Behold*, &c. Which is the reason that this word *Behold* is placed in the middle of the other twelve words, indifferently pointing to each word.

"Now, as it needs must be One of the Clock before it can be Two or Three; so I shall handle this word *And*, the first word of the Text, before I meddle with the following.

"And *one told JACOB*. The word *And* is but a particle, and a small one: but small things are not to be despised. *St. Matthew* xviii. 10, *Take heed that you despise not one of these little ones.* For this *And* is as the tacks and loops amongst the curtains of the Tabernacle. The tacks put into the loops did couple the curtains of the Tent and sew the Tent together: so this particle *And* being put into the loops of the words immediately before the Text, does couple the Text to the foregoing verse, and sews them close together."

I shall not trouble you, Sir, with the rest: being much after this witty rate, and to as much purpose.

But we will go on, if you please, Sir! to [**3**] the cunning *Observations, Doctrines, and Inferences* that are commonly made and raised from places of Scripture.

One takes that for his Text, *Psalm* lxviii. 3, *But let the*

righteous be glad. From whence, he raises this doctrine, that "there is a Spirit of Singularity in the Saints of GOD: but let the righteous—" a doctrine, I will warrant him! of his own raising; it being not very easy for anybody to prevent him!

Another, he takes that of *Isaiah* xli. 14, 15, *Fear not, thou worm JACOB!* &c. . . . *thou shalt thresh the mountains.* Whence he observes that "the worm JACOB was a threshing worm!"

Another, that of *Genesis* xliv. 1. *And he commanded the Steward of the house, saying, Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry:* and makes this note from the words.

> That "great sacks and many sacks will hold more than few sacks and little ones. For look," says he, "how they came prepared with sacks and beasts, so they were sent back with corn! The greater, and the more sacks they had prepared, the more corn they carry away! if they had prepared but small sacks, and a few; they had carried away the less!"

Verily, and indeed extraordinarily true!

Another, he falls upon that of *Isaiah* lviii. 5, *Is it such a fast that I have chosen? A day for a man to afflict his soul? Is it to bow down his head like a bulrush?* The Observation is that "Repentance for an hour, or a day, is not worth a bulrush!" And, there, I think, he hit the business!

But of these, Sir, I can shew you a whole book full, in a treatise called *Flames and Discoveries*, consisting of very notable and extraordinary things which the inquisitive Author had privately observed and discovered, upon reading the Evangelists; as for example:

> Upon reading that of *St. John*, chapter ii. verse 15, *And when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the Temple;* this prying Divine makes these discoveries. "I discover," says he, "in the first place, that in the Church or Temple, a scourge may be made, *And when he had made a scourge.* Secondly, that it may be made use on, *he drove them all out of the Temple.*" And it was a great chance that he had not discovered a third thing; and that is, that the scourge was made, before it was made use of.

Upon *Matthew* iv. 25, *And there followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee*, "I discover," says he, "when JESUS prevails with us, we shall soon leave our Galilees! I discover also," says he, "a great miracle, viz.: that the way after JESUS being straight, that such a multitude should follow him."

Matthew v. 1. *And seeing the multitude, he went up into a mountain.* Upon this, he discovers several very remarkable things. First, he discovers that "CHRIST went *from the multitude.*" Secondly, that "it is safe to take warning at our eyes, for *seeing the multitude, he went up.*" Thirdly, "it is not fit to be always upon the plains and flats with the multitude: but, *if we be risen with CHRIST, to seek those things that are above.*

He discovers also very strange things, from the latter part of the fore-mentioned verse. *And when he was set, his disciples came unto him.* 1. CHRIST is not always in motion, *And when he was set.* 2. He walks not on the mountain, but sits, *And when he was set.* From whence also, in the third place, he advises people, that "when they are teaching they should not move too much, for that is to be *carried to and fro with every wind of doctrine.*" Now, certainly, never was this place of Scripture more seasonably brought in.

Now, Sir, if you be for a very short and witty discovery, let it be upon that of *St. Matthew* vi. 27. *Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature?* The discovery is this, that "whilst the disciples were taking thought for a cubit; CHRIST takes them down a cubit lower!"

Notable also are two discoveries made upon *St. Matthew* viii. 1. 1. That "CHRIST went down, as well as went up. *When he came down from the mountain.*" 2. That "the multitude did not go 'hail fellow well met!' with him, nor before him; for *great multitudes followed him.*"

I love, with all my heart, when people can prove what they say. For there be many that will talk of their Discoveries and spiritual Observations; and when all comes to all, they are nothing but pitiful guesses and slender conjectures.

In like manner, that was no contemptible discovery

that was made upon *St. Matthew* viii. 19. *And a certain Scribe came and said, "Master, I will follow thee wheresoever thou goest."* "A *thou* shall be followed more than a *that. I will follow* thee *wheresoever thou goest.*

And, in my opinion, that was not altogether amiss, upon *St. Matthew* xi. 2. *Now when JOHN had heard in prison the works of CHRIST, he sent two of his disciples.* The discovery is this. That "it is not good sending single to CHRIST, *he sent two of his disciples.*"

Some also, possibly may not dislike that upon *St. Luke* xii. 35. *Let your loins be girded.* "I discover," says he, "there must be a holy girding and trussing up for heaven."

But I shall end all, with that very politic one that he makes upon *St. Matthew* xii. 47. *Then said one unto him "Behold thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee." But he answered and said, "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?"* "I discover now," says he, "that JESUS is upon business."

Doubtless, this was one of the greatest Discoverers of Hidden Mysteries, and one of the most Pryers into Spiritual Secrets that ever the world was owner of. It was very well that he happened upon the godly calling, and no secular employment: or else, in good truth! down had they all gone! Turk! Pope! and Emperor! for he would have discovered them, one way or another, every man!

Not much unlike to these wonderful Discoverers, are they who, choosing to preach on some Point in Divinity, shall purposely avoid all such plain Texts as might give them very just occasion to discourse upon their intended subject, and shall pitch upon some other places of Scripture, which no creature in the world but themselves, did ever imagine that which they offer to be therein designed. My meaning, Sir, is this.

Suppose you have a mind to make a sermon concerning Episcopacy, as in the late times [*the Commonwealth*] there were several occasions for it, you must, by no means, take any place of Scripture that proves or favours that kind of Ecclesiastical Government! for then the plot will be discovered; and the people will say to themselves, "We know where to find you! You intend to preach about Episcopacy!"

But you must take *Acts*, chapter xvi. verse 30, *Sirs, what must I do to be saved?* An absolute place for Episcopacy! that all former Divines had idly overlooked! For *Sirs* being in the Greek *Κύριοι*, which is to say, in true and strict translation, *Lords*, what is more plain than, that of old, Episcopacy was not only the acknowledged Government; but that Bishops were formerly Peers of the Realm, and so ought to sit in the House of Lords!

Or, suppose that you have a mind to commend to your people, Kingly Government: you must not take any place that is plainly to the purpose! but that of the Evangelist, *Seek first the Kingdom of GOD!* From which words, the doctrine will plainly be, that Monarchy or Kingly Government is most according to the mind of GOD. For it is not said, "seek the *Parliament* of GOD!" "the *Army* of GOD!" or "the *Committee of Safety* of GOD!" but it is "seek the *Kingdom* of GOD!" And who could expect less? Immediately after this [*i.e., this argument*], the King came in, and the Bishops were restored [1660 A.D.].

Again, Sir (because I would willingly be understood), suppose you design to preach about Election and Reprobation. As for the eighth chapter to the *Romans*, that is too well known! but there is a little private place in the *Psalms* that will do the business as well! *Psalm* xc. 19, *In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.* The doctrine, which naturally flows from the words, will be that amongst *the multitude of thoughts*, there is a great thought of Election and Reprobation; and then, away with the Point! according as the preacher is inclined.

Or suppose, lastly, that you were not fully satisfied that Pluralities were lawful or convenient. May I be so bold, Sir? I pray, what Text would you choose to preach up against non-residents? Certainly, nothing ever was better picked than that of *St. Matthew* i. 2. *ABRAHAM begat ISAAC.* A clear place against non-residents! for "had ABRAHAM not resided, but had discontinued from SARAH his wife, he could never have begotten ISAAC!"

But it is high time, Sir, to make an end of their preaching, lest you be as much tired with the repetition of it, as the people were little benefited when they heard it.

I shall only mind you, Sir, of one thing more; and that is [4] the ridiculous, senseless, and unintended use which many of them make of *Concordances*.

I shall give you but one instance of it, although I could furnish you with a hundred printed ones.

The Text, Sir, is this, *Galatians* vi. 15, *For in CHRIST JESUS neither Circumcision nor Uncircumcision avail anything; but a new creature.* Now, all the world knows the meaning of this to be, that, let a man be of what nation he will, Jew or Gentile, if he amends his life, and walks according to the Gospel, he shall be accepted with GOD.

But this is not the way that pleases them! They must bring into the sermon, to no purpose at all! a vast heap of places of Scripture, which the *Concordance* will furnish them with, where the word *new* is mentioned.

And the Observation must be that "GOD is for *new* things. GOD is for *a* new *creature*. *St. John* xix. 41, *Now in the place where he was crucified, there was a garden; and in the garden a* new *sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There they laid JESUS.* And again *St. Mark* xvi. 17. CHRIST tells his disciples that they that are true believers, shall cast out devils, and speak *with* new *tongues*. And likewise, the prophet teaches us, *Isaiah* xlii. 10, *Sing unto the LORD a* new *song, and his praise to the end of the earth.*

"Whence it is plain that CHRIST is not for *old* things. He is not for an *old sepulchre*. He is not for *old tongues*. He is not for an *old song*. He is not for an *old creature*. CHRIST is for a *new creature! Circumcision and Uncircumcision availeth nothing, but a new creature.* And what do we read concerning SAMSON? *Judges* xv. 15. Is it not that he slew a thousand of the Philistines with one *new* jawbone? An *old* one might have killed its tens, its twenties, its hundreds! but it must be a *new* jawbone that is able to kill a thousand! GOD is for the *new creature*!

"But may not some say, 'Is GOD altogether for new things?' How comes it about then, that the prophet says, *Isaiah* i. 13, 14, *Bring no more vain oblations! &c. Your new Moons, and your appointed Feasts, my soul hateth!* And again, what means that, *Deuteronomy* xxxii. 17, 19, *They sacrificed unto devils, and to new gods, whom they knew*

not, to new gods that came newly up. . . . And when the LORD saw it, He abhorred them! To which I answer, that GOD indeed is not for *new moons*, nor for *new gods*; but, excepting *moons* and *gods*, He is for the *new creature*."

It is possible, Sir, that somebody besides yourself, may be so vain as to read this *Letter*: and they may perhaps tell you, that there be no such silly and useless people as I have described. And if there be, there be not above two or three in a country [*county*]. Or should there be, it is no such complaining matter: seeing that the same happens in other professions, in Law and Physic: in both [of] which, there be many a contemptible creature.

Such therefore as these, may be pleased to know that, if there had been need, I could have told them, either the book (and very page almost) of all that has been spoken about Preaching, or else the When and Where, and the Person that preached it.

As to the second, viz.: that the Clergy are all mightily furnished with Learning and Prudence; except ten, twenty, or so; I shall not say anything myself, because a very great Scholar of our nation shall speak for me: who tells us that "such Preaching as is usual, is a hindrance of Salvation rather than the means to it." And what he intends by "usual," I shall not here go about to explain.

And as to the last, I shall also, in short, answer, That if the Advancement of true Religion and the eternal Salvation of a Man were no more considerable than the health of his body and the security of his estate; we need not be more solicitous about the Learning and Prudence of the Clergy, than of the Lawyers and Physicians. But we believing it to be otherwise, surely, we ought to be more concerned for the reputation and success of the one than of the other.

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 any one that but looks into 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 neighbour's horse or cow that breaks their hedges or shackles [*or hobbled, feeds among*] 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 labour besides digging! and there is a true carefulness without following the plough, 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 [*trifling*] 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 Judgement 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 ploughed up the best part of his glebe. And, a little after that, came a couple of spiteful ill-favoured crows, and trampled down the little remaining grass. Another day, having but four chickens, sweep comes the kite! and carries away the fattest and hopefullest 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 *Polyanthæa*; 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. [JOSEPH] CARYL *upon* [JOHN] PINEDA [*these two authors wrote vast Commentaries on the Book of Job*]; Mr. [JOHN] DOD upon the *Commandments*, Mr. [SAMUEL] 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 [=£60 *to* £90 *now*] *per annum*, 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 useless! 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 [*Roman Catholic Church*]! To what a degree of luxury and intemperance, besides a great deal of false doctrine, have

riches and honour 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 neighbour! 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 old 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 would be the better for them, for a hardy and labouring 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 Spiritualship! And besides, 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 emptinesses 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 *almost* £20 [=£60 *now*] *per annum*!

What a handsome shift, a poor ingenious and frugal Divine will make, to take it by turns, and wear a cassock [*a long cloak*] one year, and a pair of breeches another! What a becoming thing is it for him that serves at the Altar, to fill the dung cart in dry weather, and to heat the oven and pull [*strip*] 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 [*strip*] of land that is scarcely to be found without a guide! or to be seated upon a soft and well grinded pouch [*bag*] 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 any one 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 a intolerable 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 has it not gone very hard, in all Ages with the Men of GOD? Was not our Lord and Master our great and high Priest? and was not his fare low, and his life full of trouble? And was not the condition of most of his disciples very mean? Were not they notably pinched and severely treated after him? And is it not the duty of every Christian to imitate such holy patterns? but especially of the Clergy, who are to be shining lights and visible examples; and therefore to be satisfied with a very little morsel, and to renounce ten times as much of the world as other people?

And is not patience better than the Great Tithes, and contentedness to be preferred before large fees and customs? Is there any comparison between the expectation of a cringing bow or a low hat, and mortification to all such vanities and fopperies; especially with those who, in a peculiar manner, hope to receive their inheritance, and make their harvest in the next life?

This was well thought of indeed. But for all that, if you please, Sir, we will consider a little, some of those remarkable Inconveniences that do, most undoubtedly, attend upon the Ministers being so meanly provided for.

First of all, the holy Men of GOD or the Ministry in general, hereby, is disesteemed and rendered of small account. For though they be called Men of GOD: yet when it is observed that GOD seems to take but little care of

them, in making them tolerable provision for this life, or that men are suffered to take away that which GOD was pleased to provide for them; the people are presently apt to think that they belong to GOD no more than ordinary folks, if so much.

And although it is not to be questioned but that the Laying on of Hands is a most Divine institution: yet it is not all the Bishops' hands in the world, laid upon a man, if he be either notoriously ignorant or dismally poor, that can procure him any hearty and lasting respect. For though we find that some of the disciples of CHRIST that carried on and established the great designs of the Gospel, were persons of ordinary employments and education: yet we see little reason to think that miracles should be continued, to do that which natural endeavours, assisted by the Spirit of GOD, are able to perform. And if CHRIST were still upon earth to make bread for such as are his peculiar Servants and Declarers of his Mind and Doctrine; the Laity, if they please, should eat up all the corn themselves, as well the tenth sheaf as the others: but seeing it is otherwise, and that that miraculous power was not left to the succeeding Clergy; for them to beg their bread, or depend for their subsistence upon the good pleasure and humour of their parish, is a thing that renders that Holy Office very much slighted and disregarded.

That constitution therefore of our Church was a most prudent design, that says that all who are ordained shall be ordained to somewhat, not ordained at random, to preach in general to the whole world, as they travel up and down the road; but to this or that particular parish. And, no question, the reason was, to prevent spiritual peddling; and gadding up and down the country with a bag of trifling and insignificant sermons, inquiring "Who will buy any doctrine?" So that no more might be received into Holy Orders than the Church had provision for.

But so very little is this regarded, that if a young Divinity Intender has but got a sermon of his own, or of his father's; although he knows not where to get a meal's meat or one penny of money by his preaching: yet he gets a Qualification from some beneficed man or other, who, perhaps, is no more able to keep a curate than I am to keep ten footboys! and so

he is made a Preacher. And upon this account, I have known an ordinary Divine, whose living would but just keep himself and his family from melancholy and despair, shroud under his protection as many Curates as the best Nobleman in the land hath Chaplains [*i.e.*, *eight*].

Now, many such as these, go into Orders against the sky falls! foreseeing no more likelihood of any preferment coming to them, than you or I do of being Secretaries of State. Now, so often as any such as these, for want of maintenance, are put to any unworthy and disgraceful shifts; this reflects disparagement upon all that Order of holy men.

And we must have a great care of comparing our small preferred Clergy with those but of the like fortune, in the Church of Rome: they having many arts and devices of gaining respect and reverence to their Office, which we count neither just nor warrantable. We design no more, than to be in a likely capacity of doing good, and not discrediting our religion, nor suffering the Gospel to be disesteemed: but their aim is clearly, not only by cheats, contrived tales, and feigned miracles, to get money in abundance; but to be worshipped, and almost deified, is as little as they will content themselves withal.

For how can it be, but that the people belonging to a Church, wherein the Supreme Governor is believed never to err (either purely by virtue of his own single wisdom, or by help of his inspiring Chair, or by the assistance of his little infallible Cardinals; for it matters not, where the root of not being mistaken lies): I say, how can it be, but that all that are believers of such extraordinary knowledge, must needs stand in most direful awe, not only of the aforesaid Supreme, but of all that adhere to him, or are in any ghostly authority under him?

And although it so happens that this same extraordinary knowing Person is pleased to trouble himself with a good large proportion of this vile and contemptible world: so that should he, now and then, upon some odd and cloudy day, count himself *mortal*, and be a little mistaken; yet he has chanced to make such a comfortable provision for himself and his followers, that he must needs be sufficiently valued and honoured amongst all. But had he but just enough to

keep himself from catching cold and starving, so long as he is invested with such spiritual sovereignty and such a peculiar privilege of being infallible; most certainly, without quarrelling, he takes the rode [?] of all mankind.

And as for the most inferior priests of all, although they pretend not to such perfection of knowledge: yet there be many extraordinary things which they are believed to be able to do, which beget in people a most venerable respect towards them: such is, the power of "making GOD" in the Sacrament, a thing that must infallibly procure an infinite admiration of him that can do it, though he scarce knows the *Ten Commandments*, and has not a farthing to buy himself bread. And then, when "CHRIST is made," their giving but half of him to the Laity, is a thing also, if it be minded, that will very much help on the business, and make the people stand at a greater distance from the Clergy. I might instance, likewise, in their Auricular Confession, enjoining of Penance, forgiving sins, making of Saints, freeing people from Purgatory, and many such useful tricks they have, and wonders they can do, to draw in the forward believing Laity into a most right worshipful opinion and honourable esteem of them.

And therefore, seeing our holy Church of England counts it not just, nor warrantable, thus to cheat the world by belying the *Scriptures*; and by making use of such falsehood and stratagems to gain respect and reverence: it behoves us, certainly, to wish for, and endeavour, all such means as are useful and lawful for the obtaining of the same.

I might here, I think, conveniently add that though many preferments amongst the Clergy of Rome may possibly be as small as some of ours in England; yet are we to be put in mind of one more excellent contrivance of theirs: and that is, the denial of marriage to Priests, whereby they are freed from the expenses of a family, and a train of young children, that, upon my word! will soon suck up the milk of a cow or two, and grind in pieces a few sheaves of corn. The Church of England therefore thinking it not fit to oblige their Clergy to a single life (and I suppose are not likely to alter their opinion, unless they receive better reasons for it from Rome than have been as yet sent over): he makes a comparison very wide from the purpose, that goes about to try the livings

here in England by those of the Church of Rome; there being nothing more frequent in our Church than for a Clergyman to have three or four children to get bread for, by that time, one, in theirs, shall be allowed to go into Holy Orders.

There is still one thing remaining, which ought not to be forgotten (a thing that is sometimes urged, I know, by the Papist, for the single life of the Priests) that does also much lessen the esteem of our Ministry; and that is the poor and contemptible employment that many children of the Clergy are forced upon, by reason of the meanness of their father's revenue.

It has happened, I know, sometimes, that whereas it has pleased GOD to bestow upon the Clergyman a very sufficient income: yet such has been his carelessness as that he hath made but pitiful provision for his children: and, on the other side, notwithstanding all the good care and thoughtfulness of the father, it has happened, at other times, that the children, beyond the power of all advice, have seemed to be resolved for debauchery.

But to see Clergymen's children condemned to the walking [*holding*] of horses! to wait upon a tapster! or the like; and that only because their father was not able to allow them a more genteel education: these are such employments that cannot but bring great disgrace and dishonour upon the Clergy.

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 defended against the weather. I have heard a travelling 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 honour, 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 [*clothes*] and the most sparing diet would be as acceptable as that which flowed from a silken cassock [*cloak*] 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 parlour; 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 influence 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 any one 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 offences. 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 behaviour, 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, humour, 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 mumblers, 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 wainscoat.

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 walk from house to house: yet, certainly, people might receive much more advantage from such charitable visits and friendly conferences, than from general discourses levelled 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 humour 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 revelling occasion very unsavoury 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.e.*, *the Clergyman drinks*].

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?

I HAVE now done, Sir, with the Grounds of that Disesteem that many of the Clergy lie under, both by the *Ignorance* of some, and the *extreme Poverty* of others. And I should have troubled you no further, but that I thought it convenient not to omit the particular

Occasions that do concur to the making of many of our Clergy so pitifully poor and contemptible.

The first thing that contributes much to the Poverty of the Clergy is *the great scarcity of Livings.*

Churches and Chapels we have enough, it is to be confessed, if compared with the bigness of our nation: but, in respect of that infinite number that are in Holy Orders, it is a very plain case, that there is a very great want. And I am confident, that, in a very little time, I could procure hundreds that should ride both sun and moon down, and be everlastingly yours! if you could help them but to a Living of £25 or £30 a year.

And this, I suppose, to be chiefly occasioned upon these two accounts: either from *the eagerness and ambition* that some people have, of going into Orders; or from *the refuge of others* into the Church, who, being otherwise disappointed of a livelihood, hope to make sure of one by that means.

First, I say, that which increases the unprovided-for number of the Clergy, is people posting into Orders before they know their Message or business, only out of a certain pride and ambition. Thus some are hugely in love with the mere title of Priest or Deacon: never considering how they shall live, or what good they are likely to do in their Office; but only they have a fancy, that a cassock, if it be made long, is a very handsome garment, though it be never paid for; that the Desk is clearly the best, and the Pulpit, the highest seat in all the parish; that they shall take place [*precedence*] of most Esquires and Right Worshipfuls; that they shall have the honour of being spiritual guides and counsellors; and they shall be supposed to understand more of the Mind of GOD than ordinary, though perhaps they scarcely know the Old Law from the New, nor the *Canon* from the *Apocrypha*. Many, I say, such as these, there be, who know not where to get two groats, nor what they have to say to the people: but only because they have heard that the office of a Minister is the most noble and honourable employment in the world; therefore they (not knowing in the least what the meaning of that is), Orders, by all means, must have! though it be to the disparagement of that holy function.

Others also there be who are not so highly possessed with

the mere dignity of the office and honourableness of the employment; but think, had they but licence and authority to preach, O how they could pay it away! and that they can tell the people such strange things, as they never heard before, in all their lives! That they have got such a commanding voice! such heart-breaking expressions! such a peculiar method of Text-dividing! and such notable helps for the interpreting all difficulties in Scripture! that they can shew the people a much shorter way to heaven than has been, as yet, made known by any!

Such a forwardness as this, of going in Holy Orders, either merely out of an ambitious humour of being called a Priest; or of thinking they could do such feats and wonders, if they might be but free of the Pulpit, has filled the nation with many more Divines than there is any competent maintenance for in the Church.

Another great crowd that is made in the Church is by those that take in there only as a place of shelter and refuge. Thus, we have many turn Priests and Deacons, either for want of employment in their profession of Law, Physic, or the like; or having been unfortunate in their trade, or having broken a leg, or an arm, and so disabled from following their former calling; or having had the pleasure of spending their estate, or being (perhaps deservedly) disappointed of their inheritance. The Church is a very large and good "Sanctuary"; and one Spiritual shilling is as good as three Temporality shillings. Let the hardest come to the hardest! if they can get by heart, *Quid est fides? Quid est Ecclesia? quot sunt Concilia Generalia?* and gain Orders; they may prove Readers or Preachers, according as their gifts and opportunities shall lie. Now many, such as these, the Church being not able to provide for (as there is no great reason that she should be solicitous about it) must needs prove a very great disparagement to her; they coming hither, just as the old heathens used to go to prayers. When nothing would stop the anger of the gods, then for a touch of devotion! and if there be no way to get victuals; rather than starve, let us Read or Preach!

In short, Sir, we are perfectly overstocked with Professors of Divinity: there being scarce employment for half of those who undertake that office. And unless we had some of the

Romish tricks, to ramble up and down, and cry Pardons and Indulgences; or, for want of a living, have a good store of clients in the business of Purgatory, or the like, and so make such unrighteous gains of Religion: it were certainly much better if many of them were otherwise determined. Or unless we have some vent [*export*] for our Learned Ones, beyond the sea; and could transport so many tons of Divines yearly, as we do other commodities with which the nation is overstocked; we do certainly very unadvisedly, to breed up so many to that Holy Calling, or to suffer so many to steal into Orders: seeing there is not sufficient work and employment for them.

The next thing that does as much to heighten the misery of our Church, as to the *poverty* of it, is the Gentry's designing, not only the weak, the lame, and usually the most ill-favoured of their children for the office of the Ministry; but also such as they intend to settle nothing upon for their subsistence: leaving them wholly to the bare hopes of Church preferment. For, as they think, let the Thing look how it will, it is good enough for the Church! and that if it had but limbs enough to climb the pulpit, and eyes enough to find the day of the month, it will serve well enough to preach, and read *Service*!

So, likewise, they think they have obliged the Clergy very much, if they please to bestow two or three years' education upon a younger son at the University: and then commend him to the grace of GOD, and the favour of the Church; without one penny of money, or inch of land!

You must not think, that he will spoil his eldest son's estate, or hazard the lessening of the credit of the family, to do that which may, any way, tend to the reputation and honour of the Clergy!

And thus it comes to pass, that you may commonly ride ten miles, and scarce meet with a Divine that is worth above two spoons and a pepper box, besides his living or spiritual preferments. For, as for the Land, that goes sweeping away with the eldest son, for the immortality of the family! and, as for the Money, that is usually employed for to bind out [*apprentice*] and set up other children! And thus, you shall have them make no doubt of giving £500 or a £1,000 [=£1,500 *or* £3,000 *now*] for a stock [*capital*] to them: but for the poor Divinity son, if he gets but enough to buy a broad hat at second-hand, and a small *System of Faith* or two, that is counted stock sufficient for him to set up withal.

And, possibly, he might make some kind of shift in this world, if anybody will engage that he shall have, neither wife nor children: but, if it so fall out, that he leaves the world, and behind him either the one or the others: in what a dismal condition are these likely to be! and how will their sad calamities reflect upon the Clergy! So dismal a thing is this commonly judged, that those that at their departure out of this life, are piously and virtuously disposed, do usually reckon the taking care for the relief of the poor Ministers' widows, to be an opportunity of as necessary charity as the mending the highways, and the erecting of hospitals.

But neither are spiritual preferments only scarce, by reason of that great number that lie hovering over them; and that they that are thus on the wing, are usually destitute of any other estate and livelihood: but also, when they come into possession of them, they finding, for the most part, nothing but a little sauce and Second Course (pigs, geese, and apples), must needs be put upon great perplexities for the standing necessaries of a family.

So that if it be inquired by any one, How comes it to pass, that we have so many in Holy Orders that understand so little, and are able to do so little service in the Church? if we may answer plainly and truly, we may say, "Because they are fit for nothing else!"

For, shall we think that any man that is not cursed to uselessness, poverty, and misery, will be content with £20 or £30 a year? For though, in the bulk, it looks, at first, like a bountiful estate; yet, if we think of it a little better, we shall find that an ordinary bricklayer or carpenter (I mean not your great undertakers [*contractors*] and master workmen) that earns constantly but his two shillings a day, has clearly a better revenue, and has certainly the command of more money. For that the one has no dilapidations and the like, to consume a great part of his weekly wages; of which you know how much the other is subject unto.

So that as long as we have so many small and contemptible livings belonging to our Church, let the world do what it can! we must expect that they should be supplied by very lamentable and unserviceable Things. For that nobody else will meddle with them! unless, one in an Age abounding with money, charity, and goodness, will preach for nothing!

For if men of knowledge, prudence, and wealth have a fancy against a Living of £20 or £30 a year; there is no way to get them into such an undertaking, but by sending out a spiritual press [*press gang*]: for that very few volunteers that are worth, unless better encouraged, will go into that Holy Warfare! but it will be left to those who cannot devise how otherwise to live!

Neither must people say that, "besides Bishoprics, Prebendaries, and the like, we have several brave benefices, suffice to invite those of the best parts, education, and discretion." For, imagine one Living in forty is worth £100 [=£300 *now*] a year, and supplied by a man of skill and wholesome counsel: what are the other thirty-nine the better for that? What are the people about Carlisle bettered by his instructions and advice who lives at Dover? It was certainly our Saviour's mind, not only that the Gospel should be preached to all nations at first; but that the meaning and power of it should be preserved, and constantly declared to all people, by such as had judgement to do it.

Neither again must they say, that "Cities, Corporations, and the great trading towns of this nation, which are the strength and glory of it, and that contain the useful people of the world, are usually instructed by very learned and judicious persons." For, I suppose that our Saviour's design was not that Mayors, Aldermen, and merchants should be only saved: but also that all plain country people should partake of the same means; who (though they read not so many *Gazettes* as citizens; nor concern themselves where the Turk or King of France [*LOUIS XIV.*] sets on next) yet the true knowledge of GOD is now so plainly delivered in Scripture, that there wants nothing but sober and prudent Offerers of the same, to make it saving to those of the meanest understandings. And therefore, in all parishes, if possible, there ought to be such a fixed and settled provision as might reasonably invite some careful and prudent person, for the people's guide and instruction in holy matters.

And furthermore, it might be added, that the revenue belonging to most of the Corporation Livings is no such mighty business: for were it not for the uncertain and humorsome contribution of the well-pleased parishioners, the Parson and his family might be easily starved, for all the

lands and income that belong to the Church. Besides, the great mischief that such kind of hired Preachers have done in the World—which I shall not stay here, to insist upon.

And as we have not churches enough, in respect of the great multitude that are qualified for a Living: so, considering the smallness of the revenue and the number of people that are to be the hearers, it is very plain that we have too many.

And we shall, many times, find two churches in the same yard, when as one would hold double the people of both the parishes. If they were united for the encouragement of some deserving person, he might easily make shift to spend, very honestly and temperately, the revenue of both.

And what though churches stand at a little further distance? People may please to walk a mile, without distemperating themselves; when as they shall go three or four to a market, to sell two pennyworth of eggs.

But suppose they resolved to pretend that they shall catch cold (the clouds being more than ordinarily thick upon the Sunday; as they usually are, if there be religion in the case); and that they are absolutely bent upon having instruction brought to their own town, Why might not one sermon a day, or (rather than fail) one in a fortnight, from a prudent and well-esteemed-of Preacher, do as well as two a day from him that talks, all the year long, nothing to the purpose; and thereupon is laughed at and despised?

I know what people will presently say to this, viz., that "if, upon Sunday, the Church doors be shut, the Alehouses will be open! and therefore, there must be somebody (though never so weak and lamentable!) to pass away the time in the Church, that the people may be kept sober and peaceable."

Truly, if religion and the worship of GOD consisted only in *negatives*, and that the observation of the Sabbath, was only *not* to be drunk! then they speak much to the purpose: but if it be otherwise, very little. It being not much unlike, as it is the fashion in many places, to the sending of little children of two or three years old to a School Dame, without any design of learning one letter, but only to keep them out of the fire and water.

Last of all, people must not say that "there needs no great store of learning in a Minister; and therefore a small Living may answer his deserts: for that there be *Homilies* made on

purpose by the Church for young beginners and slow inventors. Whereupon it is, that such difference is made between giving Orders, and License to Preach: the latter being granted only to such, as the Bishop shall judge able to make sermons."

But this does not seem to do the business. For though it be not necessary for every Guide of a parish to understand all the Oriental languages, or to make exactly elegant or profound discourses for the Pulpit; yet, most certainly, it is very requisite that he should be so far learned and judicious as prudently to advise, direct, inform, and satisfy the people in holy matters; when they demand it, or beg it from him. Which to perform readily and judiciously requires much more discretion and skill, than, upon long deliberation, to make a continued talk of an hour, without any great discernible failings. So that were a Minister tied up, never to speak one sentence of his own invention out of the pulpit in his whole lifetime; yet doubtless many other occasions there be, for which neither wisdom nor reputation should be wanting in him that has the care and government of a parish.

I shall not here go about to please myself with the imagination of all the Great Tithes being restored to the Church; having little reason to hope to see such days of virtue. Nor shall I here question the almightiness of former Kings and Parliaments, nor dispute whether all the King HENRIES in the world, with ever such a powerful Parliament, were able to determine to any other use, what was once solemnly dedicated to GOD, and His service. By yet, when we look over the Prefaces to those *Acts of Parliament* whereby some Church revenues were granted to HENRY VIII., one cannot but be much taken with the ingenuity of that Parliament; that when the King wanted a supply of money and an augmentation to his revenue, how handsomely, out of the Church they made provision for him, without doing themselves any injury at all!

For, say they, *seeing His Majesty is our joy and life; seeing that he is so courageous and wise; seeing that he is so very tender of, and well affected to, all his subjects; and that he has been at such large expenses, for five and twenty whole years, to defend and protect this his realm: therefore, in all duty and gratitude, and as a manifest token of our unfeigned thankfulness, We do grant unto the king and his heirs for ever, &c.*

It follows as closely as can be, that because the king has been a good and deserving king, and had been at much trouble and expense for the safety and honour of the nation, that therefore all his wants shall be supplied *out of the Church*! as if all the charges that he had been at, were upon the account only of his Ecclesiastical subjects, and not in relation to the rest.

It is not, Sir, for you or I to guess, which way the whole Clergy in general, might be better provided for. But, sure it is, and must not be denied, that so long as many Livings continue as they now are, thus impoverished; and that there be so few encouragements for men of sobriety, wisdom, and learning: we have no reason to expect much better Instructors and Governors of parishes, than at present we commonly find.

There is a way, I know, that some people love marvellously to talk of; and that is a just and equal levelling of Ecclesiastical preferments.

"What a delicate refreshment," say they, "would it be, if £20,000 or £30,000 a year were taken from the Bishops, and discreetly sprinkled amongst the poorer and meaner sort of the Clergy! how would it rejoice their hearts, and encourage them in their Office! What need those great and sumptuous palaces, their city and their country houses, their parks and spacious waters, their costly dishes and fashionable sauces? May not he that lives in a small thatched house, that can scarcely walk four strides in his own ground, that has only *read* well concerning venison, fish, and fowl: may not he, I say, preach as loud and to as much purpose as one of those high and mighty Spiritualists? Go to, then! Seeing it hath pleased GOD to make such a bountiful provision for His Church in general, what need we be solicitous about the emending the low condition of many of the Clergy, when as there is such a plain remedy at hand, had we but grace to apply it?"

This invention pleases some mainly well. But for all the great care they pretend to have of the distressed part of the Clergy, I am confident, one might easily guess what would please them much better! if (instead of augmenting small benefices) the Bishops would be pleased to return to them, those lands purchased in their absence [*i.e., during the Commonwealth, which were restored to the Bishoprics at the Re-*

storation]: and then, as for the relieving of the Clergy, they would try if they could find out another way!

But, art thou in good earnest? my excellent Contriver! Dost thou think that if the greatest of our Church preferments were wisely parcelled out amongst those that are in want, it would do such feats and courtesies? And dost thou not likewise think, that if ten or twenty of the lustiest Noblemen's estates of England were cleverly sliced among the indigent; would it not strangely refresh some of the poor Laity that cry "Small Coal!" or grind scissors! I do suppose if GOD should afterwards incline thy mind (for I fancy it will not be as yet, a good while!) to be a Benefactor to the Church; thy wisdom may possibly direct thee to disperse thy goodness in smaller parcels, rather than to flow in upon two or three with full happiness.

But if it be my inclination to settle upon one Ecclesiastical person and his successors for ever, a £1,000 a year [=£3,000 *now*] upon condition only to read the *Service* of the Church once in a week; and you take it ill, and find fault with my prudence and the method of my munificence, and say that "the stipend is much too large for such a small task": yet, I am confident, that should I make thy Laityship heir of such an estate, and oblige thee only to the trouble and expense of spending a single chicken or half a dozen larks once a year, in commemoration of me; that thou wouldst count me the wisest man that ever was, since the Creation! and pray to GOD never to dispose thy mind, to part with one farthing of it for any other use, than for the service of thyself and thy family.

And yet so it is, that, because the Bishops, upon their first being restored in 1660, had the confidence to levy fines, according as they were justly due; and desired to live in their own houses, if not pulled down! and to receive their own rents: presently, they cry out, "The Churchmen have got all the treasure and money of the nation into their hands."

If they have, let them thank GOD for it! and make a good use of it. Weep not, Beloved! for there is very little hope that they will cast it all into the sea, on purpose to stop the mouths of them, that say "they have too much!"

What other contrivances there may be, for the settling

upon Ministers in general, a sufficient revenue for their subsistence and encouragement in their office; I shall leave to be considered of, by the Governors of Learning and Religion.

Only thus much is certain, that so long as the maintenance of many Ministers is so very small, it is not to be avoided, but that a great part of them will want learning, prudence, courage, and esteem to do any good where they live.

And what if we have (as by all must be acknowledged) as wise and learned Bishops as be in the world, and many others of very great understanding and wisdom; yet (as was before hinted) unless there be provided for most towns and parishes some tolerable and sufficient Guides, the strength of Religion, and the credit of the Clergy will daily languish more and more.

Not that it is to be believed that every small country parish should be altogether hopeless as to the next life, unless they have a HOOKER, a CHILLINGWORTH, a HAMMOND, or a SANDERSON dwelling amongst them: but it is requisite, and might be brought about, that somebody there should be, to whom the people have reason to attend, and to be directed and guided by him.

I have, Sir, no more to say, were it not that you find the word *Religion* in the Title: of which in particular I have spoken very little. Neither need I! considering how nearly it depends, as to its glory and strength, upon the reputation and mouth of the Priest.

And I shall add no more but this, viz., that among those many things that tend to the decay of Religion, and of a due reverence of the *Holy Scriptures*, nothing has more occasioned it than the ridiculous and idle discourses that are uttered out of pulpits. For when the Gallants of the world do observe how the Ministers themselves do jingle, quibble, and play the fool with the Texts: no wonder, if they, who are so inclinable to Atheism, do not only deride and despise the Priests; but droll upon the *Bible*! and make a mock of all that is sober and sacred!

I am, Sir, Your most humble servant,

T. B.

August 8, 1670.

FINIS.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

[*i.e.*, *RICHARD STEELE*].

The miseries of the Domestic Chaplain, in 1710.

[*The Tatler*. No. 255. Thursday, 23 Nov. 1710.]

To the Censor of Great Britain.

SIR,

I AM at present, under very great difficulties; which is not in the power of any one besides yourself, to redress. Whether or not, you shall think it a proper Case to come before your Court of Honour, I cannot tell: but thus it is.

I am Chaplain to an honourable Family, very regular at the Hours of Devotion, and I hope of an unblameable life: but, for not offering to rise at the Second Course, I found my Patron and his Lady very sullen and out of humour; though, at first, I did not know the reason of it.

At length, when I happened to help myself to a jelly, the Lady of the house, otherwise a devout woman, told me "It did not become a Man of my Cloth, to delight in such frivolous food!" But as I still continued to sit out the last course, I was yesterday informed by the butler, that "His Lordship had no further occasion for my service."

All which is humbly submitted to your consideration, by,

Sir,

Your most humble servant, &c.

The case of this Gentleman deserves pity, especially if he loves sweetmeats; to which, if I may guess by his letter, he is no enemy.

In the meantime, I have often wondered at the indecency of discarding the holiest man from the table, as soon as the most delicious parts of the entertainment are served up: and could never conceive a reason for so absurd a custom.

Is it because a licorous palate, or a sweet tooth (as they call it), is not consistent with the sanctity of his character?

This is but a trifling pretence! No man of the most rigid virtue, gives offence by any excesses in plum pudding or plum porridge; and that, because they are the first parts of the dinner. Is there anything that tends to *incitation* in sweetmeats, more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not! Sugar-plums are a very innocent diet; and conserves of a much colder nature than your common pickles.

I have sometimes thought that the Ceremony of the *Chaplain flying away from the Dessert* was typical and figurative. To mark out to the company, how they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications that are most pleasing to them.

Or, at least, to signify that we ought to stint ourselves in the most lawful satisfactions; and not make our Pleasure, but our Support the end of eating.

But, most certainly, if such a lesson of temperance had been necessary at a table: our Clergy would have recommended it to all the Lay masters of families; and not have disturbed

other men's tables with such unreasonable examples of abstinence.

The original therefore of this *barbarous custom*, I take to have been merely accidental.

The Chaplain retired, out of pure complaisance, to make room for the removal of the dishes, or possibly for the ranging of the dessert. This, by degrees, grew into a duty; till, at length, as the fashion improved, the good man found himself cut off from the Third part of the entertainment: and, if the arrogance of the Patron goes on, it is not impossible but, in the next generation, he may see himself reduced to the Tithe or Tenth Dish of the table. A sufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once possessed of!

It was usual for the Priest, in old times, to feast upon the sacrifice, nay the honey cake; while the hungry Laity looked upon him with great devotion: or, as the late Lord ROCHESTER describes it in a very lively manner,

And while the Priest did eat, the People stared.

At present, the custom is inverted. The Laity feast while the Priest stands by as an humble spectator.

This necessarily puts the good man upon making great ravages on all the dishes that stand near him; and upon distinguishing himself by voraciousness of appetite, as knowing that "his time is short."

I would fain ask these stiff-necked Patrons, Whether they would not take it ill of a Chaplain that, in his grace, after meat, should return thanks for the whole entertainment, with an exception to the dessert? And yet I cannot but think that in such a proceeding, he would but deal with them as they deserved.

What would a Roman Catholic priest think (who is always helped first, and placed next the ladies), should he see a Clergyman giving his company the slip at the first appearance of the tarts or sweetmeats? Would he not

believe that he had the same antipathy to a candid orange or a piece of puff paste, as some have to a Cheshire cheese or a breast of mutton?

Yet to so ridiculous a height is this foolish custom grown, that even the Christmas Pie, which in its very nature is a kind of consecrated cate and a badge of distinction, is often forbidden to the Druid of the family.

Strange! that a sirloin of beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost depredations and incisions; but if minced into small pieces and tossed up with plums and sugar, it changes its property; and, forsooth, it is meat for his Master!

In this Case, I know not which to censure [*blame*], the Patron or the Chaplain! the insolence of power, or the abjectness of dependence!

For my own part, I have often blushed to see a Gentleman, whom I knew to have more Wit and Learning than myself, and who was bred up with me at the University upon the same foot of a liberal education, treated in such an ignominious manner; and sunk beneath those of his own rank, by reason of that character which ought to bring him honour. This deters men of generous minds from placing themselves in such a station of life; and by that means frequently excludes Persons of Quality from the improving and agreeable conversation of a learned and obsequious friend.

Mr. OLDHAM lets us know that he was affrighted from the thought of such an employment, by the scandalous sort of treatment, which often accompanies it.

Some think themselves exalted to the sky,
If they light in some noble family:
Diet, a horse, and Thirty pounds a year;
Besides th'advantage of his Lordship's ear,
The credit of the business, and the State;

Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.
Little the unexperienced wretch does know,
What slavery he oft must undergo!
Who, though in silken scarf and cassock drest,
Wears but a gayer livery, *at best.*
When dinner calls, the Implement must wait,
With holy words to consecrate the meat:
But hold it, for a favour seldom known,
If he be deigned the honour to sit down!
Soon as the tarts appear, "Sir CRAPE, *withdraw!*
These dainties are not for a spiritual maw!
Observe your distance! and be sure to stand
Hard by the cistern with your cap in hand!
There, for diversion, you may pick your teeth
Till the kind Voider comes for your relief."

Let others who, such meannesses can brook,
Strike countenance to every Great Man's look:
I rate my freedom higher!

The author's raillery is the raillery of a friend, and does not turn the Sacred Order into ridicule: but it is a just censure on such persons as take advantages from the necessities of a Man of Merit, to impose upon him hardships that are by no means suitable to the dignity of his profession.

NESTOR IRONSIDE

[*i.e.*, *RICHARD STEELE*].

Another description of the miseries of the Domestic Chaplain, in 1713, A.D.

[*The Guardian*. No. 173. Thursday, 17 Sept. 1713.]

WHEN I am disposed to give myself a day's rest, I order the *Lion* to be opened [*i.e., a letter-box at* BUTTON'*s Coffee-house*], and search into that magazine of intelligence for such letters as are to my purpose. The first I looked into, comes to me from one who is Chaplain to a great family.

He treats himself, in the beginning of it, after such a manner as I am persuaded no Man of Sense would treat him. Even the Lawyer, and the Physician to a Man of Quality, expect to be used like gentlemen; and much more, may any one of so superior a profession!

I am by no means encouraging that dispute, Whether the Chaplain, or the Master of the house be the better man, and the more to be respected? The two learned authors, Dr. HICKS

and Mr. COLLIER (to whom I might add several others) are to be excused, if they have carried the point a little too high in favour of the Chaplain: since in so corrupt an Age as that we live in, the popular opinion runs so far into the other extreme.

The only controversy between the Patron and the Chaplain ought to be, Which should promote the good designs and interests of each other most? And, for my own part, I think it is the happiest circumstance in a great Estate or Title, that it qualifies a man for choosing, out of such a learned and valuable body of men as that of the English Clergy, a friend, a spiritual guide, and a companion.

The letter which I have received from one of this Order, is as follows:

Mr. Guardian,



HOPE you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three questions; but also in the solution of them.

I have had the honour, many years, of being Chaplain in a noble Family; and of being accounted the highest servant *in the house: either out of respect to my Cloth, or because I lie in the uppermost garret.*

Whilst my old Lord lived, his table was always adorned with useful Learning and innocent Mirth, as well as covered with Plenty. I was not looked upon as a piece of furniture, fit only to sanctify and garnish a feast; but treated as a Gentleman, and generally desired to fill up the conversation, an hour after I had done my duty [i.e., said grace after dinner].

But now my young Lord is come to the Estate, I find I am looked upon as a Censor Morum, *an obstacle to mirth and talk: and suffered to retire constantly with* "Prosperity to the Church!" *in my mouth* [i.e., after drinking this toast].

I declare, solemnly, Sir, that I have heard nothing from all the fine Gentlemen who visit us, more remarkable, for half a year, than that one young Lord was seven times drunk at Genoa.

I have lately taken the liberty to stay three or four rounds [i.e.,

of the bottle] *beyond* [*the toast of*] The Church ! *to see what topics of discourse they went upon : but, to my great surprise, have hardly heard a word all the time, besides the Toasts. Then they all stared full in my face, and shewed all the actions of uneasiness till I was gone.*

Immediately upon my departure, to use the words of an old Comedy, "I find by the noise they make, that they had a mind to be private."

I am at a loss to imagine what conversation they have among one another, which I may not be present at : since I love innocent Mirth as much as any of them ; and am shocked with no freedoms whatsoever, which are inconsistent with Christianity.

I have, with much ado, maintained my post hitherto at the dessert, and every day eat a tart in the face of my Patron : but how long I shall be invested with this privilege, I do not know. For the servants, who do not see me supported as I was in my old Lord's time, begin to brush very familiarly by me : and they thrust aside my chair, when they set the sweetmeats on the table.

I have been born and educated a Gentleman, and desire you will make the public sensible that the Christian Priesthood was never thought, in any Age or country, to debase the Man who is a member of it. Among the great services which your useful Papers daily do to Religion, this perhaps will not be the least : and it will lay a very great obligation on

Your unknown servant,

G. W.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

FIRST SET OF MADRIGALS.

April, 1598.

To the Right Worshipful and valorous Knight Sir CHARLES CAVENDISH.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL AND RENOWNED KNIGHT.

IT HATH happened of late, I know not how, whether by my folly or fortune, to commit some of my Labours to the press. Which, the weaker the Work is, have more need of an honourable Patron. Everything persuades me, though they seem not absolute, that your Countenance is a sufficient warrant for them, against sharp tongues and unfriendly censures. Knowing your rare virtues and honourable accomplishments to be such as may justly challenge their better regard and opinion, whom it shall please you to patronize.

If, perchance, they shall prove worthy your patronage, my affection, duty, and good will bind me rather to dedicate them to you, than to any other: both for the reverence and honour I owe to all other your most singular virtues; and especially also for your excellent skill in music, and your great love and favour of Music.

There remaineth only your favourable acceptance, which humbly craving at your hands, with protestation of all duty and service, I humbly take my leave.

From the Augustine Friars, the xii. of April, 1598.

Your Worship's

Ever most bounden and dutiful, in all humility,

JOHN WILBYE.

Lyrics, Elegies, &c. from Madrigals, Canzonets, &c.

FIRST SET OF MADRIGALS.
BY JOHN WILBYE.

FLY LOVE aloft to heaven, and look out Fortune!
Then sweetly her importune,
That I from my CALISTO best beloved
As you or she set down be never moved!
And LOVE, to CARIMEL, see you commend me!
Fortune for his sweet sake may chance befriend me.

AWAY, thou shalt not love me!
So shall my love seem greater,
And I shall love thee better.
Shall it be so? what say you?
Why speak you not? I pray you!
Nay then I know you love me,
That so you may disprove me.

AY ME, can every rumour
Thus start my Lady's humour?
Name ye some Gallant to her,
Why, straight, forsooth, I woo her.
Then bursts She forth in passion,
"You men, love but for fashion!"
Yet sure I am, that no man
Ever so lovèd woman.
Yet, alas, Love be wary!
For women be contrary.



WEEP, O mine eyes, and cease not!
Your spring tides, out alas, methinks, increase not.
O when, O when begin you
To swell so high, that I may drown me in you!



DEAR Pity, how! ah, how wouldst thou become her!
That best becometh Beauty's best attiring.
Shall my desert deserve no favour from her,
But still to waste myself in deep admiring?
Like him that calls to Echo to relieve him,
Still tells and hears the tale that grieves him.



YE RESTLESS thoughts, that harbour discontent,
Cease your assaults! and let my heart lament!
And let my tongue have leave to tell my grief,
That She may pity, though not grant relief.
Pity would help what Love hath almost slain,
And salve the wound that festered this disdain.



WHAT needeth all this travail and turmoiling,
Shortening the life's sweet pleasure,
To seek this far-fetched treasure,
In those hot climates, under Phœbus broiling?

O fools! can you not see a traffic nearer,
In my sweet Lady's face?
Where Nature sheweth.
Whatever treasure eye sees, or heart knoweth!
Rubies and diamonds dainty,
And Orient pearls, in such plenty!
Coral and ambergris sweeter and dearer
Than which the South Seas or Moluccas lend us!
Or either Indies, East or West, do send us.



LAS, what hope of speeding,
Where Hope, beguiled, lies bleeding?
She bade me come, when She spied me;
And when I came, She flied me!
Thus when I was beguiled
She, at my sighing, smiled.
But if you take such pleasure,
(Of joy and hope, my treasure!)
By deceit to bereave me;
Love me! and so deceive me!



ADY, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which clad in damask mantles, deck the arbours;
My eyes present me with a double doubting:
For viewing both alike; hardly, my mind supposes,
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses?



HUS saith my CLORIS bright
When we, of Love sit down and talk together.
"Beware of Love, Dear! Love is a walking sprite!
And Love is this and that.
And O, I know not what!
And comes and goes again, I wot not whither!"
No, no, these are but bugs to breed amazing:
For in her eyes, I saw his torchlight blazing!



DIEU, sweet AMARILLIS,
For since to part your will is,
O heavy tiding!
Here is for me, no biding!
Yet, once again, ere that I part with you,
AMARILLIS, sweet AMARILLIS, adieu!

DIE, helpless man, since She denies thee grace!
Die and despair, sith She doth scorn to love thee!
Farewell, most Fair! though thou dost Fair deface!
Sith for my duteous love, thou dost reprove me!
Those smiling eyes, that sometimes me revived,
Clouded with frowns, have me of life deprived.

FALL, O stay me!
Dear Love, with joys ye slay me!
Of life, your lips deprive me!
Sweet, let your lips revive me!
O whither are you hasting? and leave my life thus wasting!
My health on you relying, 'twere sin to leave me dying!

And though my love abounding
Did make me fall a swooning,
Yet am I well contented
Still so to be tormented.
And Death can never fear me,
As long as you are near me.

ALWAYS beg, yet never am relieved;
I grieve, because my griefs are not believed;
I cry aloud in vain, my voice outstretchèd,
And get but this: mine echo calls me "Wretched!"

Thus Love commands, that I in vain complain me;
And Sorrow wills, that She shall still disdain me.
Yet did I hope, which hope, my life prolonged;
To hear her say, "Alas, his love was wronged!"

LADY, your words do spite me!
Yet your sweet lips, so soft, kiss and delight me!
Your deeds, my heart surcharge with overjoying;
Your taunts my life destroying,

Since both have force to spill me.
Let kisses sweet, kill me!
Knights fight with swords and lances:
Fight you, with smiling glances!
So like the swans of Leander,
My ghost from hence shall wander,
Singing and dying.

ALAS, what a wretched life is this?
Nay, what a death? where tyrant Love commandeth.
My flowering days are in their prime declining,
All my proud hope quite fallen, and life untwining
My joys, each after other, in haste are flying,
And leave me dying
For her that scorns my crying,
O She from hence departs, my love refraining.
For whom, all heartless, alas, I die complaining.

UNKIND! O stay thy flying!
And if I needs must die, pity me dying!
But in thee, my heart is lying;
And no death can assail me,
Alas, till life doth fail me!
O therefore, if the Fates bid thee be fleeting;
Stay for me! whose poor heart thou hast in keeping.

I SANG sometimes my Thought's and Fancy's pleasure.
Where then I list, or time served best, and leisure,
While DAPHNE did invite me
To supper once, and drank to me to spite me.
I smiled, yet still did doubt her,
And drank where she had drunk before, to flout her;
But O, while I did eye her,
Mine eyes drank Love! my lips drank burning fire!



FLORA gave me fairest flowers,
None so fair in FLORA's treasure:
These I placed on PHILLIS' bowers.
She was pleased, and She my pleasure.
Smiling meadows seem to say,
Come, ye wantons, here to play!



WEET LOVE, if thou wilt gain a Monarch's glory,
Subdue her heart, who makes me glad and sorry!
Out of thy golden quiver
Take thou thy strongest arrow,
That will through bone and marrow
And me and thee, of grief and fear deliver.
But come behind! for if she look upon thee,
Alas, poor LOVE! then thou art woe begone thee!



HEN shall my wretched life give place to death?
That my sad cares may be enforced to leave me.
Come, saddest Shadow! stop my vital breath!
For I am thine! then let not Care bereave me
Of thy sad thrall! but with thy fatal dart,
Kill Care and me, while Care lies at my heart!



F JOYS and pleasing pains, I, late, went singing!
(O pains with joys consenting!)
And little thought as then, of now repenting.
But now think of my then sweet-bitter stinging;
All day long, I, my hands, alas, go wringing.
The baleful notes of which my sad tormenting.
Are Ruth and Moan, Frights, Sobs, and loud Lamenting
From hills and dales, in my dull ears still ringing.

My throat is soar, my voice is hoarse with shrieking.
My Rests are sighs deep from the heart-root fetched.
My Song runs all on Sharps, and with oft striking
Time on my breast, I shrink with hands outstretched:
Thus still, and still I sing, and ne'er am linning;
For still the Close points to my first Beginning.



CRUEL, behold my heavy ending!
See, what you wrought, by your disdaining!
Causeless, I die, Love still attending
Your hopeless pity of my complaining!
Suffer those eyes, which thus have slain me,
With speed to end their killing power!
So shall you prove how love doth pain me,
And see me die still your!



"THOU art but young!" thou sayest,
"And Love's delight, thou weigh'st not."
O take time, while thou may'st,
Lest when thou would'st thou may'st not!
If Love shall then assail thee,
A double double anguish will torment thee!
And thou wilt wish (but wishes all will fail thee!):
"O me! that I were young again!" and so repent thee.



WHY dost thou shoot, and I seek not to shield me?
I yield, sweet LOVE! Spare then my wounded liver!
And do not make my heart thy arrows' quiver,
O hold, what needs this shooting! when I yield me?

FINIS.

A

RELATION

OF THE

great sufferings

AND

strange adventures

of HENRY PITMAN,

Chirurgeon to the late Duke of MONMOUTH,

containing an account

1. Of the Occasion of his being engaged in the Duke's service. 2. Of his trial, condemnation, and transportation to Barbadoes; with the most severe and unchristian *Act* made against him and his fellow sufferers, by the Governor and General Assembly of that island. 3. How he made his escape in a small open boat with some of his fellow-captives, namely, JOHN WHICKER, PETER BAGWELL, WILLIAM WOODCOCK, JOHN COOKE, JEREMIAH ATKINS, &c. And how miraculously they were preserved on the sea. 4. How they went ashore on an uninhabitable island, where they met with some Privateers, that burnt their boat, and left them on that desolate place to shift for themselves. 5. After what manner they lived there for about three months; until the said HENRY PITMAN was taken aboard a Privateer and at length arrived safe in England. 6. How his companions were received on board another Privateer, that was afterwards taken by the Spaniards, and they all made slaves: and how, after six months' captivity, they were delivered; and returned to England also.

Licensed, June 13th, 1689.

London. Printed by ANDREW SOWLE: and are to be sold by JOHN TAYLOR, at the sign of the *Ship* in Paul's Churchyard, 1689.

A RELATION &c.

AS A necessary introduction to the following *Relation*, it will be convenient that I give account of the Occasion of my being engaged with the rest that went in to the Duke of MONMOUTH; and how far I was concerned in that action.

Being, at that time, but newly returned from a voyage to Italy, I went to see my relations at Sandford in Somersetshire: where I had not been long, before the Duke landed at Lyme; and making forwards, was advanced as far as Ilminster. Upon which, I was induced (partly out of my own curiosity, and partly by the importunity of some of my acquaintance) to go and see whether his strength and number were answerable to what the common rumour had spread abroad: and to that purpose, rode, accompanied by my brother and some other friends, to Taunton; whither the Duke by this time was marching, with such forces as he had got together.

After some stay there, having fully satisfied my curiosity, by a full view both of his person and his army; I resolved to return home: and in order thereunto, I took the direct road back again, with a friend, who had the same intention as myself: but understanding, upon the road, that if we went forward, we should be certainly intercepted by the Lord of OXFORD's Troop, then in our way; we found ourselves, of necessity, obliged to retire back again to the Duke's forces, till we could meet with a more safe and convenient opportunity.

But, after some time, losing my horse, and no opportunity presenting itself; I was prevailed with, by the importunate desires of my friends and aquaintance then in the army, to stay and take care of the sick and wounded men. To which I was the rather induced, in regard I thought myself liable to the same punishment, should the Duke be defeated, as those who still remained in the army: but more especially, for that I saw many sick and wounded men miserably lamenting the want of chirurgeons to dress their wounds. So that pity and compassion on my fellow creatures, more especially being my brethren in Christianity, obliged me to stay and perform the duty of my calling among them, and to assist my brother chirurgeons towards the relief of those that, otherwise, must have languished in misery; though, indeed, there were many who did, notwithstanding our utmost care and diligence. Whose lives, perhaps, might have been preserved to this day, had we had a garrison wherein to have given them rest; and not have been constrained, through the cruelty and inhumanity of the King's soldiers, to expose their wounded and fractured limbs to the violent agitation and shogging of the carts, in our daily marches.

But as I was never in arms myself, so neither was I wanting in my care to dress the wounds of many of the King's soldiers, who were prisoners in the Duke's army: using the utmost of my care and skill for both. And thus I continued in full employment, dressing the wounded in the night-time and marching by day: till the fatal rout and overthrow of the whole army [*at Sedgmoor on July* 6, 1685].

In my flight homewards, I was taken prisoner, and commited to Ilchester Gaol by Colonel HELLIER; in whose porch, I had my pockets rifled and my coat taken off my back, by my guard: and, in that manner, was hurried away to prison; where I remained, with many more under the same circumstances, until the Assizes at Wells; though, perhaps, there could not anything have been proved against most of us, to have done us much harm, had they not extorted confessions from us, by sending certain persons to the prisons where we were.

Who called us forth, one after another, and told us, that "the King was very gracious and merciful, and would cause none to be executed but such as had been Officers or

capital offenders: and therefore if we would render ourselves fit objects of the King's grace and favour, our only way was to give them an account where we went into the Duke's army, and in what capacity we served him, &c. Otherwise we must expect no mercy or favour from the King, who would certainly punish all such wilful and obstinate offenders."

By which means, they drew us into the acknowledgement of our guilt, and our Examinations and Confessions were written and sent to the King, before the Lord Chief Justice JEFFRIES came to try us: so that he knew beforehand our particular crimes; and likewise received orders from the King, as it is supposed, who, and what number to execute.

But seeing our former Confessions were sufficient only to find the [True] Bill against us, by the Grand Jury; and not to prove us "Guilty"; the Petty Jury being obliged to give their verdict according to the evidence in Court: the Lord Chief Justice (fearing lest we should deny what we formerly confessed, and by that means, put them to the trouble of proving it against us) caused about twenty-eight persons at the Assizes at Dorchester, to be chosen from among the rest, against whom he knew he could procure evidence, and brought them first to their trial. Who pleaded "Not Guilty"; but evidence being produced, they were immediately condemned, and a warrant signed for their execution the same afternoon.

The sudden execution of these men so affrightened the rest, that we all, except three or four, pleaded "Guilty" in hopes to save our lives: but not without large promises of the King's grace and favour. For the Lord Chief Justice told us that "if we would acknowledge our crimes, by pleading Guilty to our Indictment, the King, who was almost all mercy [!], would be as ready to forgive us as we were to rebel against him; yea, as ready to pardon us, as we would be to ask it of him."

And now was that common saying verified, "Confess, and be hanged!" For, notwithstanding his large promises of grace and favour, we were all condemned "to be hanged, drawn, and quartered." And by his order, there were two hundred and thirty executed; besides a great number hanged immediately after the Fight.

The rest of us were ordered to be transported to the

Caribbee Islands. And in order thereunto, my brother and I, with nearly a hundred more, were given to JEREMIAH NEPHO; and by him, sold to GEORGE PENNE, a needy Papist, that wanted money to pay for our transportation, and therefore was very importunate with my relations, to purchase mine and my brother's freedom.

Which my relations, at first, were unwilling to do, having no assurance of his performing *Articles* at such a distance; and therefore thought it best to defer it until we came to Barbadoes, or otherwise to agree to pay him as soon as they should receive an account of our being set free. But this not satisfying him, having present occasion of money, he threatened that if they would not pay him now, he would give orders to his brother-in-law at Barbadoes, that our freedom should not be sold us after we came there: but that he should treat us with more rigour and severity than others.

With these threats, on the one hand; and promises of particular favour on the other: he, at length, prevailed with our relations to give him £60, upon condition that we should be free when we came to Barbadoes; only owning some person, whom we should think fit to nominate, as a titular Master. And in case that these, with other conditions, were not performed; the said GEORGE PENNE was bound with his brother JOHN PENNE, in a bond of £120, to pay the £60 back again.

And thus we may see the buying and selling of free men into slavery, was beginning again to be renewed among Christians, as if that heathenish custom had been a necessary dependence on Arbitrary Power.

And in order to our transportation, we were removed to Weymouth, and shipped on board a vessel that belonged to London: which, in a few days, sailed for Barbadoes, where we arrived in about five weeks' time; but had a very sickly passage, insomuch that nine of my companions were buried in the sea.

We had not been many days in Barbadoes, before the Governor [EDWARD STEED] of the said island summoned the General Assembly, who welcomed us with the following inchristian and inhuman *Act*.

An Act for the governing and retaining within this island, all such rebels convict, as by His most sacred Majesty's Order or Permit, have been, or shall be transported from his European dominion to this place.



HEREAS a most horrid, wicked, and execrable Rebellion was lately raised and prosecuted within His Majesty's Dominions, by JAMES SCOT, late Duke of MONMOUTH, and ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, late Earl of ARGYLE, and their traitorous complices, with intent to destroy His Majesty's most sacred Person and Royal Family, to overthrow his Crown and Government, and to render his Dominions the theatres of blood and misery. In prevention whereof, it hath pleased the Divine Providence (which is ever peculiarly watchful to guard the thrones of Princes) to accompany His Majesty's counsel and arms with such success and victory that the said rebels and traitors were utterly defeated: for which impious fact, many of them have since deservedly suffered the pains of death, according to law; which the rest were liable unto, being equally guilty of those barbarous crimes, and must have undergone, but that His Majesty, in his Princely and unparalleled grace and clemency, hath been pleased to extend his mercy in sparing the lives of several thousands of them, by commuting the execution of their sentence into a Temporary Service in his American Colonies.

And forasmuch as His sacred Majesty hath signified it, as his royal pleasure, that the said rebels or so many of them as should be transported to his said American colonies, should be there held and obliged to serve the Buyers of them, for and during the space of Ten Years at least; and that they be not permitted in any manner whatsoever, to redeem themselves by money or otherwise, until that time be fully expired.

Therefore, We, His Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, his Lieutenant Governor, Council, and General Assembly of this His Majesty's said island, taking the premises into our serious consideration; and being zealous, to render all due and ready obedience to His Majesty's command, as also to make apparent with how great abhorrence and detestation, we resent the said late wicked inhuman and damnable Rebellion, and all those that were promoters and actors therein, have thought it becoming our duty to Enact: and it is hereby Enacted by the Right Honourable EDWARD STEED Esquire, Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief of this

and other the Caribbee Islands, the Honourable the Council, and General Assembly of this island, and authority of the same:

That what person or persons soever were guilty of the aforesaid Rebellion, and have been therefore convict[ed], which either already have been, or hereafter shall be brought to this island; either by His Majesty's order or permit for the purpose aforesaid, shall be held compelled and obliged to serve and obey the Owner or Purchaser of him or them, in their plantations within this island, in all such labour or service as they shall be commanded to perform and do by their Owners, Masters, or Mistresses, or their Overseers, for the full time and term of Ten Years from the day of their landing, and disposed of fully to be completed and ended; any bargain, law, usage or custom in this island to the contrary, in any wise, notwithstanding.

And to the intent that no disobedience may be suffered or done upon His Majesty's said Orders and Expectations concerning the said rebels convict[ed], but that they may become fully liable unto and bear the aforesaid mark of their monstrous villainy. It is further Enacted:

That if any Master of a ship, Importer, Owner, Master or Purchaser of any of the said rebels aforesaid, shall acquit, release, or discharge them or any of them, or permit them or any of them to redeem themselves by money or other reward or recompense or consideration whatsoever, respecting either themselves or the said rebels convict[ed], before the term of Ten Years' Service in this island as aforesaid, be fully completed and ended; or shall connive at or assist unto their, or any of their removes, withdrawings, or escapings from off this island: the Party or Parties so offending herein shall therefore forfeit and pay unto His Majesty his heirs and successors, the sum of Two Hundred Pounds [= £500 now] sterling for each, or every one of the said rebels, which by him or them shall be either acquitted, released, discharged, or permitted to be redeemed; or connived at or assisted unto a remove, withdrawing, or escaping off this island before the full end of the Term aforesaid: over and above the value or recompense for which it was permitted or done; and further shall suffer imprisonment in the common gaol of this island for the space and term of One whole Year without bail or mainprize: and be for ever thereafter uncapable of bearing any Public Office within this island.

And it is hereby further Enacted and ordained by the Authority aforesaid:

That if one or more of the aforesaid Servants [i.e., Slaves] *or rebels convict*[*ed*], *shall attempt, endeavour, or contrive to make his or their escape from off this island before the said Term of Ten Years be fully complete*[*d*] *and ended; such Servant or Servants, for his or their so attempting or endeavouring to make escape, shall, upon proof thereof made to the Governor, receive, by his warrant, Thirty-nine lashes on his bare body, on some public day, in the next market town to his Master's place of abode: and, on another market day in the same town, be set in the pillory, by the space of one hour; and be burnt in the forehead with the letters* **F. T.** *signifying* Fugitive Traitor, *so as the letters may plainly appear in his forehead. But for all other misdemeanours and miscarriages, they shall be prosecuted and punished according to the laws of this island, provided for the governing of other Servants.*

And to the end the said convict rebels may be the better known and distinguished; it is hereby further Enacted and Ordained:

That, within eight days after the arrival of any ship or vessel to this island, in which any of the said convict rebels are brought, the Master of the said ship shall deliver to the Governor, and into the Secretary's Office of this island, a true list or catalogue of those names, upon oath; and the Merchant or Merchants to whom they come consigned, or who have the disposal of them, shall also, within eight days after finishing the Sale, give unto the said Office a just account of the persons' names to whom they were sold and disposed of: and in case of failure herein, the same shall forfeit to the King his heirs and successors, the sum of Two Hundred Pounds sterling; and the Merchant or Merchants shall forfeit in like manner, the sum of Two Hundred Pounds sterling.

And for such of the said convict rebels as have been already imported, before the making and publishing of this Act, *the Master and Merchant of such vessels are hereby required forthwith to deliver to the Secretary, such list or catalogue as aforesaid, upon penalty of the like forfeiture: which said list or catalogue, the said Secretary is required to receive, and write out fairly, and cause to be hung up in his Office, that all persons concerned may have free recourse thereto.*

And in case the first Buyer shall sell or assign over any such rebel or rebels convict, to any other inhabitant or inhabitants of this island, the Vendor is hereby required to give notice thereof to the Secretary, to the end the name or names of such Servant or Servants may be changed in the Secretary's Office, from the first, to the second or other purchaser or assigns, [that they] may stand charged as the first.

And in case of the death of any of the Servants aforesaid, it is hereby further Enacted:

That the present Owner, shall, within fourteen days, make, or cause oath to be made, before the next or some Justice of the Peace, of the name and death of such Servant, and that he really was in the Record, and not another of the same name; that by means of the certificate sent to the Secretary's Office, the Secretary may charge him, Dead.

And if any Owners or Vendors shall fail, in either of the cases aforesaid, he or they shall forfeit to His Majesty his heirs and successors, the sum of Twenty-five Pounds sterling: and for the Secretary's pains therein, and also in case of changing Masters and Mistresses, the Secretary may receive for such person dead or assigned over, Six Pence, and no more.

And to the end, none of the Servants or convict rebels may remove or escape from this island, by obtaining Tickets under wrong names, or other fraudulent or illegal methods of this kind; it is hereby further Enacted and Ordained by the Authority aforesaid:

That all Justices of the Peace that shall hereafter take Affidavits *(to be sent to the Secretary's Office) for persons that design to go off this island, shall always express and insert in those* Affidavits, *that the person so going off, and desiring a Ticket, is not one of these Servants and convict rebels: without which, the Secretary is hereby forbidden to grant or produce a Ticket.*

And the Secretary is also required to use the same method in such Affidavits *as shall be taken before himself, under the penalty of forfeiting to His Majesty his heirs and successors, the sum of Two Hundred Pounds sterling, for his neglect in either of these cases.*

And whosoever obtaining a Ticket lawfully out of the Secretary's Office, being of the name of any of those rebels, or otherwise, and shall permit any of the said rebels of that name, or others, to have such Tickets, by which he may be in a probable way of making his escape off this island, shall

forfeit to the use of our Sovereign Lord the King his heirs and successors, the sum of One Hundred Pounds sterling, if he be able to pay the same; and also suffer imprisonment in the common gaol, by the space of six months, without bail or mainprize. The said commitment to be made, and execution to be levied, by Warrant *from the Governor, upon proof made before him, by two witnesses, or one witness with pregnant circumstances. But in case such persons be uncapable to make payment of such forfeiture, he is hereby ordered to lie in prison during the space of six months, and be set once in the pillory, by the space of two hours at a time, in each of the four market towns of this island, on four several days.*

And for the encouragement of all such as shall inform or discover any false, fraudulent, or wicked practice of this kind; it is hereby Enacted:

That One Fifth part of all forfeits in the Act *mentioned, shall be to the use and benefit of such Informers.*

And to the end the restraint continuing and holding the said rebels convict within this island, during the Term aforesaid, may be the [more] *effectually and fully secured and provided for; and also for preventing the Servants, Slaves, and Debtors of this island from running off, by which some have perished in the sea; it is hereby further Enacted and Ordained, by the Authority aforesaid:*

That every Owner or Keeper of any small vessel, sloop, shallop, wherry, fishing-boat, or any other sort of boat belonging to this island, shall, within twenty days after publication hereof, give into the Secretary's Office of this island, [security] *in the sum of Two Hundred Pounds sterling (excepting the small boats and wherries, who are to enter in the sum of Ten Pounds sterling), that he will not convey or carry off from this island any of the aforesaid rebels convict, or any other person that hath not a lawful Ticket; or will permit, suffer, or consent to the same: but will use his utmost skill, care, and diligence in securing and guarding his small vessel, sloop, shallop, or boat, in such manner as may most probably prevent the escapes of such fugitives.*

And if any Owner or Keeper of such small vessel, sloop, shallop, or boat shall hereafter make sale, change, or any other alienation thereof, without first giving notice in the Secretary's Office, that new security may be taken then: such vessel, shallop, or boat, shall be forfeited to His Majesty his

heirs and successors; and the Vendor to be further obliged to put in security to answer all damages that may happen, by reason of such sale, before security so given.

And the like method and forfeitures is hereby required and appointed unto Masters of ships, in case they shall sell or dispose of any boat to any of the inhabitants of this island.

And whosoever shall hereafter build or set up in this island, any small vessel, sloop, shallop, or boat, shall, when he or they build the same, enter into the security aforesaid, under the penalty of forfeiting the materials thereof to His Majesty his heirs and successors.

And be it further ordained and Enacted:

That the Secretary shall have and receive for the Bond and Certificate for wherries, fishing-boats, and other small boats, only Fifteen Pence; and for all other vessels of greater bulk, Five Shillings each, as has been customary.

And it is further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid:

That it shall be Felony in every Master of every shallop, sloop, wherry, or other boat belonging to this island, that runneth away with any shallop, sloop, wherry, or other boat which they command [although such boats should be their own property!].

And it is further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid:

That if any woman in this island, Owner or Mistress of any such convict rebels, by any means whatsoever, shall intermarry with any of the said convict rebels, whereby the said rebels may become free from their servitude; or suffer or consent to the marriage of their daughters or other near relations, by which such Servant is freed, connived at, or eased from his servitude aforesaid: that upon notice thereof given to the Governor and Council, of such marriage or marriages, such rebel or rebels shall, notwithstanding, be, by the Governor and Council ordered to serve the remainder of his time to some other person, whom the Governor and Council shall think fit; and the woman so marrying as aforesaid, is to forfeit to our Sovereign Lord the King his heirs or assigns, the sum of Two Hundred Pounds sterling, and suffer Six Months' imprisonment for such her intermarrying with any of the said rebels convict.

And, lastly, it is Enacted by the Authority aforesaid:

That the Act *be published by the Ministers of the several parishes*

in this island, in their several parish churches, once in every six months from the date hereof, upon such penalty as the Governor and Council for the time being, shall think fit to impose on the person so neglecting to publish the same.

Given under my hand, the Fourth day of January, 1685[-6],

EDWARD STEED.

But to return to my discourse

We were consigned to CHARLES THOMAS and his Company, with particular orders and instructions from GEORGE PENNE not to sell me or my brother, but permit us to make choice of some person to own as a titular Master. However, they were so unkind, they would not allow us that liberty; but compelled us, contrary to our desires and inclinations, to live with one ROBERT BISHOP: pretending that they had not absolutely sold us to him; but could remove us again, in case we disliked our place.

And that the before-mentioned GEORGE PENNE might not be obliged to repay the money we gave him; they told us, we should have the yearly salary of £20, which they were to receive for our service.

But these pretences were only to amuse us, for afterwards when we were constrained, by the great unkindness of our Master, to address ourselves unto them, not only in person, but also by many importunate and affectionate letters, intreating them to use their utmost endeavour and Interest with our Master, in order to remove us; we found it in vain: for they had positively sold us, and also given it in, on their oaths, at the Secretary's Office.

When our Master perceived that we were uneasy, and unwilling to serve him; he grew more and more unkind unto us, and would not give us any clothes, nor me any benefit of my practice, whereby to enable me to provide for myself: for I was obliged to give him an account of what physic I administered out of his plantation, and he received the money for the same.

Our diet was very mean. 5 lbs. of salt Irish beef, or salt fish, a week, for each man; and Indian or Guinea Corn [*maize*] ground on a stone, and made into dumplings instead of bread.

Which coarse and mean fare brought me to a violent flux [*diarrhœa*], insomuch that I was forced to complain to my Master, desiring him to allow me some flour, instead of Indian corn, to make dumplings withal; and humbly recommended to his consideration my Profession and practice, which I hoped would render me deserving of better accommodation than was usually allowed to other Servants.

But he, not moved with pity, angrily replied, "I should not have so good!"

Whose unkind answer moved me so, that I had the confidence to tell him that "I would no longer serve him, nor any other, as a Surgeon, unless I were entertained according to the just merits of my Profession and practice; and that I would choose rather to work in the field with the Negroes than to dishonour my Profession by serving him as Physician and Surgeon, and to accept the same entertainment as common Servants."

My angry Master, at this, was greatly enraged, and the fiery zeal of his immoderate passion was so heightened by some lying stories of a fellow Servant, that he could not content himself with the bare execution of his cane upon my head, arms, and back, although he played so long thereon, like a furious fencer, until he had split it in pieces; but he also confined me close prisoner in the Stocks (which stood in an open place), exposed to the scorching heat of the sun; where I remained about twelve hours, until my Mistress, moved either with pity or shame, gave order for my release.

It would be too tedious to give a particular account of the many other abuses and unkindnesses we received at his hands; and therefore it shall suffice to say, that in this condition we lived with him about fifteen months [*to about April*, 1687], until by his debauched and extravagant course of life, he had run himself so extremely in debt, and particularly to those merchants that sold us to him, that he could not well pay for us. For which reason, we were removed from him; but the merchants were forced to remit the money due for our service, before he would return us.

And now, being returned again, we remained in the merchants' hands, as goods unsold; and because I would not consent to be disposed of, at their pleasure; they threatened to horsewhip me and put me to servile employment.

But we had not been long here, before my brother died, and I being wearied with long and fruitless expectation of my Pardon; and no less perplexed and tired with the great abuses I had received at their hands, resolved to attempt the making of my escape from off the island: to which purpose, after several contrivances and ways that came into my head, and those well weighed with the consequent circumstances that possibly I could foresee; I concluded at length to proceed after this manner.

Being introduced by a friend into the acquaintance of one JOHN NUTHALL [*Not a White Slave, but a Debtor, see p.* 355], a carver; whose condition was somewhat mean, and therefore one that wanted money to carry him off the island: I imparted my design unto him, and employed him to buy a boat of a Guiney Man [*a ship trading to Guinea*] that lay in the road; promising him for his reward, not only his passage free, and money for his present expenses, but to give him the boat also, when we arrived at our port.

By the way, it is to be understood, that the means which enabled me to defray these extraordinary expenses, was a private consignation [*consignment*] of goods from my relations, to a particular friend in the island; who took care to dispose of them for me.

JOHN NUTHALL therefore readily consented to what I proposed; and after I had enjoined him to secresy, I delivered him £12 to buy the boat; which accordingly he did, and gave in security for the same at the Secretary's Office, conformable to the custom and laws of the island. Nevertheless all that would not prevent the jealousy of the magistrates, that sprang from the consideration of his poverty, and the little service they knew the boat would do him.

Whereupon, they sent for JOHN NUTHALL, and strictly commanded him to discover who it was that had employed him to buy the boat; and threatened to put him to his oath. Nevertheless, they could get nothing out of him, for the man had so much courage that he confidently denied that any person had employed him; but that he bought the boat merely for his own use. Yet was not all this sufficient. They still threatened to seize the boat, unless he gave in better security. Upon which, he came to me, to advise what it were best to be done. I ordered him forthwith to sink the

boat: which as it very much abated the suspicion of the Magistrates, so it secured the boat from seizure.

While these things were in agitation, one of JOHN NUTHALL's creditors, to whom he owed £7 for tools, threatened to arrest him, unless he paid him down the money; which was no small surprise to a man that had no money to make his payment: however, having a day's respite to procure satisfaction, he came and told me, that "Unless I would supply him with money to pay his debt, necessity would constrain him to discover my design." So that, well knowing the danger I was in, I was forced to supply him.

And here, I must not omit to relate, that, by this time, I had discovered my design to two of my acquaintance under the same circumstances [*i.e.*, *White Slaves*], THOMAS AUSTIN and JOHN WHICKER; who readily agreed to be my companions, and gave me what money they could well spare, to help to carry on the design: but I myself was the chief contriver and manager of the whole, having more time and liberty than they. For I usually met JOHN NUTHALL every night, at some convenient place remote from the town by the sea side; where, after we had consulted together, he took his instructions how to proceed.

In this interval of time, the boat being sunk, and by that means, the suspicion of the Magistrates quite over; JOHN NUTHALL's debt being paid, and he again secured to secresy: we began to think of providing necessaries for our intended voyage; which, as they occurred to my thoughts, I set them down, that so nothing might be forgotten. Which take as followeth. A hundredweight of bread, a convenient quantity of cheese, a cask of water, some few bottles of Canary and Madeira wine and beer; these being for the support of Nature: and then for use, a compass, quadrant, chart, half-hour glass, half-minute glass, log and line, large tarpaulin, a hatchet, hammer, saw and nails, some spare boards, a lantern and candles. All which were privately conveyed to a friend's house, not far from the water side, to be in a readiness against the time.

Which after I had bethought myself; who besides, to make choice of for my companions was the next thing to be considered of; but that a lucky chance, after a short expectation, presented itself to us.

For within few days the Governor of Mevis putting in at the Barbadoes; the Governor, for his more noble entertainment, caused the Militia of the town to be in arms: which was attended with revelling, drinking, and feasting to excess; the consequence of which, I easily conjectured would be drowsy security and carelessness.

This time, I therefore thought most proper for our intended enterprise; and gave notice thereof to my intended companions (most of whom I kept ignorant of my design until now, fearing it should by any means be discovered): and ordered them not to carry home their arms, but to bring them, after it was night, to a certain storehouse by the wharf; where I designed to put to sea. The storehouse was then under the care of JOHN WHICKER, one of my confederates; and therefore a most happy convenience to conceal both them and their arms, till it was time to sail.

In the meantime, JOHN NUTHALL employed two lusty blacks to empty the water out of our skiff, and set her afloat; and then brought her to the wharf before the storehouse: whither by this time, we had conveyed our necessaries; keeping the blacks within the storehouse, that they might have no opportunity to discover our design.

About 11 o'clock at night [*9th May*, 1687], thinking it time to embark in our small vessel, we assigned one of our company to stand sentry at the head of the wharf, to give us notice if the Watch should happen to come that way; and then, with all speed, we put our provisions and necessaries aboard: which we had no sooner done, but we had an alarm that the Watch was approaching to the head of the wharf. A misfortune which so surprised us, that we all, of an instant, betook ourselves to our heels. And I, for my own part, soon recovered a friend's house, giving all for lost; supposing my companions were fallen into the enemy's hands.

But whilst I was condoling my misfortune to my friend, and giving him a lamentable account of our attempt and discovery; and also consulting whether to retire in the country, to lie dormant if possible till some better opportunity offered itself, I heard a person at the window inquiring for me.

At first, I was in a dreadful fear, lest it was one of the Watch in quick pursuit after me: but knowing him, by his voice to be one of my companions, I gladly received the

account he gave me. Which was, that the Watch came only to call up one of their number, that was to watch with them that night; and then went away, without taking the least notice of the boat.

However, I was so disheartened by this unlucky accident, that I was altogether unwilling to make a second attempt, till at length overruled by the importunity of my friend; more especially when he told me that they all waited for me, and could not go without me, for none of them had any skill in navigation. So, considering the baseness of disappointing so many persons, whom I had engaged in so much danger; I resolved, once more, to hazard a burnt forehead and sore back: and going with him to the water side, I found my companions by the boat, waiting for me, and not a little glad to see me come again.

Then we put the Negroes into the storehouse, charging them not to stir forth or make any noise till the morning: and to encourage them to be faithful to us, I gave them three Half-Pieces of Eight [=6*s.*=18*s. now*] for their good service.

This done, and thus delivered from our fears, we embarked in our small vessel; being in number eight, viz., JOHN WHICKER, PETER BAGWELL, WILLIAM WOODCOCK, JOHN COOKE, JEREMIAH ATKINS, and myself, which were Sufferers on the account of the Duke of MONMOUTH: the other two were JOHN NUTHALL, who bought the boat for me, and THOMAS WAKER. THOMAS AUSTIN, of whom I formerly spake, was so possessed with fear of being cast away, that he would not go with us.

About midnight, we put off to sea, designing for Curaçoa, a Dutch island that lies about 200 leagues thence: for we durst not go to any English island, for fear we should be taken and sent back.

We rowed softly forward, within a pistol's shot of the Fort; and there lay at that time, a man-of-war in the road: which made us not a little afraid of being discovered by those watchful enemies; but Providence so ordered it, that we passed both without discovery.

However, by the time that we were got clear of the Fort and the shipping, our boat being so extremely leaky, had taken in so much water, that we were almost ready to sink; not

daring to heave it out before, for fear of making a noise to alarm our enemies.

But having the conveniency of a tub and a large wooden bowl; we now fell to work, and in a little time, we pretty well emptied our boat: and then we set our mast, and hoisted our sail, and steered our course south-west as near as I could judge, intending to make the Great Grenada. Our candles being bruised into one mass of tallow, and our tinder and matches being wet, we could not strike a light to steer by our compass; neither indeed had we any candles lighted for the same reason, during our whole voyage: so that, in the night, we were forced to steer by the stars; and when it was cloudy, by the wind.

That which troubled us most was the leakiness of our little vessel. For although we endeavoured all we could to stop her gaping seams with our linen and all the rags we had, which we tallowed with our bruised candles: yet she was so thin, so feeble, so heavily ladened, and wrought [*laboured*] so exceedingly by reason of the great motion of the sea, that we could not possibly make her tight, but were forced to keep one person almost continually, day and night, to throw out the water, during our whole voyage.

The same night, most of my companions were so sea-sick, that notwithstanding we were all ready to sink, I could hard persuade them to throw out the water; and my place being at the helm, to guide and govern the boat, I could not safely go thence. However, at length, through great importunity and earnest persuasions, I prevailed with them to take a little pains to preserve us from drowning. My companions now began to wish themselves at Barbadoes again; and would willingly have returned: but I told them there was no possibility of it, being so far to the leeward of the island.

One of them, through carelessness in heaving out the water, threw over our wooden bowl; and we running away with a large [*full*] wind, could not go back to take it up; so that we had nothing left to throw out the water with, but our tub; which obliged them to be more careful of it, for our lives were concerned therein.

May the 10th [1687], in the morning, we were got almost out of sight of the island; at least far enough from being descried from thence. And perceiving no sort of vessel in

pursuit of us, we began to be cheered up with the thoughts of our liberty, and the hopes of our safe arrival at our desired port.

But then, alas, the night no sooner approached, but we were assailed with a brisk gale of wind; under which misfortune, another worse befel us, that we split our rudder so that we were forced to lower our sail, and with an oar to keep our boat before the sea, whilst one of my company, a joiner, mended our helm by nailing to it two pieces of boards. That done, we went cheerily on again.

May the 11th, we had indifferent good weather. My companions being pretty well recovered of their sea-sickness, we now had time to put things in a better posture in our boat; and to raise her, which we did by nailing on tarpolings [*tarpaulings*] from her sides to our oars that were lashed fast about nine inches above, which did us good service in keeping out the sea. We likewise made a tilt [*awning*] with a hammock over the hinder part of our boat, to defend us from the scorching heat of the sun.

May the 12th. This morning, notwithstanding we steered south-west, to weather the Great Grenada, the current had set us so much to the northward, that we made the Grenadilloes to bear west of us: which obliged us to steer more southerly to weather the Great Grenada.

May the 13th. The last night, we weathered the Great Grenada, and steered down the south side of the same; and then shaped our course for the Testigos. For I could not take any true observation by my quadrant, because of the uneven motion of the sea, and the nearness of the sun to the zenith, and therefore was constrained to steer a course from island to island, though the further way about.

May the 14th. We had fair weather, and a fresh gale of wind; and about noon, as I remember, we made the Testigos, bearing south-south-west; and before night, made the north-east end of the Margarita.

But, by this time, being so extremely spent for want of sleep, having been obliged for the most part, night and day, to steer the boat; I was desirous to take a little rest: but first I directed one of my companions how to steer down by the said island; and then composed myself to sleep.

In which interval of time, my companions eagerly longing

for fresh water, in regard ours stank so extremely as it did, stood in for the land; and lowered the sail, designing to go ashore. At which time, I happily [*by chance*] awoke; and apprehending the great danger of falling into the hands of the Indians, who had already kindled a fire on the shore not far from us, I caused the sail again to be hoisted up, and hasted away with all expedition: and being favoured with a brisk gale of wind, we soon got out of fear or danger of those savage cannibals.

May the 15th. We had fair weather, and very pleasant sailing down the north side of this island [*Margarita*]. But when we had got about the middle of the island, my companions were no less importunate than before, to go ashore for fresh water. To which I, at length, consented, partly because I saw that part of the island free from inhabitants, and partly enticed by the fair appearance of a sandy bay and that the water seemed so smooth that I thought we could not injure our boat by running her ashore, in regard we had neither anchor nor grapling to ride her off.

But, contrary to our expectations, and to our great surprisal, we found the ground near the shore extremely foul; and the sea heaved us so fast in, that we could not possibly have avoided being split on the rocks, had not I leaped into the sea to fend her off, which whilst I laboured to do with my feet against the rock till I was almost spent, my companions with their two oars rowed her off. At which, our hearts were filled with joy, and our mouths with praises to the LORD, who had so wonderfully preserved us from being cast away on this island: where probably we must either have been starved ourselves, or have become food for those inhuman man-eaters.

From the west end of this island, we directed our course for Saltatudos; but that afternoon, the wind increased, and a white ring encircled the moon, which I thought presaged ill weather, and to our great sorrow, proved too true. For about nine at night, a dreadful storm arose, which made us despair of ever seeing the morning sun. And now the sea began to foam, and to turn its smooth surface into mountains and vales. Our boat was tossed and tumbled from one side to the other; and so violently driven and hurried away by the fury of the wind and sea, that I was afraid we should be

driven by the island in the night-time: and therefore we brought our boat to, with her head against the sea: but the wind and sea still increasing, we were forced to bear up before it, with only sail sufficient to give her steerage way.

And now, in vain we began to wish ourselves at the Barbadoes again, or (which was worse) on that island on which we were so lately like to have been wrecked, believing that a misery then which now we should have thought a happiness, and that which confirmed us the more in the certainty of our approaching ruin, was an unexpected voice, which (to our thinking) seemed to hallow [*holloa*] to us at a great distance. But the Omnipotent (who is never unmindful of the cries of his people in distress) heard our prayers; so that when all our hopes were given over, and we had resigned ourselves into his hands, expecting every moment when the wide gaping sea would devour and swallow us up: GOD, of his infinite mercy and unspeakable goodness, commanded the violence of the winds to cease, and allayed the fury of the raging waves. Eternal praises to his Name for evermore!

May the 16th. This morning, at break of day, we saw the island of Saltatudos just before us, and when it was sufficiently light, that we could discern how the land lay, we steered down the north side of it, intending to go ashore at some convenient place to refresh ourselves after that dreadful storm, and to take on board some fresh water, and if possible to stop the leaks of our boat, in order to proceed in our voyage for Curaçoa: and accordingly, when we came to the leeward of a small island hard by the other, we stood in directly for the shore, thinking it a convenient place to land. Which we had no sooner done, but we saw a canoe coming thence, directing her course towards us. At which sight, being a little surprised, my companions provided their arms, and charged their muskets and blunderbusses with glass bottles: for we coming from Barbadoes in so great a hurry and fear; through forgetfulness they left their bag of bullets on the wharf.

When they were come somewhat nearer, that we could perceive them to paddle like Indians, we bore up and were running from them.

Which as soon as they perceived, they waved their hats and hailed us; by which we knew they were not Indians as

we supposed: and therefore we permitted them to come nearer, and perceiving them to be white men, we enquired "What they were?"

They told us, "They were Englishmen in distress, &c., and waited for an opportunity to go off the island."

The account we gave them of ourselves was very short That we came from one of the Windward islands: by which, they supposed we had fled for debt; and should have continued in that belief, had not THOMAS WAKER, one of my companions, privately informed them, That there were only he and JOHN NUTHALL that were debtors: the rest of us being rebels: for he thought thereby to ingratiate himself and friend in their friendship.

But these privateers, for so they were, as we afterwards understood, hated them the more for their treachery; and loved us the better, confessing that they were rebels too, adding that "if the Duke of MONMOUTH had had 1,000 of them, they would soon have put to flight the King's army."

But to proceed. When we came to the shore, the privateers assisted us to haul up our boat that she might not be injured by the sea; having no conveniency to ride her off [*i.e., at anchor*].

Which done, they shewed us the well of fresh water which was hard by their huts; where we refreshed ourselves a little; and with our sail we made a shade to keep the sun from us: and when we had so done, we lay down under it, to refresh ourselves with rest and sleep; having had but little of either, all our voyage, being so extremely thronged together in our little boat.

These privateers at first were very kind to us, and gave us some of their provisions: and related to us the story of their adventures; which, to the best of my memory, was thus:

That they formerly belonged to one Captain YANCHE, Commander of a Privateer of 48 guns, that designed to plunder a Spanish town by the Gulf of Florida, called St. Augustine. And in order thereunto, he sent 30 of them out into the Gulf of Florida, to take canoes from the Indians; for the more convenient and speedy landing of their men. But they going ashore on the Main to turn turtle [*i.e., on their backs*], were set upon by the Indians, and two of them killed on the place. However, at length, they put the Indians

to flight; and some time afterwards, took two or three canoes, and one Indian prisoner: who conducted them to his own and his father's plantations, on condition they would afterwards set him free; where they stored themselves with provisions and other necessaries. But it cost them dear. For their Quartermaster and one more of the company were poisoned, by their unwary eating of casader [*cassava*] roots.

The rest of them went, with those canoes and the Indian they had taken, to the place appointed, expecting to meet their man-of-war: but could not find her, and therefore being necessitated to shift for themselves as well as they could, they came to this island, hoping to meet here with some vessel loading of salt in which they might get a passage for some English port: but were disappointed here also, for the ships were all gone before they came.

After we had sufficiently refreshed ourselves with rest and sleep, and returned to the LORD the praises due to his Name, for his wonderful and miraculous deliverance; we thought it time to consider how to stop the leaks of our boat, and to raise a deck over her with rinds [*barks*] of trees, &c., that we might proceed in our intended voyage for Curaçoa.

Our intentions were no sooner perceived by the privateers, but they endeavoured to persuade us from it: alleging the insufficiency of our boat, and the dangers we were so lately exposed unto; and advising us rather to go with them in their pereagoes [*piraguas*] a privateering than to hazard our lives by a second attempt. With the like argument, they would have easily prevailed with my companions to consent to go with them; had I not persuaded them to the contrary.

But when the privateers saw it was in vain to persuade, they thought to compel us, by burning our boat: supposing then that we would choose rather to go with them, than to stay upon the island till shipping came for salt, which would be eight or nine months; and in the meantime, to be in danger of being taken by the Spaniards for privateers, or otherwise to be starved with hunger, for we had no more than 4lbs. or 5lbs. of bread for each man left.

But this contrivance answered not their expectations. For notwithstanding they burnt our boat and took our sails and other utensils from us, I continued my resolution, and

chose rather to trust Divine Providence on that desolate and uninhabitable island than to partake or be any ways concerned with them in their piracy: having confidence in myself, that GOD, who had so wonderfully and miraculously preserved us on the sea and brought us to this island, would, in like manner, deliver us hence, if we continued faithful to Him.

And in order to our better accommodation and preservation on this island, I gave the privateers 30 Pieces of Eight [=£6=£18 *now*] for the Indian they took on the Main, but were not so true to their promise as to set him at liberty; who I expected would be serviceable unto us in catching fish, &c.

About the 25th of May [1687], 22 of the privateers, having first raised the sides of their pereagoes [*piraguas*] with boards, fastened with the nails they saved in the burning of our boat, and fitted them for sea; they set sail: leaving four of their company behind, that refused to go with them; as also a Spanish boat that was of no service to them, neither could be of any use to us, unless we had sails to sail her, and a rudder to guide her, both of which we wanted.

In this situation, they left us, deprived of all ways and means of getting off until the season aforesaid: unless GOD, by a particular Providence, should direct some vessel or other to touch here.

But before I proceed to give account of our manner of life in this place, I think it necessary to give a short description of the island itself; which is situated in the latitude of 11° 11′ N. Lat. Its extent is about twelve miles in length, and two or three in breadth; and is about 120 leagues from Barbadoes.

It is called by the Spaniards, *Tortuga*, from the plenty of turtle that resort thither: but our English give it the name of *Saltatudos*, because there is such a great quantity of salt yearly brought from thence. The Spaniards claim the propriety of this island, lying so near the Main [*South America*], where they inhabit; and therefore will sometimes take our English vessels as they are loading salt: of which they took two, the season before we came there.

The east and west ends of this island are for the most part

sand. The middle consists of hard and craggy rocks, that are very porous, and resemble honeycombs: and therefore we called them Honeycomb Rocks. There are plenty of small bushes growing out of the sand, and of shrubs from between the rocks: but there are no timber trees on the whole island.

On the south side, near the east end, are the *salinas* or salt ponds; from whence the salt is brought; which is thus made. The sea or salt water penetrates through the beachy banks of the sea, and overflows a large plain of two or three miles circumference, nearly a foot deep; where, by the scorching heat of the sun, the thin aqueous part is exhaled, and the saline part is coagulated into pure white crystaline salt. And because there is a continual supply of salt water from the sea, the sun continues exhaling and coagulating, until the whole *salinas* is deeply covered over with salt; so that all they have to do, is only to rake it together, and carry it aboard.

There is great plenty of birds and fowl, as pelicans, flammans [? *flamingoes*], paraquets, mocking birds, and an innumerable company of sea fowl: and also some vegetable productions, of which I shall have occasion to treat hereafter.

But to return from this digression. The privateers had no sooner left us, but we found ourselves, of necessity, obliged to seek out for provisions. Being led by the example of those four privateers that stayed behind; we walked along the sea shore to watch for tortoises or turtle: which when they came up out of the sea to lay their eggs in the sand, we turned on their backs. And they being incapable of turning themselves again, we let them remain so till the day following, or until we had conveniency of killing them: for if they were sufficiently defended from the heat of the sun by a shade, which we usually built over them, they would live several days out of the water.

And thus we walked to and fro in the night-time, to turn turtle; and in the day-time, we were employed in killing them: whose flesh was the chiefest of our diet, being roasted by the fire on wooden spits. And sometimes when we designed a festival, we left some part of the flesh on the calapatch and calapee, that is, the back and breast shells;

which we roasted, by setting them upright in two forked sticks thrust into the sand, before a large fire.

What we did not eat, we cut into long and slender pieces; and after we had salted it very well, we dried it carefully in the sun, on ranges of sticks set up for that purpose: for we had no other way of preserving it, having nothing to wet salt in. But we found it so difficult to divide their shells, that we broke our knives; and were forced to make new ones out of the swords my companions brought with them: which we did after this manner. First, we broke them into suitable lengths, and softened them in the fire; and then rubbed them on a stone to a fit shape and thinness: and after we had hardened them again, we fixed them in hafts, and made them more serviceable than our former.

And here for the better information of some persons, I think fit to describe these sea beasts, if I may so call them. They are somewhat of an oval form, strongly defended on the back and on the breast with a thick shell; and have four fins covered with thick scales, that serve them instead of legs when they come ashore. They feed on Woose or Sea Grass that grows out of the rocks; which I judge is the true reason they do not eat fishy. They breathe, and therefore are obliged to come frequently up to the surface of the water; on which they sometimes float so soundly asleep, that they give seamen an opportunity with a boat to take them up. Their flesh is very delightsome and pleasant to the taste, much resembling veal; but their fat is more yellow. The she or female turtle come up on the shore to lay their eggs in the sand, three times in the year, in the months of April, May, and June; where they are brought to maturity by the sweet influence of the sun. When the young ones are hatched, they muster out of their cells and march into the sea: but not without danger of being devoured by the sea fowl that wait to destroy them. Each of these tortoises lays about 140 eggs at one time, in about an hour's space; which are fully as large as hens' eggs, but with this difference, that these are round, and covered only with a thick strong membrane or skin, nor will their whites harden by heat as the whites of hens' eggs. Their yolks we beat in calabashes with some salt; and fried them with the fat of the tortoise,

like to pancakes, in a piece of an earthen jar found by the sea-side: which we did eat instead of bread.

I never saw any creature so long a-dying as these: for after we had cut their throats, divided their bodies, and cut their flesh into small and minute parts; every part and portion would continue twitching and moving itself a long time. They have a threefold heart, said to be the heart of a fowl, of a beast, and of a fish; which will stir and pant several hours after it is taken out of their body.

Our continual feeding on these tortoises brought us to a violent looseness [*diarrhœa*] which I speedily stopped with an opiatic tincture, which I had provided on another occasion. For before we came from Barbadoes, I thought of a way to deliver ourselves out of our enemies' hands, in case we should be taken, without shedding of blood. And it was thus. I dissolved a sufficient quantity of opium in a bottle of rich cordial water, which we carried with us in the boat: intending to give it to those persons that should take us, which I supposed they would readily drink, and by that means would be overtaken with so profound a sleep that we should have opportunity sufficient to make our escape from them.

We were obliged to go many miles from the well of fresh water, to turn turtle, and to fetch salt from the *salinas*. This necessitated us to carry our water with us in a cask, over those uneven rocks, which soon wore out our shoes, and compelled us to make use of our soft and tender feet, unwilling to salute those hard and craggy rocks: which was very irksome to us at first, but time and necessity made it more familiar and easy, that, at length, the bottoms of our feet were hardened into such a callous substance that there were scarcely any rocks so hard but we could boldly trample them under our feet.

When the season of the tortoises' coming ashore was expired, and we had gotten a considerable quantity of their flesh salted and dried for our winter store; we set about building houses to defend us from the stormy weather, which we were shortly to expect, which we did so artificially, and covered them so well with coarse grass that grew by the sea-side, that neither the violence of winds, nor fierceness of storms could easily injure or offend us. Our household

goods consisted chiefly in two or three earthen jars left us by the privateers, some few calabashes, and shells of fish that we found by the sea-side. In our houses, we formed a kind of little cabins to repose ourselves in, with as much ease as possibly we could.

In these little huts or houses, we spent most of our time; sometimes reading or writing. And at other times, I went abroad with my Indian a-fishing, at which he was so dexterous that with his bow and arrow, he would shoot a small fish at a great distance. Sometimes we caught some crawfish, which we broiled over the coals; and for change of diet, we sometimes ate a sort of shell fish that live on the rocks, and are like snails, but much larger, called W[h]ilks.

And as there is no mountain so barren, on which there may not be found some medicinal plant; so neither was this island so unfruitful, but it afforded us two vegetable productions of great service unto us. The one we called Turks' Heads, being of an oval form, beset on every side with sharp prickles like a hedgehog; out of which there grew in the upper part, a longish red and pleasant fruit, about the bigness of a small nut, in taste resembling a strawberry. The other was much more serviceable to us, called *Curatoe* [? *the Agave*], of an oval body or stump, like the former: but out of this grew long thick leaves, whose edges were prickly, and its juice so exceeding sharp and pungent that it was not easily suffered on the bare skin; with which we washed our linen as with soap, for it would scour excellently well. Through the leaves are dispersed long and thready fibres, with which, when we had separated and dried them in the sun, we made very good thread, and mended our clothes therewith, in needles which we made of bones. With the leaves, I made a most excellent balsom [*poultice*] for wounds, by boiling them in the fat of the tortoises, which I brought to a sufficient consistency by adding bees' wax thereunto. Thus much of its external use.

Its internal use follows. After we had cut off the leaves about three or four inches from the body, we digged a great hole or pit in the sand, and heated it exceedingly hot; and put the said body therein, covering it up in the hot sand: where we permitted it to remain five or six days, in which time, the juice that was before extraordinarily sharp and

corrosive, by this digestion became so strangely changed that it was extremely sweet and pleasant, like the syrup of baked pears. And after we had pressed it forth, and fermented it with a proportionable quantity of water; it became a most pleasant and spirituous liquor to drink. The innermost part of the body or stump, we cut into slices, and ate it like bread.

At this island, there is an innumerable company of sea fowl that lay their eggs in the sand, overspreading at some places, nearly twenty yards as near together as the birds can well sit to lay them. And when the young ones are hatched, they run about in great companies, like chickens, a considerable time before they are able to fly; which often afforded us pleasant diversion, to pursue and take them: which, when we had skinned, salted, and dried in the sun, we could preserve a long time. But they did eat extremely fishy; much like red herrings.

We endeavoured to make a pot to boil our turtle in, by tempering the finest sand with the yolks of turtles' eggs and goats' hair: for we could find no clay or earth in the whole island: but we could not possibly make them endure the drying; so that we were forced to eat our turtle roasted by the fire on wooden spits.

There is a pleasant fragrant herb grows out of the sand among the rocks, which we call Wild Sage; whose leaves we smoked instead of Tobacco: and for want of a pipe, I smoked it in a crab's claw; of which crabs there were plenty, but they were so poor that we did not eat them.

There is also an insect called a Soldier [? *the hermit crab*]; having a shell like a snail: but some say this shell is not proper to themselves. For having weak and tender bodies, they get possession of these shells to defend themselves against the injury of the air, and attempts of other creatures. As they grow bigger, they shift their shells, and get into large; being commonly those of Peridwinkles. They have, instead of a foot, an instrument like a crab's claw, wherewith they close the entrance of their shells, and thereby secure their whole body. When they are set near the fire, they presently forsake their quarters; and if it be presented to them again, they go backwards. They commonly keep in great companies about the rocks near the well of fresh

water. When they intend to change their lodgings, there sometimes happens a serious engagement, managed with that clasping instrument; still the strongest, by conquest, gets possession, which he carries about with him, on his back, during his pleasure.

Another little insect is worthy to be mentioned, called Lizards. They were so familiar and friendly, that they would come boldly among us, and do us no harm. They have four legs and their bodies are adorned with divers delightsome colours. They feed on flies, and for that reason were serviceable unto us in killing them: which they performed with great nimbleness and cunning. For they lay down where they supposed the fly would come, putting their heads into as many different postures as the fly shifts places; and when they find their advantage, they start so directly on their prey with open mouth, that they seldom miss it. They are so very tame that, when we were eating, they would come on our meat and hands to catch flies.

After we had spent about three months [*May–August*, 1687] in this desolate and disconsolate island; we saw a ship, attended by a small sloop, steering towards the shore. At which, we were at once possessed with hopes and fears: with hopes, that it was some English vessel, in which we might probably get a passage thence; and with fear, lest it should be a Spaniard, who doubtless would make us prisoners, if they could take us, supposing that we were privateers.

The four privateers that remained with us all this time, drew near the sea-side, where the ship was at an anchor, and after they had discovered them to be privateers, made signs to them to send their boat ashore: which accordingly they did.

And after they had carried them on board, the Captain of the man-of-war sent up the sloop to that part of the island where I and my companions were: and when they came ashore unto us, they inquired, "Which was the Doctor?"

My companions informed them it was I. One of them therefore addressed himself particularly to me, desiring me, in the name and on the behalf of their Captain, to go with them on board the man-of-war; where I should be kindly

entertained, and have liberty to come [*go*] ashore when I pleased.

I readily embraced this kind invitation; but could not procure liberty for any of my companions to go with me.

When we came to the man-of-war, I was very honourably handed up the side, the trumpets in the meantime sounding; and very kindly received and welcomed aboard by the Captain and Doctor: who invited me aft into the Great Cabin, where I was not only feasted with wine and choice provisions; but had given me by the Doctor a pair of silk stockings, a pair of shoes, and a great deal of linen cloth to make me shirts, &c.

After a long discourse concerning the affairs of England, more particularly of the progress and defeat of the Duke of MONMOUTH, which they seemed to deplore; I addressed myself to the Captain in the behalf of myself and companions, humbly entreating him to permit us to go with them either to that port to which they were bound, or otherwise to put us on board some English ship that they should accidentally meet withal. For I understood by their discourse, that they had taken a rich prize; and were bound directly for a port, to spend their money, as they usually do: so that I apprehended no danger in going with them.

But the Captain not being able to take us aboard without the consent of the Company, having but two votes and as many shares in the ship and cargo; the Company were called together, and, after some debates, they voted that they would take me with them, but none of my companions. However they were so kind that they sent them a cask of wine, some bread and cheese, a gammon of bacon, some linen cloth, thread and needles to make them shirts, &c. And the next day, they permitted them to come on board, and entertained them very courteously.

In about two days' time, we set sail; leaving my companions on the island, not a little grieved at my departure. We stood away to the northward, with a design to go to Illa Terra.

From which, at present I shall digress to give an account of what became of those privateers that left us; who were the occasion of my being delivered from this place.

The next day [26*th May*, 1687], after they went from us, they arrived at the main continent, where they hauled up their piraguas, and stayed there about a fortnight, waiting to seize some Spanish vessel that might come that way, which they designed, if possible, speedily to board before the Spaniards could get themselves in a posture of defence. But not meeting here with any prize, they went to the windward; where they took a canoe ladened with pork: and meeting with some English vessel at one of the Windward Islands, they parted company. Some went for Carolina. The others went in a small sloop to Blanco: where they met with a man-of-war, a Privateer, that had taken a Portuguese, a great ship called the *Grand Gustaphus*, laden with wine and linen cloth, &c. When these had shared her cargo, they parted company: the French with their shares went it for Petty Guavas, in the *Grand Gustaphus*; and the English being informed by those other privateers of our being on Saltatudos, came thither with their man-of-war, as is before expressed.

In about five or six days after we left Saltatudos, we made Porto Rico. Our vessel being so extremely leaky, some of the Company were for putting into Mena. But the rest not consenting, we steered betwixt Porto Rico and Hispaniola, and so to the eastward of the *Abroletas* or "Handkerchers": where there were divers vessels on the Wrack, diving for plate. But we stopped not here, but continued our course to the northward until we came into the latitude of Illa Terra, and then steered away west for the island.

As we were running down, we saw a ketch, to which we gave chase, and in a few hours came up with her; who told us that they came from New York, and were bound for Providence.

As soon as the privateers understood that Providence [*one of the Bahamas*] was inhabited again; they altered their resolutions, and designed to go with them to that place: and accordingly kept them company.

The night following, we met with bad weather, and were like to run ashore on Illa Terra, through the carelessness of our pilot; had not a person from the quarter-deck, that was more watchful than the rest, espied the land just before us.

But this was not all. For after we had tacked about, and

were lying by, with the heads of both vessels off ashore, the men on board the ketch were so drunk with the wine the privateers had given them, that they suffered their ketch to drive aboard us, and, with the violence of the blow she gave us, broke down our cat-head: and had we not by a particular Providence, got free from her: we had both unavoidably sunk down in the sea. For our vessel was so extremely leaky before, that at the same time she had three feet of water in her hold; and our pumps being both out of order, we were forced to convey it out with tubs.

The next day, we steered into Providence, and came to anchor under the command of a small *stochadoe* fort [*stockade*], built by the new inhabitants; who had not been there above eight months. But they had so well improved their time, that they had built a town by the seaside; and elected a Governor from among themselves: who, with the consent of twelve more of the chief men of the island, made and enacted divers laws for the good of their little commonwealth; being as yet under the protection of no Prince.

The privateers found here a kind reception by the inhabitants. After they had gotten their goods ashore, they ran their ship aground, and burnt her; giving their guns to the inhabitants to fortify the island: designing to divide themselves into small numbers, and to go thence, to some other place where they might sell their goods, and betake themselves to an honest course of life.

The Governor of this island was a very sober man, an Independent; and usually preached to the inhabitants every First Day of the week: at which time, he caused a gun to be fired for a signal, to give notice to the people, when he was going to begin.

Whilst I remained here, the privateers had two false alarms; supposing the Spaniards were come again to dispossess them of the island. For this being formerly a harbour for privateers, and a nest of robbers; the Spaniards, on a time when most of the men were on the Old Wrack, pillaged and burnt their towns; carried away, as it was reported, £30,000 [=£90,000 *now*] in plate and money; and took some of the inhabitants prisoners. The others fled to Illa Terra, where they remained till this island was resettled by those few inhabitants that came from Jamaica and other parts.

The island itself is very fruitful, and if the report of the inhabitants be true, the quickest in production of any I ever heard or read of. There is plenty of wild hogs in the woods, which the inhabitants often kill; and good store of wild grapes, with which they make good wine; and divers sorts of fruits, as oranges, lemons, limes, guavas: also medicinal herbs as *tea radix*, *Contra yerva*, *Jesuit's bark*, &c. Of eatable roots, there are partatoes, yams, edders, &c.

The ketch, with whom we came in company to this island, sold part of their bread and flour to the privateers, for linen cloth; and some they sold to the inhabitants.

In about a fortnight's time, they set sail for Carolina, and I with them. As we were sailing down among the Bohemia islands [*Bahamas*], towards the Gulf of Florida; we were like to be cast away on the rocks and shoals that lay in our way: but, through mercy, we got clear.

When we came on the coast of Carolina, we met with blowing weather; and by the mistake of our Captain fell in [with the coast] to the Southward, where we came to an anchor: but the wind was so high, that in weighing of it, our cable broke.

The next day we came to an anchor again just before the bar of Carolina [? *Charleston*]: for our Captain was afraid to go in with his vessel, for fear they would seize him, because he had been dealing with the privateers: and for that reason, he only sent in his boat, to get some fresh provisions, and to put on shore a passenger that came with us.

And because I found no vessel here, bound directly for England, I resolved to go with them to New York. And here also, we had the misfortune to lose our other anchor: insomuch that when we came to Sandy Hook, we were forced to ride our vessel by two of her guns, which we had slung for that purpose, until our boat had got us a small anchor from on board some other vessel. The next day, we went up to New York.

Where, as I was walking one morning on the bridge, I accidentally met with a person I knew, that came lately from Barbadoes. At first I was surprised; but having confidence

that he would not discover me, I went to him, and desired him to come to some house, where we might privately discourse together.

He was glad to see me safe there: and according to my desire, he went with me to a house hard by: where I gave him an account of my adventures, and what had happened to me since I left Barbadoes.

He, in requital, gave me an account of the different resentments people had at our departure, and how after we were gone, our Masters had hired a sloop to send after us; but thinking it in vain, they did not pursue us. However, they sent our names and the description of our persons to the Leeward Islands, that so, if any of us came thither, we might be taken prisoners and sent up again.

At one time, it was reported that we had gotten aboard a Dutch vessel, and were bound for Holland: at another time, that we were taken prisoners at St. Christophers, and to be sent back in chains; which made our Masters rejoice, and insultingly to boast of the severe punishments they would inflict upon us. They were resolved, as they said, that I should be hanged! for an example to others; because I was the chief contriver and manager of our escape. But these hopes and insultings of theirs were soon over: for when, at length, they could hear no true account of us, they concluded that we had perished in the sea.

I had not been long at New York, before I got passage in a vessel bound for Amsterdam; and in order thereunto took out a Ticket from the Secretary's Office by another name.

In about five weeks' time, we arrived at Cowes, on the Isle of Wight; where this vessel stopped to clear.

As soon as I had got my chest, &c., ashore, I embarked for Southampton; where I left my chest at a friend's house.

I returned in a disguise to my relations: who, before this time, unknown to me, had procured my *Pardon*; and joyfully received me, as one risen from the dead. For having received no account from me, since I left Barbadoes; they did almost despair of ever seeing me any more.

NOw unto the Eternal and True GOD, the sacred Fountain of all mercies, that has been with me in all dangers and times of trial, Who miraculously preserved me on the deep waters, and according to the multitude of His mercies delivered me when appointed to die: unto Him, do I, with sincere gratitude, dedicate the remainder of my days! humbly imploring that the Angel of His Presence may always attend me! and the remembrance of His repeated favours more and more engage my heart to serve Him! that in testimony of my abundant thankfulness, I may return to Him, a perpetual sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, henceforth and for ever!

From my lodging, at the sign of the *Ship*, in Paul's Churchyard, London. June the 10th, 1689.

HENRY PITMAN.

An Account of the adventures of my Companions, since I left them on Saltatudos.

Communicated to me, by JOHN WHICKER, since his arrival in England.

DEAR DOCTOR,

IN ANSWER to your request, I have given you the following account.

About a fortnight after you left us on Saltatudos [*in August*, 1687], two of our companions, JOHN NUTHALL and THOMAS WAKER [*the two that had not been out with MONMOUTH*], having made sails of the cloth the privateers left us, and fitted the Spanish boat for the sea, went from us, designing for Curaçoa. But the boat was so large and unruly, and they, so unskilful in navigation; that I fear they either perished in the sea, or were driven ashore on the Main among the cruel Spaniards: for we never heard of them since.

The next day after they departed from us, there arrived here a small Privateer boat, of about 4 tons; in which were eight Englishmen and one Negro, that formerly belonged to the ship in which you embarked, but had left her, and went ashore upon an island called Fernando [Po], which lies to the southward, on the coast of Brazil.

Their reason for leaving their ship was this. Having

been out of Carolina, about a year and a half, and had made nothing considerable of a voyage, they had resolved for the South Seas, but coming to the Straits of Magellan, they met with very bad weather, which forced them to put back again; and then they resolved to turn pirates.

But these eight men being averse to the rest of their companions' design, went ashore upon the island aforesaid, carrying with them what they had on board, and intending to go from thence in a small boat, which was given them by the ship's crew, with some rigging and other necessaries; which they designed to build upon and raise higher in case of bad weather, having in their company two carpenters and a joiner.

Taking their leave of each other, the ship put to sea. Next morning, she saw a sail at a considerable distance; but making the best of their way, they soon came up with her; and finding her to be a Portuguese, they laid her aboard, and took her with very little resistance; though she was a bigger ship, and had more men than the Privateer.

Having made her a prize, they brought her away to the same island [? *Fernando Po*], on which were their companions; and turned the prisoners ashore among them, giving them a boat and oars. But this caused no small trouble among the English who were then inhabiters with them. Being well armed, they kept them at a distance from their apartment all that day: but the next night, the Portuguese ran away, carrying with them their own boat and the Englishmen's too.

Then were they in a bad condition, not having a ship nor boat with which they could convey themselves from that desolate island.

Then were they constrained to cut and fell a sort of trees called mangroves; and in the best manner they could, sawed out boats, planks, and other timbers fit for their use; and began to build a new boat from the keel.

In six weeks, or thereabouts, they finished her, being in burden as they judged 4 tons. No one was idle, but employed himself; some about their new vessel, while others, by turns, travelled the island to shoot for provision: which was a sort of birds, called Boobies, something resembling our English seagulls or pies, but bigger.

This island affords a sort of very large and pleasant figs; which they also fed on sometimes. There are a great many wild dogs, very large and fat, which eat very little or nothing but figs. Likewise, in the day-time, there came ashore sea lions [? *walruses*], which will sit by the water-side, and make hideous roaring. They are hairy about their head and neck, much like our land lions; their paws are very large, with a skin like the foot of a swan, which serves them to swim withal. They are very fearful and timorous, not suffering a man to come nigh them but presently they make to the sea. They live under water as well as above.

Having launched and rigged their boat, they put on board their provisions; which was only a small cask of pease that was given them by the ship, which they kept by them for their sea store.

Having water and all things aboard, they took their departure from Fernando aforesaid, committing themselves to the protection of Almighty GOD and the mercies of the seas, and directing their course for Tobago. But missing it, the pilot ordered to bear up the helm for Saltatudos: at which place they arrived, but almost famished; for they had had neither peas nor water for the space of five or six days before.

Having lain some days at the east end of the island unknown to us, and being in great want of provisions, they resolved to travel over the island to see if they could find out any food. By chance, they found some salt turtle, which we had laid upon a tree, and covered it over with a calapatch to secure it from the weather.

Three of these men being very unprincipled and loose kind of fellows, waiting their opportunity when three of their companions were abroad, went aboard and fetched their arms: then came to the hut, where the other two were, and presented a pistol to each of their breasts, and swore "If they would not carry everything aboard, they were dead men!"

The two men being surprised, and not able to make any resistance (the three having all the arms in their custody) were forced to comply, and carry all aboard.

Which done, they charged them that "if they did not acquaint them when the others came home, they would make them examples!"

They promised very fair.

Having done this, they went aboard, waiting for their coming home.

In the evening, the other three men came to their hut, not mistrusting what had happened; but finding the hut rifled and everything gone, inquired the meaning of it. Which having understood, they bethought what to do.

To tarry, they were afraid: to go, they could not tell where. For they had travelled all day, and could not find a drop of fresh water; neither was there any at the hut, for the others had carried all aboard.

Being very faint, one was resolved to hail the boat, and beg a little. The others kept close [*hid*] to see how he would fare.

Who having hailed them, they made answer "He should have some." So coming ashore, they laid hold on him, and tied his hands behind him; and left him in custody with one of them, while they went to look for the rest. The reason why they endeavoured to take them, was because they had hid their money in the sand, and did not keep it in their chests.

But in the meantime, while they were looking for the others, the prisoner, by means of a knife he had in his pocket, cut loose the line with which his hands were tied, and made his escape.

Being thus exiled from his companions, he bethought himself of ranging the island to look for men: for the turtle which they had found came afresh in his memory. All this time he had no victuals, nor a drop of water; being excessively hot.

At length, having travelled about the island till almost ready to faint; he came near our huts; and seeing us dressing of turtle with nothing on but a pair of drawers; the man made a stand, thinking we had been Indians, for we were tanned with the sun almost as yellow as them.

At length, he advanced, and inquired if we were Englishmen?

We told him, "We were."

Then he begged for a little water, which we gave him, and some of our turtle.

And after some conference, he told us of his condition, and desired us to help him to regain what was so ungratefully

taken from him and his fellow sufferers, by their own countrymen and boat's crew. Which we readily agreed to.

And when we had fixed our arms, we travelled all night till we came where the boat lay; which was about six or seven miles from that place.

When we came near the place, we hid ourselves in the bushes by the sea-side, waiting their coming ashore next morning, which they usually did, as we were informed.

Morning being come; two of them came ashore, and the Negro slave bearing a vessel to fetch water: they with their arms, and leaving one aboard, with twelve pieces by him ready loaded.

When they were come ashore, we appeared, with our arms ready cocked, enclosed them and took them prisoners.

Then we brought them to the water-side, and shewed the other aboard what we had done, commanding him not to fire, but to jump overboard, and swim ashore to us: which he immediately did.

So taking them all three prisoners, we put them ashore, leaving them some of our provisions.

[? *Did* DEFOE *get his idea of* WILL. ATKINS *&c. from this.*]

The rest we put aboard, in order to prosecute our voyage for New England. So victualling and watering our small frigate in the best manner we could, we left them upon the island; and the 24th of August [1687] we took our departure from Saltatudos.

In about six days' time, we made the island of Porto Rico; but our pilot not being very well acquainted with that country, supposed it to be the high land of Santo Domingo upon Hispaniola; and therefore ordered to bear up the helm and stand away to the westward before the wind.

The next day, we could see no land; which caused no small trouble amongst us, being dubious where we were.

Towards the evening, we made the east end of Hispaniola. Then our pilot saw his error, and that we had lost our passage between the islands Hispaniola and Porto Rico.

We were sailing down the south side of Hispaniola about nine days, having sometimes very little wind, and at other times tornadoes that we could carry no sail. Our water was all spent.

Running along close aboard the shore, we espied three men running with all the haste that possibly they could, till they came to a canoe which lay at the mouth of a creek; which immediately they rowed up into the country among the woods. We imagined they were afraid of us, supposing us to be Spaniards.

Then we came to an anchor, and I myself with one more, a carpenter, swam ashore: but with a great deal of difficulty, for the rocks lying so far off the shore, had like to have dashed out our brains.

Coming ashore, we swam up the creek; but the tide being so strong against us, we were forced to return back again, neither finding the men nor hope of getting fresh water. Therefore we swam aboard again.

Weighing our anchor, we steered within the isle of Ash, which lies almost to the west end of Hispaniola. Our pilot looking over his Waggoner, found that within this island was a fresh-water creek, into which we designed to run; but through mistake ran about two leagues up into a wrong creek where we could find no fresh water: so that with drinking salt water, our mouths were almost grown together and hardly able to speak. But GOD Almighty was pleased to send us a very great shower of rain, which lasted so long that, by means of a sheet held up by the four corners, with a weight in it, we caught about two gallons of water.

So lowering our sails we hauled up the creek into the woods, and went ashore, and concluded to dig a well. When we had digged about four or six feet deep, we found fresh water to our great comfort and satisfaction.

Lying ashore all night to take up the water as it sprang, we were almost stung to death with a sort of flies, called *Musquitoes* and *Merrywings*, which drew blisters and bladders in our skin, that we looked as if we had the smallpox; which were very tedious for our bodies too.

By next morning, we had got about forty gallons of water aboard; with which we put to sea again.

But we had not been at sea above three hours, before we saw a sail within the west end of the isle of Ash before mentioned. We bore up our helm, and stood away for her. In a short time, we saw her come to an anchor.

Supposing her to be a Jamaica sloop, for she had our King's Jack [*arms*] and ancient [*colours*]; we hailed them.

Whose answer was "From Jamaica."

So coming to anchor by their side, they laid us aboard with two canoes, full of Spaniards, all armed as pirates, and carried us aboard their sloop, stripped us naked, and put us down in their hold: having nothing to lay our naked bodies upon but their ballast stones, or atop of their water cask.

The provisions they allowed us were coarse and short: about half a pint of Indian corn a day for a man, for nine days together.

The place where they carried us is called St. Jago, a Spanish town upon Cuba.

We remained in this condition above six months. When they went to sea, we were carried as their slaves; to pump ship, wash their clothes, and beat corn in great wooden mortars; with Negroes, with naked swords, always standing by as overseers: so that our hands have been bladdered, and so sore that we could hardly hold anything. When at home, our business was to row the canoe up two leagues into the country; full of jars, to fetch water, which we were forced to carry upon our naked backs a great way, to fill them; sometimes, into the woods to cut wood, barefooted and bare-legged, with neither a shirt to our back, nor a hat to our head, but only a rag sufficient to cover our nakedness. Our provisions, as I told you before, were Indian corn boiled in water; but a larger share than the first.

About the latter end of October [1687], we were divided: myself with three more were put on board a small bark, the rest of my companions remained aboard the sloop; both vessels being bound down to leeward of Cape [de] Cruz; having information of a Dutch trader that lay there, before a small town, called Byan.

In which voyage, we were all taken very sick in the ague, as well Spaniards as English; which reduced us to a deplorable condition, having nothing to yield us any comfort.

In this distemper, died one of our companions, JEREMIAH ATKINS, of Taunton. During his sickness, they were very cruel to him; not suffering us to carry him down into the hold, but made him lie day and night upon the deck. All we could do for him, was to cover him with the bark of a

cabbage tree, to keep the sun from him by day, and the dew by night. In this languishing condition, he lay about a week; and then died. When dead, they threw him overboard, letting him float astern; without using any means to sink him, as is usual.

Returning back again for St. Jago, without their expected prize; myself and one more of our companions were taken again from on board the bark, and put aboard the sloop; and two others of our English were put aboard the bark, which took its departure from us at Cape [de] Cruz aforesaid, bound for Cartagena, a Spanish town upon the main continent.

In five days, we arrived at our port of St Jago, where we lay about a month.

Having careened our sloop, we put to sea again, bound for the north side of Hispaniola, to take Frenchmen.

Turning up to windward of Cuba, we met with a Jamaica sloop bound for the Wrack. The Spaniard commanded him to hoist out his canoe, and come aboard: which he refusing, went his way.

Having weathered Cape Myceze [*Maysi*], which is the eastward point of Cuba, we stood along shore, bound for a small town, called Barracco [*Baracoa*], where in two days we arrived.

We lay there till the latter end of October, [1687], at which place our sloop drave ashore, and struck off about fourteen feet of her false keel: but after a great deal of trouble, we got her off again. At this place, they got two hogs; and a quantity of plantains, a sort of food that grow upon trees, and are made use of instead of bread, among the inhabitants in the West Indies.

We then proceeded in our voyage for Hispaniola, and fell in with a place called the Mould. Off which place, we saw two sail: an English vessel that came from Jamaica, bound for New York; and a French sloop bound for Petty Guavas, a French town to leeward, on the north side of the said Hispaniola.

Having a fresh gale, we came up with the Englishman, brought him by the lee, commanded the Captain with four of his men aboard, and put twelve Spaniards aboard his ship.

Then chasing the Frenchman, we came up with him, about an hour after night. The Frenchman stood it out

and fought us, making a stout resistance; although they had not above seven or eight men, and of the Spaniards, there were thirty-five men, eight guns, six patteroes, and every man his small arms. The French making such a bold resistance kept them off till such time as they had an opportunity to run their sloop aground in the Mould, in the dark; by which means they saved their lives: otherwise they had been all dead men, as the Spaniards swore if they took them.

In the next morning, we ran into the Mould, and brought out their sloop; and put about ten men aboard: bringing both prizes away for St. Jago.

From the English Captain, they took £900 in money, and plundered him of all he had, save a suit of clothes that he wore: and but waited the Governor's [of St. Jago] motion, to make a prize of the ship. Which would have been done, had not the Spanish Governor received advice of the Duke of ALBEMARLE's arrival at Jamaica.

Upon which news, the Governor paid the English Captain £600 of his money back again, and sent him away to Jamaica; and all the English prisoners, that would go with him, were freed by his consent.

By this time, arrived the bark in which were the other three of our companions; who were very glad to hear of our and their redemption.

We embarked once again free men together, by GOD's grace, bound for Jamaica: where we safely arrived about the latter end of March [1688].

So separating ourselves, we endeavoured in the best manner we could, to get passage for England, our native country, desiring GOD Almighty to deliver us, and all our dear countrymen Protestants, from the barbarous cruelty of the Spaniards and Papists.

FINIS.

*

DAIPHANTUS,

OR

The Passions of Love.

Comical to read,

But Tragical to act:

As full of Wit, as Experience.

By An. Sc. Gentleman.

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Whereunto is added,

The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage.



LONDON:
Printed by T. C. for William Cotton: and are to be sold at his shop, near Ludgate. 1604.

To the mighty, learned, and ancient Potentate, QUISQUIS, Emperor of ✠, King of Great and Little A., Prince of B. C. and D., &c.; ALIQUIS wisheth the much increase of true subjects, free from Passion, spleen, and melancholy; and endued with virtue, wisdom, and magnanimity.

Or to the Reader.



N EPISTLE to the Reader! Why! that must have his Forehead or first entrance like a Courtier, fair-spoken and full of expectation; his Middle or centre like your citizen's warehouse, beautified with enticing vanities, though the true riches consist of bald commodities; his Rendezvous *or conclusion like the lawyer's case, able to pocket up any matter; but let good words be your best evidence! In the General or foundation, he must be like Paul's Church, resolved to let every Knight and Gull travel upon him: yet his Particulars or lineaments may be Royal as the Exchange, with ascending steps, promising new but costly devices and fashions. It must have Teeth like a Satyr, Eyes like a critic; and yet may your Tongue speak false Latin, like your panders and bawds of poetry. Your Genius and Species should march in battle array with our politicians: yet your Genius ought to live with an honest soul indeed. It should be like the never-too-well-read* Arcadia, *where the Prose and Verse, Matter and Words, are like his* [SIDNEY'S] *Mistress's eyes! one still excelling another, and without corrival! or to come home to the vulgar's element, like friendly* SHAKE-SPEARE'S Tragedies, *where the Comedian rides, when the Tragedian stands on tiptoe. Faith, it should please all, like Prince* HAMLET! *But, in sadness, then it were to be feared, he would run mad. In sooth, I will not be moonsick, to please! nor out of my wits, though I displease all! What? Poet! are you in Passion, or out of Love? This is as strange as true!*

Well, well! if I seem mystical or tyrannical; whether I be a fool or a Lord's-Ingle; all's one! If you be angry, you are not well advised! I will tell you, it is an Indian humour I have snuffed up from Divine Tobacco! and it is most gentlemanlike, to puff it out at any place or person!

I'll no Epistle*! It were worse than one of* HERCULES' *labours! but will conclude honesty is a man's best virtue. And but for the Lord Mayor and the two Sheriffs, the Inns of Court, and many Gallants elsewhere, this last year might have been burned! As for* MOMUS *(carp and bark who will!), if the* noble Ass *bray not, I am as good a Knight Poet, as* Ætatis suæ, *Master* An. Dom.*'s son-in-law.*

Let your critic look to the rowels of his spurs, the pad of his saddle, and the jerk of his wand! then let him ride me and my rhymes down, as hotly as he would. I care not! We shall meet and be friends again, with the breaking of a spear or two! and who would do less, for a fair Lady?

There I leave you, where you shall ever find me!

Passionate DAIPHANTUS, *your loving subject,*

Gives you to understand, he is a Man in Print, *and it is enough he hath undergone a Pressing, though for your sakes and for Ladies: protesting for this poor infant of his brain, as it was the price of his virginity, born into the world with tears: so (but for a many his dear friends that took much pains for it) it had died, and never been laughed at! and that if Truth have wrote less than Fiction; yet it is better to err in Knowledge than in Judgement! Also, if he have caught up half a line of any other's, it was out of his memory, not of any ignorance!*

Why he dedicates it to All, and not to any Particular, as his Mistress or so? His answer is, He is better born, than to creep into women's favours, and ask their leave afterwards.

Also he desireth you to help to correct such errors of the Printer, which (because the Author is dead, or was out of the City) hath been committed. And it was his folly, or the Stationer's, you had not an Epistle *to the purpose.*

Thus like a lover, wooes he for your favour;
Which, if you grant, then Omnia vincit Amor.



The Argument.

DAIPHANTUS, a younger brother, very honourably descended, brought up but not born in Venice; naturally subject to Courting, but not to Love; reputed a man rather full of compliment, than of true courtesy; more desirous to be thought honest, than so to be wordish beyond discretion; promising more to all, than friendship could challenge; mutable in all his actions, but his affections aiming indeed to gain opinion rather than goodwill; challenging love from greatness, not from merit; studious to abuse his own wit, by the common sale of his infirmities; lastly, under the colour of his natural affection (which indeed was very pleasant and delightful) coveted to disgrace every other to his own discontent: a scourge to Beauty, a traitor to Women, and an infidel to Love.

This He, this creature, at length, falls in love with two at one instant; yea, two of his nearest allies: and so indifferently [*equally*] yet outrageously, as what was commendable in the one, was admirable in the other. By which means, as not despised, not regarded! if not deceived, not pitied! They esteemed him as he was in deed, not words. He protested, they jested! He swore he loved in sadness; they in sooth believed, but seemed to give no credence to him: thinking

him so humorous as no resolution could be long good; and holding this his attestation to them of affection in that kind, [no] more than his contesting against it before time.

Thus overcome of that he seemed to conquer, he became a slave to his own fortunes. Laden[ed] with much misery, utter mischief seized upon him. He fell in love with another, a wedded Lady. Then with a fourth, named VITULLIA. And so far was he imparadised in her beauty (She not re-comforting him) that he fell from Love to Passion, so to Distraction, then to Admiration [*wonderment*] and Contemplation, lastly to Madness. Thus did he *act* the Tragical scenes, who only penned the Comical: became, if not as brutish as ACTÆON, as furious as ORLANDO. Of whose Humours and Passions, I had rather you should read them, than I act them!

In the end, by one, or rather by all, he was recovered. A Voice did mad him; and a Song did recure him! Four in one sent him out of this world; and one with four redeemed him to the world. To whose unusual strains in Music, and emphatical emphasis in Love; I will leave you to turn over a new leaf!

This only I will end with:

Who, of Love should better write,
Than he that Love learns to indite?



DAIPHANTUS.

Proem

SING the old World in an infant story!
I sing the new World in an ancient ditty!
I sing this World; yes, this World's shame and glory!
I sing a Medley of rigour and of pity!
I sing the Court's, City's, and the Country's fashions
Yet sing I but of Love and her strange Passions!

I sing that anthem lovers sigh in sadness!
I sing sweet times of joys in wo[e]-ven verses!
I sing those lines, I once did act in madness!
I sing and weep! (tears follow birth and hearses!)
I sing a *Dirge*! a Fury did indite it!
I sing Myself! whilst I myself do write it.

I invocate, to grace my Artless labour,
The faithful goddess, men call MEMORY
(True Poet's treasure, and their Wit's best favour);
To deck my Muse with truest poesy!
Though Love write well, yet Passion blinds th'affection.
Man ne'er rules right, that's in the least subjection.

Sweet Memory! Soul's life, new life increasing!
The Eye of Justice! Tongue of Eloquence!
The Lock of Learning! Fountain never ceasing!
The Cabinet of Secrets! Caske[t] of Sense!
Which governest Nature, teacheth Man his awe!
That art all Conscience, and yet rul'st by Law!

Bless thou, this Love Song-Air of my best wishes!
(Thou art the Parent nourisheth Desire!)
Blow, gentle winds! safe land me at my blisses!
Love still mounts high, though lovers not aspire.
My Poem 's Truth! Fond poets feign at pleasure!
A loving subject is a Prince's treasure.

THE PASSIONS OF LOVE.

IN VENICE fair, the city most admired;
Their lived a Gallant, who DAIPHANTUS hight,
Right nobly born, well lettered, loved, desired
Of every Courtier in their most delight:
So full of pleasance, that he seemed to be
A man begot in VENUS' infancy.

His face was fair, full comely was his feature;
Lipped like the cherry, with a wanton's eye:
A MARS in anger, yet a VENUS' creature;
Made part of CYNTHIA, most of MERCURY:
A pitied soul, so made of Love and Hate,
Though still beloved, in love unfortunate.

Thus made by Nature, Fortune did conspire
To balance him, with weight of CUPID's wings;
Passant in Love, yet oft in great Desire;
Sudden in Love, not staid in anything.
He courted all, not loved: and much did strive
To die for Love, yet never meant to wive!

As Nature made him fair, so likewise witty;
(She not content) his thoughts thus very fickle.
Fortune that gained him, placed him in this city,
To wheel his head, which she had made most tickle.
Fortune made him beloved, and so distraught him!
His reins let forth, he fell; and Cupid caught him.

Not far from Venice, in an Abbey fair,
Well walled about, two worthy Ladies dwelt:
Who virgins were, so sweet and debonair,
The ground they trod on, of their odour smelt.
Two virgin Sisters, matchless in a phere,
Had livèd virgins well nigh eighteen year.

Eurialæ, the elder sister 's named;
The other was Urania the wise.
Nature for making them was surely blamed:
Venus herself, by them all did despise!
Such beauties with such virtue! so combined,
That all exceeds, yet nought excels their mind.

Eurialæ so shows as doth the sun,
When mounted on the continent of heaven:
Yet oft she 's clouded; but when her glory 's come,
Two suns appear! to make her glory even.
Her smiles send brightness when the sun 's not bright!
Her looks give beauty, when the sun lends light!

Modest and humble, of nature mild and sweet;
Unmatchèd beauty with her virtue meeting:
Proud that her lowly 'beisance doth re-greet
With her chaste silence. Virtue ever keeping.
This is the sun, that sets before it rise!
This is a star! no less are both her eyes!

Her beauty peerless! peerless is her mind!
Her body matchless! matchless are her thoughts!
Herself but one! but one like her, we find!
Her wealth 's her virtue! Such virtue is not bought!
This is a heaven on earth, makes her divine!
This is the sun, obscures where it doth shine!

Urania next. O that I had that Art
Could write her worth! her worth no eye may see!
Or that her tongue (O heaven!) were now my heart,
What silver lines in showers should drop from me!
My heart she keeps! how can I then indite?
No heart-less creature can Love Passions write!

As a black veil upon the wings of morn,
Brings forth a day as clear as Venus' face;
Or a fair jewel, by an Ethiope worn,
Enricheth much the eye, which it doth grace:
Such is her beauty, if it well be told!
Placed in a jetty chariot set with gold.

Her hair, Night's canopy in mourning weeds
Is still enthroned, when locked within is seen
A Deity, drawn by a pair of steeds
Like Venus' eyes! And if the like have been,
Her eyes two radiant stars, but yet divine!
Her face day's sun (heaven all!) if once they shine!

Upon the left side of this heavenly feature,
In curious work, Nature hath set a seal,
Wherein is writ, *This is a matchless creature!*
Where Wit and Beauty strives for the appeal:
The Judges choosed are Love and Fancy. They rise,
And looking on her, with her, lett their eyes!

Her Wit and Beauty were at many frays,
"Whether the deep impressions did cause?"
"Nature!" said Beauty; Art, her Wit did praise:
Love thought her Face; her tongue had Truth's applause.
Whilst they contend, Which was the better part?
I lent an eye; She robbed me of my heart!

Sisters these two are, like the Day and Night:
Their glories, by their virtues they do merit,
One as the Day to see the other's might;
The other's Night to shadow a high spirit.
If all were Day, how could a lover rest?
Or if all Night, lovers were too much blest!

Both fair; as eke their bodies tall and slender:
Both wise, yet silence shews their modesty:
Both grave, although they both are young and tender:
Both humble hearted, not in policy.
So fair, wise, grave, and humble are esteemed;
Yet what men see, the worst of them is deemed!

Nature that made them fair, doth love perfection.
What Youth counts wisdom, Age doth bring to trial.
Grave years in Youth, in Age needs no direction.
A humble heart deserves, finds, no denial.
Fairs ring their knells, and yet Fame never dies!
True judgement 's from the heart, not from the eyes!

These two, two sisters, cousins to this lover;
He often courts, as was his wonted fashion.
Who swears all 's fair, yet hath no heart to prove her,
Seems still in Love or in a lover's Passion,
Now learns this lesson! and love-scoffers find it!
Cupid hits rightest, when Lovers do least mind it!

Although his guise were fashioned to his mind,
And wording Love, as compliment he used;
Seemed still to jest at Love and lovers' kind,
Never obtained, but where he was refused:
  Yet now, his words with wit so are rewarded;
  He loves! loves two! loves all! of none regarded.

Now he that laughed to hear true lovers sigh,
Can bite his lips, until his heart doth bleed!
Who jibed at all, loves all! each day 's his night!
Who scorned, now weeps and howls! writes his own meed!
  He that would bandy Love, is now the ball!
  Who feared no hazard, himself hath ta'en the fall!

Beauty and Virtue, who did praise the fashion;
Who, Love and Fancy thought a comedy:
Now is turned Poet! and writes Love in Passion!
His verses fit the bleeding Tragedy!
  In willow weeds, right well he acts his part!
  His Scenes are tears, whose embryon was his heart!

He loves, where Love to all doth prove disaster!
His eyes no sooner see, but he 's straight blind!
His kindred, friends, or foes, he follows faster
Than his own good! He 's now but too too kind!
  He that spent all, would fain find out Love's treasure!
  Extremities are, for extremes the measure.

Thus thinks he, of the words he spent in vain;
And wishes now, his tongue had eloquence!
He 's dumb! all motion that a world could gain,
A centre now without circumference!
  Cupid, with words who fought! would teach him Art,
  Hath lost his tongue; and with it, left his heart!

He swears he loves! (the heat doth prove the fire!)
He weeps his Love, his tears shew his Affection.
He writes his Love, his lines plead his Desire.
He sings his Love, the ditty mourns the action.
He sings, writes, weeps, and swears that he 's in sadness!
It is believed, *Not cured, Love turns to madness!*

Love once dissembled, oaths are a grace most slender!
Tears oft are heard, Ambassadors for Beauty!
Words writ in gold, an iron heart may render!
A Passion Song shews much more hope than duty!
Oaths spoke in tears; words, song; prove no true ditty:
A feignèd Love must find a feignèd Pity!

Thus is the good DAIPHANTUS like the fly,
Who playing with the candle feels the flame.
The smiles of scorn are lovers' misery:
That soul 's most vex't, is grievèd with his name.
Though kind DAIPHANTUS do most love protest;
Yet is his cross, still to be thought in jest!

Poor tortured lover! Like a perjured soul,
Swears till he 's hoarse, yet never is believed!
(Who 's once a villain, still is counted foul!)
O woful pity! when with wind relieved,
Learns this by wrote, *Though Love unconstant be,*
They must prove constant, will her comforts see!

Now to the humble heart of his dread Saint,
EURIALÆ, he kneels; but 's not regarded!
Then to URANIA sighs, till he grows faint:
Such is her Wit, in silence he 's rewarded!
His humble voice, EURIALÆ accuseth!
His sighing Passion, URANIA refuseth!

Then lifts he up his eyes, but Heaven frowneth!
Bows down his head, Earth is a mass of sorrow!
Runs to the seas; the sea, it storms and howleth!
Hies to the woods, the birds sad tunes do borrow!
Heaven, Earth, sea, woods, and all things do conspire
He burn in Love, yet freeze in his Desire!

The Ladies jest! command him to feign still!
Tell him, how, one day, he may be in love!
That lover's reason hath not Love's free will!
Smile in disdain, to think of that he proves!
(O me, Daiphantus! how art thou advised?
When he 's less pitied, then he is despised!)

They hold this but his humour! seem so wise!
And many lovers' stories forth do bring!
Court him with shadows, whilst he catcheth flies,
Biting his fingers till the blood forth spring!
Then do they much commend his careless Passion!
Call him "a lover of our Courtiers' fashion!"

All this they do in modesty; yet free
From thinking him so honest, as in truth:
Much less so kind, as to love two or three,
Him near allied; and he himself a youth!
Till with the sweat, which from his sufferings rise,
His face is pearled, like the lights his eyes.

Then with his look down-cast, and trembling hand,
A High Dutch colour, and a tongue like ice,
Apart with this Eurialæ to stand
Endeavours he. This was his last device,
Yet in so humble strains, this Gallant courts her;
The wind being high, his breath it never hurts her!

Speechless thus stands he, till She feared him dead,
And rubs his temples, calls and cries for aid.
Water is fetched and spunged into his head:
Who then starts up; from dreaming, as he said,
And craving absence of all, but this Saint,
He 'gan to court her, but with a heart right faint.

"Bright Star of Phœbus! Goddess of my thought!
Behold thy vassal, humbled on his knee!
Behold for thee, what gods and Art hath wrought,
A man adoring! of Love, the lowest degree.
I love! I honour thee!" No more; there stayed
As if foresworn; even so, was he afraid!

Eurialæ now spake, yet seemed in wonder,
Her lips when parting, heaven did ope his treasure,
"O do not, do not love! I will not sunder
A heart in two! Love hath nor height nor measure!
Live still a virgin! Then I'll be thy lover!"
Heaven here did close. No tongue could after move her.

As if in heaven, he was ravished so.
O love! O voice! O face! which is the glory?
O day! O night! O Age! O worlds of joy!
Of every part, true love might write a story.
Convert my sighs, O to some angel's tongue.
To die for Love is life! Death is best young!

She gone, Urania came. He, on the flower,
But sight of her revived his noble fire:
And as if Mars did thunder, words did shower!
(Love speaks in heat, when 'tis in most Desire)
She made him mad, whose sight had him revived;
Now speaks he plainly! Storms past, the air is glide.

"Why was I made, to bear such woe and grief?
Why was I born, but in Love to be nourished?
Why then for Love (Love, of all virtues chief),
And I not pitied, though I be not cherished?
What! did my eyes offend in virtue seeing?
O no! True Virtue is the lover's being!

"Beauty and Virtue are the twins of life;
Love is the mother which them forth doth bring.
Wit with discretion ends the lover's strife.
Patience with silence is a glorious thing.
Love crowns a man, Love gives to all due merit;
Men without love are bodies without spirit.

"Love to a mortal is both life and treasure.
Love changed to Wedlock doubleth in her glory.
Love is the gem, whose worth is without measure.
Fame dies, if not entombed within Love's story.
Man that lives, lives not, if he wants Content.
Man that dies, dies not, if with Love's consent."

Thus spake Daiphantus, and thus spake he well;
Which wise Urania well did understand:
So well she like it, as it did excel.
Now graced she him with her white slender hand,
With words most sweet, a colour fresh and fair,
In heavenly speech, she 'gan his woes declare.

"My good Daiphantus! Love, it is no toy!
Cupid, though blind, yet strikes the heart at last.
His force, you feel! whose power must breed your joy;
This is the meed for scoffs, you on him cast!
You love, who scorned! your love, with scorn is quite!
You love, yet want! your love, with want is spite!

"Love plays the wanton, where she means to kill.
Love rides the fool, and spurs without direction.
Love weeps like you, yet laughs at your good will.
Love is, of all things, but the true confection.
Love is of everything; yet itself's but one thing.
Love is anything, yet indeed is nothing.

"We virgins know this, though not the force of Love.
For we two sisters live as in a cell:
Nor do we scorn it, though we it not approve;
By prayer we hope, her charms for to repell!
And thus adieu! But you, in Progress go,
To find fit place to warble forth your woe.

"Who first seeks mercy, is the last for grief,"
Thus did She part; whose image stayed behind.
He in a trance stands mute, finds no relief
(For She was absent, whose tongue pleased his mind),
But like a heartless and a hurtless creature,
In admiration of so sweet a feature.

At length looked up, his shadow only seeing,
Sighs to himself and weeps, yet silent stands;
Kneels, riseth, walks, all this without True Being,
Sure he was there, though fettered in Love's bands.
His lips departed, parted were his blisses:
Yet for pure love, each lip the other kisses.

Revived by this, or else Imagination,
Recalls things past, the time to come laments;
Records his love, but with an acclamation!
Repents himself and all these accidents.
Now with the wings of Love, he 'gins to raise,
His Love to gain, this woman he doth praise.

" Women than Men are purer creatures far!
The Soul of souls! the blessed Gift of Nature!
To men, a heaven! to men, the brightest star!
The pearl that 's matchless! high, without all stature!
So full of goodness, that Bounty waiteth still
Upon their trencher! feeds them with free will!

" Where seek we Virtue, learn true Art or Glory;
Where find we Joy that lasteth, still is spending,
But in sweet Women? of man's life, the Story!
Alpha, they are! Omega is their ending!
Their virtues shine with such a sun of brightness!
Yet he 's unwise, that looks in them for lightness! "

(O let my pen relate mine own decay!
There are, which are not, or which should not be,
Some shaped like Saints, whose steps are not the way.
O let my Verse not name their infamy!
These hurt not all, but even the wandering eye,
Which fondly gapes for his own misery.

These do not harm the honest or the just,
The faithful lover, or the virtuous dame;
But those whose souls be only given to lust,
Care more for pleasure, than for worthy fame.
But peace, my Muse! For now, methinks I hear
An angel's voice come warbling in my ear!)

Not distant far, within a garden fair,
The sweet Artesia sang unto her lute,
Her voice charmed Cupid, and perfumed the air,
Made beasts stand still, and birds for to be mute.
Her voice and beauty proved so sad a ditty;
Who saw, was blind! who heard, soon sued for pity!

This Lady was no virgin like the rest,
Yet near allied. By Florence city dwelling
(Nature and Art; within her both were blest;
Music in her, and Love had his excelling).
To visit her fair cousins oft she came;
Perhaps more jocund, but no whit to blame.

Fortune had crossed her with a churlish Mate,
Who Strymon hight. A Palmer was his sire,
Full nobly born and of a wealthy state;
His son a child not born to his Desire.
Thus was she crossed, which causèd her thereby,
Daiphantus' grief to mourn, by sympathy.

Daiphantus hearing such a swan-tuned voice,
Was ravished, as with angels' melody;
Though in this labyrinth blest, could not rejoice,
Nor yet could see what brought this harmony.
At length, this goddess ceased; began draw near,
Who, when he saw; he saw not, 'twas her sphere!

Away then crept he on his hands and knees,
To hide himself: thought Venus came to plague him!
Which she espying, like the sun she stands;
As with her beams, she thought for to assuage him.
But like the sun, which gazed on blinds the eye,
So he by her! and so resolved to die.

At this, in wonder softly did she pace it;
Yet suddenly was stayed. His verses seized her,
Which he late writ, forgot. Thus was he graced.
She read them over, and the writing pleased her.
For Cupid framed two mottoes in her heart:
The one as Dian's, the other, for his dart.

She read and pitied; reading, Pity taught.
She loved and hated; hate to Love did turn.
She smiled and wept; her weeping Smiling brought.
She hoped and feared; her Hopes in fear did mourn.
She read, loved, smiled, and hoped; but 'twas in vain:
Her tears, still dread; and pity, hate did gain.

She could have loved him, such true verses making;
She might have loved him, and yet love beguiling.
She would have kissed him, but feared his awaking;
She might have kissed him, and sleep sweetly smiling.
She thus afeared, did fear what she most wished.
He thus in hope, still hoped for that he missed.

He looked! They two, long each on other gazed!
Sweet silence pleaded what each other thought.
Thus Love and Fancy both alike amazed,
As if their tongues and hearts had been distraught.
Artesia's voice thus courted him at length.
The more she spake, the greater was his strength!

"Good gentle Sir! your fortunes I bemoan,
And wish my state so happy as to ease you!
But She that grieved you, She it is alone,
Whose breath can cure, and whose kind words appease you!
Were I that She, heaven should my star extinguish,
If you but loved me, ere I would relinquish.

"Yet, noble Sir! I can no love protest,
For I am wedded (O word full fraught with woe!)
But in such manner as good love is blest,
In honest kindness, I'll not prove your foe!
Mine own experience doth my counsel prove,
I know to pity, yet not care to love!

"A sister, yet Nature hath given me,
A virgin true, right fair, and sweetly kind.
I for her good, Fortune hath driven me
To be a comfort. Your heart shall be her mind.
My woes yet tell me, she is best a maid!"
And here she stopped her tears, her words thus stayed.

Daiphantus then, in number without measure,
Began her praises, which no pen can end.
"O Saint! O sun of heaven, and earth the treasure!
Who lives, if not thy honour to defend?
Ah me! what mortal can be in love so strange,
That wedding Virtue will a wand'ring range?

"She, like the morning, is still fresh and fair.
The Elements, of her, they all do borrow;
The Earth, the Fire, the Waters, and the Air;
Their strength, heat, moisture, liveliness. No sorrow
Can Virtue change! Beauty hath but one place.
The heart 's still perfect; though empaled the face.

"O eyes! no eyes, but stars still clearly shining!
O face! no face but shape of angels' fashion!
O lips! no lips, but bliss by kiss refining!
O heart! no heart, but of true love right Passion!
O eyes, face, lips, and heart, if not too cruel;
To see, feel, taste, and love earth's rarest jewel."

This said, he paused, new praises now devising,
Kneels to Apollo for his skill and Art:
When came the Ladies! At which, he arising,
'Twixt lip and lip, he had nor lips nor heart.
His eyes, their eyes so sweetly did incumber:
Although awaked, yet in a golden slumber.

Most like a lion raised from slumbering ease,
He cast his looks, fall grimly them among.
At length, he firmly knit what might appease
His brow; looked stedfastly and long
  At one, till all their eyes with his eyes met alike
  On fair Vitullia, who his heart did strike.

Vitullia fair, yet brown; as mixed together
As Art and Nature strove which was the purest.
So sweet her smilings were, a grace to either!
That heaven's glory in that face seemed truest.
  Venus, excepted when the god her wooed,
  Was ne'er so fair! so tempting, yet so good!

Wonder not, mortals, though the Poets feign!
The Muses' graces were in this She's favour:
Nor wonder, though She strove his tongue to gain!
For I lose mine, in thinking of his labour.
  "Well may he love," I write, "and all Wits praise her,
  She 's so all humble, Learning cannot raise her!"

Daiphantus oft sighed: "Oh!" oft said "Fair!"
Then looks and sighs, and then cries wonderful;
Thus did he long, and truly 'twas not rare:
The object was! which made his mind so dull.
  Pray pardon him! for better to cry "Oh!"
  Than feel that Passion which caused him sigh so.

Now, all were silent, not alone this Lover,
Till came Ismenio, brother to this Saint,
Whose haste made sweat, his tongue he could not prove her,
For this against him, that his heart was faint:
  Thus all amazed, none knowing any cause,
  Ismenio breathless, here had time to pause.

At length, Ismenio, who had wit and skill,
Questioned the reason of this strong effect:
At last related, haste outwent his will,
He told them, "He was sent, them to direct,
Where hunting sports, their eyes should better please!"
Who first went forth, Daiphantus most did ease.

They gone, Daiphantus to his standish highs!
Thinks, in his writs Vitullia's beauties were:
But what he wrote, his Muse not justifies,
Bids him take time! "Love badly writes in fear!
Her worthy praise, if he would truly write,
Her kisses' nectar must the same indite."

"Art, and sweet Nature! Let your influence drop
From me like rain! Yes, yes, in golden showers!
(Whose end is Virtue, let him never stop!)
But fall on her, like dew on sprinkling flowers!
That both together meeting, may beget
An Orpheus! two gems in a soil richly set!"

Thus ravished, then distracted, as was deemed,
Not taught to write of Love in this extreme;
In love, in fear; yea, trembling (as it seemed),
If praising her, he should not keep the mean!
Thus vexed, he wept! His tears intreated pity,
But Love unconstant, tunes a woful ditty.

Now kneels to Venus. Faithfulness protested
To this, none else! This was his only Saint!
Vowed e'er his service, or to be arrested
To Venus' censure! Thus he left to faint.
His love brought Wit, and Wit engendered Spirit;
True Love and Wit thus learned him to indite.

"As the mild lamb runs forth from shepherd's fold,
By ravenous wolves is caught and made a prey:
So is my Sense, by which Love taketh hold,
Tormented more than any tongue can say.
The difference is, they tortured so, do die!
I feed the torment breeds my misery.

"Consumed by her I live, such is her glory!
Despised of her I love, I more adore her!
I'll ne'er write ought, but of her virtue's story!
Beauty unblasted is the eye's rich storer,
If I should die, O who would ring love's knell?"
Faint not, Daiphantus! Wise men love not so well!

"Like heaven's artist, the astronomer,
Gazing on stars, oft to the earth doth fall:
So I, Daiphantus, now Lover's Harbinger,
Am quite condemned to Love's funeral!
Who falls by women, by them oft doth rise;
Ladies have lips to kiss, as well as eyes!"

But tush, thou fool! thou lov'st all thou seest.
Who once thou lovest, thou should'st change her never!
Constant in love, Daiphantus, see thou beest!
If thou hope comfort, Love but once, and ever!
"Fortune! O be so good to let me find
A lady living, of this constant mind!"

"O, I would wear her in my heart's heart-gore!
And place her on the continent of stars!
Think heaven and earth, like her had not one more!
Would fight for her till all my face were scars!
But if that women be such fickle Shees;
Men may be like them in infirmities!"

O no, Daiphantus! Women are not so
'Tis but their shadows, pictures merely painted!
Then turn poor lover! "O heaven! not to my woe!
Then to Vitullia!" With that word, he fainted.
Yet she that wounds, did heal. Like her, no heaven.
Odds in a man, a woman can make even!

"O my Vitullia! Let me write that down!
O sweet Vitullia! Nature made thee sweet!
O kind Vitullia! Truth hath the surest ground!
I'll weep or laugh, so that our hearts may meet!"
Love is not always merry, nor still weeping:
A drop of each, Love's joys are sweets in sleeping.

"Her name, in golden letters, on my breast I'll 'grave!
Around my temples, in a garland wear!
My Art shall be, her favour for to have!
My Learning still her honour high to rear!
My lips shall close but to her sacred name!
My tongue be silent but to spread her fame!

"In woods, groves, hills, Vitullia's name shall ring!
In meadows, orchards, gardens, sweetest and fair!
I'll learn the birds her name alone to sing!
All quires shall chant it in a heavenly air!
The Day shall be her Usher! Night, her Page!
Heaven, her Palace! and this Earth, her Stage!

"Virgin's pure chasteness, in her eyes shall be!
Women, true love, from her true mind shall learn!
Widows, their mourning in her face shall see!
Children, their duty in her speech discern!
And all of them in love with each, but I:
Who fear her love, will make me fear to die!

"My Orisons are still to please this creature!
My Valour sleeps but when She is defended!
My Wits still jaded but when I praise her feature!
My Life is hers; in her begun and ended!
O happy day wherein I wear not willow!
Thrice blessed night, wherein her breast's my pillow!

"I'll serve her, as the Mistress of all Pleasure!
I'll love her, as the Goddess of my soul!
I'll keep her, as the Jewel of all treasure!
I'll live with her, yet out of Love's control!
That all may know, I will not from her part,
I'll double lock her in my lips and heart!

If e'er I sigh, it shall be for her pity!
If e'er I mourn, her funeral draws near!
If e'er I sing, her virtue is the ditty!
If e'er I smile, her beauty is the sphere!
All that I do, is that I may admire her!
All that I wish, is that I still desire her!"

But peace, Daiphantus! Music is only sweet,
When without discord. A consort makes a heaven.
The ear is ravished when true voices meet.
Odds, but in music, never makes things even.
In voices' difference breeds a pleasant ditty,
In Love, a difference brings a scornful pity.

Whose was the tongue, Eurialæ defended?
Whose was the wit, Urania did praise?
Whose were the lips, Artesia's voice commended?
Whose was the heart loved all? all crowned with bays?
"Sure 'twas myself! What did I? O I tremble!
Yet I'll not weep! Wise men may love dissemble.

"Fie, no! Fond Love hath ever his reward!
A sea of tears! a world of sighs and groans!
Ah me! Vitullia will have no regard
To ease my grief, and cure me of my moans;
If once her ear should hearken to that voice,
Relates my fortunes in Love's fickle choice.

But now, I will, their worth with hers declare,
That Truth by Error may have her true being;
Things good are lessened by the thing that 's rare.
Beauty increaseth by a blackness seeing.
Whoso is fair and chaste, they, sure, are best!
Such is Vitullia! such are all the rest!

"But she is fair, and chaste, and wise." What then,
So are they all, without a difference!
"She 's fair, chaste, wise, and kind, yes, to all men."
The rest are so! Number makes Excellence.
"She 's fair, chaste, wise, kind, rich, yet humble."
They three, her equal! Virtue can never stumble.

"Vitullia is the sun; they stars of night!"
Yet night is the bosom wherein the sun doth rest.
"The moon herself borrows of the sun's light,"
All by the stars take counsel to be blest.
The day 's the sun, yet Cupid can it blind;
The stars at night, Sleep cures the troubled mind.

"She is a rose, the fairer, so the sweeter!
She is a lute, whose belly tunes the music!
She is my prose, yet makes me speak all metre!
She is my life, yet sickens me with physic!
She is a virgin, that makes her a jewel!
She will not love me, therein She is cruel!

"Eurialæ is like Sleep when one is weary
Urania is like a golden Slumber.
Artesia's voice, like Dreams that make men merry.
Vitullia, like a Bed, all these encumber.
1. Sleep, 2. Slumber, 3. Dreams upon a 4. Bed are best;
First, Second, Third, but in the Fourth is blest.

"O but Vitullia, what? She 's wondrous pretty!
O I, and what? so is She very fair!
O yes, and what? She 's like herself most witty!
And yet, what is She? She is all but air!
What can earth be, but earth? So we are all!
Peace, then, my Muse! Opinion oft doth fall!

"Eurialæ, I honour for humility!
Urania, I reverence for her wit!
Artesia, I adore for true agility!
Three Graces for the goddesses most fit.
Each of these gifts are blessèd in their faces,
O, what's Vitullia, who hath all these Graces?"

She is but a Lady! So are all the rest.
As pure, as sweet, as modest, yea as loyal;
Yes, She 's the Shadow (shadows are the least!),
Which tells the Hour of Virtue by her dial.
By her, men see there is on earth a heaven!
By them, men know her virtues are matched even!

In praising all, much time he vainly spent,
Yet thought none worthy but Vitullia;
Then called to mind, he could not well repent
The love he bare the wise Urania.
Eurialæ, Artesia, all, such beauties had,
Which as they pleased him, made him well nigh mad.

Eurialæ, her beauty, his eyesight harmed!
Urania, her wit, his tongue incensed!
Artesia, her voice, his ears had charmed!
Thus poor Daiphantus was, with love tormented.
Vitullia's beauty, as he did impart,
The others' virtues vanquishèd his heart.

At length, he grew as in an ecstasy
'Twixt Love and Love, Whose beauty was the truer?
His thoughts thus diverse, as in a lunacy,
He starts and stares, to see Whose was the purer?
Oft treads a maze, runs, suddenly then stays,
Thus with himself, himself makes many frays.

Now with his fingers, like a barber snaps!
Plays with the fire-pan, as it were a lute!
Unties his shoe-strings! Then his lips, he laps!
Whistles awhile, and thinks it is a flute!
At length, a glass presents it to his sight,
Where well he acts fond Love in Passions right.

His chin he strokes! swears "beardless men kiss best!"
His lips anoints, says "Ladies use such fashions!"
Spits on his napkin, terms that "the bathing jest."
Then on the dust, describes the Courtiers' Passion.
Then humble calls, "Though they do still aspire;
Ladies then fall, when Lords rise by desire."

Then straddling goes, says, "Frenchmen fear no bears!"
Vows "he will travel to the Siege of Brest!"
Swears, "Captains, they do all against the hair!"
Protests "Tobacco is a smoke-dried jest!"
Takes up his pen for a tobacco pipe,
Thus all besmeared, each lip, the other wipe.

His breath, he thinks the smoke! his tongue, a coal!
Then runs for bottle-ale to quench his thirst;
Runs to his ink-pot, drinks! then stops the hole!
And thus grows madder than he was at first.
TASSO he finds, by that of HAMLET thinks
Terms him a madman, then of his inkhorn drinks!

Calls players "fools! The Fool, he judgeth wiseth,
Will learn them action out of Chaucer's *Pander*,
Proves of their poets bawds, even in the highest,
Then drinks a health! and swears it is no slander."
Puts off his clothes! his shirt he only wears!
Much like mad HAMLET, thus, as Passion tears!

"Who calls me forth, from my distracted thought?
O Cerberus! if thou? I prithee speak!
Revenge, if thou? I was thy rival ought!
In purple gores, I'll make the ghosts to reek!
VITULLIA! O VITULLIA, be thou still!
I'll have revenge, or harrow up my will!

"I'll fallow up the wrinkles of the earth!
Go down to hell, and knock at PLUTO's gate!
I'll turn the hills to valleys! make a dearth
Of virtuous honour to eternal Fate!
I'll beat the winds, and make the tides keep back!
Reign in the sea, that lovers have no wrack!

"Yes, tell the Earth, 'It is a murderer!
Hath slain VITULLIA!' O VITULLIA's dead!
I'll count blind CUPID for a conjurer,
And with wild horses will I rend his head!
I, with a pickaxe, will pluck out his brains!
Laugh at this boy! ease lovers of much pains!

"O then, I'll fly! I'll swim! yet stay, and then
I'll ride the moon, and make the clouds my horse!
Make me a ladder of the heads of men,
Climb up to heaven! Yes, my tongue will force
To gods and angels! O, I'll never end,
Till for Vitullia, all my cries I spend!

"Then I, like a Spirit of pure Innocence,
I'll be all white! and yet behold I'll cry
'Revenge!' O lovers! this my sufference;
Or else for love, for love, a soul must die!
Eurialæ! Urania! Artesia! so!—"
Heart rent in sunder, with these words of woe.

"But soft, here comes! Who comes? and not calls out
Of rape and murder, love and villainy?
Stay, wretched man! Who runs? doth never doubt
It is thy soul! thy Saint! thy deity!
Then call the birds to ring a mourning Knell,
For mad Daiphantus, who doth love so well!

"O sing a song, parted in parcels three,
I'll bear the burden still of all your grief;
Who is all Woe, can tune his misery
To discontents; but not to his relief.
O kiss her! kiss her! And yet do not do so!
They bring some joy, but with short joys, long woe!

Upon his knees, "O goddesses behold
A caitiff wretch bemoaning his mishap!
If ever pity were hired without gold,
Lament Daiphantus, once in Fortune's lap!
Lament Daiphantus, whose good deeds now slumber!
Lament a lover, whose woe no tongue can number!

"My woes—" There did he stay, fell to the ground,
Rightly divided into blood and tears,
As if those words had given a mortal wound,
So lay he foaming, with the weight of cares.
Who this had seen, and seeing had not wept,
Their hearts were, sure, from crosses ever kept!

The Ladies all, who late from hunting came,
Untimely came to view this Map of Sorrow.
Surely all wept! and sooth it was no shame,
For, from his grief, the world might truly borrow:
As he lay speechless grovelling, all undressed;
So they stood weeping, Silence was their best.

Ismenio with these Ladies bare a part,
And much bemoaned him, though he knew not why;
But kind compassion struck him to the heart,
To see him mad. Much better see one die!
Thus walks Ismenio, and yet oft did pause,
At length, a writing made him know the cause.

He read, till words, like thunder, pierced his heart;
He sighed, till Sorrow seemed itself to mourn;
He wept till tears like ysacles [*icicles*] did part,
He pitied so, that pity, hate did scorn.
He read to sigh, and weep for pity's sake;
The less he read, the less his heart did quake.

At length resolved, he up the writing takes
And to the Ladies travails as with child;
The birth was Love, such love as discord makes,
The midwife Patience; thus in words full mild,
He writ with tears that which with blood was writ;
The more he read, the more they pitied it.

They look upon Daiphantus, he not seeing:
And wondered at him, but his sense was parted.
They loved him much, though little was his being,
And sought to cure him, though he was faint-hearted,
Ismenio thus, with speed resolves to ease him;
By a sweet song, his sister should appease him!

Ismenio was resolved he would be eased,
And was resolved of no means but by Music,
Which is so heavenly that it hath released
The danger oft, not to be cured by physic.
Her tongue and hand thus married together,
Could not but please him, who so loved either.

But first before his madness were allayed,
They offered incense at Diana's shrine,
And much besought her, now to be apaid;
Which was soon granted to these saints divine:
Yet so, that mad Daiphantus must agree
Never to love, but live in chastity.

Thus they adjured him, by the gods on high,
Never henceforth to shoot with Cupid's quiver!
Nor love to feign: for there 's no remedy,
If once relapsed, then was he mad for ever!
Tortured Daiphantus, now a sign did make;
And kind Ismenio this did undertake.

Then 'gan Artesia to play upon her lute,
Whose voice sang sweetly, now a mourning ditty;
Love her admired, though he that loved were mute,
Cupid himself feared he should sue for pity.
O wondrous virtue! Words spoken are but wind;
But sung to Prick Song, they are joys divine!

I heard her sing, but still methought I dreamed.
I heard her play, but I methought did sleep.
The Day and Night, till now, were never weaned.
Venus and Dian ravished, both did weep.
They which each hated, now agreed to say
This was the goddess both of night and day.

My heart and ears, so ravished with the voice
I still forgot, what still I heard her sing:
The tune, surely, of Sonnets, this was all the choice.
Poets do keep it as a charming thing.
What think you of the joys that Daiphantus had,
When for such music, I would still be mad!

The birds came chirping to the windows round,
And so stood still, as if they ravished were;
Beasts forth the forest came, brought with the sound;
The lion laid him down as if in fear.
The fishes in fresh rivers swam to shore;
Yea, had not Nature stayed them, had done more.

This was a sight, whose eyes had never seen;
This was a voice, such music ne'er was heard;
This Paradise was it, where who had been,
Might well have thought of hell, and not afeard.
Sure, hell itself was heaven, in this sphere,
Madmen, wild beasts, and all here tamèd were.

Like as a king, his chair of state ascendeth,
Being newly made a god upon the earth,
In state amounts, till step by step he endeth,
Thinks it to heaven a true-ascending birth.
So hies Daiphantus, on his legs and feet,
As if Daiphantus now some god should meet.

He looks upon himself, not without wonder.
He wonders at himself, what he might be.
He laughs unto himself: thinks he 's aslumber.
He weeps unto himself, himself to see.
And sure to hear and see what he had done
Might make him swear but now the world begun.

Fully revived, at last Artesia ceased,
When birds and beasts so hideous noise did make,
That almost all turned fury, fear was the least;
Yea, such a fear as forced them cry and quake;
Till that Daiphantus, more of reason had
Than they which moaned him, lately being mad.

He with more joy than words could well declare,
And with more words than his new tongue could tell,
Did strive to speak (such was his love and care
Thus to be thankful); but yet knew not well
Whether his tongue (not tuned unto his heart),
Or modest silence, would best act his part?

But speak he will! Then give attentive ear
To hear him tell a woful lover's story!
His hands and eyes to heaven up did he rear,
Grief taught him speech, though he to speak were sorry.
But whatsoever be a Lover's Passion,
Daiphantus speaks his, in a mourning fashion.

As o'er the mountains walks the wandering soul,
Seeking for rest in his unresting spirit,
So good Daiphantus, thinking to enrol
Himself in grace, by telling of Love's merit
Was so distracted, how he should commend it,
Where he began, he wishèd still to end it.

"Eurialæ, my eyes are hers in right!
Urania, my tongue is as her due!
Artesia, my ears to her I 'dite!
My heart to each! and yet my heart to you,
To you, Vitullia! to you, and all the rest,
Who once me cursed, now to make me blest!

"1 Beauty and 2 Wit, did 1 wound and 2 pierce my heart,
3 Music and 4 Favour, 3 gained and 4 kept it sure:
Love led by Fancy to the 4 last I part,
Love led by Reason to the 1 first is truer.
1 Beauty and 2 Wit first conquered, made me yield,
3 Music and 4 Favour rescued got the field.

"To 2 Wit and 1 Beauty, my first love I give!
3 Music and 4 Favours, my second love have gained!
All made me mad, and all did me relieve,
Though one recured me, when I was sustained.
Thus, troth to say, to All I love did owe;
Therefore to All my love I ever vow!"

Thus to the first 1 and 2, his right hand he did tender:
His left hand to the 3 and 4; last most lovingly 4.
His tongue kind thanks, first to the last did render,
The whiles his looks were bent indifferently.
Thus he salutes All: and to increase his blisses,
From lip to lip, each Lady now he kisses.

Ismenio in humble wise salutes he,
With gracious language he returns his heart,
His words so sweetly to his tongue now suits he,
As what he speaks shew Learning with good Art.
Ismenio pleased Daiphantus, Daiphantus All;
When love gains love for love, this Love we call!

Urania now bethought what was protested
By young Ismenio at Diana's shrine,
Conjured Daiphantus that, no more he jested
With Love or Fancy! for they were Divine:
And if he did, that there they all would pray
He still might live in love, both night and day!

This grieved him much (but folly 'twere to grieve!)
His now obedience shewed his own free will.
He swore "he would not love, in shew, achieve!
But live a virgin, chaste and spotless still.
Which said, such music suddenly delighted,
As all were ravished, and yet all affrighted.

Here parted all, not without joy and sadness.
Some wept, some smiled; a world it was to hear them!
Both springs here met. Woe here was clothed with gladness.
Heaven was their comfort. It alone did cheer them.
Daiphantus from these springs, some fruit did gather.
Experience is an infant, though an ancient father!

"Sweet Lady! know the Soul looks through our eyesights!
Content lives not in shews or beauty seeing!
Peace, not from number, nor strength in high spirits!
Joy dies with Virtue, yet lives in Virtue's being!
Beauty is masked, where Virtue is not hidden!
Man still desires that fruit, he 's most forbidden!

"Jewels, for virtue, not for beauty prized!
What 's seldom seen breeds wonder, we admire it!
King's lines are rare, and therefore well advised.
Wise men, not often talk, Fools still desire it.
Women are books! Kept close, they hold much treasure;
Unclasped, sweet ills! Most woe lies hid in pleasure.

"Who studies Arts alike, can he prove Doctor?
Who surfeits, hardly lives! drunkards recover!
Whose will 's his law, that conscience needs no Proctor!
When men turn beasts, look there for brutish lovers!
Those eyes are pore-blind, look equally on any
Though 't be a virtue to hinder one by many.

"Who gains by travel, lose Lordships for their Manors,
Must Tarquin ravish some? Hell on that glory!
Whose life 's in healths, death soonest gains those banners!
Lust still is punished, though Treason write the story!
A rolling eye, a globe, new worlds discover!
Who still wheels round is but a damnèd lover.

"Doth Faith and Troth lie bathing? Is Lust, pleasure?
Can commons be as sweet as land enclosed?
Then virgin sin may well be counted pleasure!
Where such lords rule, who lives not ill-disposed!
True Love 's a Phœnix, but One until it dies:
Lust is a Cockatrice in all, but in her eyes."

Here did he end more blessed than his wishes.
(Fame 's at the high, when Love indites the Story)
The private life brings with it heavenly blisses.
Sweet Contemplation much increaseth glory.
I'll leave him to the learning of Love's spell!
"Better part friends, that follow fiends to hell!"

Ismenio, with Vitullia went together,
Perhaps both wounded with blind Cupid's dart;
Yet durst they not relate their love to either,
Love if once pitied, pierceth to the heart:
But, sure, Vitullia is so fair a mark,
Cupid would court her, though but by the dark.

Artesia, she must go, the more She 's grieved,
To churlish Strymon, her adopted Mate ;
Cupid, though blind, yet pitied and relieved
This modest Lady with some happy fate.
For what but Virtue, which doth all good nourish,
Could brook her fortunes, much less love and cherish.

Eurialæ, with good Urania stayed,
Where Virtue dwells, they only had their being ;
Beauty and Wit still fear, are not dismayed,
For where they dwell, Love ever will be prying.
These two were one. All good, each could impart.
One was their fortune, and one was their heart.

Beauty and Virtue were true friends to either.
Heaven is the sphere where all men seek for glory.
Earth is the grave where sinners join together.
Hell keeps the book, enrols each lustful story.
Live as we will, Death makes, of all conclusion :
Die then to live ! or life is thy confusion.

Beauty and Wit in these, fed on Affection.
Labour and Industry were their twins of life.
Love and True Bounty were in their subjection,
Their bodies, with their spirits, had no strife.
Such were these two, as grace did them defend :
Such are these two, as with these two I end.

FINIS.

Non Amori sed Virtuti.

The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage.

Supposed to be written by one at the point of death.



IVE me my Scalop Shell of quiet,
My Staff of faith to walk upon,
My Scrip of joy, immortal diet!
My Bottle of salvation,
My Gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my Pilgrimage!

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given!
Whilst my Soul, like a white Palmer,
Travels to the land of heaven,
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains:
And there I'll kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink my eternal fill
On every milken hill!
My Soul will be a dry before;
But, after it, will ne'er thirst more!

And by the happy blissful way,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see
That have shook off their gowns of clay,
And go apparelled fresh like me.
I'll bring them first
To slake their thirst,
And then to taste those nectar suckets
At the clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by Saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we,
Are filled with immortality,
Then the holy paths we'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel,
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearl bowers.

From thence, to Heaven's bribeless Hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl.
No conscience molten into gold;
Nor forged accusers bought and sold.
No cause deferred, nor vain spent journey;
For there, CHRIST is the King's Attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees;
And he hath angels, but no fees!
When the grand twelve million Jury,
Of our sins and sinful fury,
'Gainst our souls, black verdicts give:
CHRIST pleads his death, and then we live!
Be thou, my speaker, taintless Pleader!
Unblotted Lawyer! true Proceeder!
Thou movest salvation, even for alms!
Not with a bribèd lawyer's palms.

And this is my eternal Plea,
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea;
Seeing my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon;
Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,
Set on my Soul, an everlasting head!
Then am I ready, like a Palmer fit
To tread those blest paths, which before I writ.

FINIS.

*

A true and exact Account

of

The Retaking of a Ship, called

The *Friends' Adventure*, of Topsham,

from the

FRENCH;

After she had been taken six days, and they were upon the coasts of France with it four days.

Where

One Englishman and a boy set upon Seven Frenchmen, killed two of them, took the other Five prisoners, and brought the ship and them safe to England.

Their Majesties' Customs of the said ship amounted to £1,000 and upwards.

Performed and written by

ROBERT LYDE, Mate of the same ship.

LONDON,
Printed for R. BALDWIN, near the *Oxford Arms*, in Warwick lane.
1693.

COURTEOUS READER,

HERE present you with a token of GOD's almighty goodness in relieving me, by His special Providence, from the barbarity, inhumanity, and most cruel slavery of the Most Christian Turk of France: whose delight it is, to make his own subjects, slaves; and his chief study to put prisoners of war to the most tedious and cruel lingering deaths of hunger and cold, as I have experimentally, to my own damage, both felt and seen, by a four months' confinement in his country. Whereas, by their cruel usage, I was reduced to the last gasp of life: but, through the merciful goodness of GOD, I did recover; notwithstanding that of 600 *prisoners, upwards of* 400 *were starved to death, as by the sequel more fully will appear.*

What I have written is really matter of fact: and it had never appeared in print, were it not to vindicate myself, and to free myself from the many calumnies and aspersions of unreasonable men: who have not so much civility as to commend the action; but, on the con-

trary, tell the World, that I attacked the Frenchmen in cold blood, and murdered the two men I fairly killed; and that the spirits of them have haunted me ever since, and will till I am hanged.

Others say, that I retook the ship without a Commission, and I might have as well taken any other ship, and so been hanged for a pirate.

And others, more unreasonably, say, that the boy solicited me, for many days together, to stand by him in the attempt, before I consented to it.

And others say, that I had the help of the Devil to bring home the ship.

And therefore to convince these, and to satisfy others; I have here represented you with an exact Relation of the whole matter of fact, with an account of my bringing the ship and prisoners home together, also with the ingratitude and unkindness of the owners of the ship and cargo to me.

It is not so methodical as I could wish it was; but I hope your candour will excuse it: for it was not ambition, but respect to my native country, together with the reasons before hinted, that prompted me to make it public.

I shall detain you no longer: but wishing prosperity to Their Majesties, and the settlement and happiness of these nations, I subscribe myself,

Courteous Reader,

Your cordial and real friend,

ROBERT LYDE.

A true and exact Account of the retaking of the Friends' Adventure, *of Topsham, from the French; after she had been taken six days, and upon the coast of France four days: by one Englishman and a boy.*

IT IS natural for all men living to have a certain kind of a natural affection for the country from whence they first have their being: and every man ought as much to vindicate his native country as he would his own posterity! for the fall or ruin of the one is the *Prodromus* of the other; besides the duty and allegiance which we owe, by GOD's command, to our most gracious Sovereigns, the King [*WILLIAM III.*] and Queen [*MARY*].

And how much we ought, at this time particularly, to fight in vindication of all, I presume none can be ignorant of. For if the enemy fall upon and assault us, with all the strength they have, we ought in like manner to resist as powerfully: and if unhappily they prove victors at any time, this book will inform you how cruelly they use their prisoners of war, contrary to the ancient custom of nations. The very report of which, before I experimentally knew their tyranny, did so exasperate me against them, that if I could possibly have had any assistance, next to Providence, to have stood by me, I would never have gone into France, a captive at all! for I had resolved to myself rather to die upon the deck fighting, than ever to be subject to those that, NERO like, rejoice over

them that lie languishing under their torments. And so I will first give you an account of my being taken the first time.

In the month of February, 1689, I [*ROBERT LYDE, a native of Topsham, "a lusty young man, aged about twenty-three," see p.* 453] shipped myself on board a Pink [*a fishing boat*] in Topsham, of 80 tons burden, Mr. ISAAC STONEHAM, Master, bound for Virginia, and from thence to Topsham again: and on the 18th of May following, we arrived there.

After we had taken in our lading, we set sail homeward bound, with 100 Sail of merchantmen, under the convoy of two Men-of-war.

About a fortnight after, the winds separated us from our convoy: so that our ship with several others, made the best of our way for England; but, soon after, left each other's company.

The 19th of October following, we came up with two Plymouth vessels that were of our said fleet: being then about 40 leagues to the westward of Scilly, having the wind easterly.

On the 21st of the same month, we saw four other ships to leeward of us; which we took to be some of our said fleet. But one of them proved to be a French Privateer; which came up under our lee quarter, and went ahead of us, and took a Virginia-man of our former fleet, belonging to London: which gave us three an opportunity to make our escape from the said Privateer. But the two Plymouth men being in great want of provisions, and an easterly wind being likely to continue; they bore away for Galicia in Spain. But our ship kept on her way for England.

The Mate of our ship and I made an agreement, in case we should be taken by the French, and left on board our own ship; although they should put ten men on board with us, to carry the ship and us to France: yet, if we lost sight of the Privateer, to stand by each other and attack them; and if it did please GOD that we should overcome them, to carry home the ship.

On the 24th of this month [*October*, 1689], we were, as I feared, taken by a Privateer of St. Malo, of 22 guns, 8

patteroes [*carronades*], and 100 and odd men. But the Mate's design and mine was spoiled: for we were put on board the Privateer with three more of our men; and the Master with four men and a boy left on board, with eight Frenchmen, to navigate the prize to St. Malo.

On the 26th, we had as much wind as could well blow at south-south-west, so that the Privateer could not take care of the prize, and so left her: and in some time after, she arrived at Havre de Grace.

Then I made it my endeavour to persuade our Mate and the [*three*] other prisoners, to attack the Frenchmen [*about a hundred*] on board the Privateer; being very positive, with the assistance of GOD and theirs, to overcome them, and carry home the ship (with less trouble to my share than I found in this which is done). But they concluded it impossible: and so we continued attempting no resistance at all.

On the 28th of October [1689], we arrived at St Malo; and were carried on shore and imprisoned, and in all respect, during the space of seventeen days, were used with such inhumanity and cruelty, that if we had been taken by the Turks we could not have been used worse. For bread, we had 6lbs., and one cheek of a bullock, for every 25 men for a day: and it fell out, that he that had half of a bullock's eye for his lot, had the greatest share.

This makes me wish that I could be the prison keeper, and have my liberty to do the Frenchmen that are brought in, their justice.

They daily adding to our number until the prison was so full, that swarms of vermin increased amongst us, not only here at St. Malo, but also at Dinan whereunto we were removed; insomuch, that many of our fellow prisoners died, three of whom were our Mate and two more out of the five of our company: and all that did survive, were become mere skeletons. I was so weak that I could not put my hand to my head. There died out of 600 men, upwards of 400 through their cruelty, in three months' time.

They plundered us of our clothes, when we were taken. Some of us that had money purchased rugs to cover our rags by day, and keep us warm by night: but, upon our return home from France, the Deputy Governor of Dinan (in hopes

either to kill us with cold, or to disable us for Their Majesties' service at our return) was so cruel as to order our said rugs to be taken from us; and himself stayed, and saw it performed. And when some of our fellow prisoners lay a-dying; they inhumanly stripped off some of their clothes three or four days before they were quite dead.

These and other their barbarities made so great an impression upon me, as that I did then resolve never to go a prisoner there again; and this resolution I did ever since continue in, and, by GOD's assistance, always will!

And so I was released [? *by exchange*], and, through the goodness of GOD, got to England.

And after I had been at home so long as to recover my health and strength fit to go to sea again; I shipped myself as Mate of a vessel of Topsham [the *Friends' Adventure*] of 80 tons burthen, ROGER BRIANT Master, bound from thence to Oporto in Portugal, and from thence to London.

Accordingly, on the 30th day of September, 1691, we began our voyage; and on the 27th of December following, we arrived at Oporto.

On the 24th of February following [1692], we set sail from thence to London.

On the 29th day, being then about 25 leagues north-west from Cape Finisterre, about six in the morning, we saw a ship, which came up with us at a great pace. At ten in the morning, he was within half a league of us; and then put out French colours and fired a gun, whereby we knew him to be a Frenchman.

Then I took a rope yarn, and seized two parts of the topsail hilliers [*halliards or ropes*] together, that our men might not lower the topsail; for I was desirous to have as much time as possibly I could, to hide some necessaries, to attack the Frenchman [*i.e., the prize crew*].

At which, the Master perceiving and knowing my intention, said, "Mate! are you in the same mind now, as you have been in all the voyage?" for I had often been saying what I would do towards the retaking of our ship.

I answered, "Yes;" and said, "I did not question but, with GOD's assistance, to perform what I had said."

The Master said he believed I could not do it; but if I should, he thought it was impossible for me to carry home the ship.

Notwithstanding all this, I was not discouraged, but desired him to pray for a strong gale of wind after we were taken, that we might be separated from the Privateer, and be out of sight of her.

Then I went down in the forecastle, and hid a blunderbuss and ammunition betwixt decks, amongst the pipes of wine. Before I went aft again the topsails were lowered; and I perceiving that it would not be long before the enemy would be on board us, I took a five gallon vessel of my own wine [*probably Port*], and with a hammer beat in one head, and put several pounds of sugar in it, and then drank to the Master: and said that "I designed that I would drink my fill of it, while I had the command of it: and if it would please GOD that I should be continued on board, I hoped that I should not be long dispossessed of the rest.

Betwixt ten and eleven o'clock, by the Privateer's command, we hauled up the coasts and braced to.

Then the Privateer's boat, full of men, came on board us: and I stept over the side, with my hat under my arm, handing the French gentlemen in, till one of them took hold of my coat, and I (not daring to resist him) helped it off: and ran aft into the cabin, and saved myself from further damage.

After they had taken away almost all our clothes, and what else they pleased; the Lieutenant ordered me and a boy [*JOHN WRIGHT, about sixteen years old*] to stay on board: which I was very glad of; but could heartily have wished they had left a man in the boy's room.

Before the Master and I parted, for he and four of our men and a boy were carried on board the Privateer; I asked him privately, "What he had done with the money he had in a bag?"

He told me he had given it to the Lieutenant, and withal would know of me, why I made that inquiry.

I answered, "Because I did not question but I should have secured that on board, by retaking our ship."

But the Master said, "It was an impossible thing to be done."

I replied, "Although it seemed to him to be so; yet nothing was impossible to be effected by GOD, in whom I put my trust."

Soon after, the Lieutenant and our men returned aboard the Privateer; having left seven of his men on board our ship to navigate her to St. Malo.

In three hours' time, the Privateer was out of our sight, which I was very glad of.

I asked the Master, "If I should fetch a barrel of wine up," in hopes to make them drunk; and then I should command them with the less trouble.

He said I might, if I could find one. Then I fetched a barrel of five gallons of sweet strong wine, and kept it tapped in the steerage. I drank freely of it, hoping that they thereby would be induced to do the like, and so drink to excess; but that stratagem failed me, for they were never the worse for drinking, all the time I was their prisoner.

Then I acquainted the boy with my intent, and persuaded him to assist me in overcoming them; and I would, with the assistance of GOD, carry the ship to Galicia in Spain. I continued soliciting him for his compliance in that, and the third for England [?]; but could not prevail with him.

On the 3rd of March [1692], we saw Ushant in the night. Being within two ships' length of the Fern Rock and in great danger of being lost, they called up me and the boy to save our lives. When I came up and saw that the Frenchmen had got the tackle in the boat and were going to hoist her out, I told the boy "to stay aft; for when the boat is overboard, they may all go in her, if they will! but they shall not come aboard again: for I will not leave the ship, because I shall get the ship off presently." For the wind was west-north-west; and the Frenchmen never minded [*thought*] to trim the sails close by the wind, and I would not tell them of it because I would get them out of the ship, till I saw they did not get out the boat, but gazed at the Rock, some crying, and others calling to saints for deliverance. Then I desired, and helped them to trim the sails, and soon got the ship off again.

On Friday [*4th March*, 1692], at noon, we being about 10 leagues to the eastward of Brest, with the wind easterly: they bore away for Port bean, or some such name they

called it; which was about 4 or 5 leagues to the eastward of Brest.

Then I called the boy down betwixt decks, and read two or three chapters in the *Bible*; and then used all my endeavour to persuade him to assist me: but by all the arguments I could use, I could not prevail at this time.

Then I took a brick, and whetted my knife upon it; and told the boy, "I would not use my knife, upon any account, till I was carried into France; except it were to cut the throats of the Frenchmen."

At which words, the boy startled as if his own throat had been cutting; and then left me, and went up on deck.

At four in the afternoon, we were within half a mile of the aforesaid harbour. Then the French fired a patteroe for a pilot to come off: whereupon I went upon deck, with a sorrowful heart, to see how near we were to the shore; but the Frenchmen were as joyful as I was melancholy.

Then considering the inhuman usage I formerly had in France, and how near I was to it again; it struck me with such terror that I could stay no longer upon deck: but went down betwixt decks, and prayed to GOD for a southerly wind, to prevent her going into that harbour; which GOD was graciously pleased immediately to grant me, for which I returned my unfeigned thanks.

Friday night, the wind was westerly; and Saturday, southerly: so that in the evening, I heard the Frenchmen say that they saw Cape Farril [*Frehel*].

At eight on the Saturday night, I prayed again for a south-west wind, that we might not be near the shore in the morning; and immediately I heard them put the helm a lee, and put her about, and got the larboard tacks aboard.

The boy was then lying by my side. I bade him go up and see if the wind was not south-west; which he accordingly did: and at his return, told me it was, and that the ship lay off north-north-west. Then I rejoiced, and gave GOD thanks for this second signal deliverance.

The nearer we came to St. Malo, the surlier the Frenchmen were to me.

At twelve a clock, on Saturday night, they called me to the pumps; as they had done several times before, although I never went but when I pleased: nor would I do anything

else for them, thinking it much inferior for an Englishman to do anything for a Frenchman.

But they calling on me several times, at last I turned out, and stood in the Gun Room scuttle; and told the Master that "I had served two years for the French already, and if I went to France again, I should serve three years."

"That is *bien*," said the Master.

Then I told them that "I had nothing in the ship to lose: and that if they would not pump themselves, the ship should sink for me."

Then I went and laid myself down again, fully resolved that if they came to haul me out by force, that I would make resistance, and kill or wound as many of them as I could, before I died myself: but they let me alone.

All that night, when the boy was awake, I endeavoured to persuade him to assist me; but still could not prevail: though I used, as I had done ever since we were taken, many arguments. So that that night, I slept but very little; and when I did slumber at all, I dreamt that I was attacking the Frenchmen.

For sleeping or waking, my mind ran still upon the attacking of them.

Sunday, at seven in the morning, we being then about five leagues off from Cape Farril; I then prayed heartily for a south-south-east wind: and immediately I heard them take in their topsails and haul up the foresail, and brace them aback and lash the helm a lee, and let the ship drive off, with her head to the westward. Then I sent the boy up again, to see if the wind was not come at south-south-east: and he brought me word it was.

Then I gave GOD thanks, and rejoiced at His signal providential mercy on me, and for so immediately strengthening my faith, and confirming my hopes of redeeming myself from slavery: and then I renewed my solicitation to the boy to yield to me, but still he would not consent; which made me think of attempting it myself, and then I went and took a pint of wine, and half a pint of oil, and drank it to make me more fit for action.

At eight in the morning, all the Frenchmen sat round the cabin table at breakfast, and they called me to eat with them. Accordingly I accepted their invitation, but the sight of the

Frenchmen did immediately take away my stomach and made me sweat as if I had been in a stove, and was ready to faint with eagerness to encounter them. Which the Master perceiving, and seeing me in that condition, asked me in French, "If I were sick?" and because he should not mistrust anything, I answered "Yes." But could stay no longer in sight of them, and so immediately went down betwixt decks, to the boy; and did earnestly intreat him to go up presently with me into the cabin and to stand behind me, and knock down but one man in case two laid hold on me; and I would kill and command all the rest presently [*at once*]; "for now," I told him, "was the best time for me to attack them, while they were all around the table; for now I shall have them all before me purely, and it may never be the like opportunity again."

After many importunities, the boy asked me, "After what manner I intended to encounter with them?"

I told him, "I would take the crow of iron, and hold it on the middle with both hands! and I would go into the cabin, and knock down him that stood at the end of the table on my right hand, and stick the point of the crow into him that sat at the end of the table on my left hand: and then for the other five that sat behind the table——" But still he not consenting, I had second thoughts of undertaking it without him: but the cabin was so low that I could not stand upright in it by a foot; which made me desist at that time.

By this time they had eat their breakfast, and went out upon the deck. Then I told the boy, with much trouble [*vexation*] we had lost a brave opportunity, for, by this time, I had had the ship under my command!

"Nay," says the boy, "I rather believe that, by this time, you and I should have both been killed."

In a little time after they had been on deck, they separated from each other, viz., the Master lay down in his cabin; two of the men lay down in the Great Cabin, and one in a cabin between decks, and another sat down upon a low stool by the helm, to look after the Glass [*sand-glass to measure each half-hour of time*], to call to pump, which they were forced to do every half-hour by reason of the leakiness of the ship; and the other two men walked upon the decks.

Then hoping I should prevail with the boy to stand by me;

if not, I was resolved to attack them myself: Immediately applied myself to prayer, and desiring GOD to pardon my sins which I had committed, and to receive my soul and the boy's to mercy. For I thought, if they overcame me, they would give the boy no quarter; although he did nothing against them. I prayed also for my enemies who should happen to die by my hands, because they might not have time to call for mercy themselves. I prayed also that GOD would strengthen me in my design, that my heart fail not in the action.

And then I endeavoured again to persuade the boy, telling him that we should bring a great deal of honour to our native country, besides the particular honour which would accrue to ourselves: but all this, and much more to that purpose, too long to be here insisted on, would not prevail with him to consent.

Then the Glass was out, it being half an hour after eight, and the two men that were upon deck went to pump out the water.

Then I also went upon deck again, to see whether the wind and weather were like to favour my enterprise, and casting my eyes to windward, I liked the weather, and hoped the wind would stand. Then immediately I went down to the boy, and begged of him again to stand by me, while two of the men were at the pump. For they pumped on the starboard side, and the steerage door opened on the larboard side; so that they could not see me go aft to them in the cabin. But I could by no persuasions prevail with the boy; so that by this time the men had done pumping.

Whereupon losing this opportunity caused me again to be a little angry with the boy for not yielding to me. Telling him that "I had prayed three times for the change of the wind, and GOD was pleased to hear my prayers, and to grant my request; and thereupon I had a firm belief wrought in me, that I should not be carried a prisoner into France, where I had suffered such great hardship and misery. Our allowance of food at St. Malo, where we were kept prisoners for seventeen days, was only one cheek of a bullock and 8lbs. weight of bread for 25 men a day; and only water to drink. And at Dinan, where we were kept close prisoners for three months and ten days, our allowance was 3lbs. weight of an old cow beef, without any salt to savour it, for 7 men a day.

But I think we had 2lbs. of bread for each man, but it was so bad that dogs would not eat it; neither could we eat but very little, and that we did eat did us more hurt than good, for it was more orts [*refuse food*] than bread; so we gave some of it to the hogs, and made pillows of the rest to lay our heads on. For they allowed us fresh straw but once every five weeks; so that we bred such swarms of lice in our rags that one man had a great hole eaten through his throat by them; which was not perceived till after his death: and I myself was so weak that it was fourteen weeks after my releasement before I recovered any tolerable strength again. And all this was through their cruel tyranny in not allowing us, as their men are allowed in England."

Said the boy, "If I do find it so bad as you do say, when I am in France, I will go along with them in a Privateer!"

These words of his struck me to the heart, which made me say, "You dog! what! will you go with them against your King and country, and father and mother? Sirrah! I was in France, a prisoner four months, and my tongue cannot express what I endured there; yet I would not turn Papist and go with them! Yet they came daily persuading me and others to go out; and, the time I was there, I think 17 turned Papists, and were kept in a room by themselves; but GOD was pleased to make an example of them; for I think 12 of them died while I was there. And if thou dost turn Papist, thou mayest fare as they did! and if thou, or any of them that be turned, be ever taken again, you will certainly be hanged in England by the law! But I had the command of a Privateer, and should take my brother in a French Privateer, after he had willingly sailed with them, I would hang him immediately!"

I, seeing the boy seemed to be reconciled, told him that "he should not go into France, if he would do as I would have him do!"

The boy asked, "What I would have him do?"

I told him, "to knock down the man at the helm sickore [*for certain*]; and I would kill and command all the rest presently [*at once*].

Saith the boy, "If you be sure to overcome them, how many do you count to kill?"

I answered that "I intended to kill three of them."

Then the boy replied, "Why three, and no more?"

I answered that, "I would kill three, for three of our men that died in prison when I was there. And if it should please GOD that I should get home safe to England, I would, if I could, go in a Man-of-war or fireship, and endeavour a revenge on the enemy, for the death of those 400 men that died in the same prison of Dinan!"

But the boy said "Four alive would be too many for me."

I then replied, "I would kill but three, but I would break the legs and arms of the rest, if they won't take quarter, and be quiet without it."

Then the boy asked me, "Which three I designed to kill?"

I told him, "I designed to kill those three that I judged to be the strongest; which were those that carried themselves most surly towards me: but if any of the rest did take hold on me, and that my life were in danger, I would then endeavour to kill a fourth, and not otherwise."

Then said the boy, "What do you intend to do with the other Frenchmen that shall remain alive?"

I answered, "I will command three of them down into the Forepike [*fore hold*] and nail the scuttle upon them: and I would keep the fourth above deck, to help to carry the ship for England."

Then the boy asked me, "How I thought to carry the ship to England, with only the assistance of him and one Frenchman?"

I answered, "I did not at all question that, but I did verily believe that I should carry the ship safe to an anchor, either in Plymouth or Dartmouth, before twelve o'clock the next day: for this is a fair wind for that purpose."

"But," said the boy, "how do you think to pump out the water, seeing the ship is so very leaky, and to have time to refresh ourselves with sleep; for it may be a longer time than you suppose before we shall come to an anchor?"

I answered that "the assistance of GOD would be sufficient to enable us to do all this and more; for the joy of overcoming them will banish sleep from my eyes! and work will weary me but little!"

The boy's asking me these several questions did encourage me to hope that he would at last be prevailed with to stand

by me: and still he proceeded in his inquiries, and asked me, "How I did intend to attack them?"

I told him, "I would take the crow [*crowbar*] of iron, and hold it with both hands in the middle of it; and go into the [Great] Cabin, and knock down one with the claws, and strike the point into the other that lay by his side in the cabin! and I would wound the Master in his cabin! and do thou take the drive-bolt [*a long iron pin for driving out bolts*], and be sure to knock down the man at the helm! so soon as you hear me strike the first blow; for otherwise if he should hear the blow, he may come into the cabin, and lay hold on me, before I shall overcome them three."

And I resolved to myself, of which I said nothing to the boy, that if they should all rise against me before I could get into the cabin, I would strike at them, and either kill them or do them as much hurt as I could before I died myself: concluding that after I had once begun, if I should yield, then I should certainly die by them; and therefore did resolve to sell my life as dear as I could.

Then the boy asked me, "What he should do when he had knocked down the man at the helm?"

I told him, "He should stand without the [Great] Cabin door, and not stir from thence, but to have his eye upon the two Frenchmen that were upon deck: and not to come into the cabin to me, unless he observed them coming towards the cabin; and then he should tell me of it, and come into the cabin.

At nine in the morning, the two men upon deck went to pumping. Then I turned out from the sail, where the boy and I then lay, and pulled off my coat that I might be the more nimble in the action: and having [but] little hair, I hauled off my cap, that if they had the fortune to knock me in the head, they might kill me with it.

Having fitted myself for the action, I went up the Gun Room scuttle into the Steerage, to see what posture they were in; and being satisfied therein, I leapt down the scuttle and went to the boy: who seeing me resolved upon the action, with an earnest entreaty to him to join with me; he, at last, did consent.

Then the boy coming to me, I leapt up the Gun Room scuttle, and said, "LORD! be with us, and strengthen us

in the action!": and then I told the boy that the drive-bolt was by the scuttle in the Steerage.

Then I went softly aft into the Cabin, and put my back against the bulk head, and took the iron crow (it was laying without the Cabin door), and held it with both my hands in the middle of it, and put my legs abroad to shorten myself, because the Cabin was very low.

But he that lay nighest to me, hearing me, opened his eyes; and perceiving my intent, and upon what account I was coming, endeavoured to rise, to make resistance against me: but I prevented him, by a blow upon his forehead, which mortally wounded him. And the other man, which lay with his back to the dying man's side, hearing the blow, turned about and faced me; very fiercely endeavouring to come against me. I struck at him, but he let himself fall from his left arm, and held his arm for a guard; whereby he did keep off a great part of the blow: but still his head received a great part of the blow.

The Master laying in his Cabin on my right hand, hearing the two blows, rose, and sat in his cabin; and seeing what I had done, he called me *Boogra!* and *Footra!* But I having my eyes every way, I pushed at his ear betwixt the turnpins with the claws of the crow: but he falling back for fear thereof. It seemed, afterwards, that I struck the claws of the crow into his cheek, which blow made him lie still as if he had been dead.

While I struck at the Master, the fellow that fended off the blow with his arm, rose upon his legs, and ran towards me, with his head low (I suppose he intended to run his head against my breast to overset me): but I pushed the point at his head, and stuck it an inch and a half into his forehead (as it appeared since by the chirurgeon that searched the wound); and as he was falling down, I took hold of him by the back, and turned him into the steerage.

I heard the boy strike the man at the helm, two blows; after I knocked down the first man: which two blows made him lie very still.

As soon as I turned the man out of the Cabin, I struck one blow more at him that I struck first, thinking to leave no man alive aft of myself.

The Master all this while did not stir: which made me

conclude that I had struck him under the ear, and had killed him with the blow.

Then I went out to attack the two men that were at the pump; where they continued pumping, without hearing or knowing what I had done.

As I was going to them, I saw that man that I had turned out of the Cabin into the Steerage, crawling out upon his hands and knees upon the deck; beating his hands upon the deck to make a noise, that the men at the pump might hear: for he could not cry out or speak.

And when they heard him, seeing the blood running out of the hole in his forehead, they came running aft to me, grinding their teeth as they would have eaten me.

But I met them as they came with the Steerage door, and struck at them: but the Steerage being not about four foot high, I could not have a full blow at them. Whereupon they fended off the blow, and took hold of the crow with both their hands close to mine, striving to haul it from me.

Then the boy might have knocked them down with much ease, while they were contending with me; but that his heart failed him, so that he stood like a stake at a distance on their left side.

Two feets' length of the crow being behind their hands, on their left side, I called to the boy to "take hold of it, and haul as they did, and I would let it go all at once!" Which the boy accordingly did. I pushed the crow towards them, and let it go: and was taking out my knife to traverse [*rush in*] amongst them: but they seeing me put my right hand into my pocket, fearing what would follow, both let go the crow to the boy, and took hold of my right arm with both their hands, grinding their teeth at me.

The Master, that I thought I had killed in his Cabin, coming to himself; and hearing that they had hold of me, came out his Cabin and also took hold of me, with both his hands round my middle.

Then one of the men that had hold of my right arm, let go; and put his back to my breast, and took hold of my left hand and arm, and held it close to his breast, and strove to cant me upon his back.

And the Master let go from my middle, and took hold of my right arm, and he, with the other that had hold of myright arm,

did strive to turn me over from the other back: thinking to get me off my legs. But I knowing that I should not be long in one piece if they got me down, I put my left foot against the ship's side on the deck for a supporter, and, with the assistance of GOD! I kept upon my feet; when they three, and one more (for the man that the boy knocked down at the helm, rose up and put his hands about my middle, and strove to haul me down) did strive to throw me down.

The boy seeing that man rise, and take hold of me, cried out! fearing then that I should be overcome by them; but did not come to help me, nor did strike one blow at any of them: neither did they touch him all the time.

When I heard the boy cry out, I said, "Do you cry! you villain! now I am in such a condition! Come quickly, and knock this man on the head that hath hold on my left arm!"

The boy perceiving that my heart did not fail me; he took some courage from thence, and endeavoured to give that man a blow on his head with the drive-bolt: but struck so faintly, that he missed his blow; which greatly enraged me against him.

And I feeling the Frenchman which hung about my middle hang very heavy, said to the boy, "Do you miss your blow! and I in such a condition! Go round the binnacle, and knock down that man that hangeth upon my back;" which was the same man the boy knocked down at the helm.

So the boy did strike him one blow upon the head, which made him fall, but he rose up immediately; but being incapable of making any further resistance, he went out upon deck staggering to and fro, without any further molestance from the boy.

Then I looked about the beams for a marlin-speck [*spike*], or anything else to strike them withal: but seeing nothing, I said, "LORD! what shall I do?"

Then casting up my eye upon my left side, and seeing a marlin-speck hanging with a strap to a nail on the larboard side, I jerked my right arm forth and back, which cleared the two men's hands from my right arm, and took hold of the marlin-speck, and struck the point four times, about a quarter of an inch deep, into the skull of that man that had hold of my left arm, before they took hold of my right arm again. I also struck the marlin-speck into his head three

times after they had hold of me, which caused him to screech out: but they having hold of me, took off much of the force of the three last blows; and he being a strong-hearted man, he would not let go his hold of me.

The two men finding that my right arm was stronger than their four arms were, and observing the strap of the marlin-speck to fall up and down upon the back of my hand so that it struck him that had his hands nearest to my right one: he let go his right hand and took hold of the strap, and hauled the marlin-speck out of my hand. And I, fearing what in all likelihood would follow, put my right hand before my head for a guard, although three hands had hold of that arm: for I concluded he would knock me on the head with it, or else throw it at my head.

But, through GOD's wonderful providence! it either fell out of his hand, or else he threw it down! for it did fall so close to the ship's side that he could not reach it again, without letting go his other hand from mine. So he did not attempt the reaching of it; but took hold of my arm with his other hand again.

At this time, the Almighty GOD gave me strength enough to take one man in one hand, and throw at the other's head: and looking about again to see for anything to strike them withal, but seeing nothing I said, "LORD! what shall I do now?"

And then it pleased GOD to put me in mind of my knife in my pocket. And although two of the men had hold of my right arm, yet GOD Almighty strengthened me so, that I put my right hand into my right pocket, and took out my knife and sheath, holding it behind my hand that they should not see it. But I could not draw it out of the sheath with my left hand, because the man that I struck in the head with the marlin-speck had still hold of it, with his back to my breast.

So I put it between my legs, and drew it out; and then cut that man's throat with it, that had his back to my breast: and he immediately dropped down, and scarce ever stirred after.

Then with my left arm, I gave both the men a push from me; and hauled my right arm, with a jerk, to me; and so cleared it of them: and fetching a stroke with an intent to cut both their throats at once, they immediately apprehending the danger they were in, both put their hands together,

and held them up crying, "*Corte! Corte! Monsieur! moy allay pur Angleterre si vou plea* [Quarter! Quarter! Sir! I will go for England, if you please!]."

With that, I stopped my hand, and said, "Good Quarter you shall have; *Alle a Pro* [Go to the prow]." And then I put my knife into the sheath again.

But they not obeying my command, but standing still; I concluded they had a mind to have the other bout with me; and I drew out my knife again, resolving to cut their throats. But then their countenances immediately changed; and they put off their hats and said, "*Moy alle pro Monsieur. Moy travallay pur Angleterre si vou plea* [I will go for Monsieur. I will work for England, if you please]."

Then I stopped my hand again; and they went out upon deck, and went forwards.

Then I made fast the Steerage door, and ordered the boy to stand by it and to keep it fast; and to look out through the blunderbuss holes; and if he did see any man coming towards the door, with anything in his hand to open the door, he should tell me of it, and come into the Cabin for the blunderbuss and ammunition, which I had hid away before we were taken, but which the Frenchmen had found and kept in the Cabin.

After I had loaded it, I came out with it in the Steerage, and looked forward out of the Companion to see if any man did lie over the Steerage door with a bit [*bight*] of a rope to throw over me, or any other thing that might prejudice me as I should go out. But seeing no man there, I went out upon deck; and looked up to the maintop, for fear the two wounded men were there, and should throw down anything upon my head to do me an injury.

But seeing no man there, I asked the boy, "If he could tell me what was become of the two wounded men that came to themselves, and went out upon the deck, while I was engaged with the three men in the Steerage."

The boy told me, "They had scrambled overboard!" For he said, "he looked through the blunderbuss holes in the bulkhead, and saw them staggering to and fro like men that were drunk."

I thought it very strange they should be accessory to their own deaths.

Then I ordered the boy to stand by the Steerage door, to see if that man betwixt decks did come up; and if he did, to tell me of it, and come forward to me: which he promised to do.

Then I went forward to the two men that cried for Quarter; who stood by the boat side: but they being afraid, ran forwards and were going up in the foreshrouds; but I held up the blunderbuss, and said "*Veni abau e monte a Cuttelia et ally abau* [Come below, and raise the scuttle, and go below!]."

And then they put off their hats, and said, "*Monsieur, moy travalli pur Angleterre si vous plea!* [Sir, I will work for England, if you please]."

But I answered, "*Alle abau* [Go below]; for I don't want your help."

Then they said "*Ouy, Monsieur;*" and unlid[ed] the scuttle, and went down.

Then I went forward, and as I came before the foot of the mainsail, I looked to the foretop, and seeing no man there, I went and looked down into the Forecastle; and shewed the two men a scuttle on the larboard side that went down into the Fore-peak, and said, "*Le monte Cuttelia et ally abau!* [Raise the scuttle and go below!]."

They answered, "*Ouy, Monsieur!*" and then unlid[ed] the scuttle, and put off their hats and went down; giving GOD thanks for His mercy towards them, in giving them a longer life.

Then I called down to them, and asked them, "If they saw any man betwixt decks before they went down?"

And they answered "No!"

Then I called forward the boy, and gave him the blunderbuss; and bid him present it down the Forecastle, and "if he saw any man take hold of me, so that I could not get clear of them, or if I called on him for his help: then, he should be sure to discharge the blunderbuss at us, and kill us all together, if he could not kill them without shooting me."

The boy promised he would, but he would not shoot me.

Then I took the boy's bolt-[driver] and put my head down the scuttle, and looked all round: and seeing no man there, I leaped down in the Forecastle, and looked round that also; but seeing no man betwixt decks, I laid the scuttle and nailed it fast.

Then thought I myself safe; seeing two were killed, and two secured.

Then I went upon deck, and took the blunderbuss from the boy, and gave him the bolt-[driver], and went aft, and ordered the boy as before to stand by the Steerage door, and give me an account if he saw any man coming towards him, with a handspike.

Then I went aft into the Cabin, and cut two candles in four pieces, and lighted them. One I left burning upon the table. The other three I carried in my left hand, and the blunderbuss in my right hand.

I put my head down the Gun Room scuttle, and looked round; and seeing no man there, I leapt down and went to the man that lay all this time asleep in a Cabin betwixt decks, and took him by the shoulder with my left hand, and wakened him.

Presenting the blunderbuss at him with my right hand, I commanded him out of his Cabin; and made him stand still, till I got up into the Steerage.

Then I called the man; and he standing in the scuttle, and seeing the man that had his throat cut, cried out, "O JESU! MARIA!" and called upon some other saints.

I told him "I had nothing to do with MARIA now! *Monte, monte et ally a Pro!* [Go up, go up! and go to the prow]."

Then he came up, and went forward, looking round to see for his companions; but I followed him, and made him go down into the Forecastle, and stand on the starboard side.

Then I gave the boy the blunderbuss, and ordered him to present it at the man; and if he perceived him either to come towards me, or to take anything to throw at me, while I was opening the scuttle, then to shoot him.

Then I took the crow of iron, and leapt down with it, into the Forecastle; and drew the spikes and opened the scuttle, and bade the man go down: which he readily did, and rejoiced when he had found two of his companions there.

After I had nailed down the scuttle again, I went aft, and ordered the boy to stand by the Steerage door again. I then took the candles and the blunderbuss, and went down betwixt decks; and went forward and aft, and looked in all the holes and corners, for the two wounded men: but found them not.

Finding the Gun Room scuttle that went down into the hold, open, I called down: but hearing none make answer, I laid the scuttle. And there being about twenty bags of shumack [*? bark*] in the Gun Room, I rolled two of them, of 6 cwt. [*together*] upon the scuttle; and rolled more close to them, that if the men were there, and did lift up one side of the scuttle, the bags might not roll off.

Then I went upon deck, and told the boy, "I could not find the two men, betwixt decks."

He said, "They were certainly run overboard."

I told him, "I would know what was become of them, before I made sail."

Then I told the boy, "I would go up into the Maintop, and see if they were there; and then I should be sure to see them if they were in the Foretop."

So I gave him the blunderbuss, and bade him present it at the Maintop; and if he saw any man look out over the Top with anything in his hand to throw at me, he should then shoot them.

Then I took the boy's bolt-[driver], and went up; and when I was got to the puddick shrouds, I looked forwards to the Foretop, and there I saw the two men, covered with the Foretopsail, and their sashes bound about their heads to keep in the blood and to keep their heads warm.

Then I called to them. They turned out, and went down upon their knees, and wrang their hands, and cried, "*O Corte! Corte! Monsieur! Moy allay pur Angleterre si vou plea.*"

Then I said, "Good Quarter you shall have!" and I went down, and called to them to come down; and he that the boy wounded [*and that was at the helm*] came down and kissed my hand over and over, and went down into the Forecastle very willingly.

But the other man was one of the three that I designed to kill, and the same that I had struck the crow into his forehead. He knew that he had said ill things of the Prince of ORANGE, meaning our gracious King; and that "an English Man-of-war was no better than a louse!" and did always call me up to pump: these things, I suppose, he thought I'd not forgot, and therefore that I would not give Quarter.

Notwithstanding, I intended to do so. But I suspected him to be an English or Irish man; and I was resolved if it

proved so, that I would hang him myself, when it did please GOD that I had help coming aboard from England.

So I called him down. But he being unwilling, delayed his coming.

I took the blunderbuss, and said that "I would shoot him down!" And then he came a little way, and stood still; and begged me to give him Quarter: and if I would, he would then "*trevally pur Angleterre*," and also pump the water.

I told him, "If he would come down, he should have Quarter!" and I presented the blunderbuss at him again. And then he came a little lower, and said, "*O Monsieur, vou battera moy* [O Sir, you will beat me!]."

I told him that "I would not beat him, and withal I would discourse with him no longer. If he would come down, he might! if not, I would shoot him down!"

Then he came down, and I gave the boy the blunderbuss.

The Frenchman took my hand, and wrung it, and kissed it over and over; and called me his *boon Monsieur!* and told me he would help to carry the ship for England.

I told him, "I did not want his help!" and commanded him down in the Forecastle.

Then I made them both stand on the starboard side; and ordered the boy to shoot them, if they offered to throw anything at me, or came near to me, while I went down into the Forecastle to unnail the scuttle.

Then I took the crow of iron, leapt down into the Forecastle, and unnailed the scuttle; and commanded the two Frenchmen down into the hold.

And I called one of the men up that cried first for Quarter, to help me to sail the ship for England. This man was not wounded at all, and was not above twenty-four years of age: and I had least fear of him, because he was indifferent [*somewhat*] kind to me while I was their prisoner. But he was very unwilling to come up: but with much importunity, I prevailed with him to come up.

I sent him aft: and then laid the scuttle, and nailed a piece of oaken plank to each beam, with spikes over it. And I bade them get from under the scuttle. Then I split the scuttle with the crow, and drave it down into the hold to give them air.

Then I went aft, and commanded the man to help to haul out the two men that were dead; which he did accordingly: and so we threw them overboard. But before I threw them both, I took a sash from one of them, because it was red: on purpose to make fast about the white ancient [*the white French flag, and so to make it an English one*] which the Frenchmen put on board; and put it out for a whiff [*signal*]. And I searched his pocket for a steel and flint, but found none: for want whereof, I was forced to keep two candles always burning in the Cabin, till I got the Pilot's [*flint and steel*] on board from Topsham.

Now being about leagues of Cape Farril [*Frehel*], which made half an hour after nine of the clock, and the Glass being almost out; and having secured all the men: I ordered the boy to put the blunderbuss in the boat, for him to command the Frenchman withal, when I was doing anything.

Then I sent the Frenchman to loose the helm, and put him a weather, and weared the ship: and, with the assistance of GOD, I had to cost three topsails, the spritsail, and mizzen trimmed in less than an hour's time, to make the most of a fair wind.

Then I gave down to them in the hold, a basket of bread and butter, and a gimlet and spikes: and ordered them to draw and drink of one of my own casks of wine which I had there; because if they should have drawn out of a Pipe, they might not find the hole in the dark, and so spill a great deal of wine.

And I gave them down their clothes, and some old sails to lie upon. I gave them likewise a bottle of brandy to wash their wounds, and salve which they had brought on board, and candles to see to dress their wounds.

And having no more necessaries for them, I was sorry to see him that the boy wounded, because he was very bad of his wounds.

After we had been some time steering our course for England; the boy asked me, "What I would do, if we should meet with a French Privateer?"

I said, "I did not question but, with the help of GOD, we should be either in Dartmouth or Plymouth, before twelve a clock the next day. If I should see any ship that *will* speak

with me, and I cannot get from him, I will either shoot all the Frenchmen that were on board, or knock them all on the head, and heave them overboard! For I do not look for any mercy from the French, if these live or die. And if fall out to be an English ship, they will help to carry our ship to England."

The wind held south-south-east till three in the afternoon, and then veered to the westward. Then I gave GOD thanks, as I had before, for His goodness and mercy to me, in giving me victory over mine enemies.

At four, the wind was at south-west, and at six in the evening, at west. At eight, the wind was north-west-and-by-north, and north-north-east. Then I got two luff tackles, and got the starboard tacks aboard, and stood to the westward: and I prayed to GOD for His protection, to keep me clear from my bloodthirsty enemies.

Then I ordered the boy to walk upon deck, and to look after the Frenchman at the helm: and I went down into the Forecastle, and hove all the moveable things that I could get upon the scuttle over the Frenchmen. And I went up and laid and barred or nailed all the scuttles in the upper deck. Then I knew myself safe from them that were in the hold: for I considered that if they should break through the lower deck, which I thought they could not: yet they could not possibly get through the upper deck, with the assistance of GOD Almighty.

At ten at night, the wind veered to the westward. At eleven, the wind was at west. Then I took the larboard tacks aboard; and having "a topgallant gale," I had the sails trimmed in a quarter of an hour's time.

At one, the wind was west-south-west, "a topsail gale."

At two in the morning, I had as much wind as I could carry the topsails with a reef in of each. The Frenchmen had taken in a reef of each topsail before I retook the ship; and I kept them in, for the more ease in the handling of the ship.

The wind held fresh, and the dawning broke very high, and the clouds looked very dark and showery, and they cleared up in the northward board [*horizon*]: which made me afraid that the wind would be north-west, and blow so hard that I should not be able to handle the ship with the Frenchman; but I put my trust in the LORD for His assistance.

At six, the wind was at west, and blew hard in showers [*squalls*]; and I let three or four showers pass, without lowering either of the topsails.

At eight, the wind was at north-west, and blew very hard: but still I carried more sail than I would have done, if I had had eight Englishmen on board. For I kept up the topsail, till at last the wind in the showers did put the gunhil [*gunwale*] of the ship in the water. Then I hauled down the topsail, and clewed up the sheets, and braced them aback till each shower [*squall*] was over; and then hauled home the sheet, and up with the topsail again. And this I did for four or five hours: which made the ship leak so very much, that I and the boy were forced to pump always between the showers; and yet could not keep her free.

The boy cried many times, that I "would carry the topmast by the board, or the ship to pieces!"

I told him, "I did not fear the topmast, but if they went by the board, I could not help that! For now was the time to carry the topsails, and carry them I would as long as the gunhil was above water! for I had rather carry the ship in pieces than be driven ashore in France!

At nine, the wind was north-north-west and at north, and blew harder. Then I took in the two topsails. The wind increasing, I hauled down the mizzen [sail]; and after we had pumped out the water, we sat down and eat some bread, and drank a glass of wine to refresh ourselves.

And I took brandy and butter and rubbed it into my hands, and especially into my left thumb; which was strained by the man that had his throat cut, and bruised by the boy when he missed his blow at the man's head: so that it was much swelled and enraged; and my hand was sore with pumping and doing other work, for the wind now blew dry.

At two in the afternoon, the wind was at north-north-west, and lynned [? *veered*] a little. I called the boy to hold on the mizzen jacks, and as I was hoisting the mizzen [sail], I looked out upon the luff, and saw land: and after I had set the mizzen, I went up into the maintop, and there made it to be the Start; which I thought was the joyfullest sight that ever I saw.

Then I hove out the maintopsail, and went down, and sent up the boy, and hove out the topsail; and I and the

boy set them to get in with the shore. Yet the wind blew very hard, and if all our own crew of men had been on board, I am sure we should have but carried two coasts and a mizzen at the most.

At four, I and the boy bent the cables; and we were sufficiently washed in doing of it.

At six, the Berry Head bore north-north-west, distance four leagues.

In the night, the wind veered north, and north-north-east, and north-east, and north-west; and after twelve at night it proved a little [*slight*] wind.

In the dawning of the day, the wind very hard at north-west; which compelled me to furl both topsails.

This being Tuesday, at eight in the morning, I being then about three leagues south-east from Lyme, the wind grew calm.

At noon, we had a little breeze of wind at north-east and north-north-east.

At two I saw a great ring about the sun, and [it] broke in the east-south-east, and looked but indifferent: but however I did hope to be up with Topsham bar before night. And thereupon I sent up the boy, and let out the reef of the main-topsail, and made all the sail that I could, except the reef in the foretopsail.

At three, I had "a topgallant gale" at east-south-east.

At four, I saw the ring round the sun again, and [it] broke in the south-south-east; and the southward board looked very grim. And having a whole night in hand made me wish that I had six Englishmen on board. For now I was hardly able to lift up my hands to my head, by reason of my frequent pumping, and for want of sleep; but the hopes of getting in over the bar that night, and of bringing such unheard-of news to my native country, did revive my spirits, and my joy increased very much.

At six, I bade the boy fire a patteroe three times, which spent all the powder I had on board; and the French ancient tied in a red sash, I put out for a whiff for the Pilot to come off. But by all the sail that I could make, I got no nearer than a mile from the bar, in the dimps [*dusk*] of the night.

Then I went up to the topmast head, to see if I could perceive the Pilot's boat coming off. But because I could not shew an English ancient [*flag*], they were afraid to come out;

but lay upon their oars near the bar (as afterwards was known), so that I could not see them: and night came on, or else I would, through the assistance of GOD, have ventured to have carried the ship in over the bar myself.

Then I got the larboard tacks aboard, thinking to go into Torbay. And I ordered the boy to furl the spritsail and mizzentopsail, and kept her close by the wind, for to have a good offing, that I might have time to furl all to the mainsail, and that hauled down, before I did come to an anchor.

At eight, I took in the maintopsail.

At night, having a good offing, I took in the foretopsail.

But I considered that it was not best to go into Torbay, because the sheet Cable was carried away by the French Privateer, and the small Bower was not fit for ocam; and having only the best Bower to trust to: and it was to be doubted [*feared*] whether that would bring her up or not, and many casualties might fall out besides; and if that did bring her up, I thought I might sink to an anchor, if the storm did increase (as now it blew a "reef topsail gale") for want of help. For I had no powder to fire the patteroe to invite men on board.

So I kept along, with two coasts and a mizzen, in hopes that the wind would not blow so hard; but that I should be able to carry that sail, and keep her between Dartmouth and Topsham.

The wind veering to the southward, at eleven in the night, I was about half a mile off Dartmouth Range.

The wind blew hard, and I strived to put her about three times; but could not make the ship to stay: which cause made me send the boy up to loose the foretopsail: and after it was sate with one reef in, she stayed; and in half an hour's time, with the assistance of GOD, I had two coasts and the mizzen trimmed: but I clewed up the foretopsail sheets, and braced it aback, for the ease of the vessel, because she leaked very much. And I had not much haste in my way, because the wind was south-south-east, and blew very hard.

At one in the morning, I put the Frenchman to the helm, and hid the blunderbuss, and carried the boy up with me into the maintop to help to reef the maintopsail; and in less than an hour's time, I had taken two reefs of it in. For if the storm did increase, or held as it was, so that the Pilot could not come on board; I would have hauled up the two coasts

and the mizzen, and carry the ship in over the bar, with two reef topsails.

After three, I bore away for the bar of Topsham, thinking to go in over the bar in the morning tide; but by five, the wind lined [*veered*].

At six, I sent up the boy to loose the maintopsail.

At seven, I let out the reefs of both topsails, and made all the sail I could: but the wind dying away so, I did not fetch the bar before ten of the clock; which was too late for that tide.

At which time, the Pilot was coming; but seeing no colours, nor no men on deck but myself and the boy, they were afraid: and were rowing away from me.

But I being in hail of them, I asked them, "What they were afraid of? and why they should not come on board?"

They hearing me call to them in English, they lay still upon their oars till I came up with them: and seeing me and the boy, whom they knew; they inquired for the Master.

I told them, "He might be carried into France by this time."

And after they came on board, I gave them an account of all the proceedings, which made them all in a maze; and they would hardly believe it: but to put them out of doubt, I shewed them the five prisoners. Whom the Pilots would have had me let them out to work: but I refused to do that till the ship was over the bar. Because they should not see how the bar did lie; for fear they might become pilots, and go in with their boats hereafter, and so burn or carry away our ships.

This discourse being ended, the Pilots would have me sleep, for they perceived by my countenance, that I stood in need of it: but the joy of having six Englishmen on board banished all sleepiness from me.

Half an hour after ten, I sent two of Pilots' [men] ashore. One to bring me some help on board. And the other, to ride to Exeter, with a letter which I wrote to the owners of the ship, who I thought would have been very well pleased with the news. But they gave him but a French half-crown [2*s.* 3*d.*] and a shilling [=3*s.* 3*d.* *in all* = 10*s.* *now*] for carrying the news to them, eleven miles. For they did not much

regard the news, having insured £560 [=£1,700 *now*] upon the ship: and two men since appraised her but at £170 [=£500 *now*].

The Postmaster of Exeter, hearing of my retaking of the ship, sent for the Pilot, to be informed by him of the particulars relating thereunto: who, through forgetfulness, gave an imperfect account of the action: but in the letter I sent to the owners, I gave an account of all, except the action. Both these were sent by an express to London, and printed in the *Gazette*: * which Pilot's account differed from this my Relation.

* *The following account in the* London Gazette, 2,749, *of Monday, March* 14, 1691[-2], *though inaccurate in some respects, gives us the name and age of the boy, and some other particulars about* LYDE *himself.*

Exon, March 12. There has lately happened a remarkable action, by a vessel belonging to this port, called the *Friends' Adventure*, ROGER BRYANT Master.

He came from Oporto on the 24th of last month; and on the 29th, was taken by a French Privateer of 36 guns, and about 250 men, one GERALDINE Commander, twenty-five leagues south-east-and-by-east of Cape Finisterre.

They took away the Master and five of his men, leaving in the said vessel, only the Mate and a boy; and put seven Frenchmen on board to navigate her to St. Malo.

Being come in sight of Cape de Hage [*Hogue*] there arose a south-south-east wind; by which they were driven off the French coast.

On the 6th instant, in the morning, the Mate, whose name is ROBERT LYDE of Topsham, a lusty young man, aged about twenty-three years, who was a prisoner in France last year; and the boy, named JOHN WRIGHT, of about sixteen years, having before agreed on their design, and promised to stand by one another, took their opportunity, while two of the Frenchmen were at the pump, one at the helm, one on the Forecastle, and three sleeping in their cabins. The Mate fell upon the two men at the pump; and with a crow of iron, killed one and wounded the other, at one blow. At the same time, the boy knocked down the Frenchman on the Forecastle: and they afterwards secured the man at the helm.

One of the three that were asleep got up in the meantime, and meeting the Mate, was wounded by him in the head, and driven out upon the deck.

The two others, hearing a noise, came likewise from their cabins, to the rescue of their companions, and laid hold of the Mate: but with the help of the boy, he got the mastery of them, killed one of them, and the other thereupon cried for Quarter.

Of the five Frenchmen that remained alive, two were disabled by the wounds they had received; two, they secured between decks; and the other they took to help to sail the vessel: which they brought into Topsham, on the 9th instant; and the French prisoners are now ashore.

I stayed without the bar till four in the afternoon; and then we went for the bar.

After I was got over in safety and landlocked, and there were many people on board, who were desirous to see the Frenchmen: I ript off the plank which was nailed over the hold; and the prisoners came up, to the confirmation of the truth of this Relation.

By five, I was at anchor at Staircross; and there were as many people on board as could well stand. Immediately, I sent the prisoners to Topsham, in the Custom House wherry, that the doctors might take care of their wounds.

At six, I put all the people ashore, except the boy and Their Majesties' Officers; whom I left on board.

I went to Topsham, where I found my prisoners, with a doctor dressing their wounds. On searching, he concluded that two of them could not live a week. But as soon as I came in, those that were clear of the doctor, put off their hats and kissed my hands, and shewed a great deal of love to me outwardly.

After I had seen them dressed, and good lodging provided for them; I went home to refresh myself with sleep.

And the next day I marched my prisoners to Exeter, and carried them to one of the Owner's house: and afterwards delivered them to the Mayor.

I was creditably informed that, while I was at Exeter, the Owners sent a man on board the ship; who persuaded the boy to go on shore with him, under pretence to drink with him: but his intent was to take possession of the ship on behalf of the Owners, who sent him thither for that very purpose. But the Surveyor of Their Majesties' Custom House chancing to be there; he caused five Tidesmen to be put on board, and so prevented that design.

Then they gave out the report, that they would arrest me, because I would not let them put a Master over me in the ship, to bring her to London; concluding that I could not find bail: but they hearing that I had got bail, in case they did proceed, desisted their design again.

So soon as the owners of the cargo, who lived in London, heard of the arrival of the ship; they got a *Protection* and

sent it to a friend of theirs in Exeter, to deliver to me, to get men to bring the ship to London. But the man to whom the *Protection* was sent, being influenced by the Owners, gave the *Protection* to them: which they sent back to London, and endeavoured to get another in the room of it, in the name of one whom they intended to make Master of the ship; who had insured £200 [=£600 *now*] for his brother ROGER BRIANT, the Master of the said ship, that was carried into France.

But they finding that they could not get another *Protection* granted them, than that procured in my name which was sent down! After it was detained a considerable time from me; it was delivered to me with an order to ship men: whom I got, and the ship being ready to sail with the first fair wind, and a strong gale if a convoy did not present.

But they would not let me stay to see the wind settle; but forced me out on the 5th of April [1692], with the first spurt of a fair wind.

On the 6th day of the same, in the morning, being off Portland with a contrary wind; I bore up again: and on the 7th, I went in over the bar of Topsham again.

I had not been three hours at an anchor, before there came two French Privateers from the Eastward, with English colours; supposed to be King JAMES's Privateers, because they were for the most part manned with Irishmen. They went along, about a league from the bar; and went into Torbay, and took and carried away with them, two English ships which came from Oporto. My Owners hearing thereof, and that I was in safety, were very angry with me; and huffed [*blustered*] at me, because I did not stay to be a prey to the enemy.

On the 19th of April, I went out over the bar again, with the wind west-south-west, "a topsail gale."

On the 20th, I went into the Isle of Wight, in hopes to have found some ships bound to the Eastward: but found none.

On the 21st, with a strong south-west wind, I went out again; and got into the Downs on the 22nd, and arrived at London on the 26th.

When I came ashore to the Freighters, that had 115 Pipes of wine on board; they did not so much as bid me welcome!

but bade me go to the Custom House, and enter the cargo: for they said they would unlade the ship forthwith.

Then I asked them for money to pay the men, that helped to bring the ship to London: but they denied to give me any.

There were, besides the Merchants' wine, two Pipes of the Master's; that was in all, 117 Pipes; and 8 Tons of sumach and cork: which paid the King in duties, £1,000 [=£3,000 *now*].

Then I asked the merchants again for money to pay the men, who belonged to Men-of-war: which they again refused to pay.

On the 27th, betimes in the morning, came one of the Freighters on board, with his cooper: who tasted all the wine that he could come at. And the cooper said, "He never knew wine come home in a better condition in his life-time, than that did."

The Freighter having one lighter by the ship's side, and another coming aboard; he bade me to get men to put the wine and other goods into the lighters: for he said he intended to have it all out in twenty-four hours' time.

I perceiving his intention was to get the cargo into his possession, before I should get any friends, said, "Sir, I have ventured my life to save the ship and cargo! For that which was mine on board, was most of it carried away, and what was left I have drunk out of to save the cargo: for I have not drawn one glass of the wine belonging to the cargo; and you see that the wine is good, and the pipes are full! And the Privateer carried but one Pipe of yours, out of the 116. And therefore it is reason that I should have my loss made good out of the cargo: for I have more Adventure money [*i.e., what* LYDE *invested in his own wine*] to pay, than my wages will come to."

"Tush!" he answered, "all the reason is, yours is carried away, and mine is left; and if mine had been carried away, and yours left, I could not have helped it!"

I knowing his mind, I said no more: but told him, "I would go on shore, to get men to load the lighter": but my intent was to deliver a letter that I had, to an Honourable Person, for his favour and assistance in this troublesome affair of mine.

But meeting with a Gentleman, to whom I shewed the

direction of the letter, and gave an account of my proceedings; he went with me, and entered an action in the High Court of Admiralty, for £1,000 upon ship and cargo. And by the assistance of an Honourable Person, I brought it to a trial: and overthrew the Owners and the Freighters, for half the ship and of the cargo.

But they appealed to the High Court of Chancery, and having nothing of truth, disgraced me. Withal they informed the Lords Commissioners [of the Admiralty], that I took a bag of money out of the ship belonging to the Owners: which the Master told me he delivered to the Lieutenant of the Privateer. But I having no proof against the same, this did me a great unkindness.

Yet I overthrew them there [*in Chancery*], for the moiety of the Ship and Cargo; and had a decree for the same: which decree is enrolled, and so is become a precedent in that Court; which will be an advantage to any one that shall hereafter retake their ship from the enemy. If they sue them in Chancery or the High Court of Admiralty for salvage, they will be allowed as much as if it were taken by a Privateer.

Two days after I cast them in the High Court of Admiralty, they gave out a false report concerning me. How that I had no Conduct, for I ran my ship with full sail aboard another ship that was moored in the Thames, ladened with the King's provisions and had sunk her.

Whereupon the owners of the sunk ship, by the wicked instigation of my adversaries, arrested me on the 19th of June [1692], in an action for £400 [=£1,200 *now*], through my adversaries' persuasions; supposing I could not find bail, but must have gone to prison; and then they were in hopes of having their designs upon me. But I being bailed, contrary to their expectation, I was obliged to stay till Michaelmas Term, following [*October*, 1692], before I could bring it to a trial; to my great expense and loss of time.

And I cast them by the evidence of five witnesses, who made it appear that the said ship was not sunk by me.

And so I ended my Law, and the greatest part of my money together.

By the favour of an Honourable Person, I was introduced

to the Right Noble the Marquis of CARMARTHEN; who recommended my case to Her Majesty [*Queen MARY*]: who was pleased, as a token of her extraordinary favour, to order me a gold medal and chain; and recommended me to the Right Honourable the Lords of the Admiralty for preferment in the Fleet; which I am now [1693] attending the Honourable Board for.

Thus I have endeavoured to give an impartial Account of the whole Matter of Fact, from first to last; ascribing all my success to the omnipotent power of the great GOD, who was with me, and protected me throughout the whole action; and made me capable of performing this piece of service for my King and country: in whose defence I am still willing to serve, and shall as long as I remain to be

R. L.

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.



HEREAS there has been a report industriously spread abroad, that it was the boy that persuaded me to retrieve ourselves; this is to satisfy the Reader, that that report was maliciously reported of me, and was not true. For it was the boy of another ship, called the Trial, *of* 50 *tons, that did desire his Master to fall on upon five Frenchmen: and accordingly they did, and overcame them, and brought their ship into Falmouth. For which, the Master was immediately made Commander of the* Mary *Galley: and I, that had used the sea thirteen years* [i.e., from ten to twenty-three years of age], *did but desire the command of a Fire-ship.*

I did design to have given the Reader, a more large account of our sufferings in France; but that it [i.e., such sufferings] *was already published by RICHARD STRUTTON, who has given* A true Relation of the cruelties and barbarities of the French, upon the English prisoners of war. *Printed for RICHARD BALDWIN.*

OF the four great Prose Writers of the Age of Queen ANNE, DEFOE, SWIFT, STEELE, and ADDISON (to take them in the order of their birth); the least known is DEFOE. Yet, probably, in his own day, he exercised a far greater political influence than all the other three put together.

Being a Dissenter, he was debarred from University training and society: and that, more than anything else, excluded him from the circles of the Wits at Will's, or at Button's; who, while they recognised his undoubted ability, denied that he had Culture as they understood it.

In our opinion, DEFOE is the greatest Political Writer of his time: whether we regard the quantity, the quality, or the enormous influence of his Writings. SWIFT's Works during this reign are not a tithe in quantity of those of DEFOE. We allow them to be of equal merit as regards Style, Wit, and Alluringness of Persuasion: but the superiority of character, and the truer insight into things, of the Author of the *Review*, the boundless generosity of his spirit, his humanity, his self-abnegation; all these animate his Writings with higher moral as well as artistic qualities than are to be found in those of the Dean of St. Patrick's.

It will be seen at *p.* 629, that DEFOE distinctly rejected all the Dogmas of Style of the French Influence: so he is the great native Writer of his day. A true Englishman all round.

It is strange that he lives in Literature through the reputation of one of his later left-handed productions, what he would have regarded as a mere bagatelle, rather than by the truly splendid Writings which he put forth on behalf of English Law and Liberties, all through the reign of Queen ANNE: but DANIEL DEFOE in himself, is far greater than the mere Writer of *ROBINSON CRUSOE*.

It is necessary that we should understand DEFOE's earlier life as he himself understood it; and therefore we have here placed his *Appeal to Honour and Justice &c.* which appeared in January, 1715, before his earlier and more famous pieces.

Of his great Paper, the *Review*, probably not half a dozen copies exist at all: and yet in it, is to be found the true Story of this reign, with all its ups and downs, its furies, its agitations, and its delusions.

All these four Writers are much more talked about, than read and appreciated. We hope to do something to remedy this in the future. It is quite possible to feel the charm of ADDISON's style as keenly as did Lord MACAULAY, without disparaging the productions of the other three. What Authors they were! Happy will that Age be, that shall enjoy the outpourings of such a quartet of Geniuses!

DANIEL DEFOE.

The Revolution of 1688, *its principles and purposes, in a nutshell.*

[Written at the time of the trials of Doctor SACHEVEREL, the High Flying Doctor, in the *Review* Nos. 118 and 119. Vol. VI. Saturday 7th and Tuesday 10th January, 1710.]

With the humblest submission to the opinion of the British Parliament, and yet in a cheerful confidence in their justice, love to their country, and zeal for the public peace: I take leave to address this Paper to the Commons of Britain, assembled at this time in Parliament, as follows.



HE public peace of Britain, Right Honourables! having by the Wonders of Providence, been preserved in the late glorious Revolution; and the religious as well as civil liberties of this island been rescued from the ruinous projects of Popery and Tyranny: it pleased GOD to direct the Commons of England by their Representatives, assembled in Convention in conjunction with the Nobility, to apply themselves to such future Establishments as might effectually secure us from any subsequent relapse into the mischiefs of the former reign.

To this purpose, they presented the Crown, upon the abdication of the late King JAMES (whom Guilt and Fear would not permit to shew his face among us), to their glorious Deliverer, King WILLIAM, and his blessed Consort, Queen MARY then the next Protestant heir in succession: and entailed it on Her present Majesty [*Queen ANNE*] in default of heirs; without any regard to the other issue of King JAMES, then alive or to be born.

By which celebrated action, I humbly conceive, the Convention did the several things following: whether immediately or consequentially, or both, is not material.

1. They effectually secured the Crown in the hands of Protestants; having passed that *never-to-be-forgotten* Vote; which was sent up to the Lords, January 22, 1689.

   That it is inconsistent with the Constitution of this Protestant Nation, to be governed by a Popish Prince.

   Upon which Claim, our Religion is now established; and our religious rights are all founded and secured.
2. They asserted the Rights of the People of England, assembled either in Parliament or Convention, to dispose of the Crown, even in bar of hereditary right; *i.e.*, in Parliament style [*language*] *to limit the Succession of the Crown.*

By which latter article, I humbly suggest, all the pretences of our Princes to an *inherent Divine Right* of blood, and to an *Absolute Unconditioned Obedience* in their subjects; together with that modern delusion of the *Unlawfulness of Resistance or Self-Defence, in cases of Tyranny and Oppression*, were entirely suppressed, declared against, and disowned.

These things (as the *Journals* of our own House will abundantly inform you, and to which I humbly refer) received, at divers times and in various manners, all possible sanction, both in the same assembled Convention when afterwards turned into a Parliament, and in several subsequent Parliaments to this day, in the several *Acts* passed in both Kingdoms, for *Recognition of King* WILLIAM *and Queen* MARY, for *taking the Association for security of the persons of the King and Queen*, for *further Limitation of the Crown*, for *Settling the Succession*, and, at last, *for Uniting the two Kingdoms.* To all which *Acts*, I humbly refer. Every one of them, either expressly mentioning, or necessarily implying the *Right* of the Parliament *to limit the Succession of their Princes*, and to declare the established conditions of the People's obedience. But all which *Acts*, the absurd doctrines of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance are, by undeniable consequences, exploded and rejected, as inconsistent with the Constitution of Britain.

Now, may it please this Honourable House to consider,

that, though as this Happy Revolution was established over all gainsayers, and that all opposition to it was crushed, in both Kingdoms, in its beginning: yet it involved the nation in a bloody, expensive, and a tedious war with the King of France; the great Pattern of Tyranny in Europe, and to whom all the abdicated Tyrants of Christendom have fled for succour.

And as this terrible War has continued now above twenty years, with a small interval of an imperfect Peace; and, as is usual in like cases, it has been attended with various [*varying*] successes, especially before the late Series of Wonder [*MARLBOROUGH's victories*] began, in which GOD has signally blessed Her Majesty with an almost uninterrupted success: so the great and powerful enemies of our Peace abroad, were not without their secret friends among us; who, as traitors in the bosom of their native country, have, by all manner of artifice, from time to time endeavoured to weaken the hands of the established Government, to encourage the enemy, and on all occasions assisted them in open invasions or secret treachery, to attempt the Restoration of Slavery and Bondage upon their own country.

This is the prayer of the [above] Petition! this is the present cure for all this popular frenzy! and will do more to establish our Peace, than the whole twenty years' war has done! this will prepare us, either to carry the war on abroad, or to receive peace when GOD shall think fit to trust us with that blessing again!

That you would be pleased to condemn the *Principle*! It is nothing what ye do with the man [*Doctor SACHEVEREL*].

The Principle is the plague sore that runs upon the nation; and its contagion infects our gentry, infects our clergy, infects our politics; and affects the loyalty, the zeal, and the peace of the whole island.

Passive Obedience, Non-Resistance, and the Divine Right of Hereditary Succession are *inconsistent* with the rights of the British Nation (not to examine the Rights of Nature)! inconsistent with the Constitution of the British Government! inconsistent with the Being and Authority of the British Parliament! and inconsistent with the *declared* essential Foundation of the British Monarchy!

These abhorred notions would destroy the inestimable Privileges of Britain, of which the House of Commons are the glorious conservators! They would subject all our Liberties to the arbitrary lust of a single person! They would expose us to all kinds of tyranny, and subvert the very foundations on which we stand! They would destroy the unquestioned sovereignty of our Laws; which, for so many Ages, have triumphed over the invasions and usurpations of ambitious Princes! They would denude us of the beautiful garment of Liberty, and prostitute the honour of the nation to the mechanicism of Slavery! They would divest GOD Almighty of His praise, in giving His humble creatures *a right to govern themselves*! and they charge Heaven with having *meanly* subjected mankind to the crime, Tyranny! which He himself abhors.

It is to this Honourable House, the whole nation now looks for relief against these invaders.

Honest men hope that *now is the time* when the illegitimate spurious birth of these Monsters in Politics shall be exposed by your voice.

Now is the time, when you shall declare it criminal for any Man to assert that *the subjects of Britain are obliged to an absolute unconditioned Obedience to their Princes.* The contrary being evident by the *Claim of Right* made, in both Kingdoms [*England and Scotland*], when they tendered the Crowns to King WILLIAM and Queen MARY; and in the *Oath of Government* taken by them, at the same time; and which no man, by law, can or dare impeach! and, indeed, ought not to be permitted unpunished, to reproach.

Now is the time, when you shall declare it criminal for any man to assert *the Illegality of Resistance on any pretence whatever &c.*; or, in plain English [against] *The Right of Self-Defence against Oppression and Violence, whether national or personal.*

The contrary of which is evident by the subjects of Britain inviting over the Prince of ORANGE to assert and defend the Liberties of this island, and to resist the invasions of Popery and Tyranny; in which he was honourably joined by the Nobility and Commons assembled at Nottingham: who took arms, *anno* 1688, to resist the Invaders of our Liberties; and were assisted and countenanced by the voices

and persons of the Clergy, the Prelates, and Her [present] Majesty in person.

Now is the time, when you shall *again* declare *the Rights of the People of England,* either in Parliament or in Convention assembled, *to limit the Succession of the Crown in bar of hereditary claims; while those claims are attended with other circumstances inconsistent with the Public Safety and the established Laws of the Land.* Since Her Majesty's *Title to the Crown* (as now owned and acknowledged by the whole nation) and the *Succession to the Crown* (as entailed by the *Act of Succession* in England, and the late Union of Britain), are built on the Right of Parliament to limit the Crown, and that Right was recognized by the Revolution.

This is the substance of the Author's humble application, viz.:

That the Sense of the House as to the principles of Passive Obedience, Non-Resistance, and Parliamentary Limitation might be so declared, as that this wicked Party may be no more at liberty to insult the Government, the Queen, and the Parliament; or to disturb the peace, or debauch the loyalty of Her Majesty's subjects.

An
Appeal
to
Honour and Justice,
though it be of
his worst Enemies.

By DANIEL DE FOE.

Being
a true Account of his Conduct
in Public Affairs.

JEREM. xviii. 18.
Come, and let us smite him with the tongue, *and let us not give heed to any of his words.*

LONDON:
Printed for J. BAKER, at the *Black Boy*, in Paternoster row. 1715.

An Appeal to Honour and Justice, &c.



HOPE the Time is come at last, when the voice of Moderate Principles may be heard. Hitherto, the noise has been so great, and the prejudices and passions of men so strong, that it had been but in vain to offer at any argument, or for any man to talk of giving a reason for his actions. And this alone has been the cause why, when other men (who, I think, have less to say in their own defence) are appealing to the public, and struggling to defend themselves; I, alone, have been silent, under the infinite clamours and reproaches, causeless curses, unusual threatenings, and the most unjust and injurious treatment in the world.

I hear much of people's calling out to Punish the Guilty! but very few are concerned to Clear the Innocent! I hope some will be inclined to judge impartially; and have yet reserved so much of the Christian as to believe, and at least to hope, that a rational creature cannot abandon himself so as to act without some reason: and are willing not only to have me defend myself; but to be able to answer for me, where they hear me causelessly insulted by others, and therefore are willing to have such just Arguments put into their mouths, as the cause will bear.

As for those who are prepossessed, and according to the modern justice of Parties are resolved to be so, let them go! I am not arguing with them, *but against them*! They act so contrary to Justice, to Reason, to Religion, so contrary to the rules of Christians and of good manners, that they are

not to be argued with, but to be exposed or entirely neglected. I have a receipt against all the uneasiness which it may be supposed to give me; and that is, to contemn slander, and to think it not worth the least concern. Neither should I think it worth while to give any answer to it, if it were not on some other accounts, of which I shall speak as I go on.

If any man ask me, Why I am in such haste to publish this matter at this time? among many other good reasons which I could give, these are some:

1. I think I have long enough been made *fabula vulgi*, and borne the weight of general slander; and I should be wanting to truth, to my family, and to myself, if I did not give a fair and true state of my conduct, for impartial men to judge of, when I am no more in being, to answer for myself.
2. By the hints of mortality, and by the infirmities of a Life of Sorrow and Fatigue, I have reason to think that I am not a great way off from, if not very near to, the great Ocean of Eternity; and the time may not be long ere I embark on the last voyage. Wherefore I think, I should even accounts with this world, before I go: that no actions (*slanders*) may lie against my heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, to disturb them in the peaceable possession of their father's inheritance (*character*).
3. I fear (GOD grant I have not a second sight in it!) that this lucid interval of Temper and Moderation which shines, though dimly too, upon us at this time, will be but of short continuance: and that some men (who know not how to use the advantage, GOD has put into their hands) with moderation, will push (in spite of the best Prince of the world) at such extravagant things, and act with such an intemperate forwardness, as will revive the Heats and Animosities, which wise and good men were in hopes should be allayed by the happy Accession of the King [GEORGE I.] to the throne.

It is, and ever was, my opinion that Moderation is the only virtue by which the peace and tranquility of this nation can

be preserved. Even the King himself (I believe His Majesty will allow me that freedom!) can only be happy in the enjoyment of the crown by a Moderate Administration. If His Majesty should be obliged, contrary to his known disposition, to join with intemperate counsels; if it does not lessen his security, I am persuaded it will lessen his satisfaction! It cannot be pleasant or agreeable, and, I think, it cannot be safe to any just Prince to rule over a divided people, split into incensed and exasperated Parties. Though a skilful mariner may have courage to master a tempest, and goes fearless through a storm; yet he can never be said to delight in the danger! A fresh fair gale and a quiet sea are the pleasure of his voyage: and we have a saying worth notice, to them that are otherwise minded, *Qui amat periculum periibat in illo.*

To attain at the happy Calm, which, as I say, is the safety of Britain, is the question which should now move us all: and he would merit to be called the Nation's Physician that could prescribe the specific for it. I think I may be allowed to say, a *Conquest of Parties* will never do it! a *Balance of Parties* MAY! Some are for the former. They talk high of punishments! letting blood! revenging treatment they have met with! and the like. If they, not knowing what spirit they are of, think this the course to be taken, let them try their hands! I shall give them up for lost! and look for their downfall from that time. For the ruin of all such tempers slumbereth not!

It is many years that I have professed myself an enemy to all Precipitations in Public Administrations; and often I have attempted to shew that Hot Counsels have ever been destructive to those who have made use of them. Indeed, they have not always been a disadvantage to the nation. As in King JAMES II.'s reign: where, as I have often said in print, his precipitation was the safety of us all; and if he had proceeded temperately and politicly, we had been undone. *Fælix quem faciunt.* But these things have been spoken, when your ferment has been too high for anything to be heard. Whether you will hear it now or not, I know not! and therefore it was that I said, I fear the present Cessation of Party Arms will not hold long.

These are some of the reasons, why I think this is a proper

juncture for me to give some account of myself and of my past conduct to the world; and that I may do this as effectually as I can (being, perhaps, never more to speak from the Press), I shall, as concisely as I can, give an Abridgement of my own History, during the few unhappy years I have employed myself, or been employed in Public in the World.

Misfortunes in business having unhinged me from matters of trade, it was about the year 1694, that I was invited (by some merchants with whom I had corresponded abroad, and some also at home) to settle at Cadiz in Spain; and that, with offers of very good commissions: but Providence, which had other work for me to do, placed a secret aversion in my mind to quitting England upon any account; and made me refuse the best offers of that kind, to be concerned with some Eminent Persons at home, in proposing Ways and Means to the Government, for raising money to supply the occasions of the war then newly begun.

Some time after this, I was (without the least application of mine, and being then seventy miles from London) sent for, to be Accountant to the "Commissioners of the Glass Duty": in which service I continued, to the determination of their commission [in 1698].

During this time [*or rather somewhat later, on 1st August* 1700], there came out a vile, abhorred pamphlet, in very ill verse, written by one Mr. TUTCHIN, called *The Foreigners*: in which the Author (who he was, I then knew not!) fell personally upon the King himself, and then upon the Dutch nation; and after having reproached His Majesty with crimes that his worst enemy could not think of without horror, he sums up all in the odious name of "Foreigner!"

This filled me with a kind of rage against the book; and gave birth to a trifle which I never could hope should have met with so general an acceptation as it did. I mean *The True Born Englishman* [*which appeared in January*, 1701].

How this poem was the occasion of my being known to His Majesty [*WILLIAM III.*]; how I was afterwards received by him; how employed; and how (above my capacity of deserving) rewarded; is no part of this present Case: and is

only mentioned here, as I take all occasions to do, for the expressing of the honour I ever preserved for the immortal and glorious memory of that greatest and best of Princes; whom it was my honour and advantage to call Master as well as Sovereign! whose goodness to me I never forgot, neither can forget! whose memory I never patiently heard abused, nor ever can do so! and who, had he lived, would never have suffered me to be treated, as I have been in the World!

But Heaven, for our sins, removed him, in judgement. How far the treatment he met with from the nation he came to save, and whose deliverance he finished, was admitted by Heaven to be a means of his death; I desire to forget, for their sakes, who are guilty. And if this calls any of it to mind, it is mentioned to move them to treat him better who is now, with like principles of goodness and clemency, appointed by GOD and the Constitution, to be their Sovereign: lest He that protects righteous Princes, avenge the injuries they receive from an ungrateful people! by giving them up to the confusions, their madness leads them to.

And in their just acclamations at the happy Accession of His present Majesty [*GEORGE I.*] to the throne, I cannot but advise them to look back, and call to mind, Who it was, that first guided them to the Family of HANOVER, and to pass by all the Popish branches of ORLEANS and SAVOY? recognizing the just authority of Parliament, in the undoubted Right of Limiting the Succession, and establishing that glorious Maxim of our Settlement, viz., *That it is inconsistent with the Constitution of this Protestant Kingdom to be governed by a Popish Prince.* I say, let them call to mind, Who it was that guided their thoughts first to the Protestant race of our own Kings, in the House of HANOVER? and that it is to King WILLIAM, next to Heaven itself, to whom we owe the enjoying of a Protestant King at this time.

I need not go back to the particulars of His Majesty's conduct in that affair, his journey in person to the country of Hanover, and the Court of Zell, his particular management of the affair afterwards at home, perfecting the design by naming the illustrious Family to the nation, and bringing about a Parliamentary Settlement to effect it; entailing

thereby the Crown in so effectual a manner, as we see has been sufficient to prevent the worst designs of our Jacobite people in behalf of the Pretender. A Settlement, together with the subsequent *Acts* which followed it, and the Union with Scotland which made it unalterable, that gave a complete satisfaction to those who knew and understood it; and removed those terrible apprehensions of the Pretender (which some entertained), from the minds of others, who were yet as zealous against him as it was possible for any to be. Upon this Settlement, as I shall shew presently, I grounded my opinion, which I often expressed, *viz.*, *That I did not see it possible, the Jacobites could ever set up their Idol here!* and I think my opinion abundantly justified in the consequences: of which by-and-by.

This digression, as a debt to the glorious memory of King WILLIAM, I could not in justice omit: and as the reign of His present Majesty is esteemed happy, and looked upon as a blessing from heaven by us; it will most necessarily lead us to bless the memory of King WILLIAM, to whom we owe so much of it. How easily could His Majesty have led us to other branches, whose relation to the Crown might have had large pretences? What Prince but would have submitted to have educated a successor of their race in the Protestant Religion, for the sake of such a Crown! But the King, who had our happiness in view, and saw as far into it as any human sight could penetrate; who knew we were not to be governed by inexperienced youths; that the Protestant Religion was not to be established by Political Converts; and that Princes under French influence or instructed in French politics, were not proper Instruments to preserve the Liberties of Britain: fixed his eyes upon the Family which now possesses the Crown, as not only having an undoubted relation to it by blood, but as being, first and principally, zealous and powerful assertors of the Protestant Religion and Interest against Popery; and, secondly, stored with a visible succession of worthy and promising branches, who appeared equal to the weight of Government, qualified to fill a Throne, and guide a Nation, which (without any reflection) are not famed to be the most easy to rule in the world.

Whether the consequence has been a credit to King WILLIAM's judgement, I need not say. I am not writing

panegyrics here, but doing justice to the memory of the King my Master, who I have had the honour very often to hear express himself with great satisfaction in having brought the Settlement of the Succession to so good an issue: and to repeat His Majesty's own words, "That he knew no Prince in Europe so fit to be King of England, as the Elector of Hanover." I am persuaded, without any flattery, that if it should not every way answer the expectations His Majesty had of it, the fault will be our own! GOD grant the King to have more comfort of his Crown, than we suffered King WILLIAM to have!

The King being dead, and the Queen [*ANNE*] proclaimed; the Hot Men of that side (as Hot Men of all sides do) thinking the game in their own hands, and all other people under their feet—began to run out into all those mad extremes, and precipitate themselves into such measures, as, according to the fate of all intemperate counsels, ended in their own confusion, and threw them at last out of the saddle.

The Queen (who, though willing to favour the High Church party, did not thereby design the ruin of those she did not employ) was soon alarmed at their wild conduct, and turned them out: adhering to the moderate counsels of those who better understood, or more faithfully pursued Her Majesty's and their country's Interest.

In this turn, fell "Sir EDWARD SEYMOUR's Party"; for so the High Men were then called: and to this turn, we owe the conversion of several other Great Men; who became Whigs upon that occasion, which it is known they were not before. Which conversion begat that unkind distinction of "Old Whig" and "Modern Whig"; which some of the former were, with very little justice, pleased to run up afterwards to an extreme very pernicious to both.

But I am gone too far in this part. I return to my own story. In the interval of these things, and during the heat of the first fury of High Flying; I fell a sacrifice for writing against the rage and madness of that High Party, and in the service of the Dissenters. What justice I met with! and above all, what mercy! are too well known to need a repetition.

This Introduction is made that it may bring me to what has been the *Foundation* of all my further concern in Public Affairs: and will produce a sufficient reason for my adhering to those, whose obligations upon me were too strong to be resisted; even when many things were done by them, which I could not approve. And for this reason it is, that I think it is necessary to distinguish how far I did or did not adhere to, or join in or with the Persons or Conduct of the late Government [*i.e., of Lord* OXFORD'S *Administration*, 1710–1714]: and those who are willing to judge with impartiality and charity, will see reason to use me more tenderly in their thoughts, when they weigh the particulars.

I will make no reflections upon the treatment I met with from the people *I suffered for*! or how I was abandoned, *even in my sufferings*, at the same time that they acknowledged the service it had been to their cause.

But I must mention it, to let you know, that while I lay friendless and distressed in the prison of Newgate, my family ruined, and myself without hope of deliverance; a message was brought [*in May*, 1704] me from a Person of Honour [*ROBERT HARLEY, afterwards Lord OXFORD*], with whom, till that time, I had never had the least acquaintance or knowledge of, other than by fame, or by sight as we know Men of Quality by seeing them on public occasions. I gave no present [*immediate*] answer to the person who brought it, having not duly weighed the import of the message: which was by word of mouth thus, "Pray ask that Gentleman, what I can do for him?"

But in return to this kind and generous message, I immediately took my pen and ink, and wrote the story of the blind man in the Gospel who followed our Saviour, and to whom our blessed LORD put the question, "What wilt thou, that I should do unto thee?" who, as if he had made it strange that such a question should be asked; or as if he had said, "Lord! dost thou see that I am blind! and yet asketh me what thou shalt do for me? My answer is plain in my misery, 'Lord! that I may receive my sight!'"

I needed not to make the application: and from this time, although I lay four months [*May–August*, 1704] in prison after this, and heard no more of it; yet from this time, as I learned afterwards, this Noble Person made it his business

to have my Case represented to Her Majesty, and methods taken for my deliverance.

I mention this part, because I am no more to forget the Obligation upon me to the Queen, than to my First Benefactor.

When Her Majesty came to have the truth of the case laid before her, I soon felt the effects of her royal goodness and compassion. And first, Her Majesty declared "that she left all that matter to a certain person [*DANIEL FINCH, Earl of NOTTINGHAM*], and did not think he would have used me in such a manner."

Perhaps these words may seem imaginary to some, and the speaking of them to be of no value; and so they would have been, if they had not been followed with further and more convincing proofs of what they imported: which were these. That Her Majesty was pleased particularly to inquire into my circumstances and family; and by my Lord Treasurer GODOLPHIN, to send a considerable supply to my wife and family; and to send to me in the prison, money to pay my fine, and the expenses of my discharge. Whether this be a just *Foundation*, let my enemies judge!

Here is the *Foundation* on which I built my first Sense of Duty to Her Majesty's *person*; and the indelible bond of gratitude to my First Benefactor.

Gratitude and Fidelity are inseparable from an honest man! but to be thus obliged by a stranger, by a Man of Quality and Honour; and after that, by the Sovereign under whose Administration I was suffering: let any one put himself in my stead! and examine upon what principles I could ever act against either such a Queen, or such a Benefactor! And what must have my own heart reproached me with! what blushes must have covered my face, when I had looked in and called myself ungrateful to Him that saved me thus from distress! or to Her that fetched me out of the dungeon, and gave my family relief! Let any man who knows what principles are, what engagements of honour and gratitude are, make this case his own! and say, What I could have done less, or more, than I have done?

I must go on a little with the detail of the Obligation; and then I shall descend to relate, What I have done, and What I have not done, in this case.

Being delivered from the distress I was in; Her Majesty, who was not satisfied to do me good by a single act of her bounty, had the goodness to think of taking me into her Service: and I had the honour to be employed in several honourable though secret services, by the interposition of my First Benefactor, who then appeared as a member in the Public Administration [*ROBERT HARLEY had succeeded Lord NOTTINGHAM, as Secretary of State, on May* 18, 1704].

I had the happiness to discharge myself in all these trusts so much to the satisfaction of those who employed me, though oftentimes with difficulty and danger: that my Lord Treasurer GODOLPHIN (whose memory I have always honoured) was pleased to continue his favour to me, and to do me all good offices with Her Majesty—even after an unhappy breach had separated him from my First Benefactor. The particulars of which [favour] it may not be improper to relate; and as it is not an injustice to any, so I hope it will not be offensive.

When, upon that fatal breach [*February* 15, 1708], the Secretary of State [*HARLEY*] was dismissed from the Service; I looked upon myself as lost! it being a general rule in such cases, when a Great Officer falls, that all who came in by his Interest, fall with him. And resolving never to abandon the fortunes of the Man to whom I owed so much of my own; I quitted the usual applications which I had made to my Lord Treasurer.

But my generous benefactor, when he understood it, frankly told me, "That I should, by no means, do so! for," said he, in the most engaging terms, "my Lord Treasurer will employ you in nothing but what is for the Public Service, and agreeable to your own sentiments of things: and, besides, it is the Queen you are serving! who has been very good to you. Pray apply yourself as you used to do! I shall not take it ill from you in the least."

Upon this, I went to wait on my Lord Treasurer, who received me with great freedom, and told me smiling, "He had not seen me a long while."

I told his Lordship very frankly the occasion. "That the unhappy breach that had fallen out had made me doubtful whether I should be acceptable to his Lordship, that I knew it was usual when Great Persons fall, that all who were in

their Interest fell with them; that his Lordship knew the obligations I was under, and that I could not but fear my Interest in his Lordship was lessened on that account."

"Not at all, Mr. DE FOE!" replied his Lordship, "I always think a man honest, till I find to the contrary."

Upon this, I attended his Lordship as usual: and being resolved to remove all possible ground of suspicion that I kept any secret correspondence [with him], I never visited, nor wrote to, or in any way corresponded with, my Principal Benefactor [*i.e.*, *HARLEY*] for above three years [1708 *to* 1711]; which he so well knew the reason of, and so well approved that punctual behaviour in me; that he never took it ill from me at all.

In consequence of this reception [? *in* 1708], my Lord GODOLPHIN had the goodness, not only to introduce me, for the second time, to Her Majesty and to the honour of kissing her hand, but obtained for me the continuance of an appointment which Her Majesty had been pleased to make me in consideration of a former special service I had done [*in a foreign country, see pp.* 481, 498], and in which I had run as much risk of my life as a Grenadier upon the Counterscarp: which appointment however was first obtained for me, at the intercession of my said First Benefactor [*HARLEY*], and is all owing to that intercession and Her Majesty's bounty.

Upon this second introduction, Her Majesty was pleased to tell me, with a goodness peculiar to herself, that she "had such satisfaction in my former services, that she had appointed me for another affair, which was something nice [*delicate or difficult*], and that my Lord Treasurer, should tell me the rest."

And so I withdrew.

The next day, his Lordship, having commanded me to attend, told me that "he must send me into Scotland," and gave me but three days to prepare myself.

Accordingly, I went to Scotland: where neither my business, nor the manner of my discharging it, is material to this Tract; nor will it be ever any part of my character that I reveal what should be concealed. And yet my errand was such as was far from being unfit for a Sovereign to direct, or an honest man to perform: and the service I did on that occasion, as it is not unknown to the greatest man [*the*

Duke of SHREWSBURY] now in the nation, under the King and the Prince [of WALES]; so, I dare say, His Grace was never displeased with the part I had in it, and I hope will not forget it.

These things I mention, upon this account and no other; viz., to state *the Obligation I have been in, all along, to Her Majesty personally; and to my First Benefactor principally*: by which I say, I *think* I was at least obliged not to act against them; even in those things which I might not approve.

Whether I have acted with them further than I ought, shall be spoken to by itself.

Having said thus much of the Obligations laid on me, and the Persons by whom; I have only this to add, that I think no man will say, a subject could be under *greater* bonds to his Prince, or a private person to a Minister of State: and I shall ever preserve this principle, that *An honest man cannot be ungrateful to his benefactor!*

But let no man run away, now, with the notion that I am now intending to plead the Obligation that was upon me from Her Majesty or from any other person, to justify my doing anything that is not otherwise to be justified in itself. Nothing would be more injurious, than such a construction; and therefore I capitulate [*stipulate*] for so much justice as to explain myself by this declaration, viz.

That I only speak of these obligations *as binding me to a Negative conduct: not to fly in the face of, or concern myself in disputes with, those to whom I was under such obligations; although I might not, in my judgement, join in many things that were done.*

No Obligation could excuse me in calling evil, good; or good, evil: but I am of the opinion that I might justly think myself obliged to defend what I thought was to be defended, and *to be silent in anything which I might think was not.*

If this is a crime, I must plead "Guilty!" and give in the History of my Obligation above mentioned, as an extenuation, at least, if not a justification of my conduct.

Suppose a man's father was guilty of several things unlawful and unjustifiable; a man may heartily detest the unjustifiable thing, and yet it ought not to be expected that he should expose his father! I think the case on my side,

exactly the same. Nor can the duty to a parent be more strongly obliging, than the Obligation laid on me. But I must allow the case on the other side, not the same.

And this brings me to the Affirmative, and to inquire, What the matters of fact are? what I have done, or have not done, on account of these Obligations which I have been under?

It is a general suggestion, and is affirmed with such assurance that they tell me, "It is in vain to contradict it!" that *I have been employed by the Earl of O[XFOR]D, the late Lord Treasurer, in the late disputes about Public Affairs, to write for him*, or to put it into their own particulars, *have written by his direction, taken the materials from him, been dictated to or instructed by him, or by other persons from him, by his order*, and the like; and that *I have received a pension, or salary, or payment from his Lordship for such services as these.*

If I could put it into words that would more fully express the meaning of these people, I profess I would do it.

One would think it was impossible, but that since these things have been so confidently affirmed, some evidence might be produced! some facts might appear! some one body or other might be found, that could speak of certain knowledge! To say "things have been carried too closely to be discovered," is saying *nothing*! for, then, they must own that "it is *not* discovered": and how, then, can they affirm it as they do, with such an assurance as nothing ought to be affirmed by honest men, unless they were able to prove it?

To speak, then, to the fact. Were the reproach upon me only in this particular, I should not mention it. I should not think it a reproach to be directed by a man to whom the Queen had at that time entrusted the Administration of the Government. But as it is a reproach upon his Lordship, Justice requires that I do right in this case.

The thing is true, or false. I would recommend it to those who would be called honest men, to consider but one thing, viz. What if it should *not* be true! Can they justify the injury done to that Person, or to any person concerned? If it cannot be proved, if no vestiges appear to ground it upon; how can they charge men upon rumours and reports,

and join to run men's characters down by the stream of clamour.

Sed quo rapit impetus undæ.

In answer to the charge, I bear witness to posterity, that *every part of it is false and forged*! and I do solemnly protest, in the fear and presence of HIM that shall judge us all, both the slanderers and the slandered, that *I have not received any instructions, directions, orders,* or let them call it what they will! *of that kind, for the writing of any part of what I have written; or any materials for the putting together, for the forming any book or pamphlet whatsoever, from the said Earl of O[XFOR]D, late Lord Treasurer; or from any person, by his order or direction, since the time that the late Earl of G[ODOLPHI]N was Lord Treasurer* [August 10, 1710]. *Neither did I ever shew, or cause to be shewn to his Lordship, for his approbation, correction, alteration, or for any other cause, any book, paper, or pamphlet which I have written and published, before the same was printed, worked off at the press, and published.*

If any man can detect me of the least prevarication in this, or in any part of it, I desire him to do it, by all means! and I challenge all the world to do it! And if they cannot, then I *appeal,* as in my title, *to the honour and justice of my worst enemies,* to know, upon what foundation of truth or conscience, they can affirm these things; and for what it is, that I bear these reproaches?

In all my writing, I never capitulated [*stipulated*] for my liberty to speak according to my own judgement of things. I ever had that liberty allowed me! nor was I ever imposed upon to write this way or that, against my judgement, by any person whatsoever.

I come now, historically, to the point of time, when my Lord GODOLPHIN was dismissed from his employment; and the late unhappy division broke out at Court.

I waited on my Lord, the day he was displaced [*August* 10, 1710]; and humbly asked his Lordship's direction, What course I should take?

His Lordship's answer was, that "He had the same good will to assist me; but not the same power"; that "I was the Queen's servant; and that all he had done for me, was

by Her Majesty's special and particular direction"; and that "Whoever should succeed him, it was not material to me; he 'supposed I should be employed in nothing relating to the present differences.' My business was to wait till I saw things settled; and then apply myself to the Ministers of State, to receive Her Majesty's commands from them."

It occurred to me immediately, as a Principle for my conduct, that it was not material to me [*DEFOE being practically one of the permanent Civil Servants of the Crown*] what Ministers Her Majesty was pleased to employ. My duty was to go along with every Ministry, *so far as they did not break in upon the Constitution, and the Laws and Liberties of my country*; my part being only the duty of a subject, viz., to submit to all lawful commands, and to enter into no service which was not justifiable by the Laws.

To all which I have exactly obliged [*conformed*] myself.

By this, I was providentially cast back upon my Original Benefactor [*ROBERT HARLEY*], who, according to his wonted goodness, was pleased to lay my case before Her Majesty; and thereby I preserved my interest in Her Majesty's favour, but without any engagement of service [*i.e., he was not employed on any special secret mission*].

As for consideration, pension, gratification, or reward; I declare to all the world! I have had none! except only that old appointment which Her Majesty was pleased to make me in the days of the Ministry of my Lord GODOLPHIN; of which I have spoken already [*pp.* 477, 498], and which was for services done in a foreign country, some years before.

Neither have I been employed, or directed, or ordered by my Lord T[reasure]r [*Lord OXFORD*] aforesaid, to do, or not to do, anything in the affairs of the unhappy differences [*between Lords OXFORD and BOLINGBROKE*] which have so long perplexed us; and for which I have suffered so many, and such unjust reproaches.

I come next to enter into the Matters of Fact, and what it is I have done, or not done; which may justify the treatment I have met with.

And first, for the Negative part. What I have *not* done.

The first thing in the unhappy breaches which have fallen out, is the heaping up scandal upon the persons and conduct

of Men of Honour, on one side as well as on the other: those unworthy methods, of falling upon one another by personal calumny and reproach.

This I have often, in print, complained of as an unchristian, ungenerous, and unjustifiable practice. Not a word can be found in all I have written, reflecting on the persons or conduct of any of the former Ministry [*i.e., Lord* GODOLPHIN's]. I served Her Majesty under their Administration. They acted honourably and justly in every transaction in which I had the honour to be concerned with them: and I never published or said anything dishonourable of any of them in my life; nor can the worst enemy I have, produce any such thing against me.

I always regretted the Change [*i.e., of Ministry in August*, 1710]; and looked upon it as a great disaster to the nation in general. I am sure it was so to me in particular; and the divisions and feuds among parties which followed that Change, were doubtless a disaster to us all.

The next thing which followed the Change was the Peace [*i.e., the Peace of Utrecht on April* 11, 1713].

No man can say that ever I once said in my life, that "I approved of the Peace." I wrote a public Paper at that time [1713], and there it remains upon record against me. I printed it openly, and that so plainly, as others durst not do, that "I did not like the Peace; neither that which was made, nor that which was, before, a making" [*the Negotiations at Gertruydenburg in* 1710]; that "I thought the Protestant Interest was not taken care of, in either." That "the Peace I was for, was such as should neither have given the Spanish Monarchy to the House of BOURBON, nor [to] the House of AUSTRIA; but that this bone of contention should have been broken to pieces: that it should not have been dangerous to Europe on any account:" and that "the Protestant Powers (Britain and the States [*Holland*]) should have so strengthened and fortified their Interest by sharing the commerce and strength of Spain, as should have made them no more afraid either of France, or the Emperor; so that the Protestant Interest should have been superior to all the Powers of Europe, and been in no more danger of exorbitant power, whether French or Austrian."

This was the Peace I argued for, pursuant to the design

of King WILLIAM in the Treaty of Partition; and pursuant to that *Article* in the Grand Alliance, which was directed by the same glorious hand, at the beginning of this last war [1702–1713 *A.D.*], that *all we should conquer in the Spanish West Indies should be our own*.

This was, with a true design that England and Holland should have turned their naval power, which was eminently superior to that of France, to the conquest of the Spanish West Indies: by which the channel of trade and return of bullion, which now enrich the enemies of both, had been ours; and as the Wealth, so the Strength of the World had been in Protestant hands. Spain, whoever had it, must then have been dependent upon us. The House of BOURBON would have found it so poor, without us, as to be scarce worth fighting for: and the people so averse to them, for want of their commerce, as not to make it ever likely France could keep it.

This was the Foundation I ever acted upon with relation to the Peace.

It is true, that when it was made, and could not be otherwise, I thought our business was to make the best of it, and rather to inquire what improvements were to be made of it, than to be continually exclaiming at those who made it: and where the objection lies against this part, I cannot yet see!

While I spoke of things in this manner, I bore infinite reproaches from clamouring pens, of "being in the French Interest! being hired and bribed to defend a bad Peace!" and the like: and most of this was upon a supposition of my writing, or being the author of [an] abundance of pamphlets which came out every day; and which I had no hand in.

And, indeed, as I shall observe again, by-and-by, this was one of the greatest pieces of injustice that could be done me, and which I labour still under without any redress; that, whenever any piece comes out which is not liked, I am immediately charged with being the author! and, very often, the first knowledge I have had of a book's being published, has been from seeing myself abused for being the author of it, in some other pamphlet published in answer to it.

Finding myself treated in this manner, I declined writing at all; and, for a great part of a year [*i.e. in* 1712], never set pen to paper, except in the public Paper called the *Review*.

After this, I was long absent in the north of England, and observing the insolence of the Jacobite party, and how they insinuated fine things into the heads of the common people, of the Right and Claim of the Pretender, and of the Great Things he would do for us, if he was to come in; of his being to turn a Protestant; of his being resolved to maintain our liberties, support our funds, give liberty to Dissenters, and the like: and finding that the people began to be deluded, and that the Jacobites gained ground among them, by these insinuations, I thought it the best service I could do the Protestant Interest, and the best way to open the people's eyes to the advantages of the Protestant Succession, if I took some course effectually to alarm the people with what they really ought to expect, if the Pretender should come to be King. And this made me set pen to paper again [*in* 1712].

And this brings me to the Affirmative part, or to What really *I have done?* and in this, I am sorry to say, I have one of the foulest, most unjust, and unchristian clamours to complain of, that any man has suffered, I believe, since the days of the tyranny of JAMES II.

In order to detect the influence of Jacobite emissaries, as above; the first thing I wrote, was a small tract, called, *A seasonable Caution.* [The full title is, *A seasonable Warning and Caution against the Insinuations of Papists and Jacobites in favour of the Pretender. Being a Letter from an Englishman at the Court of Hanover.* 24 *pp.* Published in 1712.] A book sincerely written to open the eyes of the poor ignorant country people, and to warn them against the subtle insinuations of the emissaries of the Pretender. And that it might be effectual to that purpose, I prevailed with several of my friends, to give them away among the poor people all over England, especially in the North: and several thousands were actually given away, the price being reduced so low, that the bare expense of Paper and Press was only preserved; that every one might be convinced that nothing of gain was designed, but a sincere endeavour to do a public good, and assist to keep the people entirely in the Interest of the Protestant Succession.

Next to this, and with the same sincere design, I wrote two pamphlets; one entituled, *What if the Pretender should*

come? [The full title is *And what if the Pretender should come? Or some considerations of the Advantages and real Consequences of the Pretender's possessing the Crown of Great Britain.* 44 *pp.* Published March 26, 1713.] The other, *Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover.* [The full title is, *Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover; with an Inquiry how far the Abdication of King JAMES, supposing it to be legal, ought to affect the Person of the Pretender.* 48 *pp.* Published February 21, 1713.] Nothing can be more plain, than that the titles of these books were Amusements [*innocent deceptions*], in order to put the books into the hands of those people whom the Jacobites had deluded, and to bring the books to be read by them.

Previous to what I shall further say of these books, I must observe that all these books met with so general a reception and approbation among those who were most sincere for the Protestant Succession, that they sent them all over the Kingdom, and recommended them to the people's reading, as excellent and useful pieces; insomuch that about seven editions of them were printed, and they were reprinted in other places: and I do protest, had His present Majesty, then Elector of Hanover, given me £1,000 [£2,500 *now*], to have written for the Interest of his Succession, and to expose and render the Interest of the Pretender odious and ridiculous, I could have done nothing more effectual to those purposes than those books were.

And that I may make my worst enemies (to whom this is a fair *Appeal*) judges of this, I must take leave, by-and-by, to repeat some of the expressions in those books, which were direct, and need no explication; and which, I think, no man that was in the Interest of the Pretender, nay, which no man but one who was entirely in the Interest of the Hanover Succession could write.

Nothing can be severer in the fate of a man, than to act so between two Parties, that Both Sides should be provoked against him!

It is certain, the Jacobites cursed those tracts and the author; and when they came to read them, being deluded by the titles *according to the design*, they threw them by, with the greatest indignation imaginable! Had the Pretender ever come to the throne, I could have expected nothing but

Death! and all the ignominy and reproach that the most inveterate enemy of his person and claim could be supposed to suffer!

On the other hand, I leave it to any considering man to judge what a surprise it must be to me, to meet with all the public clamour that Informers could invent, as "being guilty of writing *against* the Hanover Succession," and "as having written several pamphlets *in favour* of the Pretender."

No man, in this nation, ever had a more riveted aversion to the Pretender, and to all the family, he *pretended* to come of, than I! A man that had been in arms, under the Duke of MONMOUTH, against the cruelty and arbitrary government of his pretended father! that, for twenty years, had, to my utmost, opposed him [*King JAMES*], and his party, after his abdication! that had served King WILLIAM, to his satisfaction! and the Friends of the Revolution, after his death, at all hazards and upon all occasions! that had suffered and been ruined under the Administration of the Highflyers and Jacobites, of whom some are, at this day, *counterfeit Whigs*! It could not be! The nature of the thing could, by no means, allow it! It must be monstrous! And that the wonder may cease, I shall take leave to quote some of the expressions out of these books; of which, the *worst enemy I have in the world*, is left to judge whether they are in favour of the Pretender or not? But of this, in its place.

For these books, I was prosecuted, taken into custody, and obliged to give £800 bail.

I do not, in the least, object here against, or design to reflect upon the proceedings of the Judges which were subsequent to this. I acknowledged then, and now acknowledge again, that, upon the Information given, there was a sufficient ground for all they did; and my unhappy entering upon my own *Vindication* in print, while the case was before their Lordships in a judicial way, was an error which I neither understood, and which I did not foresee. And therefore, although I had great reason to reflect upon the Informers, yet I was wrong in making that Defence in the manner and time I then made it; and which, when I found, I made no scruple afterwards to petition the Judges, and to acknowledge that they had just ground to resent it: upon which Petition and Acknowledgement, their Lordships were pleased, with

particular marks of goodness, to release me; and not take the advantage of an error of ignorance, as if it had been considered and premeditated.

But against the Informers; I think I have great reason to complain: and against the injustice of those writers, who, in many pamphlets, charged me with writing for the Pretender; and the Government, with pardoning an author who wrote for the Pretender. And indeed, the justice of those men can be in nothing more clearly stated, than in this case of mine; where the charge, in their printed papers and public discourse, was brought, not that themselves believed me guilty of the crime, but because it was necessary to blacken the Man! that a general reproach might serve for an answer to whatever he should say, that was not for their turn. So that it was the Person, not the Crime, they fell upon! and they may justly be said to persecute *for the sake of persecution*! as will thus appear.

This matter making some noise, people began to inquire into it; and to ask "What DE FOE was prosecuted for? seeing the books were manifestly written against the Pretender, and for the Interest of the House of Hanover!" And my friends expostulated freely with some of the men who appeared in it; who answered, with more truth than honesty, that "they knew this book [*Reasons against, &c.*] had nothing in it, and that it was meant another way: but that DE FOE had disobliged them in other things; and they were resolved to take the advantage they had, both to punish and expose him!"

They were no inconsiderable people who said this; and had the case come to a trial, I had provided good evidence to prove the words. This is the Christianity and Justice by which I have been treated! and this Injustice is the thing that I complain of!

Now as this was a plot of a few men to see if they could brand me in the world for a Jacobite, and persuade rash and ignorant people that I was turned about for the Pretender: I think they might as easily have proved me to be a Mahometan! Therefore, I say this obliges me to state that matter as it really stands, that impartial men may judge whether those books were written *for* or *against* the Pretender.

And this cannot be better done than by the account of what followed after the first Information; which, in few words, is thus:

Upon the several days appointed, I appeared at the Queen's Bench bar, to discharge my bail; and, at last, had an Indictment for high crimes and misdemeanours exhibited against me [*June*, 1713] by Her Majesty's Attorney-General [*Sir EDWARD NORTHEY*]; which, as I was informed, contained 200 sheets of paper. What the substance of the indictment was, I shall not mention here! neither could I enter upon it, having *never seen the particulars*.

But I was told that "I should be brought to trial, the very next Term."

I was not ignorant that, in such cases, it is easy to make *any* book, a libel; and that the Jury must have found the matter of fact in the indictment, viz., that I *had* written such books: and then what might have followed, I knew not.

Wherefore I thought it was my only way to cast myself on the clemency of Her Majesty, whose goodness I had had so much experience of, many ways; representing in my Petition, that "*I was far from the least intention to favour the Interest of the Pretender; but that the books were all written with a sincere design to promote the Interest of the House of Hanover; and humbly laid before Her Majesty (as I do now before the rest of the world) the books themselves, to plead in my behalf:*" representing further that "*I was maliciously informed against, by those who were willing to put a construction upon the expressions different from my true meaning; and therefore flying to Her Majesty's goodness and clemency, I entreated her gracious Pardon!*"

It was not only the native disposition of Her Majesty to acts of clemency and goodness that obtained me this Pardon; but, as I was informed, Her Majesty was pleased to express in the Council: "She saw nothing but private pique in the first prosecution." And therefore I think I cannot give a better and clearer vindication of myself than what is contained in the Preamble to the *Pardon* which Her Majesty was pleased to grant me: and I must be allowed to say to those who are still willing to object, that I think what satisfied Her Majesty might be sufficient to satisfy them. And I can answer them, that this *Pardon* was not granted without Her Majesty's being specially and particularly acquainted

with the things alleged in the *Petition*; the books being looked into, to find the expressions quoted in the *Petition*.

The Preamble to the Patent for a *Pardon*, as far as relates to the matters of fact, runs thus:

WHEREAS, *in the Term of Holy Trinity* [June, 1713] *last past, Our Attorney-General did exhibit an Information in Our Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster, against* DANIEL DE FOE, *late of London, Gentleman, for writing, printing, and publishing, and causing to be written, printed and published, three Libels:*

The one intituled, Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover; with an Inquiry how far the Abdication of King JAMES, supposing it to be legal, ought to affect the Person of the Pretender.

One other intituled, And what if the Pretender should come? Or some considerations of the Advantages and real Consequences of the Pretender's possessing the Crown of Great Britain.

And one other intituled, An Answer to a Question that nobody thinks of, viz., What if the Queen should die? [44 pp. Published in April, 1713.

And whereas the said DANIEL DE FOE *hath, by his humble* Petition, *represented to us, that he, with a sincere design to propagate the Interest of the Hanover Succession, and to animate the people against the designs of the Pretender whom he always looked upon as an enemy to our sacred Person and Government, did publish the said pamphlets. In all which books, although the titles seemed to look as if written in favour of the Pretender, and several expressions (as in all ironical writing it must be) may be wrested against the true design of the whole, and turned to a meaning quite different from the intention of the author: yet the Petitioner humbly assures us, in the solemnest manner, that his true and only design in all the said books, was, by an ironical discourse of recommending the Pretender, in the strongest and most forcible manner, to expose his designs and the ruinous consequences of his succeeding therein:*

Which, as the Petitioner humbly represents, will appear to Our Satisfaction, by the books themselves, where the following expressions are very plain, viz., that the Pretender is recommended,

As a person proper to amass the English Liberties into his own Sovereignty, to supply them with the Privileges of wearing Wooden Shoes; *easing them of the trouble of choosing Parliaments, and the Nobility and Gentry of the hazard and expense of winter journeys, by* governing them, in that more righteous Method of his Absolute Will; *and enforcing the Laws* by a glorious Standing Army; *paying all the nation's debts at once* by stopping the Funds, and shutting up the Exchequer; *easing and quieting their differences in religion, by* bringing them to the Union of Popery or leaving them at liberty to have no religion at all.

That these were some of the very expressions in the said books which the Petitioner sincerely designed to expose and oppose, as far as in him lies, the Interest of the Pretender, and with no other intention.

Nevertheless the Petitioner, to his great surprise, has been misrepresented; and his said books misconstrued, as if written in favour of the Pretender, and the Petitioner is now under prosecution for the same; which prosecution, if further carried on, will be the utter ruin of the Petitioner and his family. Wherefore the Petitioner, humbly assuring us of the innocence of his design as aforesaid, flies to Our clemency, and most humbly prays Our most gracious and free pardon; We, taking the premisses, and the circumstances aforesaid, into Our royal consideration, are graciously pleased to extend our royal mercy to the Petitioner.

Our Will and Pleasure therefore is, that you prepare a bill for Our royal signature, to pass Our great seal, containing Our gracious and free Pardon unto him, the said DANIEL DE FOE, *of the offences aforementioned, and of all indictments, convictions, pains, penalties, and forfeitures incurred thereby: and you are to insert therein, all such apt and beneficial clauses as you shall judge requisite to make this our intended Pardon more full, valid, and effectual; and for so doing, this shall be your Warrant.*

Given at Our Castle at Windsor, the 20th day of November, 1713, *in the twelfth year of Our reign,*

By Her Majesty's Command,

BOLINGBROKE.]

Let any indifferent man judge whether I was not treated with peculiar malice in this matter; who was, notwithstand-

ing this, reproached in the daily public prints, with having written treasonable books in behalf of the Pretender: nay, and in some of those books as before, the Queen herself was reproached! with "having granted her pardon to an author who wrote for the Pretender."

I think I might with much more justice say, I was the first man that ever was obliged to seek a *Pardon* for writing for the Hanover Succession; and the first man that these people ever sought to ruin for writing against the Pretender: for if ever a book was sincerely designed to further and propagate the affection and zeal of the nation against the Pretender; nay, and was made use of (and that with success too) for that purpose, these books were so. And I ask no more favour of the World to determine the opinion of honest men for or against me, than what is drawn constructively from these books. Let one word, either written or spoken by me, either published or not published, be produced, that was in the least disrespectful to the Protestant Succession, or to any branch of the Family of Hanover, or that can be judged to be favourable to the Interest or Person of the Pretender: and I will be willing to wave Her Majesty's *Pardon*, and render myself to public justice, to be punished for it, as I should well deserve.

I freely and openly challenge the worst of my enemies to charge me with any discourse, conversation, or behaviour in my whole life, which had the least word in it injurious to the Protestant Succession, unbecoming or disrespectful to any of the persons of the Royal Family of Hanover, or the least favourable word of the person, the designs, or friends of the Pretender. If they can do it, let them stand forth and speak! No doubt but they may be heard! And I, for my part, will relinquish all pleas, *Pardons*, and defences, and cast myself into the hands of Justice.

Nay, to go further: I defy them to prove that I ever kept company, or had any society, friendship, or conversation with any Jacobite! so averse have I been to the Interest, and to the people, that I have studiously avoided their company upon all occasions.

As nothing in the world has been more my aversion than the society of Jacobites, so nothing can be a greater misfortune to me than to be accused, and publicly reproached

with what is, of all things in the world, most abhorred by me: and that which had made it the more afflicting is, that this charge arises from those very things which I did, with the sincerest design, to manifest the contrary.

But such is my present fate, that I am to submit to it: which I do with meekness and calmness, as to a judgement from heaven; and am practising that duty, which I have studied long ago, of "forgiving my enemies," and "praying for them that despitefully use me."

Having given this brief history of the *Pardon* &c., I hope the impartial part of the world will grant me, that, being thus graciously delivered, *a second time*, from the cruelty of my implacable enemies, and the ruin of a cruel and unjust prosecution; and that, by the mere clemency and goodness of the Queen, my Obligation to Her Majesty's goodness was far from being made less than it was before.

I have now run through the history of my Obligation to Her Majesty, and to the Person of my Benefactor aforesaid. I shall state everything that followed this, with all the clearness I can; and leave myself liable to as little cavil as I may. For I see myself assaulted by a sort of people who will do me no justice. I hear a great noise made of "punishing those that are guilty!"; but, as I said before, not one word of "clearing those that are innocent!" And I must say, in this part, they treat me not only as if I were no Christian, but as if they themselves were not Christians. They will neither prove the charge, nor hear the defence; which is the unjustest thing in the world.

I foresee what will be alleged to the clause of my Obligation &c., to Great Persons: and I resolve to give my adversaries all the advantage they can desire, by acknowledging beforehand that "no Obligation to the Queen or to any Benefactor can justify any man's acting against the Interest of his country! against his principles! his conscience! and his former profession!"

I think this will anticipate all that can be said upon that head: and it will then remain to state the fact, as I am, or am not chargeable with it; which I shall do as clearly as possible in few words.

It is none of my work to enter into the conduct of the Queen, or of the Ministry, in this case. The question is not What they have done, but What I have done?

And though I am very far from thinking of them [*i.e.*, *Lord OXFORD's Ministry*] as some other people think: yet, for the sake of the present argument, I am to give them all up! and suppose (though not granting) that all which is suggested of them by the worst temper, the most censorious writer, the most scandalous pamphlet or lampoon, should be true; and I will go through some of the particulars, as I meet with them in public.

I. That *they made a scandalous Peace, unjustly broke the Alliance, betrayed the Confederates, and sold us all to the French.* GOD forbid it should be all truth, in the manner that we see it in print: but that, I say, is none of my business!

But what hand had I in all this? I never wrote one word for the Peace *before* it was made; or to justify it *after* it was made. Let them produce it, if they can!

Nay, in a *Review* upon that subject, while it was making, I printed it, in plainer words than other men durst speak at that time, that "I did not like the Peace; nor did I like any Peace that was a making since that the Partition; and that the Protestant Interest was not taken care of, either in that, or the Treaty of Gertruydenburg before it."

It is true, that I did say, "That since the Peace was made, and we could not help it, that it was our business and our duty to make the best of it, to make the utmost advantage of it by commerce, navigation, and all kinds of improvement that we could." And this I say still! and I must think it is more our duty to do so, than the exclamations against the thing itself; which it is not in our power to retrieve. That is all, the worst enemy I have can charge me with.

After the Peace was made, and the Dutch and the Emperor stood out; I gave my opinion of what I foresaw would necessarily be the consequence of that difference, viz., that it would inevitably involve these Nations in a war with one or other of them. Any one who was master of common sense in the public affairs might see, that the standing out of the Dutch could have no other event.

For if the Confederates had conquered the French, they

would certainly have fallen upon us, by way of resentment: and there was no doubt but the same counsels that led us to make a Peace, would oblige us to maintain it, by preventing too great impressions upon [*i.e., the annihilation of*] the French.

On the other hand, I alleged that should the French prevail against the Dutch, unless he stopped at such limitations of conquest as the Treaty obliged him to do, we must have been under the same necessity to renew the war against France. And for this reason, seeing we *had* made a Peace, we were *obliged* to bring the rest of the Confederates into it! and to bring the French to give them all such terms as they ought to be satisfied with.

This way of arguing was either so little understood, or so much maligned that I suffered innumerable reproaches in print, for having written for a war with the Dutch: which was neither in the expression, nor ever in my imagination. But I pass by these injuries as small and trifling, compared to others I suffered under.

However, one thing I must say of the Peace. Let it be good or ill in itself, I cannot but think we have all reason to rejoice in behalf of His present Majesty, that, at his accession to the Crown, he found the nation in peace; and had the hands of the King of France tied by a Peace, so as not to be able, without the most infamous breach of *Articles*, to offer the least disturbance to his taking a quiet and leisurely possession, or so much as to countenance those that would. Not but that I believe, if the war had been at the height, we should have been able to have preserved the Crown for His present Majesty, its only rightful Lord: but I will not say, it should have been so easy, so bloodless, so undisputed as now: and all the difference must be acknowledged [*attributed*] to the Peace. And this is all the good I ever yet said of the Peace.

I come next to the general clamour of *the Ministry being for the Pretender*. I must speak my sentiments solemnly and plainly, as I always did in that matter, viz., that, "If it were so, I did not see it! Nor did I ever see reason to believe it!" This I am sure of, that if it were so, I never

took one step in that kind of service, nor did I ever hear one word spoken by any one of the Ministry that I had the honour to know or converse with, that favoured the Pretender: but I have had the honour to hear them all protest that there was no design to oppose the Succession of Hanover in the least.

It may be objected to me, that "they might be in the Interest of the Pretender, for all that!"

It is true, they might; but that is nothing to me! I am not vindicating their conduct, but my own! As I never was employed in anything that way, so I do still protest I do not believe it was ever in their design; and I have many reasons to confirm my thoughts in that case, which are not material to the present case.

But be that as it will, it is enough to me, that I acted *nothing* in such Interest; neither did I ever sin against the Protestant Succession of Hanover in thought, word, or deed: and if the Ministry did, I did not see it, or so much as suspect them of it!

It was a disaster to the Ministry, to be driven to the necessity of taking that Set of Men by the hand; who, nobody can deny, were in that Interest. But as the former Ministry answered, when they were charged with a design to overthrow the Church, because they favoured, joined with, and were united to the Dissenters; I say, they answered that "they made use of the Dissenters, but granted them nothing" (*which, by the way, was too true!*): so these gentlemen answer, that "it is true, they made use of the Jacobites; but did nothing for them!"

But this, by-the-by. Necessity is pleaded by both Parties for doing things, which neither side can justify. I wish both sides would for ever avoid the necessity of doing evil: for certainly it is *the worst plea in the world!* and generally made use of, for the worst things.

I have often lamented the disaster which I saw employing Jacobites was to the late Ministry; and certainly it gave the greatest handle to the enemies of the Ministry to fix that universal reproach upon them, of being in the Interest of the Pretender: but there was no medium. The Whigs refused to shew them a safe retreat, or to give them the least opportunity to take any other measures, but at the risk of their

own destruction: and they ventured upon that course, in hopes of being able to stand alone at last, without help of either the one or the other; in which, no doubt, they were mistaken.

However, in this part, as I was always assured, and have good reason still to believe, that Her Majesty was steady in the Interest of the House of Hanover; and that nothing was ever offered me or required of me to the prejudice of that Interest: on what ground can I be reproached with the secret reserved design of any; if they have such designs (as I still verily believe they had not)?

I see there are some men who would fain persuade the the World, that every man that was in the Interest of the late Ministry, or employed by the late Government, or that served the late Queen, was for the Pretender!

GOD forbid this should be true! and I think there needs very little to be said in answer to it. I can answer for myself, that it is notoriously false! and I think the easy and uninterrupted accession of His Majesty to the Crown contradicts it.

I see no end which such a suggestion aims at, but to leave an odium on all that had any duty or regard to Her late Majesty.

A subject is not always master of his Sovereign's measures, nor always to examine what Persons or Parties the Prince he serves, employs; so be it that they break not in upon the Constitution, that they govern according to Law, and that he is employed in no illegal act, or has nothing desired of him inconsistent with the Laws and Liberties of his country. If this be not right, then a servant of the King is in a worse case than a servant to any private person.

In all these things, I have not erred: neither have I acted or done anything in the whole course of my life, either in the service of Her Majesty, or of her Ministry, that any one can say has the least deviation from the strictest regard to the Protestant Succession, and to the Laws and Liberties of my country.

I never saw an arbitrary action offered at, a law dispensed with, Justice denyed, or Oppression set up, either by Queen or Ministry, in any branch of the Administration wherein I had the least concern.

If I have sinned against the Whigs, it has all been *negatively*, viz., that I have not joined in the loud exclamations against the Queen, and against the Ministry, and against their measures.

And if this be my crime, my plea is twofold.

1. I did not really see cause for their carrying their complaints to that violent degree.
2. What I did see, what (as before) I lamented and was sorry for, and could not join with or approve; as *joining with Jacobites*, the *Peace*, &c.: my OBLIGATION is my plea for my silence.

I have all the good thoughts of the person, and good wishes for the prosperity of my Benefactor [*HARLEY, Lord OXFORD*], that charity, that gratitude can inspire me with. I ever believed him to have the true Interest of the Protestant Religion, and of his country in his view: if it should be otherwise, I should be very sorry!

And I must repeat it again that he always left me so entirely to my own judgement in everything I did, that he never prescribed to me what I should write or should not write, in my life: neither did he ever concern himself to dictate to, or restrain me in any kind; nor did he see any one tract that I ever wrote before it was printed. So that all the notion of my writing by his direction is as much a slander upon *him*, as it is possible anything of that kind can be. And if I have written anything which is offensive, unjust, or untrue, I must do that justice to declare, he has had no hand in it: the crime is my own.

As the reproach of his directing me to write, is a slander upon the Person I am speaking of; so that of my receiving pensions and payments from him, for writing, is a slander upon *me*: and I speak it with the greatest sincerity, seriousness, and solemnity that it is possible for a Christian man to speak, that, except the appointment I mentioned before, which Her Majesty was pleased to make me formerly, and which I received during the time of my Lord GODOLPHIN'S Ministry, *I have not received of the late Lord Treasurer, or of any one else by his order, knowledge, or direction, one farthing, or the value of a farthing, during his whole Administration*: nor

has all the Interest I have been supposed to have in his Lordship been able to procure me the arrears due to me [*for the dangerous service abroad, see p.* 481] in the time of the other Ministry, So help me God!

I am under no necessity of making this declaration. The services I did, and for which Her Majesty was pleased to make me a small allowance, are known to the greatest men in the present Administration; and some of them were then of the opinion, and I hope are so still, that I was not unworthy of Her Majesty's favour. The effect of those services, however small, are enjoyed by those Great Persons and by the whole nation, to this day: and I had the honour once, to be told that "They should never be forgotten!" [*See pp.* 477, 481.]

It is a misfortune that no man can avoid, to forfeit for his deference to the person and services of his Queen, to whom he was inexpressibly obliged. And if I am fallen under the displeasure of the present Government, for anything I ever did in obedience to Her Majesty in the past; I may say it is my disaster, but I can never say it is my fault.

This brings me again to that other Oppression which, as I said [*p.* 483], I suffer under; and which I think is of a kind that no man ever suffered under so much as myself: and this is, to have every libel, every pamphlet, be it ever so foolish, so malicious, so unmannerly, or so dangerous, laid at my door, and be called publicly by my name.

It has been in vain for me to struggle with this injury. It has been in vain for me to protest, to declare solemnly. Nay, if I would have *sworn*, that I had no hand in such a book or paper! never saw it! never read it! and the like; it was the same thing.

My name has been hackneyed about the street by the hawkers, and about the coffee-houses by the politicians; at such a rate, as no patience would bear!

One man will swear to the style! another to this or that expression! another to the way of printing! and all so *positive*, that it is to no purpose to oppose it.

I published once, to stop this way of using me, that I would print nothing but what I set my name to: and I held to it, for a year or two: but it was all one, I had the same treatment!

I now have resolved, for some time, to write *nothing at all:* and yet I find it the same thing!

Two books lately published [*the first two of the three Parts of the* Secret History of the White Staff, *published in October* 1714] being called mine; for no other reason that I know of, than that, at the request of the printer, I revised two sheets [64 *pp.*] of them at the press; and that they seemed to be written in favour of a certain Person. [*HARLEY, Lord OXFORD*]: which Person also, as I have been assured, had no hand in them, or any knowledge of them till they were published in print.

This is a Flail which I have no fence against! but to complain of the injustice of it: and that is but *the shortest way* to be treated with more injustice.

There is a mighty charge against me for being Author and Publisher of a Paper called the *Mercator* [*or Commerce revived* from 26th May, 1713, to 20th July, 1714]. I will state the fact first, and then speak to the subject.

It is true that, being desired to give my opinion in the affair of the commerce of France, I did (as I often had done in print, many years before) declare that "It was my opinion we ought to have Open [*Free*] Trade with France; because I did believe we might have the advantage by such a trade": and of this opinion, I am still.

What Part I had in the *Mercator* is well known: and, would men answer with argument and not with personal abuses, I would at any time, defend every part of the *Mercator* which was of my doing. But to say the *Mercator* was mine, is false! I neither was the Author [*Editor*] of it, had the property [*proprictorship*] of it, the printing of it, or the profit by it. I have never had any payment or reward for writing any part of it; nor had I the power to put what I would into it.

Yet the whole clamour fell upon me, because they knew not who else to load with it. And when they came to answer; the method was, instead of argument, to threaten, and reflect upon me! reproach me with private circumstances and misfortunes! and give language which no Christian ought to give! and which no Gentleman ought to take!

I thought any Englishman had the liberty to speak his

opinion in such things: for this had nothing to do with the Public [*State Affairs*]. The press was open to me, as well as to others; and how or when I lost my English liberty of speaking my mind, I know not! neither how my speaking my opinion without fee or reward, could authorize them to call me "villain!" "rascal!" "traitor!" and such opprobrious names.

It was ever my opinion, as it is so still, that were our wool kept from France, and our manufactures spread in France upon reasonable duties; all the improvement which the French have made in woollen manufactures would decay, and in the end be little worth: and consequently the hurt they could do us by them, would be of little moment.

It was my opinion, and is so still, that the 9th *Article* of the *Treaty of Commerce* was calculated for the advantage of our trade (let who will, make it, that is nothing to me!) My reasons are, because it tied up the French to open the door to our manufactures, at a certain duty of importation, there; and left the Parliament of Britain at liberty, to shut theirs out, by as high duties as they pleased, here: there being no limitation upon us, as to duties on French goods, but *that other nations should pay the same.*

While the French were thus bound, and the British free; I always thought we must be in a condition to trade to advantage, or it must be our own fault.

That was my opinion, and is so still. And I would venture to maintain it against any man upon a public stage, before a jury of fifty merchants; and venture my life upon the cause, if I were assured of fair play in the dispute.

But that it was my opinion that we might carry on a trade with France to our great advantage, and that we ought, for that reason, to trade with them, appears in the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th Volumes of the *Review* [*issued between Jan.* 1, 1706, *and May* 23, 1710; *the earlier ones*], above nine [*or rather seven*] years before the *Mercator* [*which commenced on May* 26, 1713] was thought of. It was not thought criminal to say so then! How it comes to be "villainous" to say so now, GOD knows! I can give no account of it. I am still of the same opinion, and shall never be brought to say otherwise, unless I see the state of trade so altered as to alter my opinion; and if ever I do, I will be able to give good reasons for it.

The answer to these things, whether mine or not, was all pointed at me: and the arguments were generally in the terms of "Villain!" "Rascal!" "Miscreant!" "Liar!" "Bankrupt!" "Fellow!" "Hireling!" "Turncoat!" &c. What the arguments were bettered by these methods, that I leave to others to judge of!

Also most of those things in the *Mercator*, for which I had such usage, were such as I was not the author of!

I do grant, had all the books which have been called by my name, been written by me, I must, of necessity, have exasperated every side; and, perhaps, have deserved it. But I have the greatest injustice imaginable in this treatment, as I have [also] in the perverting [of] the design, of what really I have written.

To sum up therefore my Complaint in few words:

I was from my first entering into the knowledge of Public Matters, and have ever been to this day, a sincere lover of the Constitution of my country, zealous for Liberty and the Protestant Interest; but a constant follower of Moderate Principles, a vigorous opposer of Hot Measures of *all* Parties. I never once changed my opinion, my principles, or my Party: and let what will be said of changing sides, this I maintain, that I never once deviated from the Revolution Principles, nor from the doctrine of Liberty and Property on which they were founded.

I own I could never be convinced of the great danger of the Pretender, in the time of the late Ministry; nor can I be now convinced of the great danger of the Church under this Ministry. I believe the cries of the one were politically made use of, then, to serve other designs; and I plainly see the like use, made of the other now. I spoke my mind freely then, and I have done the like now, in a small tract to that purpose, not yet made public, and which if I live to publish, I will publicly own; as I purpose to do everything I write, that my friends may know when I am abused, and they imposed on.

It has been the disaster of all Parties in this nation to be Very Hot in their turn; and as often as they have been so, I have differed with them all! and ever must and shall do so!

I will repeat some of the occasions on the Whigs' side; because from that quarter, the accusation of my Turning About comes.

The first time I had the misfortune to differ with my friends, was about the year 1683, when the Turks were besieging Vienna; and the Whigs in England, generally speaking, were for the Turks taking it: which I (having read the history of the cruelty and perfidious dealings of the Turks in their wars, and how they had rooted out the name of the Christian religion in above threescore and ten kingdoms) could by no means agree with; and though then but a young man, and a younger author, I opposed it and wrote against it, which was taken very unkindly indeed.

The next time I differed with my friends, was when King JAMES was wheedling the Dissenters, to take off the Penal Laws and the Test: which I could by no means come into.

And as, in the first, I used to say, I had rather the Popish House of Austria should ruin the Protestants in Hungary, than the infidel House of Ottoman should ruin both Protestant and Papist, by overrunning Germany; so, in the other, I told the Dissenters I had rather the Church of England should pull our clothes off, by fines and forfeitures; than the Papists should fall both upon the Church and the Dissenters, and pull our skins off by fire and faggot!

The next difference I had with good men was about the scandalous practice of Occasional Conformity: in which I had the misfortune to make many honest men angry; rather because I had the better of the argument, than because they disliked what I said.

And now I have lived to see the Dissenters themselves very quiet, if not very well pleased with an Act of Parliament to prevent it. Their friends indeed laid it on. They would be friends indeed, if they would talk of taking it off again.

Again, I had a breach with honest men for their maltreating King WILLIAM.

Of which, I say nothing: because I think they are now opening their eyes, and making what amends they can to his memory.

The fifth difference I had with them, was about the *Treaty of Partition*, in which many honest men were mistaken; and in which, I told them plainly then, that "they would, at last, end the war upon worse terms."

And so it is my opinion they would have done, though the Treaty of Gertruydenburg had taken place.

The sixth time I differed with them was when the Old Whigs fell on the Modern Whigs; and when the Duke of MARLBOROUGH and my Lord GODOLPHIN were used by the *Observator* in a manner worse, I confess, for the time it lasted, than ever they were used since: nay, though it were by ABEL and the *Examiner*! But the success failed. In this dispute, my Lord GODOLPHIN did me the honour to tell me, "I had served him, and His Grace also, both faithfully and successfully."

But his Lordship is dead [*in* 1712], and I have now no testimony of it but what is to be found in the *Observator*, where I am plentifully abused for being an enemy to my country, by acting in the Interest of my Lord GODOLPHIN and the Duke of MARLBOROUGH. What weathercock *can* turn with such tempers as these!

I am now in the seventh breach with them, and my crime now is, that I will not believe and say the same things of the Queen and the late Treasurer [*Lord OXFORD*], which I could not believe before, of my Lord GODOLPHIN and the Duke of MARLBOROUGH; and which, in truth, I cannot believe, and therefore could not say it of either of them: and which, if I had believed, yet I ought not to have been the man that should have said it; for the reasons aforesaid [*pp.* 474, 476].

In such turns of Tempers and Times, a man must be tenfold a Vicar of Bray, or it is impossible but he must, one time or out, be out with everybody.

This is my present condition; and for this, I am reviled with having abandoned my principles, turned Jacobite, and and what not. GOD judge between me and these men!

Would they come to any particulars with me, what real guilt I may have, I would freely acknowledge! and if they would produce any evidence of the bribes, the pensions, and the rewards I have taken; I would declare honestly, whether they were true or not.

If they would give me a list of the books, which they charge me with; and the reasons why they lay them at my door; I would acknowledge any mistake, own what I have done, and let them know what I have *not* done!

But these men neither shew mercy, nor leave place for repentance! in which they act not only unlike their Maker, but contrary to His express commands.

It is true, good men have been used thus in former times: and all the comfort I have is, that these men have not the Last Judgement in their hands! if they had, dreadful would be the case of those who oppose them. But that Day will shew many men, and things also, in a different state from what they may now appear in: some that now appear clear and fair, will then be seen to be black and foul; and some that are now thought black and foul, will then be approved and accepted. And thither, I cheerfully appeal; concluding this Part in the words of the prophet: "I heard the defaming of many! Fear on every side. Report," say they, "and we will report it!" All my familiars watched for my halting, saying, "Peradventure, he will be enticed, and we shall prevail against him; and we shall take our revenge on him" (Jeremiah xx. 10).

Mr. [MATTHEW] POOLE'S *Annotations* [1683–5], has the following remarks on these lines; which I think are so much to that Part of my case which is to follow, that I could not omit them. His words are these:

"*The prophet*," says he, "*here rendereth a reason why he thought of giving over his Work as a prophet: his ears were continually filled with the obloquies and reproaches of such as reproached him; and besides, he was afraid on all hands, there were so many traps laid for him, so many devices devised against him. They did not only take advantages against him; but sought advantages, and invited others to raise stories of him. Not only strangers: but those that he might have expected the greatest kindness from; those that pretended most courteously: they watch*," says he, "*for opportunities to do me mischief, and lay in wait for*

my halting; desiring nothing more than that I might be enticed to speak, or do something [in] *which they might find matter of a colourable accusation, that so they might satisfy their malice upon me. This hath always been the genius of wicked men.* JOB *and* DAVID *both made complaints much like this.*"

These are Mr. POOLE's words.

And this leads me to several particulars, in which my case may, without any arrogance, be likened to that of the sacred prophet; excepting only the vast disparity of the persons.

No sooner was the Queen dead, and the King (as right required) proclaimed; but the rage of men increased upon me to that degree, that the threats and insults I received, were such as I am not able to express! If I offered to say a word in favour of the present Settlement it was called "fawning! and turning round again!" On the other hand, though I have meddled, neither one way or other, nor written one book since the Queen's death; yet a great many things are called by my name, and I bear, every day, all the reproaches whch all the Answerers of those books cast, as well upon the subject as the authors.

I have not seen or spoken to my Lord of OXFORD, since the King's landing [*September* 18, 1714]; nor received the least message, order, or writing from his Lordship, or in any other way, corresponded with him: yet he bears the reproach of my writing in his defence; and I, the rage of men for doing it! I cannot say it is no affliction to me, to be thus used; though my being entirely clear of the facts is a true support to me.

I am unconcerned at the rage and clamour of Party men: but I cannot be unconcerned to hear men, whom I think are good men and true Christians, prepossessed and mistaken about me. However, I cannot doubt but, sometime or other, it will please GOD to open such men's eyes. A constant, steady adhering to personal Virtue and to public Peace, which (I thank GOD! I can appeal to Him!) has always been my practice, will, *at last*, restore me to the opinion of sober and impartial men; and that is all I desire.

What it will do with those who are resolutely partial and unjust I cannot say; neither is that much my concern. But I cannot forbear giving one example of the hard treatment I

receive; which has happened, even while I am writing this tract.

I have six children. *I* have educated them as well as my circumstances will permit; and so, as I hope, shall recommend them to better usage than their father meets with in the World. I am not indebted one shilling in the world, for any part of their education, or for anything else belonging to bringing them up. Yet the Author of the *Flying Post* published lately that "I never paid for the education of any of my children."

If any man in Britain has a shilling to demand of me, for any part of their education, or anything belonging to them: let him come for it!

But these men care not what injurious things they write, nor what they say, whether truth or not; if it may but raise a reproach on me, though it were to be my ruin.

I may well appeal to the *Honour and Justice of my worst enemies* in such cases as this.

Conscia meus recti famas medidacia ridet.

CONCLUSION

BY THE PUBLISHER.

WHILE this was at the Press, and the copy [manuscript] *thus far finished; the author was seized with a violent fit of apoplexy; whereby he was disabled finishing what he designed in his further defence. And continuing now, for above six weeks, in a weak and languishing condition; neither able to go on, nor likely to recover (at least in any short time): his friends thought it not fit to delay the publication of this any longer. If he recovers, he may be able to finish what he began. If not, it is the opinion of most that know him, that the treatment which he here complains of, and some others that he would have spoken of, have been the apparent cause of his disaster.*

FINIS.

THE

True Born *Englishman.*

A

SATYR.

"*Statuimus pacem, et securitatem, et concordiam judicium et justitiam inter Anglos et Normannos, Francos, et Britones Walliæ et Cornubiæ, Pictos et Scotos Albaniæ; similiter inter Francos et Insulanos, provincias et patrias, quæ pertinent ad coronam nostrum; et inter omnes nobis subjectos firmiter et inviolabiliter observari.*"
—*Charta* Regis WILHELMI Conquisitoris *de Pacis Publica*, cap. I.

Printed in the Year M D C C I.

[*The Title page of this piece is apparently that of the first edition; but the text given is the revised one of* 1703. *In the* Preface *to which,* DEFOE *thus writes.*

No Author is now capable of preserving the purity of his style, no, nor the native product of his thought to Posterity: since, after the first edition of his Work has shewn itself, and perhaps sinks in a few hands, piratic Printers or hackney Abridgers fill the World; the first, with spurious and incorrect copies, and the latter with imperfect and absurd representations, both in fact, style, and design.

It is in vain to exclaim at the villainy of these practices, while no law is left to punish them.

The Press groans under the unhappy burden, and yet is in a strait between two mischiefs:

1. The tyranny of a Licenser. This, in all Ages, has been a method so ill, so arbitrary, and so subjected to bribery and Parties, that the Government has thought fit, in justice to the Learned Part of the World, not to suffer it: since it has always been shutting up the Press to one side, and opening it to the other; which, as Affairs are in England often changing, has, in its turn, been oppressive to both.
2. The unbridled liberty of invading each other's property. And this is the evil the Press now cries for help in.

To let it go on thus, will, in time, discourage all manner of Learning; and authors will never set heartily about anything, when twenty years' study shall immediately be sacrificed to the profit of a piratical printer, who not only ruins the author, but abuses the Work.

I shall trouble myself only to give some instances of this in my own case.

As to the abusing the Copy, the *True Born Englishman* is a remarkable example. By which, the Author, though in it he eyed no profit, had he been to enjoy the profit of his own labour, had gained above a £1,000 [=£2,000 *now*]. A book, that besides Nine Editions of the Author, has been Twelve times printed by other hands: some of which, have been sold for a Penny; others, for Twopence; and others, for Sixpence. The Author's Edition being fairly printed, and on good paper, could not be sold under a Shilling. 80,000 of the small ones have been sold in the streets for Twopence, or at a Penny: and the Author, thus abused and discouraged, had no remedy but patience.

And yet he had received no mortification at this, had his Copy [*manuscript*] been transmitted fairly to the World. But the monstrous abuses of that kind are hardly credible. Twenty, fifty, and in some places sixty lines were left out in a place: others were turned, spoiled, and so intolerably mangled, that the parent of the brat could not know his own child.

This is the thing complained of, and which I wait with patience, and not without hopes, to see rectified.

A true Collection, &c. Vol. II. *Preface.*]

*

["*Statuimus pacem, et securitatem, et concordiam judicium et justitiam inter Anglos et Normannos, Francos, et Britones Walliæ et Cornubiæ, Pictos et Scotos Albaniæ; similiter inter Francos et Insulanos, provincias et patrias, quæ pertinent ad coronam nostrum; et inter omnes nobis subjectos, firmiter et inviolabiliter observari.*" —*Charta* Regis WILHELMI Conquisitoris *de Pacis Publica*, cap. I.

An Explanatory Preface.

IT IS not that I see any reason to alter my opinion in anything I have writ[ten], which occasions this *Epistle*; but I find it necessary, for the satisfaction of some Persons of Honour, as well as of Wit, to pass a short Explication upon it, and tell the World what I mean; or rather, what I do not mean in some things, wherein I find I am liable to be misunderstood.

I confess myself something surprised, to hear that I am taxed with bewraying my own nest, and abusing our nation by discovering the meanness of our Original, in order to make the English contemptible abroad and at home. In which, I think they are mistaken. For why should not our neighbours be as good as we to derive from?

And I must add, that had we been an unmixed nation, I am of opinion it had been to our disadvantage. For, to go no further, we have three nations about us, as clear from mixtures of blood as any in the world; and I know not which of them I could wish ourselves to be like: I mean the Scots, the Welsh, and the Irish. And if I were to write a Reverse to the Satyr [*satire*], I would examine all the nations of Europe, and prove, That those nations which are most mixed are the best; and have least of barbarism and brutality among them. And abundance of reasons might be given for it, too long to bring into a *Preface*.

But I give this hint, to let the World know that I am far from thinking it is a Satyr upon the English Nation, to tell them they are derived from all the nations under heaven, that is, from several nations. Nor is it meant to undervalue the

original of English; for we see no reason to like them worse, being the relicts of Romans, Danes, Saxons, and Normans, than we should have done if they had remained Britains, that is, if they had been all Welshmen.

But the intent of the Satyr is to point at the vanity of those who talk of their antiquity; and value themselves upon their pedigree, their ancient families, and being *True Born*: whereas it is impossible we should be *True Born*; and, if we could, we should have lost by the bargain.

These sort of people, who call themselves *True Born*; and tell long stories of their families; and, like a nobleman of Venice, think a foreigner ought not to walk on the same side of the street with them; are owned to be meant in this Satyr. What they would infer from their long original, I know not: nor is it easy to make out, whether they are the better or the worse for their ancestors.

Our English nation may value themselves for their Wit, Wealth, and Courage; and I believe few nations will dispute it with them: but for long originals, and ancient *true born* families of English; I would advise them to waive the discourse!

A *True English man* is one that deserves a character, and I have nowhere lessened him, that I know of: but as for a *True Born* English man, I confess I do not understand him!

From hence I only infer, That an English man, of all men, ought not to despise foreigners as such; and I think the inference is just, since what They are to-day, We were yesterday; and To-morrow, they will be like us.

If foreigners misbehave in their several stations and employments, I have nothing to do with that! The laws are open to punish them equally with natives, and let them have no favour! But when I see the Town full of lampoons and invectives against Dutchmen, *only* because they are foreigners; and the King [*WILLIAM III.*] reproached and insulted by insolent pedants and ballad-making poets, for employing foreigners, and for being a foreigner himself: I confess myself moved by it to remind our nation of their own original; thereby to let them see what a banter is put upon ourselves in it; since speaking of Englishmen *ab origine*, we are really *all Foreigners ourselves*!

I could go on to prove it is also impolitic in us to discourage foreigners; since it is easy to make it appear that the multi-

tudes of foreign nations who have taken sanctuary here, have been the greatest additions to the wealth and strength of the nation: the essential whereof is in the *number* of its inhabitants. Nor would this nation ever have arrived to the degree of wealth and glory it now boasts of, if the addition of foreign nations, both as to manufactures and arms, had not been helpful to it. This is so plain, that he who is ignorant of it is too dull to be talked with.

The Satyr therefore, I must allow to be just, till I am otherwise convinced. Because nothing can be more ridiculous than to hear our people boast of that antiquity; which, if it had been true, would have left us in so much worse a condition than we are now. Whereas we ought rather to boast among our neighbours, that we are part of themselves, of the same original as they but bettered by our climate; and, like our language and manufactures, derived from them, but improved by us to a perfection greater than they can pretend to. This we might have valued ourselves upon without vanity.

But to disown our descent from them, to talk big of our ancient families and long originals, and to stand at a distance from foreigners like the Enthusiast in religion, with a "Stand off! I am more holy than thou!" this is a thing so ridiculous in a nation derived from foreigners as we are, that I could not but attack them as I have done.

And whereas I am threatened to be called to a public account for this freedom, and the Publisher of this has been "newspapered" into gaol already for it: though I see nothing in it for which the Government can be displeased; yet if, at the same time, those people who, with an unlimited arrogance in print, every day affront the King, prescribe [to] the Parliament, and lampoon the Government, may be either punished or restrained; I am content to stand or fall by the Public Justice of my native country, which I am not sensible that I have anywhere injured.

Nor would I be misunderstood concerning the Clergy, with whom if I have taken any license more than becomes a Satyr, I question not but those Gentlemen, who are Men of Letters as well as men of so much candour as to allow me a loose [*liberty*] at the crimes of the guilty; without thinking the whole Profession lashed, who are innocent. I profess to have very mean thoughts of those Gentlemen, who

have deserted their own principles, and exposed even their morals as well as loyalty; but not at all to think it affects any but such as are concerned in the fact.

Nor would I be misrepresented as to the ingratitude of the English to the King and his friends; as if I meant the English as a Nation, are so.

The contrary is so apparent, that I would hope it should not be suggested of me. And therefore when I have brought in *BRITANNIA* speaking of the King, I suppose her to be the representative or mouth of the Nation as a body.

But if I say we are full of such who daily affront the King and abuse his friends, who print scurrilous pamphlets, virulent lampoons, and reproachful public banters against both the King's person and his Government: I say nothing but what is too true. And that the Satyr is directed as such, I freely own; and cannot say but I should think it very hard to be censured for this Satyr, while such remains unquestioned and tacitly approved. That I can mean none but these, is plain from these few lines, page 27 [*p.* 541].

Ye Heavens, regard! Almighty JOVE, look down
And view thy injured Monarch on the throne!
On their ungrateful heads, due vengeance take,
Who sought his Aid, and then his Part forsake!

If I have fallen rudely upon our vices, I hope none but the vicious will be angry.

As for writing for Interest, I disown it! I have neither Place, nor Pension, nor Prospect; nor seek none, nor will have none!

If matter of fact justifies the truth of the crimes, the Satyr is just. As to the poetic liberties, I hope the crime is pardonable! I am content to be stoned, provided none will attack me but the innocent!

If my countrymen would take the hint, and grow better natured from my "ill-natured poem," as some call it; I would say this of it; that though it is far from the best Satyr that ever was written, it would do the most good that ever Satyr did.

And yet I am ready to ask pardon of some Gentlemen too, who, though they are Englishmen, have good nature enough to see themselves reproved, and can hear it. These are

Gentlemen in a true sense, that can bear to be told of their *faux pas*, and not abuse the Reprover. To such, I must say this is no Satyr. They are exceptions to the general rule: and I value my performance from their generous approbation more than I can from any opinion I have of its worth.

The hasty errors of my Verse, I made my excuse for before: and since the time I have been upon it, has been but little, and my leisure less; I have all along strove rather to make the Thoughts explicit than the Poem correct. However, I have mended some faults in this edition [1703]; and the rest must be placed to my account.

As to *Answers*, Banters, *True English Billingsgate*; I will expect them till nobody will buy, and then the shop will be shut.

Had I written it for the gain of the Press, I should have been concerned at its being printed again and again, by Pirates as they called them, and Paragraph-Men: but would they but do it justice, and print it true, according to the Copy; they are welcome to sell it for a penny, if they please.

Their Pence indeed are the End of their works. I will engage, if nobody will buy, nobody will write! and not a Patriot Poet of them all now, will, in defence of his native country (which I have abused, they say), print an *Answer* to it, and give it about, for GOD's sake!]

THE PREFACE.

[D. Defoe. Jan. 1701.

THE End of Satyr is Reformation: and the Author though he doubts the work of conversion is at a general stop, has put his hand to the plow.

I expect a storm of ill language from the fury of the Town, and especially from those whose English *talent it is to rail. And without being taken for a conjurer, I may venture to foretell that I shall be cavilled at about my* mean style, rough verse, *and* incorrect language*; things, I might indeed have taken more care in. But the book is printed, and though I see some faults, it is too late to mend them. And this is all I think needful to say to them.*

Possibly somebody may take me for a Dutchman, in which they are mistaken. But I am one that would be glad to see Englishmen behave themselves better to strangers, and to Governors also; that one might not be reproached in foreign countries, for belonging to a "nation that wants manners."

I assure you, Gentlemen, strangers use us better abroad; and we can give no reason but our ill-nature for the contrary here.

Methinks, an Englishman, who is so proud of being called "a good fellow," should be civil: whereas it cannot be denied but we are, in many cases, and particularly to strangers, the churlishest people alive.

As to vices, who can dispute our intemperance, whilst an honest drunken man *is a character in a man's praise? All our Reformations are banters, and will be so until our Magistrates and Gentry reform themselves by way of example. Then, and not till then, they may be expected to punish others without blushing.*

As to our Ingratitude, I desire to be understood of that particular people, who pretending to be Protestants, have all along endeavoured to reduce the Liberties and Religion of this nation into the hands of King JAMES and his Popish powers; together with such who enjoy the peace and protection of the present Government, and yet abuse and affront the King who procured it, and openly profess their uneasiness under him. These, by whatever names or titles they are dignified or distinguished, are the people aimed at. Nor do I disown but that it is so much the temper of an Englishman to abuse his benefactor, that I could be glad to see it rectified.

They who think I have been guilty of any error in exposing the crimes of my own countrymen to themselves, may, among many honest instances of the like nature, find the same thing in Mr. COWLEY, in his Imitation of the second Olympic Ode of PINDAR. His words are these:

But in this thankless World, the Givers
Are envied even by the Receivers:
'Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion,
Rather to hide, than pay an obligation.
Nay, 'tis much worse than so!
It now an Artifice doth grow,
Wrongs and Outrages to do;
Lest men should think we Owe.

THE INTRODUCTION.



PEAK, Satyr! For there 's none can tell like thee!
Whether 'tis Folly, Pride, or Knavery
That makes this discontented land appear
Less happy now in Times of Peace, than War?
Why civil feuds disturb the nation more
Than all our bloody wars have done before?

Fools out of favour, grudge at Knaves in Place:
And men are always honest in disgrace.
The Court preferments make men knaves, in course;
But they which would be in them, would be worse!
'Tis not at Foreigners that we repine,
Would Foreigners their perquisites resign!
The Great Contention 's plainly to be seen,
To get some men put Out, and some put In.
For this, our S[enator]s make long harangues,
And floored M[ember]s whet their polished tongues.
Statesmen are always sick of one disease,
And a good Pension gives them present ease:
That 's the specific makes them all content
With any King and any Government.
Good patriots at Court Abuses rail,
And all the nation's grievances bewail;
But when the Sovereign Balsam 's once applied,
The zealot never fails to change his Side;
And when he must the Golden Key resign,
The Railing Spirit comes about again!

Who shall this bubbled nation disabuse,
While they, their own felicities refuse?
Who at the wars, have made such mighty pother;
And now are falling out with one another!
With needless fears, the jealous nation fill,
And always have been saved *against their will*!
Who fifty millions sterling have disbursed
To be at peace, and too much plenty cursed!
Who their Old Monarch eagerly undo,
And yet uneasily obey the New!

Search, Satyr! search! a deep incision make!
The poison 's strong, the antidote 's too weak!
'Tis Pointed Truth must manage this dispute;
And downright English, Englishmen confute!
Whet thy just anger at the nation's pride;
And with keen phrase repel the vicious tide!
To Englishmen, their own beginnings shew,
And ask them, "Why they slight their neighbours so?"

Go back to elder Times and Ages past,
And nations into long oblivion cast;
To old BRITANNIA's youthful days retire,
And there for the *True Born Englishmen* inquire!
BRITANNIA freely will disown the name;
And hardly knows herself, from whence they came.
Wonders that They, of all men, should pretend
To birth and blood, and for a Name contend!
Go back to causes, where our follies dwell,
And fetch the dark Original from hell!
Speak, Satyr! for there 's none like thee, can tell.

The *True Born* Englishman.

PART I.

WHEREVER GOD erects a House of Prayer,
The Devil always builds a Chapel there;
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.
For ever since he first debauched the mind,
He made a perfect conquest of mankind.
With Uniformity of *Service*, he
Reigns with a general aristocracy.
No Nonconforming Sects disturb his reign;
For of his yoke, there 's very few complain!
He knows the Genius and the inclination,
And matches proper sins for every nation.
He needs no Standing Army Government,
He always rules us by our own consent!
His laws are easy, and his gentle sway
Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.
The list of his Vicegerents and Commanders
Outdoes your CÆSARS or your ALEXANDERS:
They never fail of his infernal aid,
And he 's as certain ne'er to be betrayed.
Through all the world, they spread his vast command,
And Death's eternal empire is maintained.

They rule so politicly and so well,
As if there were Lords Justices of Hell!
Duly divided, to debauch mankind,
And plant infernal dictates in their mind.

PRIDE, the first Peer, and President of Hell;
To his share, Spain, the largest province, fell.
The subtle Prince thought fittest to bestow
On these, the golden mines of Mexico,
With all the silver mountains of Peru;
Wealth which, in wise hands, would the World undo!
Because he knew their Genius to be such,
Too lazy and too haughty to be rich.
So proud a people, so above their fate,
That if reduced to beg, they'll beg in State!
Lavish of money, to be counted brave;
And proudly starve, because they scorn to save.
Never was nation in the World before,
So very rich, and yet so very poor.

LUST chose the torrid zone of Italy,
Where swelling veins o'erflow with livid streams,
With heat impregnate from Vesuvian flames,
Whose flowing sulphur forms infernal lakes;
And human body, of the soil partakes.
There Nature ever burns with hot desires,
Fanned with luxuriant air from subterranean fires.
Here undisturbed, in floods of scalding lust,
The infernal King reigns with infernal gust.

DRUNKENNESS, the darling favourite of hell,
Chose Germany to rule; and rules so well!
No subjects more obsequiously obey!
None please so well, or are so pleased as they!
The cunning Artist manages so well,
He lets them bow to heaven, and drink to hell.

If but to wine and him, they homage pay,
He cares not to what deity they pray!
What God they worship most! or in what way!
Whether by LUTHER, CALVIN, or by Rome,
They sail for heaven: by wine, he steers them home!

Ungoverned PASSION settled first in France,
Where mankind lives in haste, and thrives by chance:
A dancing nation, fickle and untrue!
Have oft undone themselves, and others too;
Prompt, the infernal dictates to obey;
And in hell's favour, none more great than they!

The Pagan World, he blindly leads away,
And personally rules, with arbitrary sway.
The mask thrown off, *Plain Devil* his title stands:
And what elsewhere, he Tempts; he, here Commands!
There, with full gust, the ambition of his mind
Governs, as he, of old, in heaven designed!
Worshipped as God, his paynim altars smoke,
Embued with blood of those that him invoke.

The rest, by Deputies, he rules as well,
And plants the distant colonies of hell:
By them, his secret power, he well maintains,
And binds the World in his infernal chains.

By zeal, the Irish; and the Rush by folly:
Fury, the Dane; the Swede, by melancholy.
By stupid ignorance, the Muscovite:
The Chinese, by a child of hell called Wit.
Wealth makes the Persian too effeminate;
And Poverty, the Tartars desperate.
The Turks and Moors, by MAHOMET he subdues;
And GOD has given him leave to rule the Jews.
Rage rules the Portuguese; and fraud, the Scotch;
Revenge, the Pole; and avarice, the Dutch.

Satyr, be kind! and draw a silent veil!
Thy native England's vices to conceal.
Or if that task 's impossible to do,
At least be just, and shew her virtues too!
Too great, the first! alas, the last too few!

England unknown as yet, unpeopled lay.
Happy had she remained so to this day,
And not to every nation been a prey!
Her open harbours and her fertile plains
(The merchants' glory these, and those, the swains'),
To every barbarous nation have betrayed her!
Who conquer her as oft as they invade her.
So Beauty, guarded but by Innocence!
That ruins her, which should be her defence.

INGRATITUDE, a devil of black renown,
Possessed her very early for his own:
An ugly, surly, sullen, selfish spirit,
Who SATAN's worst perfections does inherit.
Second to him in malice and in force,
All Devil without, and all within him worse.

He made her first born race to be so rude,
And suffered her to be so oft subdued.
By several crowds of wandering thieves o'errun,
Often unpeopled, and as oft undone:
While every nation, that her powers reduced,
Their language and manners soon infused.
From whose mixed relics our compounded Breed
By spurious generation does succeed:
Making a Race uncertain and uneven,
Derived from all the nations under heaven!

The Romans first, with JULIUS CÆSAR came,
Including all the nations of that name,
Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards, and by computation,
Auxiliaries or slaves, of every nation.
With HENGIST, Saxons; Danes with SUENO came;
In search of plunder, not in search of fame.
Scots, Picts, and Irish from the Hibernian shore;
And Conquering WILLIAM brought the Normans o'er.

All these, their barbarous offspring left behind;
The dregs of armies, they, of all mankind:
Blended with Britains who before were here,
Of whom the Welsh have blest the character.

From this amphibious ill-born mob began
That vain ill-natured thing, an *Englishman*.
The customs, surnames, languages, and manners
Of all these nations are their own explainers:
Whose relics are so lasting and so strong,
They have left a Shibboleth upon our tongue,
By which, with easy search, you may distinguish
Your Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman English.

The great invading * Norman let us know
What conquerors in after Times might do!
To every * musketeer, he brought to Town,
He gave the lands which never were his own.
When first, the English crown he did obtain;
He did not send his Dutchmen home again!
No re-assumption in his reign was known;
DAVENANT might there have let his book alone!
No Parliament, his army could disband;
He raised no money, for he paid in land!
He gave his Legions their eternal Station,
And made them all freeholders of the nation!

* WILLIAM the Conqueror.

* Or Archer.

He cantoned out the country to his men,
And every soldier was a denizen!
The rascals thus enriched, he called them, Lords!
To please their upstart pride with new made words:
And *Domesday Book*, his tyranny records.

And here begins our ancient pedigree
That so exalts our poor Nobility!
'Tis that from some French trooper they derive,
Who with the Norman Bastard did arrive.
The trophies of the families appear:
Some shew the sword, the bow, and some the spear,
Which their Great Ancestor, forsooth! did wear.
These in the Heralds' *Register* remain,
Their noble *mean* extraction to explain.
Yet who the hero was, no man can tell!
Whether a drummer, or a Colonel?
The silent record blushes to reveal
Their undescended dark Original!

But grant the best! How came the change to pass,
A *True Born Englishman*, of *Norman* race?
A Turkish horse can shew more history
To prove his well-descended family!
Conquest, as by the * Moderns 'tis exprest,
May give a title to the lands possests:
But that the longest sword should be so civil,
To make a Frenchman, *English*; that 's the Devil!

* Dr. SHERLOCK *de Facto.*

These are the heroes who despise the Dutch,
And rail at new-come foreigners so much!
Forgetting that themselves are all derived
From the most scoundrel race that ever lived!
A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
Who ransacked kingdoms, and dispeopled towns!
The Pict and painted Britain, treacherous Scot;

By hunger, theft, and rapine hither brought!
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Dane,
Whose red-haired offspring everywhere remain;
Who, joined with Norman French, compound the breed
From whence your *True Born Englishmen* proceed!

And lest, by length of time it be pretended,
The climate may this modern breed have mended;
Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,
Mixes us daily, with exceeding care!
We have been Europe's Sink! the Jakes where she
Voids all her offal outcast progeny.
From our Fifth HENRY's time, the strolling bands
Of banished fugitives from neighbouring lands,
Have here a certain sanctuary found:
The eternal refuge of the vagabond!
Where, in but half a common Age of time,
Borrowing new blood and manners from the clime,
Proudly they learn all mankind to contemn,
And all their race are *True Born Englishmen*!

Dutch, Walloons, Flemings, Irishmen, and Scots,
Vaudois and Valtolines and Huguenots,
In good Queen BESS's charitable reign,
Supplied us with three hundred thousand men.
Religion (God, we thank Thee!) sent them hither,
Priests, Protestants, the Devil and all together!
Of all professions, and of every trade,
All that were persecuted or afraid;
Whether for debt, or other crimes they fled,
DAVID at Hackilah was still their head.

The offspring of this miscellaneous crowd
Had not their new plantations long enjoyed,
But they grew Englishmen, and raised their votes
At foreign shoals of interloping Scots.

The Royal* Branch, from Pict land did succeed, * King JAMES I.
With troops of Scots, and scabs from North-by-Tweed.
The seven first years of his pacific reign
Made him and half his nation, Englishmen.
Scots from the northern frozen banks of Tay,
With packs and plods came Whigging all away;
Thick as the locusts which in Egypt swarmed,
With pride and hungry hopes completely armed:
With native truth, diseases, and no money,
Plundered our Canaan of the milk and honey.
Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,
And all their race are *True Born Englishmen*!

The Civil Wars, the common purgative
Which always use to make the nation thrive,
Made way for all the strolling congregation
Which thronged in pious C[HARLE]S' Restoration.
The Royal Refugee our breed restores
With foreign Courtiers, and with foreign whores;
And carefully repeopled us again
Throughout his lazy, long, lascivious reign,
With such a blest and *True Born English* fry
As such illustrates our Nobility.
A gratitude which will so black appear,
As future Ages must abhor to hear;
When they look back on all that crimson flood,
Which streamed in LINDSEY's and CARNARVON's blood,
Bold STAFFORD, CAMBRIDGE, CAPEL, LUCAS, LISLE,
Who crowned in death, his father's funeral pile:
The loss of whom, in order to supply,
With *True Born English* bred Nobility,
Six bastard Dukes survive his luscious reign,
The labours of the Italian CASTLEMAINE,
French PORTSMOUTH, Tabby Scot, and Cambrian;
Besides the numerous bright and virgin throng
Whose female glories shade them from my Song.

This offspring, if one Age they multiply,
May half the House, with *English* Peers supply!
There, with true English pride, they may contemn
SCHOMBERG and PORTLAND, new made Noblemen.

French cooks, Scotch pedlars, and Italian whores
Were all made Lords, or Lords' progenitors.
Beggars and bastards by this new creation,
Much multiplied the P[eera]ge of the nation:
Who will be all, ere one short Age runs o'er,
As *True Born* Lords as those we had before.

Then to recruit the Commons he prepares,
And heal the latent breaches of the Wars.
The pious purpose better to advance,
He invites the banished Protestants of France.
Hither, for GOD's sake, and their own, they fled:
Some for religion came, and some for bread.
Two hundred thousand pair of Wooden Shoes,
Who (God be thanked!) had nothing left to lose,
To Heaven's great praise, did for religion fly;
To make us starve our poor, in charity.
In every port, they plant their fruitful train,
To get a race of *True Born Englishmen*:
Whose children will, when riper years they see,
Be as ill-natured and as proud as we!
Call themselves English! foreigners despise!
Be surly like us all, and just as wise!

Thus from a mixture of all kinds, began
That heterogeneous thing, an *Englishman.*
In eager rapes, and furious lust begot,
Betwixt a painted Britain and a Scot;
Whose gendering offspring quickly learned to bow,
And yoke the heifers to the Roman plow.

From whence a mongrel half-breed race there came
With neither name or nation, speech or fame.
In whose hot veins, new mixtures quickly ran,
Infused betwixt a Saxon and a Dane.
This nauseous brood directly did contain
The well-extracted blood of *Englishmen.*

Which medley cantoned in a Heptarchy,
A rhapsody of nations to supply;
Among themselves maintained eternal wars,
And still the Ladies loved the Conquerors.

The western Angles, all the rest subdued;
A bloody nation barbarous and rude:
Who by the tenure of the sword, possesst
One part of Britain; and subdued the rest.
And as great things denominate the small,
The conquering Part gave title to the Whole.
The Scot, Pict, Britain, Roman, Dane submit,
And with the English-Saxon all unite:
And these the mixture have so close pursued,
The very Name and Memory's subdued!
No Roman now, no Britain does remain!
(Wales strove to separate, but strove in vain)
The silent nations undistinguished fall!
And *Englishman* 's the common Name for all.
Fate jumbled them together, God knows how!
Whate'er they were, they 're *True Born English* now!

The wonder which remains, is at our Pride,
To value that which all wise men deride;
For *Englishmen* to boast of Generation,
Cancels their knowledge, and lampoons the nation!

A *True Born Englishman* 's a contradiction!
In speech, an irony! in fact, a fiction!

A banter made to be a test of fools!
Which those that use it, justly ridicules.
A metaphor invented to express
A man akin to all the Universe!

* * *

For as the Scots, as learned men have said
Throughout the world, their wandering seed have spread;
So open-handed England, 'tis believed,
Has all the gleanings of the world received.

Some think, of England 'twas, our Saviour meant;
The Gospel should, to all the world be sent:
Since, when the blessed sound did hither reach,
They to all nations might be said to preach.

'Tis well that Virtue gives Nobility;
How shall we else the Want of Birth and Blood supply?
Since scarce one Family is left alive,
Which does not from some foreigner derive.
Of sixty thousand English Gentlemen
Whose Names and Arms in *Registers* remain;
We challenge all our Heralds to declare
Ten Families which English Saxons are!

France justly boasts the ancient noble line
Of BOURBON, MONTMORENCY, and LORRAINE.
The Germans too their House of AUSTRIA shew,
And Holland their invincible NASSAU:
Lines which in heraldry were ancient grown,
Before the name of Englishman was known.
Even Scotland too, her elder glory shews!
Her GORDONS, HAMILTONS, and her MONROES;
DOUGLAS, MACKAYS, and GRAHAMS, names well known
Long before ancient England knew her own.

But England, modern to the last degree,
Borrows or makes her own Nobility;
And yet she boldly boasts of pedigree!
Repines that foreigners are put upon her,
And talks of her antiquity and honour!
Her S[ACKVIL]LES, S[AVI]LES, C[ECI]LS, DELA[ME]RES,
M[OHU]NS and M[ONTAG]UES, D[URA]S, and V[EE]RES;
Not one have English names, yet all are English Peers!
Your HOUBLONS, PAPILLONS, and LETHULIERS
Pass now for *True Born English* Knights and Squires,
And make good Senate Members, or Lord Mayors,
Wealth (howsoever got) in England, makes
Lords, of mechanics! Gentlemen, of rakes!
Antiquity and Birth are needless here.
'Tis Impudence and Money make a P[ee]r!

Innumerable City Knights we know,
From Bluecoat Hospitals and Bridewell flow!
Draymen and porters fill the City Chair;
And footboys, Magisterial purple wear!
Fate has but very small distinction set
Betwixt the "Counter" and the Coronet.
Tarpaulin L[or]ds, Pages of high renown,
Rise up by poor men's valour, not their own!
Great Families, of yesterday, we shew;
And Lords, whose parents were, the Lord knows who!

PART II.

THE Breed 's described. Now, Satyr, if you can,
Their Temper shew! for "manners make the man."
Fierce as the Britain, as the Roman brave;
And less inclined to conquer than to save:
Eager to fight, and lavish of their blood,
And equally of Fear and Forecast void.
The Pict has made them sour, the Dane, morose;
False from the Scot, and from the Norman worse.
What honesty they have, the Saxons gave them;
And that, now they grow old, begins to leave them!
The climate makes them terrible and bold,
And English beef their courage does uphold:
No danger can their daring spirit pall,
Always provided that their belly 's full.

In close intrigues, their faculty 's but weak;
For generally, whate'er they know, they speak;
And often their own counsels undermine
By mere infirmity, without design:
From whence, the Learned say, it does proceed,
That English treasons never can succeed.
For they 're so open-hearted, you may know
Their own most secret thoughts, and others' too.

The Labouring Poor, in spite of double pay,
Are saucy, mutinous, and beggarly.
So lavish of their money and their time,
That Want of Forecast is the nation's crime.
Good drunken company is their delight,
And what they get by day, they spend by night.
Dull Thinking seldom does their heads engage;
But drink their Youth away, and hurry on old Age.
Empty of all good husbandry and sense,
And void of manners most when void of pence;
Their strong aversion to Behaviour 's such,
They always talk too little or too much.
So dull, they never take the pains to Think,
And seldom are good-natured but in drink.
In English Ale their dear enjoyment lies,
For which, they 'll starve themselves and families!
An Englishmen will fairly drink as much
As will maintain two families of Dutch.
Subjecting all their labour to the pots;
The greatest artists are the greatest sots.

The Country Poor do, by example, live:
The Gentry lead them, and the Clergy drive.
What may we not, from such examples hope?
The landlord is their God, the priest their Pope!
A drunken Clergy, and a swearing Bench,
Have given the Reformation such a drench,
As wise men think, there is some cause to doubt
Will purge Good Manners and Religion out!

Nor do the poor alone their liquor prize;
The Sages join in this great sacrifice!
The learnèd men, who study ARISTOTLE,
Correct him with an explanation bottle;

Praise EPICURUS rather than LYSANDER,
And *ARISTIPPUS more than ALEXANDER.
The Doctors, too, their GALEN here resign,
And generally prescribe specific wine.
The Graduate's study 's grown an easier task,
While for the urinal, they toss the flask.
The Surgeon's Art grows plainer every hour,
And wine 's the balm which, into wounds they pour.

* The drunkard's name for Canary.

Poets, long since, Parnassus have forsaken,
And say the ancient bards were all mistaken.
APOLLO 's lately abdicate and fled,
And good King BACCHUS governs in his stead.
He does the chaos of the head refine;
And Atom-Thoughts jump into Words by wine.
The inspiration 's of a finer nature,
As wine must needs excel Parnassus water.

Statesmen, their weighty politics refine;
And soldiers raise their courages, by wine.
CECILIA gives her choristers their choice,
And lets them all drink wine to clear their voice.

Some think the Clergy first found out the way,
And wine 's the only Spirit, by which they pray:
But others, less profane than such, agree
It clears the lungs, and helps the memory.
And therefore all of them Divinely think,
Instead of study, 'tis as well to drink.

And here I would be very glad to know,
Whether our Asgilites may drink or no?
Th' enlightened fumes of wine would certainly
Assist them much when they begin to fly;
Or, if a fiery chariot should appear,
Inflamed by wine, they 'd have the less to fear!

Even the Gods themselves, as mortals say,
Were they on earth, would be as drunk as they.
Nectar would be no more celestial drink;
They 'd all take wine, to teach them how to think.
But English drunkards, gods and men outdo!
Drink their estates away, and senses too.
COLON 's in debt, and if his friends should fail
To help him out, must die at last in gaol.
His wealthy uncle sent a hundred nobles
To pay his trifles off, and rid him of his troubles.
But COLON, like a *True Born Englishman*,
Drank all the money out in bright champagne;
And COLON does in custody remain.
Drunkenness has been the darling of the realm,
E'er since a drunken Pilot* had the helm. [* CHARLES II.]

In their Religion, they are so uneven,
That each man goes his own by-way to heaven;
Tenacious of mistakes to that degree,
That every man pursues it separately;
And fancies none can find the Way but he.
So shy of one another they are grown;
As if they strove to get to heaven alone.
Rigid and zealous, positive and grave,
And every grace but Charity, they have.
This makes them so ill-natured and uncivil,
That all men think an *Englishman* the Devil.

Surly to strangers, froward to their friend,
Submit to Love with a reluctant mind;
Resolved to be ungrateful and unkind.
If, by necessity, reduced to ask,
The Giver has the difficultest task:
For what 's bestowed, they awkwardly receive;
And always take less freely than they give.

The Obligation is their highest grief,
And never love, where they accept relief.
So sullen in their sorrows, that 'tis known
They 'll rather die than their afflictions own:
And if relieved, it is too often true,
That they 'll abuse their benefactors too.
For in distress, their haughty stomach 's such,
They hate to see themselves obliged too much.
Seldom contented, often in the wrong;
Hard to be pleased at all, and never long.

If your mistakes, their ill opinion gain;
No merit can their favour re-obtain!
And if they 're not vindictive in their fury,
'Tis their unconstant temper does secure ye!
Their brain 's so cool, their passion seldom burns;
For all 's condensed before the flame returns:
The fermentation 's of so weak a matter,
The humid damps the fume, and runs it all to water.
So though the inclination may be strong,
They 're pleased by fits, and never angry long.

Then if Good Nature shews some slender proof;
They never think they have reward enough:
But like our Modern Quakers of the Town,
Expect your manners, and return you none.

Friendship, th'abstracted Union of the Mind,
Which all men seek, but very few can find.
Of all the nations in the universe
None talk on 't more, or understand it less!
For if it does their Property annoy;
Their Property, their friendship will destroy!

As you discourse them, you shall hear them tell
All things in which they think they do excel;

No panegyric needs their praise record:
An Englishman ne'er wants his own good word!
His long discourses generally appear
Prologued with his own wondrous Character.
But first t' illustrate his own good name,
He never fails his neighbour to defame!
And yet he really designs no wrong:
His malice goes no further than his tongue.
But pleased to tattle, he delights to rail,
To satisfy the lechery of a tale.
His own dear praises close the ample speech;
Tells you, how wise he is, that is, how rich!
For Wealth is Wisdom! He that's rich is wise!
And all men learned, poverty despise!
His generosity comes next. And then,
Concludes that he 's a *True Born Englishman*!
And they, 'tis known, are generous and free,
Forgetting, and forgiving injury.
Which may be true, thus rightly understood,
"Forgiving ill turns, and forgetting good."

Cheerful in labour, when they have undertook it;
But out of humour, when they 're out of pocket.
But if their belly, and their pocket 's full,
They may be phlegmatic, but never dull.
And if a bottle does their brain refine,
It makes their Wit as sparkling as their wine.

As for the general vices which we find
They 're guilty of, in common with mankind,
Satyr, forbear! and silently endure!
We must conceal the crimes we cannot cure.

Nor shall my Verse, the brighter sex defame,
For English Beauty will preserve her name!
Beyond dispute, agreeable and fair,

And modester than other nations are.
For when the vice prevails, the great temptation
Is want of money more than inclination.
In general, this only is allowed:
They 're something noisy, and a little proud.

An Englishman is gentlest in command;
Obedience is a stranger in the land:
Hardly subjected to the Magistrate,
For Englishmen do all subjection hate.
Humblest when rich, but peevish when they 're poor;
And think whate'er they have, they merit more.

The meanest English plowman studies law,
And keeps thereby the Magistrates in awe;
Will boldly tell them, what they ought to do,
And sometimes punish their omission too.

Their Liberty and Property 's so dear;
They scorn their Laws or Governors to fear!
So bugbeared with the name of Slavery,
They can't submit to their own liberty!
Restraint from Ill is freedom to the wise,
But Englishmen do all restraint despise!
Slaves to the liquor, drudges to the pots;
The mob are Statesmen, and their Statesmen sots.

Their Governors, they count such dangerous things,
That 'tis their custom to affront their Kings.
So jealous of the Power their Kings possessed,
They suffered neither Power nor Kings to rest:
The bad, with force, they eagerly subdue;
The good, with constant clamours they pursue.
And did King JESUS reign, they'd murmur too!
A discontented nation, and by far

Harder to rule in times of peace than war.
Easily set together by the ears,
And full of careless jealousies and fears;
Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel,
And never are contented when they're well.
No Government could ever please them long,
Could tie their hands, or rectify their tongue!
In this, to ancient Israel well compared,
Eternal murmurs are among them heard.

It was but lately, that they were oppressed,
Their Rights invaded, and their Laws suppressed;
When, nicely tender of their liberty,
Lord! what a noise they made of Slavery!
In daily tumults shewed their discontent,
Lampooned their King, and mocked his Government;
And if in arms they did not first appear,
'Twas want of force, and not for want of fear.
In humbler tones than English used to do,
At foreign hands, for foreign aid they sue!

William, the great Successor of Nassau,
Their prayers heard, and their oppressions saw;
He saw and saved them! GOD and him, they praised;
To this, their thanks; to that, their trophies raised.
But glutted with their own felicities,
They soon their new Deliverer despise!
Say all their prayers back! their joy disown!
Unsing their thanks! and pull their trophies down!
Their harps of praise are on the willows hung,
For Englishmen are ne'er contented long.

The Reverend Clergy too (and who'd ha' thought
That they, who had such Non-Resistance taught,
Should e'er to arms against their Prince be brought!
Who up to heaven did Regal Power advance,

Subjecting English Laws to Modes of France,
Twisting Religion so with Loyalty,
As one could never live, and t'other die:)
And yet, no sooner did their Prince design
Their glebes and perquisites to undermine;
But (all their Passive Doctrines laid aside)
The Clergy, their own principles denied!
Unpreached their Non-Resisting cant, and prayed
To heaven, for help; and to the Dutch, for aid!
The Church chimed all their doctrines back again!
And Pulpit Champions did the Cause maintain!
Flew in the face of all their former zeal,
And Non-Resistance did at once repeal!

The Rabbis say, "It would be too prolix
To tie Religion up to Politics!
The Church's safety is *suprema lex.*"
And so, by a new Figure of their own,
Their former doctrines all at once disown:
As laws *post facto*, in the Parliament,
In urgent cases have obtained assent;
But are as dangerous precedents laid by,
Made lawful only by necessity.

The Reverend Fathers then in arms appear,
And Men of GOD become the Men of War!
The nation, fired by them, to arms apply!
Assault their Antichristian Monarchy!
To their due channel, all our laws restore;
And made things what they should have been before.
But when they came to fill the Vacant Throne,
And the pale Priests looked back on what they 'd done;
How English Liberty began to thrive,
And Church of England Loyalty outlive!
How all their persecuting days were done,
And their Deliverer placed upon the throne!

The Priests, as Priests are wont to do, turned tail!
They 're *Englishmen*! and Nature will prevail.
Now, they deplore the ruins they have made,
And murmur for the Master they betrayed.
Excuse those crimes, they could not make him mend;
And suffer for the Cause they can't defend.
Pretend they 'd not have carried things so high,
And Proto-martyrs make for Popery.
"Had the Prince done," as they designed the thing,
"Had set the Clergy up, to rule the King;
Taken a donative for coming hither,
And so had left their King and them together:
We had," say they, "been now a happy nation!"
No doubt, we 'd seen a blessed Reformation!
For wise men say, "'Tis as dangerous a thing,
A Ruling Priesthood as a Priest-rid King!"
And of all plagues, with which mankind are curst,
Ecclesiastic Tyranny 's the worst.

If all our former grievances were feigned;
King JAMES has been abused! and we trepanned!
Bugbeared with Popery and Power Despotic!
Tyrannic Government! and Leagues exotic!
The Revolution 's a "Fanatic" Plot!
W[ILLIAM], a tyrant, and K[ing] J[AMES] was not!
A factious army and a poisoned nation
Unjustly forced King JAMES's Abdication!

But if he did, the subjects' rights invade;
Then he was punished only, not betrayed!
And punishing of Kings is no such crime,
But Englishmen have done it, many a time!

When Kings, the Sword of Justice first lay down;
They are no Kings, though they possess the Crown!
Titles are shadows! Crowns are empty things!

The Good of Subjects is the End of Kings!
To guide in war, and to protect in peace.
Where Tyrants once commence, the Kings do cease!
For Arbitrary Power 's so strange a thing,
It makes the Tyrant, and unmakes the King.
If Kings by foreign priests and armies reign,
And Lawless Power, against their oaths maintain,
Then subjects must have reason to complain.
If oaths must bind us, when our Kings do ill;
To call in foreign aid is to rebel!
By force to circumscribe our lawful Prince,
Is wilful treason in the largest sense!
And they who once rebel, most certainly,
Their GOD, their King, and former oaths defy!
If we allow no maladministration
Could cancel the allegiance of the nation;
Let all our learned Sons of LEVI try
This Ecclesiastic riddle to untie!
How they could make a step to call the Prince,
And yet pretend to Oaths and innocence?

By the first *Address*, they made beyond the sea,
They 're perjured in the most intense degree!
And without scruple, for the time to come,
May swear to all the Kings in Christendom!
And, truly, did our Kings consider all,
They 'd never let the Clergy swear at all!
Their politic allegiance they 'd refuse!
For whores and Priests will never want excuse.

But if the "Mutual Contract" was dissolved,
The doubt 's explained, the difficulty solved.
That Kings when they descend to tyranny,
Dissolve the Bond, and leave the subject free!
The Government 's ungirt! when Justice dies;

And Constitutions are nonentities.
The nation 's all a mob! There 's no such thing
As Lords or Commons, Parliament or King!
A great promiscuous crowd, the Hydra lies,
Till Laws revive, and Mutual Contract ties.

A Chaos free to choose, for their own share,
What Case of Government they please to wear.
If to a King, they do the reins commit,
All men are bound in conscience to submit;
But then that King must, by his oath, assent
To *Postulatas* of the Government:
Which if he breaks, he cuts off the entail,
And Power retreats to its Original.

This Doctrine has the sanction of assent,
From Nature's universal Parliament;
The Voice of Nations and the Course of Things
Allow that Laws superior are to Kings.
None but delinquents would have Justice cease,
Knaves rail at Laws, as soldiers rail at peace!
For Justice is the End of Government,
As Reason is the Test of Argument.

No man was ever yet so void of sense
As to debate the Right of Self-Defence:
A principle so grafted in the mind,
With Nature born, and does like Nature bind.
Twisted with Reason, and with Nature too,
As neither one, nor t'other can undo.

Nor can this Right be less, when national?
Reasons which govern one, should govern all.
Whate'er the dialect of Courts may tell,
He that his Right demands, can ne'er rebel!

Which Right, if 'tis by Governors denied.
May be procured by force, or foreign aid.
For "Tyranny!" 's a nation's Term of Grief;
As folks cry "Fire!" to hasten in relief:
And when the hated word is heard about,
All men should come to help the people out.

Thus England cried. BRITANNIA's voice was heard,
And great NASSAU to rescue her appeared.
Called by the universal voice of Fate,
GOD's and the People's Legal Magistrate.

Ye Heavens, regard! Almighty JOVE, look down
And view thy injured Monarch on the throne!
On their ungrateful hands the vengeance take,
Who sought his Aid, and then his Side forsake!
Witness, ye Powers! It was our Call alone,
Which now our Pride makes us ashamed to own!
BRITANNIA's troubles fetched him from afar,
To court the dreadful casualties of war:
But where requital *never* can be made,
Acknowledgment 's a tribute seldom paid!

He dwelt in bright MARIA's circling arms,
Defended by the magic of her charms
From foreign fears, and from domestic harms.
Ambition found no fuel for her fire;
He had what GOD could give, or man desire.
Till Pity roused him from his soft repose,
His life to unseen hazards to expose.
Till Pity moved him in our Cause t'appear.
Pity, that word which now we hate to hear!
But English Gratitude is always such,
To hate the hand which does oblige too much.

BRITANNIA's cries gave birth to his intent,
And hardly gained his unforeseen assent;
His boding thoughts foretold him, he should find
The people fickle, selfish, and unkind:
Which thought did to his royal heart appear
More dreadful than the dangers of the war;
For nothing grates a generous mind so soon,
As base returns for hearty service done.

Satyr, be silent! awfully prepare
BRITANNIA's Song and WILLIAM's praise to hear!
Stand by, and let her cheerfully rehearse
Her grateful vows in her immortal verse!
Loud Fame's eternal trumpet, let her sound!
Listen, ye distant poles, and endless round!
May the strong blast the welcome news convey
As far as sound can reach, or spirit can fly!
To neighbouring worlds, if such there be, relate
Our Hero's fame, for theirs to imitate!
To distant worlds of spirits, let her rehearse!
For spirits, without the help of voice converse.
May angels hear the gladsome news on high,
Mix with their everlasting symphony!
And hell itself stand in suspense, to know
Whether it be the Fatal Blast or no?

BRITANNIA.

THE Fame of Virtue 'tis, for which I sound;
And Heroes, with immortal Triumphs crowned!
Fame built on solid Virtue, swifter flies
Than morning light can spread my Eastern skies!
The gathering air returns the doubling sound,
And loud repeating thunders force it round!

Echoes return from caverns of the deep:
Old Chaos dreams on 't in eternal sleep!
Time hands it forward to its latest urn;
From whence it never, never shall return!
Nothing is heard so far, or lasts so long;
'Tis heard by every ear, and spoke by every tongue!

My Hero, with the sails of honour furled,
Rises like the Great Genius of the world.
By Fate and Fame wisely prepared to be
The Soul of War, and Life of Victory.
He spreads the Wings of Virtue on the throne,
And every Wind of Glory fans them on.
Immortal trophies dwell upon his brow,
Fresh as the garlands he has won but now.

By different steps, the high ascent he gains;
And differently that high ascent maintains.
Princes for Pride and Lust of Rule make war,
And struggle for the name of Conqueror.
Some fight for Fame, and some for Victory;
He fights to save, and conquers to set free.

Then seek no phrase, his titles to conceal;
And hide with words, what actions must reveal!
No parallel from Hebrew stories take!
Of Godlike Kings, my similies to make.
No borrowed names conceal my living theme,
But names and things directly I proclaim!
His honest Merit does his glory raise:
Whom that exalts, let no man fear to praise!

Of such a subject no man need be shy;
Virtue 's above the reach of flattery.
He needs no character but his own fame,
Nor any flattering titles but his name.
WILLIAM 's the name that 's spoke by ev'ry tongue;
WILLIAM 's the darling subject of my Song!
Listen, ye virgins, to the charming sound,
And in eternal dances hand it round!
Your early offerings to this altar bring,
Make him at once a lover and a King!
May he submit to none, but to your arms;
Nor ever be subdued but by your charms!
May your soft thought for him be all sublime,
And every tender vow be made for him!
May he be first in every morning thought,
And Heaven ne'er hear a prayer, where he 's left out!
May every omen, every boding dream
Be fortunate, by mentioning his name!
May this one charm, infernal powers affright,
And guard you from the terrors of the night!
May every cheerful glass, as it goes down
To WILLIAM's health, be cordial to your own!

Let every Song be chorused with his name,
And Music pay her tribute to his fame!
Let every poet tune his artful verse;
And in immortal strains his deeds rehearse!
And may APOLLO never more inspire
The disobedient bard with his seraphic fire!
May all my sons their grateful homage pay!
His praises sing, and for his safety pray!

Satyr, return to our unthankful isle,
Secured by Heaven's regard, and WILLIAM's toil!
To both ungrateful, and to both untrue;
Rebels to GOD, and to Good Nature too!

* * *

If e'er this Nation be distressed again;
To whomsoe'er they cry, they'll cry in vain!
To Heaven, they cannot have the face to look,
Or if they should, it would but Heaven provoke!
To hope for help from Man would be too much;
Mankind would always tell them of the Dutch!
How they came here our freedoms to maintain;
Were paid! and cursed! and hurried home again!
How by their aid, we first dissolved our fears;
And then our helpers damned for "Foreigners!"
'Tis not our English temper to do better!
For *Englishmen* think every man their debtor.

'Tis worth observing, that we ne'er complained
Of Foreigners, nor of the wealth they gained;
Till all their services were at an end!
Wise men affirm, "It is the English way,
Never to grumble till they come to pay;
And then, they always think, their temper's such,
The work's too little, and the pay too much!"

As frighted patients, when they want a cure,
Bid any price, and any pain endure!
But when the doctor's remedies appear;
The cure's too easy, and the price too dear!

Great PORTLAND ne'er was bantered when he strove
For Us, his Master's kindest thoughts to move!
We ne'er lampooned his conduct when employed,
King JAMES's secret counsels to divide!

Then, we caressed him as the only Man
Which could the doubtful Oracle explain!
The only Hushai able to repel
The dark designs of our Achitophel!
Compared his Master's courage, to his Sense;
The ablest Statesman, and the bravest Prince!
Ten years in English service he appeared,
And gained his Master's and the World's regard:
But 'tis not England's custom to reward!
The wars are over. England needs him not!
Now he 's a Dutchman, and the Lord knows what!

Schomberg, the ablest soldier of his Age,
With great Nassau did in our cause engage:
Both joined for England's rescue and defence,
The greatest Captain and the greatest Prince!
With what applause, his stories did we tell!
Stories which Europe's volumes largely swell.
We counted him an Army in our aid;
Where he commanded, no man was afraid!
His actions with a constant Conquest shine,
From Villa Vitiosa to the Rhine!
France, Flanders, Germany, his fame confess;
And all the World was fond of him, but Us!
Our turn first served, we grudged him the command:
Witness the grateful temper of the land!

We blame the K[ing] that he relies too much
On strangers, Germans, Huguenots, and Dutch;
And seldom would his great Affairs of State
To English Councillors communicate.
The fact might very well be answered thus.
He has so often been betrayed by us,
He must have been a madman to rely
On English Gentlemen's fidelity!

For laying other arguments aside;
This thought might mortify our English pride,
That Foreigners have faithfully obeyed him!
And none but English have e'er betrayed him.
They have our ships and merchants bought and sold,
And bartered English blood for foreign gold!
First, to the French, they sold the Turkey Fleet;
And injured TALMARSH next, at Camaret!
The King himself is sheltered for their snares,
Not by his merit, but the crown he wears.
Experience tell us, 'tis the English way,
Their benefactors always to betray!

And lest examples should be too remote,
A modern Magistrate, of famous note,
Shall give you his own history, by rote.
I'll make it out, deny it he that can!
His Worship is a *True Born Englishman*,
In all the latitude that empty word
By modern acceptation 's understood.
The Parish Books, his great descent record;
And now, he hopes ere long to be a Lord!
And truly, as things go, it would be pity
But such as he, should represent the City!
While robbery, for burnt offering he brings;
And gives to GOD, what he has stolen from Kings.
Great monuments of charity he raises,
And good St. Magnus whistles out his praises.
To City gaols, he grants a Jubilee,
And hires "Huzzas" from his own mobile.

Lately he wore the Golden Chain, and Gown;
With which equipped, he thus harangued the Town,

His fine speech, &c.

"With clouted iron shoes, and sheepskin breeches,
More rags than manners, and more dirt than riches;
From driving cows and calves to Leyton Market,
While of my greatness, there appeared no spark yet:
Behold I come! to let you see the pride
With which exalted beggars always ride!

"Born to the needful labours of the plough;
The cart whip graced me, as the chain does now!
Nature and Fate, in doubt what course to take,
Whether I should a Lord or ploughboy make,
Kindly at last resolved, they would promote me,
And first a Knave, and then a Knight they vote me.
What Fate appointed, Nature did prepare;
And furnished me, with an exceeding care
To fit me, for what they designed to have me:
And every gift but Honesty, they gave me.

"And thus equipped, to this proud town I came,
In quest of bread, and not in quest of fame:
Blind to my future Fate, a humble boy;
Free from the guilt and glory I enjoy.
The hopes which my ambition entertained,
Were in the name of Foot Boy all contained.
The greatest heights from small beginnings rise:
The gods were great on earth, before they reached the skies.

"B[ack]well (the generous temper of whose mind
Was always to be bountiful inclined),
Whether by his ill fate or fancy led,
First took me up, and furnish me with bread.

The little services, he put me to,
Seemed labours rather than they were truly so;
But always my advancement he designed,
For 'twas his very nature to be kind.
Large was his soul, his temper ever free,
The best of masters and of men to me.
And I (who was before decreed by Fate,
To be made infamous as well as great),
With an obsequious diligence obeyed him,
Till trusted with his All; and then betrayed him!

"All his past kindness, I trampled on;
Ruined his fortunes, to erect my own!
So vipers in the bosom bred, begin
To hiss at that hand first which took them in.
With eager treachery, I his fall pursued,
And my first Trophies were Ingratitude.

"Ingratitude, the worst of human guilt,
The basest action mankind can commit!
Which (like the sin against the HOLY GHOST)
Has least of honour, and of guilt the most.
Distinguished from all other crimes by this,
That 'tis a crime which no man will confess!
That sin alone, which should not be forgiven
On earth, although perhaps it may in heaven.

"Thus my first benefactor I o'erthrew;
And how should I be, to a second true?
The Public Trust came next into my care,
And I to use them scurvily prepare;
My needy Sovereign Lord I played upon,
And lent him many of thousand of his own:
For which great interests I took care to charge,
And so my ill-got wealth become so large!

"My predecessor, JUDAS, was a fool,
Fitter to have been whipt and sent to school,
Than sell a Saviour! Had I been at hand,
His Master had been so cheap trapanned!
I would ha' made the eâgêr Jews ha' found,
For Thirty pieces, Thirty Thousand pound!

"My cousin ZIBA, of immortal fame
(ZIBA and I shall never want a name!),
First Born of treason, nobly did advance
His Master's fall, for his inheritance.
By whose keen arts, old DAVID first began
To break his sacred oath to JONATHAN.
The good old King 'tis thought was very loth
To break his Word, and therefore broke his Oath!
ZIBA 's a traitor of some Quality;
Yet ZIBA might ha' been informed by me!
Had I been there, he ne'er had been content
With half the estate, nor half the Government!

"In our late Revolution, 'twas thought strange,
That I, of all mankind, should like the change!
But they who wondered at it, never knew
That, in it, I did my old game pursue;
Nor had they heard of Twenty thousand Pound,
Which ne'er was lost, yet never could be found!

"Thus all things in their turn, to sale I bring,
GOD and my Master first; and then the King!
Till by successful villainies made bold,
I thought to turn the nation into gold:
And so to forg[er]y my hand I bent,
Not doubting I could gull the Government:
But that was ruffled by the Parliament!
And if I 'scaped the unhappy tree to climb,
'Twas want of Law, and not for want of Crime.

"By my * Old Friend, who printed in my face
A needful competence of English brass,
Having more business yet for me to do,
And loth to lose his trusty servant so,
Managed the matter with such art and skill,
As saved his hero, and threw out the b[i]ll.

* The Devil.

"And now, I am graced with unexpected honours;
For which, I'll certainly abuse the donors!
Knighted, and made a Tribune of the people,
Whose Laws and properties I'm like to keep well!
The *Custos Rotulorum* of the City
And Captain of the Guards of their *banditti*.
Surrounded by my Catchpoles, I declare
Against the needy debtor, open war.
I hang poor thieves for stealing of your pelf;
And suffer none to rob you, but myself!

"The King commanded me to help reform ye!
And how I'll do it, Miss shall inform ye!
I keep the best Seraglio in the nation,
And hope in time to bring it into fashion.
Am not I a Magistrate for Reformation!
For this my praise is sung by every bard,
For which Bridewell would be a just reward!
In print my panegyrics fill the street,
And hired gaol-birds, their huzzas repeat.
Some charity 's contrived to make a shew:
Have taught the needy rabble to do so!
Whose empty noise is a mechanic fame,
Since for Sir BEELZEBUB, they 'd do the same!"

The Conclusion.



HEN let us boast of ancestors no more!
Or deeds of heroes done in days of yore;
In latent records of the Ages past,
Behind the rear of Time, in long Oblivion placed!
For if our Virtues must in lines descend,
The merit with the families would end;
And intermixtures would most fatal grow,
For Vice would be hereditary too!
The tainted blood would of necessity,
In voluntary wickedness convey!

Vice, like ill-nature, for an Age or two,
May seem a generation to pursue:
But Virtue seldom does regard the breed,
Fools do the Wise, and wise men Fools succeed.
What is it to us, what ancestors we had?
If good, what better? or what worse, if bad?
Examples are for imitation set,
Yet all men follow Virtue with regret!

Could but our ancestors retrieve their fate,
And see their offspring thus degenerate;
How we contend for birth and names unknown,
And build on their past actions, not our own:
They 'd cancel records, and their tombs deface,
And openly disown the vile degenerate race!
For fame of Families is all a cheat!
'TIS PERSONAL VIRTUE ONLY MAKES US GREAT!

THE HISTORY OF THE Kentish PETITION.

LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1701.

[In this piece, the word *Country* is used sometimes where we should now say *County* ; and sometimes where its modern equivalent would be *District*, as in the present phrase of *the Country side.*

The Writer says at *p.* 556—*Nor is my name* LEGION: yet this piece has been usually attributed to DEFOE. Of course, his name was DEFOE, not *LEGION.*]

THE PREFACE.



WOULD be hard to suspect him of errors in fact, who writes the Story of Yesterday. A Historian of Three Weeks must certainly be just, for had he never so much mind to lie, it would be nonsense to expect the World could be imposed upon. Everybody's memory would be a living witness against him, and the effect would only be to expose himself.

Authors of Histories generally apologise for their Quotations, place their industry in the search after Truth, and excuse themselves by asserting the faithfulness of their Collections. The Author of the following sheets is not afraid to let the World know that he is so sure everything related in this Account is literally and positively true, that he challenges all the Wit and Malice the World abounds with, to confute the most trifling circumstance.

If aggravations are omitted, and some very ill-natured passages let go without observations, those persons who were guilty of them, may observe that we have more good nature than they have manners: and they ought to acknowledge it, since a great many rudenesses, both against the King himself and the Gentlemen concerned, have escaped their scurrilous mouths, which are not here animadverted upon.

And lest the World should think this presumptive, and that the accusation is only a surmise; we will query, What they think of that kind remark of Mr. J. H[O]W[E], finding the King's Letter *to the House, and the* Kentish Petition *to come both on a day, and the substance to be the same, that "the King, the Dutch, and the Kentish men were all in a plot against the House of Commons!"*

I could have swelled this Pamphlet to a large Volume, if I should pretend to collect all the Billingsgate language of a certain House full of men, against the King, the Lords, and the Gentlemen of Kent; but it is a fitter subject for a Satyr than a History. They have abused the nation, and now are become a Banter to themselves; and I leave them to consider of it, and reform!

I assure the World, I am no Kentish man; nor was my hand to the Petition; *though, had I been acquainted with it, I would have gone a hundred miles to have signed it, and a hundred more to have had the opportunity of serving my Country at the expense of an unjust confinement for it.*

It may be fairly concluded, I am no Warwickshire man neither, with a Petition *in my pocket, brought a hundred miles, and afraid to deliver it.*

Nor [*is*] *my name Sir* ROBERT CLAYTON : *by which you may know I did not promise the Members, who were then in fear enough, to use my Interest to stifle a City* Petition.

Nor is my name LEGION. *I wish it were ! for I should have been glad to be capable of speaking so much truth, and so much to the purpose, as is contained in that unanswerable Paper* [LEGION'S Memorial, *see pp.* 577–584].

But I am an unconcerned Spectator, and have been an exact Observer of every passage, have been an Eye and Ear-Witness of every most minute article, and am sure that everything related is exactly true, as the causes of it all are scandalous and burdensome to the nation.

As to the Gentlemen of the House of Commons, I shall not pretend to enter into their character, because I care not to enter into captivity ! nor come into the clutches of that worst of brutes, *their Sergeant !*

Literally speaking, no Member of the House of Commons can *be a Jacobite, because they have taken the oaths to King* WILLIAM.

But this may be observed, that the Jacobites in England are generally the only people who approve of their proceedings, and applaud their measures. And it is observable that at Paris, at St. Germains, the general compliment of a Health in all English company is à la santé [de] Monsieur JACK HOW[E]! *the truth of which, there are not a few very good Gentlemen in Town can attest, from whence I think I may draw this Observation, that either he is a Jacobite, or the Jacobites are a very good-natured people.*

Noscitur ex socio qui non dignoscitur ex se.

The following pages contain an exact History of the Kentish Petition, *and of the treatment the Gentlemen who presented it, met with both from the House, the Sergeant, and at last, from their ountry.*

The best way to come to a conclusion, whether the Gentlemen Petitioners were well or ill used, is to review the matter of fact ? All panegyrics and encomiums came short of the natural reflections which flow from a True Account of that proceeding : and the whole is collected in this form, that all the World may judge by a true light, and not be imposed upon by partial and imperfect Relations.

THE HISTORY OF THE Kentish PETITION.



IN THE 29th of April, 1701, the Quarter Sessions for the County of Kent, began at Maidstone: where WILLIAM COLEPEPER of Hollingbourne, Esq., was chosen Chairman, though he was then absent; and, with an unusual respect, the Bench of Justices proceeded to do business, and kept the Chair for him for several hours, till he came.

The people of the County of Kent, as well as in most parts of the Kingdom, had expressed great dissatisfaction at the slow proceedings of the Parliament; and that the King was not assisted, nor the Protestants abroad considered: and the country people began to say to one another, in their language, that "they had sowed their corn, and the French were a-coming to reap it!"

And from hence it is allowed to proceed that, during the sitting of the Sessions, several of the principal freeholders of the County applied themselves to the Chairman aforesaid, and told him, "It was their desire that the Bench should consider the making of some application to the Parliament, to acquaint them of the apprehensions of the people."

The Chairman replied, "It was the proper work of the Grand Jury to present the grievances of the Country"; and therefore he referred them to the said Grand Jury, who were then sitting.

The Grand Jury being applied to, accepted the proposal; and addressing to the said Mr. COLEPEPER, the Chairman, acquainted him that they had approved of such a motion

made as before, and desired that the Bench would join with them.

The Chairman told them, he would acquaint the Justices of it; which he did: and they immediately approved of it also, and desired the said W. COLEPEPER, Esq., their Chairman, to draw a *Petition*.

Mr. COLEPEPER withdrew to compose it, and having drawn a *Petition*, it was read and approved: and immediately ordered to be carried to the Grand Jury, being twenty-one in number, who all unanimously signed it, and brought it into Court, desiring all the Gentlemen on the Bench would do the same.

Whereupon the Chairman and twenty-three of the Justices signed it; and the freeholders of the County crowded in so fast, that the parchment was filled up in less than five hours' time: and many thousands of hands might have been had to it, if the Justices had not declined it, refusing to add any more rolls of parchment; as insisting more upon the merits of the *Petition*, than the number of the subscribers.

By all which, it appears how foolish and groundless their pretences are, who would suggest that the *Petition* was a private thing, transacted by a few people; whereas it is plain, it was the Act and Deed of the whole Country.

The words of the *Petition* are, as follows.

To the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses in Parliament assembled.

The humble Petition of the Gentlemen, Justices of the Peace, Grand Jury, and other freeholders, at the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace holden at Maidstone, the 29th of April, in the 13th year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, King WILLIAM III., over England, &c.



E, THE Gentlemen, Justices of the Peace, Grand Jury, and other freeholders, at the General Quarter Sessions at Maidstone, in Kent, deeply concerned at the dangerous estate of this Kingdom and of all Europe, and considering that the fate of us and our posterity depends on the wisdom of our Representatives in Parliament, think ourselves bound in duty, humbly to lay before this Honourable House, the consequences in this conjuncture of your speedy

resolution and most sincere endeavour to answer the Great Trust reposed in you by your country.

And in regard that, from the experience of all ages, it is manifest no nation can be great and happy without Union; We hope that no pretence whatsoever shall be able to create a misunderstanding among ourselves, or the least distrust of His Majesty, whose great actions for this nation are written in the hearts of his subjects, and can never, without the blackest ingratitude, be forgotten.

We most humbly implore this Honourable House, to have regard to the Voice of the People! that our religion and safety may be effectually provided for, that your Loyal Addresses may be turned into Bills of Supply, and that His most sacred Majesty (whose propitious and unblemished reign over us, We pray GOD long to continue!) may be enabled powerfully to assist his Allies, before it be too late.

And your Petitioners shall ever pray &c.

Signed by all the Deputy Lieutenants there present, above twenty Justices of the Peace, and all the Grand Jury, and other freeholders then there.

As soon as the *Petition* was signed, and there was no more room for any hands [*signatures*], it was delivered by the Grand Jury to the aforesaid WILLIAM COLEPEPER, Esq., Chairman of the Session; and he was desired to present it, in their names, to the Parliament: which, at their request, he promised to do. And the rest of the Gentlemen, viz., THOMAS COLEPEPER, Esq., JUSTINIAN CHAMPNEYS, Esq., DAVID POLEHILL, Esq., and WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq., offered themselves to go with him.

On Tuesday, the 6th of May, they came to Town, with the *Petition*; and the next day, they went up to the House, and applied themselves to Sir THOMAS HALES, in order to desire him to present it to the House: he being one of the Representatives of the County of Kent.

Sir THOMAS read the *Petition*, and telling them it was too late to present it that day, it being after twelve a clock, desired they would let him shew it [to] Mr. PELHAM of Sussex.

Mr. COLEPEPER told him, he was willing enough Mr. PELHAM should see the *Petition*, not doubting he would be a friend to it: but that he was unwilling to part with it, being entrusted with it by his Country; adding that he "should make but an indifferent figure in the County, if the *Petition* should be got out of his hands, and lost."

Whereupon, Sir THOMAS HALES passed his word and honour, that he would not shew it to any person whatever, but to Mr. PELHAM; and that he would return it immediately. But his word and honour so solemnly pledged, were as easily forgotten. For having got the *Petition*, he carried it into the House, where he stayed an hour and a half; and then returning, he gave it to the Gentlemen, and told them he had shewn it to Sir EDWARD SEYMOUR and several others.

This perfidious action [towards] that very part of the nation which he represented, deserves some special notice; and there is no question but the people will remember it for him, and shew their resentment on proper occasions.

Mr. COLEPEPER, in the name of the rest, gave him an answer suitable to the action; and sufficient to let him know their surprise at so ungentleman-like usage: viz., that "he had broke his word, and served his Country very ill!"

But this being neither place nor season for further debates, Sir THOMAS HALES appointed to meet them in the evening: and then, after making them wait two hours beyond his time, he adjourned them till next morning, in the Court of Requests; where he told them absolutely, that he "would not deliver the *Petition*."

Here it is very observable, that, at the very time Sir THOMAS HALES came out of the House, and returned the *Petition* in the manner above mentioned, Mr. MEREDITH, the other Representative for the Country, came to them, and told them "their *Petition* had been exposed in the House, and that Mr. How[E] was then making a speech against it."

The Gentlemen finding themselves thus betrayed by Sir THOMAS HALES, consulted together about finding another more proper person to deliver the *Petition*; and resolved to apply themselves to Mr. MEREDITH, the other Member for the County of Kent. Mr. MEREDITH having agreed to

deliver it, in case Sir THOMAS HALES should refuse, had appointed to meet them, with several other Gentlemen, Members of the House, in order to consult about the matter of the *Petition*, and the manner of delivering it.

In the morning [*Wednesday, 7th May*, 1701], the House being met; Mr. MEREDITH came out, and told them that "the House was in such a ferment, that none of the Gentlemen durst appear for it, nor come to them; and he doubted [*feared*] would not venture so much as to speak a word in the House for the *Petition*."

Nor were these all the discouragements the Gentlemen met with, in their presenting the *Petition*: but several Members of the House pretending respect, and others that were really their friends and in concern for them, came out of the House to them, and endeavoured to persuade them, not to expose themselves to the fury of the House, by delivering the *Petition*. Telling them, that Mr. HOW[E] in particular had said, that, "if there were one hundred thousand hands to the *Petition*, they should be all made examples of!" and Sir EDWARD SEYMOUR added that "the whole County should be double taxed; and the estates of those who presented it, should be confiscated to the use of the War."

Although these menaces, together with the almost omnipotent power of the House of Commons, had circumstances enough in them to shake the resolution of a whole County; yet they had not the effects here which were expected. For the Gentlemen, far from being terrified at all this, unanimously declared their resolution to discharge the trust placed in them by their Country, and to present it to the House.

Mr. WILLIAM COLEPEPER, in particular, alluding to the words of LUTHER, to those who dissuaded him from going to the city of Worms, told them that, "if every tile upon the Chapel of * St. Stephen's were a devil, he would present the *Petition*!" And all of them declared that, "if one of the Gentlemen would not do their Country so much service, as to present their grievances to the Parliament in a legal *Petition*; they would knock at the door of the House, and deliver it themselves!"

* The House that the Commons sit in, was formerly St. Stephen's Chapel.

Mr. MEREDITH finding the Gentlemen so resolute, did consent to carry in the *Petition*; which he performed with great discretion and fidelity.

The *Petition* being thus delivered, the Gentlemen attended. For Mr. Speaker [*ROBERT HARLEY*] further to intimidate them, had let fall some speeches, that "it was the usage of the House, when a *Petition* was brought in, the persons who presented it, ought to be ready without, to justify the matter of their *Petition*."

And the Gentlemen, seeing no reason to be ashamed of theirs in particular, resolved to bide the utmost which their and the nation's enemies could do to them.

Having waited almost half an hour, they were called in to the Bar of the House; where (Mr. Speaker, treating them in his usual haughty tone) this short dialogue passed between them:

Speaker. (*Holding up the* Petition *by one corner.*) Gentlemen, is this your *Petition*?

Gentlemen. (*Bowing very respectfully.*) Yes, Mr. Speaker.

Speaker. And, Gentlemen, you own this *Petition*?

Gentlemen. Yes, Mr. Speaker.

Speaker. And, Gentlemen, your Hands are to this *Petition*?

Gentlemen. Yes, Mr. Speaker.

Speaker. (*Turning to one of the Clerks.*) Carry it to them, and see if they will own their Hands! (*Which they severally did.*)

Speaker. Withdraw, and expect the Order of the House!

Whereupon they withdrew, and attended in the Lobby.

And now began the second attack, upon the[ir] resolution: for the Members, who came out, represented with all the terror imaginable, the fury of the House. Imprisonment and the ruin of their fortunes and families was the least they had to expect; Impeachments, Laws *ex post facto*, tacking them to Money Bills; and all arbitrary methods which any arbitrary Parliament have ever made use of to ruin those who have felt their magnipotent indignation, were laid before them.

When some, who pretented pity for the misfortune of so many worthy Gentlemen, came out of the House, and told them, "they had yet a lucky moment left them, by an immediate submission, to fly to the clemency of the House!" that "they were sent out by Sir EDWARD SEYMOUR and the

rest of the Gentlemen on that side, to let them know that Mr. HOW[E] was now speaking, and would continue so for some time, to give them opportunity to recollect themselves, and by a timely acknowledgement to save themselves from ruin:

The Gentlemen being at a loss to know in what particular they could have given the House such offence, and being well assured they were in the protection of the Law, and had not acted anything but what the known Constitution of the Realm expressly allowed, remained still unshaken; and boldly replied "They had nothing to say, but what was in their *Petition*!"

But being further pressed by Sir THEOPHILUS OGLETHORP and several other Gentlemen; and because they would not shew any disrespect to the House, or seem to slight their displeasure; they considered of an Answer to be given to the proposal of Submission.

And because whatever Answer they gave, might be misrepresented to the House; [if] delivered by word of mouth; they resolved to put it into writing, and having consulted a while, they agreed to send in this civil Answer.

We are humbly of opinion that it is our Right to petition this honourable House, according to the Statute of 13 *CAR. II. As to the matter of our* Petition*; we declare that we intend nothing offensive to this honourable House.*

This writing being shewn to Sir THEOPHILUS OGLETHORP and several other Members, then began to smile, and imagined their point gained; and told the Gentlemen, "they were glad they begun to be sensible of their danger, and that if they would but add one word more, namely, that *they were sorry for what they had done*, they would undertake [*guarantee*] for the clemency of the House."

Thus they unanimously refused: one of the Gentlemen, with some heat replying, "We will have no *sorry*!"

Here the Members, or conspirators rather, would have had them put it, that they did it *through inadvertency*.

This they also refused, declaring they did it, at the request of their Country, maturely and deliberately; were justified in doing it, by the Laws of the land, and they would never recede from it.

So they delivered the Paper to Sir THOMAS HALES; but

whether he delivered it to the House or not, he never had the civility to inform them.

The debate in the House held five hours. After which, notice was given them by the Messengers, that the House had voted the *Petition scandalous, insolent, and seditious* (*vide* the *Votes*), *tending to destroy, &c.*; and ordered them to be taken into custody, for the same.

Upon which, the Gentlemen went, and immediately surrendered themselves to the Sergeant, though the *Warrant* was not made out for some hours after.

The Sergeant only asked, Where he should come to them, at dinner? which was agreed to be at the *Castle* Tavern, in Fleet street.

Where they dined, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday; and were hitherto very civilly treated of his Officers. They were accompanied by great numbers of citizens and Gentlemen of the first Quality, and not a few of the Nobility. The Officers were seldom with them, went errands for them; and oftentimes were all absent together. So that there was no colour of reason for the Sergeant to say he feared a rescue. For they had all the opportunities they could desire, if they had had the least design to escape: and it was never heard of, that they who could escape when they pleased, would expose their friends to the hazard of a rescue.

On Friday [*9th May*], in the evening, Mr. Sergeant begun to treat with them; and representing his absolute power, let them know that he had an unbounded liberty of using them at discretion: that he could confine them at pleasure, put them in dungeons, lay them under ground, keep them apart, remove them daily, and keep all people from them by making them "close prisoners."

He thereby gave them to understand that he expected a consideration suitable to his civility. Upon this, the Gentlemen offered him One Hundred Guineas: half in hand, and the other, when they should be discharged; though it should be the next day.

The Sergeant neither accepted nor refused the offer, nor expressed any dislike, as if he thought it too little: but appointed to come to them, the next day.

Saturday [*10th May*], in the evening, Mr. THOMAS COLEPEPER, having notice that his Lady was much frighted at his confinement, desired leave of the Messenger in whose custody he was, to let him go down to Maidstone, upon his parole to return by Monday night: which the Messenger tacitly granted. . . .

The rest of the Gentlemen being met at the tavern, expecting the Sergeant according to appointment, and having waited till ten a clock; instead of coming himself, he sends orders to the Messengers to separate the Gentlemen, and confine them in several prisons, that very night. Which orders, the Officers executed as rudely as the Sergeant could desire; saving that they obtained the civility from the Officers to be confined two in a place, and two in another; but were hurried away with such unmannerly indecency, that they would not permit them to send for their night-gowns and necessaries.

In this manner, Mr. WILLIAM COLEPEPER and Mr. JUSTINIAN CHAMPNEYS were carried to MYAT the Messenger's house, in Fox Court, in Holborn: where they had this hard choice proposed to them, at their entrance, Whether they would lodge in the Cellar or the Garret? And choosing the latter, they were thrust into a little hole on the top of the house: where they had all the inconveniences of the nasty prison, as base lodging, foul sheets, little covering, and a cold room; by which means, they both took such cold as they have not yet recovered from.

But Mr. Sergeant, lest they should not be ill-treated enough, coming, the next morning, to Mr. MYAT's house, was in a great rage at him, and drawing his sword, cut him over the head, for "using the Gentlemen so civilly," as he called it.

Afterwards, coming up into the garret, where Mr. COLEPEPER and Mr. JUSTINIAN CHAMPNEYS were lodged: they asked him, "What Order he had, for using them thus?"

He replied, "He had an Order from those who committed them."

Being asked again, "If there was any such Vote passed in the House?"

He said, "No, but he had an Order."

Mr. COLEPEPER replied, "If it be not a Vote of the

House, pray how is it an Order? Have the Majority of the House, one by one, come to you, and given you directions to use us thus barbarously?"

He replied "Yes, they had!" For which scandalous reflection, if false, his masters the Members of the House of Commons are exceedingly obliged to him.

Mr. COLEPEPER told him, he believed he should live to see him hanged.

And so they parted.

All this while, Mr. POLEHILL and Mr. HAMILTON were put into a cellar, without the favour of having their choice; and had so vile a lodging, that they could scarcely breathe.

They were likewise, in their turn, bullied by Mr. Sergeant, the next day.

When they asked him, to shew the copy of their Commitment: he denied it.

Mr. POLEHILL, in particular, replied, "They asked him nothing but what, by Law, he ought to grant."

He rudely replied, "He cared not a farthing for them, nor the Law neither!" And so left them.

Which refusal of his, he may hear of again, perhaps, in a way of legal application.

On Tuesday [*13th May*], he gave the House notice, that the younger Mr. COLEPEPER had made his escape; though he had a letter from him, that he would be in Town that very day. And at the same time, he made a complaint that the other Gentlemen behaved themselves so disorderly, that he apprehended a rescue: though the Gentlemen, to avoid any suspicion, had voluntarily surrendered their swords to the Messengers, without being required so to do.

This complaint to the House was the Gentlemen's deliverance, and the Sergeant's disappointment; though not in kindness to them neither. For ordering them to the Gatehouse, as a more ignominious confinement, the Sergeant lost the extravagant fees which he designed to extort from them; and the humanity of Captain TAYLOR, the Keeper of the Gatehouse, made their restraint easy to them.

For this Keeper used them like Gentlemen, and the reputation he has obtained by his civility will be as lasting as the infamy of the Sergeant: the one leaves a grateful acknowledgement in the mouths of all men, and will always

be spoken of to his advantage; and the other nauseous, like the person, is dishonourable both to his memory and to the House that employed him.

On Wednesday [*14th May*], THOMAS COLEPEPER, Esq., the younger brother, who had been in Kent, and who was just come up according to his promise, rendered himself to the Speaker, and desired to be sent to his brethren.

Mr. Sergeant, who thought to make himself amends upon him, laboured to have him continued in his custody: and had not that Party in the House thought the Gatehouse a greater punishment, possibly it had been so. But therein, that infallible House were deceived! and he was delivered from the hands of a villain, by his enemies themselves: who thought they had mortified him the more; to the infinite regret of the Sergeant, and the general satisfaction of his fellow-sufferers.

The same morning [*14th May*] that Mr. COLEPEPER surrendered himself, *The LEGION Paper* [*see pp.* 577–584], as it was called, was sent to the House. It was said, it was delivered to the Speaker by a woman. But I have been informed since, that it was a mistake: and that it was delivered by the very person [*DANIEL DEFOE*] who wrote it, guarded with about sixteen Gentlemen of Quality; who, if any notice had been taken of him, were ready to have carried him off by force.

It was reported that Mr. THOMAS COLEPEPER brought it out of Kent, and that all the Country [*County*] were at his heels, to make it good: though it was really no such thing, and that Gentleman declared he knew nothing at all of it.

But be it as it will, that Paper struck such a terror into the Party in the House, that, from that time, there was not a word ever spoken in the House, of proceeding against the Kentish Petitioners; and the Members of that Party began to drop off, and get into the country: for their Management began to be so disliked over the whole nation, that their own fears dictated to them, they had run things too far.

The clashings with the Upper House about the trial of the four Peers they had impeached; and the miserable shifts they were driven to by the Lords, to avoid trying them, served but to make them more uneasy, and to hasten the despatch of the money bills, in order to the Prorogation, which was on the 23rd of June, 1701.

By the Prorogation, the Kentish Gentlemen were discharged: but to shew their respect to the civility of Captain TAYLOR their Keeper, they continued to lodge with him, till they went into the country.

The first honour done to them, on account of their sufferings, was their being invited to a noble entertainment at Mercers Hall in Cheapside, at the charge of the citizens of London: where above two hundred Gentlemen dined with them, together with several noble Lords and Members of Parliament.

Thursday, the 2nd of July [1701], they set out for Kent. The citizens had offered to accompany them out of Town: but they declined it, desiring to go privately. And those who pretend to charge them with affecting popularity; would do well to remember, that they were fain to send their coaches empty out of Town, and go by water to meet them, to avoid the respect which the citizens would have shewn them.

But there was no shunning the Appearance of the Country; who shewed their value for the Gentlemen and the Cause for which they had suffered, in all possible terms of respect and affection.

The first instance of this, was at Blackheath, where Mr. DAVID POLEHILL, one of the Gentlemen, was to separate from the rest; his road lying near Bromley, to his house at Ottford in Kent.

He was met at Blackheath by above 500 Horse: who received him into the midst of them, and surrounded his coach, with such shouts and joy, as sufficiently testified their respect for him, and their satisfaction at his return among them.

Nor can I omit, that having, to satisfy my curiosity, drank among, and discoursed with some of that party, while they were waiting for Mr. POLEHILL; I [*DANIEL DEFOE*] never heard of any Gentleman more universally beloved by the Country, or more particularly distinguished for the modesty and Temper: and I believe I may affirm, that it would be hard to find any Gentleman so near the City of London, who could have had such an Appearance of his own tenants and neighbours, to congratulate his deliverance.

Mr. POLEHILL being come to the corner of the Park wall on Blackheath, stopped to take leave of his brethren; and

giving them a loud huzza, wished them a good journey, and proceeded to Ottford.

All possible demonstrations of joy concluded the day: and it has not been known that the Country ever expressed more satisfaction since the Coronation of King WILLIAM, than at the return of this Gentleman.

The rest of the Gentlemen proceeded to Rochester, where they were met by such a body of Horse, that the principal inns of the town could not entertain them: some of whom had come twenty miles to meet them.

The Mayor of Rochester paid his respect to them, and complained that he had no notice given him of their coming: otherwise he would have met them out of the town, with a good body of Horse.

Here they rested, to refresh themselves and their horses.

And about six a clock, they set forward for Maidstone.

The people of Maidstone, though it was market day, could not have patience to wait at that place where they generally go to meet the Judges; but a great many horsemen met them on the Downs, and on the top of Boxley Hill, four miles from the town.

At Sandlin, about two miles from the town, the Gentlemen of the neighbourhood met them with their coaches; and an innumerable multitude of people, on horseback and on foot, shouting and bidding them welcome.

After a short stay here, to receive the compliments of the Gentlemen; they proceeded, the Gentlemen's coaches falling into the rear, to the Park, the seat of the Lady TAYLOR, who is married to Mr. THOMAS COLEPEPER; where they were welcomed by the said Lady, the old Lady COLEPEPER, the mother of the Gentleman, and several Ladies of Quality: the people shouting all the while "A Colepeper!" "A Colepeper!"; and the poor strewing the ways with greens and flowers.

And thus they proceeded into the town, with such universal acclamations of the people as the like was never seen in that Country, since the Restoration of King CHARLES the Second.

The night concluded with a great bonfire, and the Healths of all the Gentlemen drank round it: to the

great mortification of the Jacobites, of whom there are but very few in those parts; and to the general satisfaction of the Country.

Nor was this the only Appearance. For at Beartsted, about three miles further, the Country was assembled, the bells rung, and several hundreds of people continued together all night, with extraordinary joy, expecting that the elder Mr. COLEPEPER, Mr. CHAMPNEYS, and Mr. HAMILTON would have continued their journey to Hollingbourne, the ancient seat of the Family of the COLEPEPERS.

But the extraordinary reception they found at Maidstone had detained them so long, that it was too late to go on. So they lay at Maidstone that night.

And the next day, abundance of Gentlemen and Country people came particularly to pay their respects to them, and to bid them welcome into the Country.

And at the time of the Assizes, lately held at Maidstone, the Grand Jury consisting of very eminent Gentlemen and freeholders of the Country, whereof twelve were Justices of the Peace, went in a body to the Gentlemen, and publicly gave them thanks for their fidelity to the Country in delivering their *Petition* to the Parliament.

In all these expressions of the Country joy at the return of these honest Gentlemen; it might be enquired, What they said of the Parliament? because it is so natural to curse with one hand, when we bless with the other, that it might be rationally expected. It is true, the Country, being justly disobliged at the ill-usage of these Gentlemen, did not spare their reflections. But I choose to pass it over: because it is not Parliaments in general, but the Conspirators and Jacobite Party in a Parliament, that are at present the Nation's burthen, and from whom, she groans to be delivered.

THE CONCLUSION.

HAD *this Nation listened to the Calls of their own Reason, and to the Voice of Things; all this confusion of counsels had been prevented! Had the People of England chosen men of honesty and of peaceable principles, men of candour, disengaged from Interest and design, that had nothing before them but the benefit of their Country, the safety of Religion, and the Interest of Europe, all this had been avoided! They never would have imprisoned five honest Gentlemen, for coming to them, with the sense of their Country, in a peaceable* Petition! *They would never have had the occasion to repent of their refusing to hearken to the Voice of the People!*

But it is too late to look back! The Nation has had the misfortune to choose them! and our Peace and Liberty, and the Protestant Interest in Europe are too much in their hands.

All the advice I can pretend to give to my fellow-slaves and countrymen, is that they would not be backward to let the Gentlemen know, that the Nation is sensible they are not doing their duty: and withal, that to impose upon the Rights and Liberties of the English Nation has always been fatal to the persons of those who have attempted it; and their examples stand as buoys and marks to warn Posterity of the hidden dangers they have fallen into.

It has been fatal to Favourites, to Judges, to Lords, and to Kings; and will certainly be so, even to Parliaments, if they descend to abuse the People they represent.

The imprisoning these five Gentlemen had neither Reason, Law, Pretence, nor Policy in it.

It had no Reason in it, because they had offended against no law, either of reason, or the nature of the thing.

It had no Law in it, because they had no legal power to commit any but their own Members.

And I am of the opinion, they are convinced there was no Policy in it: for there is seldom much policy in doing that publicly, which we know we shall be ashamed of.

The not proceeding against them afterward, shewed they were either ashamed or afraid. Had they been in the right, there could be no reason to fear; and if in the wrong, they had all the reason in the World to be ashamed.

To commit five Gentlemen to custody, for petitioning them to do, what they really knew they ought to have done; it was the most preposterous thing in Nature! To punish for humbly petitioning *! it is nonsense in itself!*

GOD himself permits the meanest and most despicable of his creatures to remind Him, as we may say, of their wants, and petition for his aid. The most contemptible beggar is permitted to be importunate for relief; and though the Law is against him, we are not affronted at it. But to resent the representation of their Country, and imprison Gentlemen who, at the request of the freeholders of a County, came, under the express protection of an Act *of Parliament, to deliver a Petition: it was the most ridiculous inconsistent action that ever Parliament of England was guilty of: and, with submission, I think the best action the same House can do, at their next meeting, is to Vote that it should be razed out of their* Journals, *and never be made a precedent for the time to come. Upon which condition, and no other, the Nation ought to forgive them.*

The Act *of* 13 CAR. II. *to assert the Right of the Subject's Petitioning, is a sufficient authority for any one to quote: and those that pretend to call this an illegal act, must first trample down the authority of that* Act *of Parliament.*

Let this Act *justify me, in saying, that to imprison Englishmen for petitioning is Illegal, and a dishonour to English Parliaments* LEGION Article *the* [*Third*, see p. 579].

But say the lame excusers of this eccentric Motion of this House, "This was a factious thing contrived by a few private insignificant people of no value; and the matter of it is saucy and impertinent."

First, had it been a Petition *of the meanest and most inconsiderable person in England, and that single by himself, provided he were a freeholder of England, he had Legal Right to speak his mind. For that same reason from whence the Commons in Parliament claim a Freedom of Speech, gives every Commoner a Freedom to speak to the House; since every freeholder has an equal concern in their Debates, and equal power in deputing them to sit there.*

But because this Right unlimited, might be multitudinous and uneasy, therefore the method, how he shall do it, is circumscribed for decency's sake, that it shall be done by Petition; *and that* Petition *shall be presented* so *and* so, *and by* such a number, *and no more.*

But that it should not be lawful to petition, *no tribunal, no Court, no Collective or Representative Body of men in the World ever refused it! Nay, the Inquisition of Spain does not forbid it! the Divan of the Turks allows it! and I believe, if SATAN himself kept his Court in public, he would not prohibit it.*

But besides this, the fact is not true. As for it being contrived by a few people, let the Impartial Relation here given, answer that ridiculous untruth: unless you will account the County of Kent a few; for certainly eleven parts of twelve in the whole County, and now of the whole Kingdom, approve of it.

Nor has the reproach upon the Persons presenting it more of truth; unless Gentlemen of ancient and illustrious Families, whose ancestors have been known, for several Ages, to be Men of Honour and estates, allied to several of the Nobility, and now known and valued by the whole County, both for their considerable fortunes as well as personal merit: unless, I say, such men are to be accounted private and inconsiderable, the charge cannot be true. To such I shall only say, that the ancestors of these Gentlemen were Members of ancient Parliaments, and of such Parlia-

ments as would have been ashamed of committing such an absurdity as to imprison the freeholders of England for a peaceable Petition.

As to the matter of the Petition, *and which some people say was a banter, the* turning their Loyal Addresses into Bills of Supply. *The Gentlemen ought to have had liberty to explain themselves: which, if they had done, I am of opinion that it would have been to this purpose, that " they thought it was proper* the House should speedily supply the King so with money, as that he might be enabled to defend our Protestant neighbours from the encroachment of France; and not to lose their time in addressing the King in matters of less moment."

I shall conclude with this short animadversion, by way of remark; and let all men judge of the justness of the Observation.

That as this was the First time that ever the English nation petitioned to be taxed; so this was the First Parliament that ever addressed the King to take care of himself, and [to] defend himself against his people.

SOME book-learned fools pretend to find a flaw
In our late Senate *Votes* for want of Law,
And insolently saw the Men of Kent
Were rudely handled by the Parliament:
Knowledge of Things would teach them every hour
That Law is but a heathen word for Power.
Might, Right, Force, Justice, Equity
Are terms synonymous, and must agree!
For who shall e'er the argument confute,
Where Power prevails, and no man dares dispute?
Nature has left this tincture in the blood,
That all men would be Tyrants, if they could!
Not Kings alone, not Ecclesiastic pride;
But Parliaments! and all mankind beside.
All men, like PHÆTON, would command the reins,
'Tis only Want of Power that restrains!
Then why should we think strange the Parliament
The People's late *Petitions* should resent?
'Tis fatal to Tyrannic Power, when they
Who should be ruined, grumble to obey!
And Tyrants never can complete their reign,
So long as injured subjects *dare* complain!
If they do not, their *first* Address withstand;
What now they supplicate, they 'll soon command!
By first suppressing *early* discontent;
They aimed, the Consequences to prevent!
For well they knew, that should the Nation try
To ask *once more*, they durst not *twice* deny!
England has this own fate peculiar to her;
Never to want a Party to undo her!
The Court, the King, the Church, the Parliament
Alternately pursue the same intent,

Under the specious name of Liberty,
The passive injured People to betray.
And it has always been the People's fate,
To see their own mistakes, when 'twas too late;
Senseless of danger, sleepy and secure,
Till their distempers grew too strong to cure:
Till they 're embraced by the approaching grave,
And none but JOVE and miracles can save.
In vain, bold heroes venture to redeem
A People willinger to sink than swim!
If there 's a BRUTUS in the Nation found,
That dare Patrician Usurpation wound;
He 's sure to find an ignominious grave,
And perish by the People he would save!
Such are by Virtue signalised in vain!
We 'll own the Merit, but abuse the Men.
MARIUS saved Rome, and was by Rome despised;
And many a RUSSELL we have sacrificed!
Then who for English Freedom would appear,
Where lives of patriots are never dear!
And streams of generous blood flow unregarded there)

Posterity will be ashamed to own
The actions we, their ancestors have done,
When they, for ancient precedents enquire,
And to the *Journals* of this Age retire,
To see One Tyrant banished from his home,
To set Five Hundred Traitors in his room!
They 'll blush to find the Head beneath the Tail,
And Representing Treachery prevail.
They 'll be amazed to see, there were but *Five*
Whose Courage could their Liberty survive!
While we, that durst Illegal Power dethrone,
Should basely be enslaved by Tyrants of our own.

FINIS.

DANIEL DEFOE.

[*LEGION's Memorial.*]

[A copy of the original secretly printed 4to, in the British Museum; Press mark, 1093 b 35.]

[We have filled in the blank names of the Original.]

MR. S[PEAKE]R,

HIS enclosed Memorial, *you are charged with! in the behalf of many thousands of the good People of England.*

There is neither Popish, Jacobite, Seditious, Court, or Party Interest concerned in it; but Honesty and Truth.

You are commanded by Two Hundred Thousand Englishmen, to deliver it to the H[ous]e of C[ommon]s, and to inform them that it is no banter, but serious truth; and a serious regard to it is expected. Nothing but Justice, and their Duty is required: and it is required by them who have both a right to require, and power to compel, viz., the People of England.

We would have come to the House strong enough to oblige them to hear us; but we have avoided any tumults: not desiring to embroil, but to save our native country.

If you refuse to communicate it to them, you will find cause in a short time to repent it!

To R[OBBR]T H[ARLE]Y Esq., S[peake]r to the H[ous]e of C[ommon]s. These

[*See p.* 567.]

The Memorial.

To the K[night]s, C[ommon]s, and B[aron]s in P[arliamen]t assembled.

A Memorial

From the Gentlemen, freeholders, and inhabitants of the counties of ———, in the behalf of themselves, and many thousands of the good People of England.

GENTLEMEN,

IT WERE to be wished you were men of that Temper, and possessed of so much honour as to bear with the Truth, though it be against you: especially from Us who have so much right to tell it you: but since even Petitions to you from your Masters, for such are the people who choose you, are so haughtily received, as with the committing the authors to illegal custody; you must give Us leave to give you this fair notice of your Misbehaviour without exposing our names.

If you think fit to rectify your errors, you will do well! and possibly may hear no more of Us: but if not, assure yourselves the nation will not long hide their resentments.

And though there is no stated Proceeding to bring you to your duty, yet the great law of Reason says, and all nations allow that whatever Power is above Law, it is burdensome and tyrannical; and may be reduced by *extrajudicial* methods. You are not above the People's resentments! They that

made you Members, may reduce you to the same rank from whence they chose you, and may give you a taste of their abused kindness, in terms you may not be pleased with.

When the People of England assembled in Convention, presented the Crown to His present Majesty; they annexed a *Declaration of the Rights of the People*, in which was expressed what was Illegal and Arbitrary in the former reign, and what was claimed, as of Right, to be done by succeeding Kings of England.

In like manner, here follows, Gentlemen, a short Abridgement of the Nation's grievances, and of your illegal and unwarrantable practices; and a Claim of Right, which we make in the name of our Selves and such of the good People of England as are justly alarmed at your proceedings.

I. To raise Funds for money, and declare by borrowing clauses that whosoever advances money on those Funds, shall be reimbursed out of the next *Aids*, if the Funds fall short; and then [to] give subsequent Funds, without transferring the deficiency of the former, is a horrible cheat on the Subject who lent the money, a breach of Public Faith, and destructive to the honour and credit of Parliaments.

II. To imprison men who are not your own Members, by no proceedings but a Vote of your House, and to continue them in custody *sine die*, is Illegal, a notorious breach of the Liberty of the People, setting up a Dispensing Power in the House of Commons which your fathers never pretended to, bidding defiance to the *Habeas Corpus Act* which is the bulwark of personal liberty, destructive of the Laws, and betraying the Trust reposed in you. *The King, at the same time, being obliged to ask you leave, to continue in custody the horrid assassinators of his person.*

III. Committing to custody those Gentlemen, who, at the command of the People, whose servants you are, and in a peaceable way, put you in mind of your duty, is Illegal and injurious, destructive of the Subject's liberty of Petitioning for redress of grievances; which has, by all Parliaments

before you, been acknowledged to be their undoubted Right.

IV. Voting a Petition from the Gentlemen of Kent *insolent*, is ridiculous and impertinent; because the freeholders of England are your superiors; and is a contradiction in itself, a contempt of the English Freedom, and contrary to the nature of Parliamentary Power.

V. Voting people *guilty of bribery and ill-practices*, and committing them as aforesaid, without bail; and then, upon submission, and kneeling to your House, discharging them, exacting exorbitant fees by your Officers, is Illegal; betraying the Justice of the Nation, selling the Liberty of the Subject, encouraging the extortion and villany of Gaolers and Officers, and discontinuing the legal prosecutions of offenders in the ordinary course of Law.

VI. Prosecuting the crime of bribery in some, to serve a Party; and then [to] proceed no further, though proof lay before you, is partial and unjust, and a scandal upon the honour of Parliaments.

VII. Voting the *Treaty of Partition* "fatal to Europe, because it gave so much of the Spanish dominions to the French," and not concerning yourselves to prevent their taking possession of it all; deserting the Dutch, when the French are at their doors, till it be almost too late to help them: is unjust to our Treaties, and unkind to our Confederates, dishonourable to the English nation, and shew you very negligent of the safety of England and of our Protestant neighbours.

VIII. Ordering immediate hearings to trifling Petitions, to please Parties at elections; and postponing the petition of a widow for the blood of her murdered daughter without giving it a reading; is an illegal delay of justice, dishonourable to the public Justice of the nation.

IX. Addressing the King, to displace his friends upon bare surmises, before a legal trial, or an *Article* proved, is Illegal, inverting the Law, and making Execution go before Judge-

ment: contrary to the true sense of the Law, which esteems every man a good man till something appears to the contrary.

X. Delaying proceedings upon Capital Impeachments, to blast the reputation of the persons, without proving the fact, is Illegal and oppressive, destructive of the Liberty of Englishmen, a delay of Justice and a reproach to Parliaments.

XI. Suffering saucy and indecent reproaches upon His Majesty's person to be publicly made in your House; particularly by that Impudent Scandal of Parliaments, J[OH]N H[O]W[E], without shewing such resentments as you ought to do. The said J[OH]N H[O]W[E] saying openly that "His Majesty had made a felonious Treaty, to rob his neighbours," insinuating that the *Partition* Treaty (which was every way as just as blowing up one man's house to save another's) "was a combination of the King to rob the Crown of Spain of its due." This is to make a Billingsgate of the House, and setting up to bully your Sovereign; contrary to the intent and meaning of the Freedom of Speech, which you claim as a right; is scandalous to Parliaments; undutiful and unmannerly, and a reproach to the whole nation.

XII. Your S[peake]r exacting the exorbitant rate of £10 *per diem* for the *V[ote]s*, and giving the Printer encouragement to raise it on the People, by selling them at 4*d*. a sheet, is an illegal and arbitrary exaction, dishonourable to the House, and burdensome to the People.

XIII. Neglecting still to pay the nation's debts, compounding for interest, and postponing Petitions, is Illegal, dishonourable, and destructive of the Public Faith.

XIV. Publicly neglecting the great work of Reformation of Manners, though often pressed to it by the King, to the great dishonour of GOD, and encouragement of vice; is a neglect of your Duty, and an abuse of the Trust reposed in you by GOD, His Majesty, and the People.

XV. Being scandalously vicious yourselves, both in your morals and religion, lewd in life and erroneous in doctrine,

having public blasphemers and impudent deniers of the Divinity of our Saviour among you; and suffering them unreproved and unpunished to the infinite regret of all good Christians, and the just abhorrence of the whole nation.

* * *

WHEREFORE, in the said prospect of the impending ruin of our native country; while Parliaments, which ought to be the security and defence of our Laws and Constitution, betray their Trust, and abuse the people whom they should protect; and no other way being left us but that Force which we are very loth to make use of: that Posterity may know we did not insensibly fall under the tyranny of a prevailing Party; We do hereby

Claim and Declare,

1. That it is the undoubted Right of the People of England, in case their Representatives in Parliament do not proceed according to their Duty, and the People's Interest; to inform of their dislike, disown their actions, and to direct them to such things as they think fit, either by Petition, Address, Proposal, Memorial, or any other peaceable way.

2. That the House of Commons, separately, and otherwise than by *Bill* legally passed into an *Act*, have no Legal Power to suspend or dispense with the Laws of the land; any more than the King has, by his Prerogative.

3. That the House of Commons have no Legal Power to imprison any person, or commit them to the custody of Serjeants or otherwise, their only Members excepted; but ought to address the King, to cause any person, on good grounds, to be apprehended: which person, so apprehended, ought to have the benefit of the *Habeas Corpus Act*; and be fairly brought to trial by due course of Law.

4. That if the House of Commons, in breach of the Laws

and Liberties of the people, do betray the Trust reposed in them; and act negligently or arbitrarily and illegally: it is the undoubted Right of the People of England to call them to an account for the same; and by Convention, Assembly, or Force, may proceed against them, as traitors and betrayers of their country.

These things we think proper to Declare, as the Unquestioned Right of the People of England, whom you serve.

And in pursuance of that Right; avoiding the ceremony of Petitioning our inferiors (for such you are by your present circumstances, as the person sent is less than the sender): We do publicly Protest against all your foresaid Illegal Actions; and, in the name of our Selves, and of all the good People of England, do

Require and Demand,

1. That all the Public just Debts of the nation be forthwith paid and discharged.

2. That all persons illegally imprisoned as aforesaid, be either immediately discharged, or admitted to bail, as by Law they ought to be: and the Liberty of the Subject recognized and restored.

3. That J[OH]N H[O]W[E] aforesaid, be obliged to ask His Majesty pardon for his vile reflections; or be immediately expelled the House.

4. That the growing power of France be taken into consideration, the Succession of the Emperor to the Crown of Spain supported, our Protestant neighbours protected, as the true Interest of England and the Protestant Religion require.

5. That the French King be obliged to quit Flanders, or that His Majesty be addressed to declare war against him.

6. That suitable Supplies be granted to His Majesty, for the putting all these necessary things in execution; and that

care be taken that such taxes as are raised, may be more equally assessed and collected, and scandalous deficiencies prevented.

7. That the Thanks of the House may be given to those Gentlemen, who so gallantly appeared in the behalf of their country, with the *Kentish Pétition*; and have been so scandalously used for it.

Thus, Gentlemen, you have your Duty laid before you! which it is hoped you will think of! But if you continue to neglect it, you may expect to be treated according to the resent—ents of an injured Nation! For Englishmen are no more to be Slaves to Parliaments, than to a King!

Our name is LEGION, *and we are Many.*

Postscript.

If you require to have this Memorial signed with our Names; it shall be done, on your first Order: and personally presented *!*

THE SHORTEST-WAY WITH THE DISSENTERS: OR PROPOSALS FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHURCH.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCII.

[This most famous piece of irony was directed against Religious Intolerance *per se*, chiefly of that of the High Flyers or Non-Jurors in the English Church toward Dissenters; but also felicitously bringing at *p.* 593, a like intolerance on the part of the Kirk towards the Episcopalian Dissenters in Scotland. *The Shortest Way* is a master-piece of intentionally unconnected Assertion, and inconsequential and heated Invective working itself gradually up into the foaming fury, expressed by the words

NOW, LET US CRUCIFY THE THIEVES!

There can be no better explanation of its drift, than what DEFOE himself has told us, see opposite page.]

[The meaning then of this Paper is, in short, to tell these Gentlemen :

1. That it is nonsense to go round about, and tell us of the crimes of the Dissenters ! to prepare the World to believe they are not fit to live in a human society ; that they are enemies to the Government, and Law ! to the Queen, and the Public Peace, and the like. *The Shortest Way*, and the soonest, would be to tell us plainly that they would have them all hanged, banished, and destroyed.

2. But withal to acquaint these Gentlemen, who fancy the time is come to bring it to pass, that they are mistaken ! For that when the thing they mean is put into plain English, the whole nation replies with the Assyrian Captain, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do these things ?"

The Gentlemen are mistaken in every particular. It will not go down ! The Queen, the Council, the Parliament are all offended to have it so much as suggested, that such a thing was possible to come into their minds : and not a man but a learned Mercer not far from the corner of Fenchurch street, has been found to approve it.

Thus a poor Author has ventured to have all mankind call him "Villain !" and "Traitor to his country and his friends," for making other people's thoughts speak in his words. . . .

As to expressions which seem to reflect upon persons or nations ; he declares them to be only the Cant of the Non-Juring Party exposed : and thinks it very necessary to let the World know that it is their usual language, with which they treat the late King, the Scotch Union, and the Line of HANOVER.

It is hard, after all, that this should not be perceived by all the Town ! that not one man can see it, either Churchman or Dissenter !

A brief explanation . . . of The Shortest Way. 1703.

I'll prove by the Preachings, Printings, and declared Judgement of several of the most zealous High Party, that however the practice was disowned by the Party upon the unreasonable exposing [of] it, by the book called *The Shortest Way* ; yet that it has all along been their desire, and very often their design. And I appeal for the truth of it, among many instances, to a letter of a known Churchman [*Clergyman*], whose original I have by me, it being written to a person who sent him the book for a present.

SIR,

I received yours, and, enclosed, the book called, The Shortest Way with the Dissenters, *for which I thank you : and, next to the* Holy Bible *and Sacred Comments, I place it as the most valuable thing I can have. I look upon it as the Only Method ! and I pray GOD to put it into the heart of our most gracious Queen, to put what is there proposed in execution.*

Here is the Character of a High Churchman drawn to the life! But when, in a post or two, this Gentleman understood it was written by a Dissenter; in his next, he sends up an invidious Character of a Whig: and what, in his opinion, such a one deserved.

The Dissenters' Answer to the High Church Challenge. Ed. 1702.

A certain Printer, whose practice that way is too well known to need a name, having frequently practised the same thing in particulars [*as to single works*], made the first essay in general [*in a collected edition*], and printed [*about January*, 1703] a spurious and erroneous copy [*text*], of sundry things which he called Mine; and intituled them, *A Collection of the Works of the Author of* The True Born Englishman.

And though the Author was then embroiled with the Government, for one of the Pamphlets [*The Shortest Way*] he collected: yet had this man the face to print among them, the same Pamphlet; presuming so far upon the partiality of the Public Resentment, that he should pass with impunity, for the publishing of that very thing, for which the Author was to be pursued with the utmost severity.

This, as it was a full proof, and most undeniable testimony, that the resentment shewed to the Author was on some other and less justifiable Account than the publishing of that book; so was it a severe Satire, on the ignorance and unwariness of that Ministry, who had not eyes to see their justice plainly exposed, and their general proceedings bantered by a petty printer, in publishing barefaced and in defiance of them, that same book, for which another man stood arraigned, and was to be exposed.

Nor was the Insult to the Government, all the circumstance of guilt in this publication: but the most absurd and ridiculous mistakes in the copies [*texts*] were such as rendered it a double cheat.

First, to the Author; to whom it was a most aggravated theft: first, as it was invading his right; and secondly, as it was done while he was in trouble, and unable to right himself.

Secondly, to the Buyers, to whom it was a most ridiculous banter, and the mere picking of their pockets; the Author having, in his first perusal of it, detected above 350 errors in the printing; marring the Verse, spoiling the sense, and utterly inverting the true intent and meaning.

The Author having expressed himself, though in decent terms, against the foulness of this practice; the Printer (having no plea to the barbarity of the fact) justifies it, and says, "He will do the like by anything an Author prints on his own account [*at his own risk*]; since Authors have no right to employ a printer, unless they have served their time [*apprenticeship*] to a bookseller."

This ridiculous allegation seems to me, to be as if a man's house being on fire, he had no right to get help for the quenching of it, of anybody but the Insurers' firemen.

A true Collection, &c. Vol. II. *Preface.*]

THE SHORTEST-WAY WITH THE DISSENTERS, &c.



IR ROGER L' ESTRANGE tells us a story in his collection of *Fables*, of the Cock and the Horses. The Cock was gotten to roost in the stable among the horses; and there being no racks or other conveniences for him, it seems, he was forced to roost upon the ground. The horses jostling about for room, and putting the Cock in danger of his life, he gives them this grave advice, "Pray, Gentlefolks! let us stand still! for fear we should tread upon one another!"

There are some people in the World, who, now they are *unperched*, and reduced to an equality with other people, and under strong and very just apprehensions of being further treated as they deserve, begin, with ESOP's Cock, to preach up Peace and Union and the Christian duty of Moderation; forgetting that, when they had the Power in their hands, those Graces were strangers in their gates!

It is now, near fourteen years, [1688–1702], that the glory and peace of the purest and most flourishing Church in the world has been eclipsed, buffeted, and disturbed by a sort of men, whom, GOD in His Providence, has suffered to insult over her, and bring her down. These have been the days of her humiliation and tribulation. She has borne with an invincible patience, the reproach of the wicked: and GOD has at last heard her prayers, and delivered her from the oppression of the stranger.

And now, they find their Day is over! their power gone! and the throne of this nation possessed by a Royal, *English*, true, and ever constant member of, and friend to, the Church of England! Now, they find that they are in danger of the Church of England's just resentments! Now, they cry out, "Peace!" "Union!" "Forbearance!" and "Charity!": as

if the Church had not too long harboured her enemies under her wing! and nourished the viperous brood, till they hiss and fly in the face of the Mother that cherished them!

No, Gentlemen! the time of mercy is past! your Day of Grace is over! you should have practised peace, and moderation, and charity, if you expected any yourselves!

We have heard none of this lesson, for fourteen years past! We have been huffed and bullied with your *Act of Toleration*! You have told us, *you* are the Church established by Law, as well as others! have set up your canting Synagogues at our Church doors! and the Church and her members have been loaded with reproaches, with Oaths, Associations, Abjurations, and what not! Where has been the mercy, the forbearance, the charity you have shewn to tender consciences of the Church of England that could not take Oaths *as fast as you made them*? that having sworn allegiance to their lawful and rightful King, could not dispense with that Oath, *their King being still alive*; and swear to your new hodge podge of a Dutch Government? These have been turned out of their Livings, and they and their families left to starve! their estates double taxed to carry on a war they had no hand in, and you got nothing by!

What account can you give of the multitudes you have forced to comply, against their consciences, with your new sophistical Politics, who, like New Converts in France, sin because *they cannot starve*? And now the tables are turned upon you; *you* must not be persecuted! it is not a Christian spirit!

You have butchered one King! deposed another King! and made a Mock King of a third! and yet, you could have the face to expect to be employed and trusted by the fourth! Anybody that did not know the temper of your Party, would stand amazed at the impudence as well as the folly to think of it!

Your management of your Dutch Monarch, who you reduced to a mere King of Cl[ub]s, is enough to give any future Princes such an idea of your principles, as to warn them sufficiently from coming into your clutches; and, GOD be thanked! the Queen is out of your hands! knows you! and will have a care of you!

There is no doubt but the Supreme Authority of a nation has in itself, a Power, and *a right to that Power*, to execute the Laws upon any part of that nation it governs. The

execution of the known Laws of the land, and that with but a gentle hand neither, was all that the Fanatical Party of this land have ever called Persecution. This they have magnified to a height, that the sufferings of the Huguenots in France were not to be compared with them. Now to execute the known Laws of a nation upon those who transgress them, after having first been voluntarily consenting to the making of those Laws, can never be called Persecution, but Justice. But Justice is always Violence to the party offending! for every man is innocent in his own eyes.

The first execution of the Laws against Dissenters in England, was in the days of King JAMES I.; and what did it amount to? Truly, the worst they suffered was, at their own request, to let them go to New England, and erect a new colony; and give them great privileges, grants, and suitable powers; keep them under protection, and defend them against all invaders; and receive no taxes or revenue from them!

This was the cruelty of the Church of England! Fatal lenity! It was the ruin of that excellent Prince, King CHARLES I. Had King JAMES sent all the Puritans in England away to the West Indies; we had been a national unmixed Church! the Church of England had been kept undivided and entire!

To requite the lenity of the Father, they take up arms against the Son, conquer, pursue, take, imprison, and at last to death the Anointed of GOD, and destroy the very Being and Nature of Government: setting up a sordid Impostor, who had neither title to govern, nor understanding to manage, but supplied that want, with power, bloody and desperate counsels and craft, without conscience.

Had not King JAMES I. withheld the full execution of the Laws: had he given them strict justice, he had cleared the nation of them! And the consequences had been plain; his son had never been murdered by them, nor the Monarchy overwhelmed. It was too much mercy shewn them that was the ruin of his posterity, and the ruin of the nation's peace. One would think the Dissenters should not have the face to believe, that we are to be whi[illegible]led and canted into Peace and Toleration, when they know that they have once requited us with a Civil War, and once with an intolerable and unrighteous Persecution, for our former civility.

Nay, to encourage us to be easy with them, it is apparent

that they never had the upper hand of the Church, but they treated her with all the severity, with all the reproach and contempt as was possible! What Peace and what Mercy did they shew the loyal Gentry of the Church of England, in the time of their triumphant Commonwealth? How did they put all the Gentry of England to ransom, whether they were actually in arms for the King or not! making people compound for their estates, and starve their families! How did they treat the Clergy of the Church of England! sequester the Ministers! devour the patrimony of the Church, and divide the spoil, by sharing the Church lands among their soldiers, and turning her Clergy out to starve! Just such measure as they have meted, should be measured to them again!

Charity and Love is the known doctrine of the Church of England, and it is plain She has put it in practice towards the Dissenters, even beyond what they ought [*deserved*], till She has been wanting to herself, and in effect unkind to her own sons: particularly, in the too much lenity of King JAMES I., mentioned before. Had he so rooted the Puritans from the face of the land, which he had an opportunity early to have done; they had not had the power to vex the Church, as since they have done.

In the days of King CHARLES II., how did the Church reward their bloody doings, with lenity and mercy! Except the barbarous Regicides of the pretended Court of Justice, not a soul suffered, for all the blood in an unnatural war! King CHARLES came in all mercy and love, cherished them, preferred them, employed them, withheld the rigour of the Law; and oftentimes, even against the advice of his Parliament, gave them Liberty of Conscience: and how did they requite him? With the villanous contrivance to depose and murder him and his successor, at the Rye [House] Plot!

King JAMES [II.], as if mercy was the inherent quality of the Family, began his reign with unusual favour to them. Nor could their joining with the Duke of MONMOUTH against him, move him to do himself justice upon them. But that mistaken Prince, thinking to win them by gentleness and love, proclaimed a Universal Liberty to them! and rather discountenanced the Church of England than them! How they requited him, all the World knows!

The late reign [*WILLIAM III.*] is too fresh in the memory

of all the World to need a comment. How under pretence of joining with the Church in redressing some grievances, they pushed things to that extremity, in conjunction with some mistaken Gentlemen, as to *depose* the late King: as if the grievance of the Nation could not have been redressed but by the absolute ruin of the Prince!

Here is an instance of their Temper, their Peace, and Charity!

To what height they carried themselves during the reign of a King of their own! how they crope [*creeped*] into all Places of Trust and Profit! how they insinuated themselves into the favour of the King, and were at first preferred to the highest Places in the nation! how they engrossed the Ministry! and, above all, how pitifully they managed! is too plain to need any remarks.

But particularly, their Mercy and Charity, the spirit of Union, they tell us so much of, has been remarkable in Scotland. If any man would see the spirit of a Dissenter, let him look into Scotland! There, they made entire conquest of the Church! trampled down the sacred Orders and suppressed the Episcopal Government, with an absolute, and, as they supposed, irretrievable victory! though it is possible, *they may find themselves mistaken*!

Now it would be a very proper question to ask their impudent advocate, the *Observator*, "Pray how much mercy and favour did the members of the Episcopal Church find in Scotland, from the Scotch Presbyterian Government? and I shall undertake for the Church of England, that the Dissenters shall still receive as much here, though they deserve but little.

In a small treatise of *The Sufferings of the Episcopal Clergy in Scotland*, it will appear what usage they met with! How they not only lost their Livings; but, in several places, were plundered and abused in their persons! the Ministers that could not conform, were turned out, with numerous families and no maintenance, and hardly charity enough left to relieve them with a bit of bread. The cruelties of the Party were innumerable, and are not to be attempted in this short Piece.

And now, to prevent the distant cloud which they perceive to hang over their heads from England, with a true Presbyterian policy, they put it for a Union of Nations! that England might unite their Church with the Kirk of Scotland,

and their Assembly of Scotch canting Long-Cloaks in our Convocation. What might have been, if our Fanatic Whiggish Statesmen continued, GOD only knows! but we hope we are out of fear of that now.

It is alleged by some of the faction, and they have begun to bully us with it, that "if we won't unite with them, they will not settle the Crown with us again; but when Her Majesty dies, will choose a King for themselves!"

If they won't we must make them! and it is not the first time we have let them know that we are able! The Crowns of these Kingdoms have not so far disowned the Right of Succession, but they may retrieve it again; and if Scotland thinks to come off from a Successive to an Elective State of Government; England has not promised, not to assist the Right Heir, and put him into possession, without any regards to their ridiculous *Settlements*.

THESE are the Gentlemen! these, their ways of treating the Church, both at home and abroad!

Now let us examine the Reasons they pretend to give, why we should be favourable to them? why we should continue and tolerate them among us?

First. *They are very numerous*, they say. *They are a great part of the nation, and we cannot suppress them!*

To this, may be answered,

First. They are not so numerous as the Protestants in France: and yet the French King effectually cleared the nation of them, at once; and we don't find he misses them at home!

But I am not of the opinion, they are so numerous as is pretended. Their Party is more numerous than their Persons; and those mistaken people of the Church who are misled and deluded by their wheedling artifices to join with them, make their Party the greater: but those will open their eyes when the Government shall set heartily about the Work, and come off from them, as some animals, which they say, always desert a house when it is likely to fall.

Secondly. The more numerous, the more dangerous; and therefore the more need to suppress them! and GOD has

suffered us to bear them as goads in our sides, for not utterly extinguishing them long ago.

Thirdly. If we are to allow them, only because we cannot suppress them; then it ought to be tried, Whether we can or not? And I am of opinion, it is easy to be done! and could prescribe Ways and Means, if it were proper: but I doubt not the Government will find effectual methods for the rooting of the contagion from the face of this land.

Another argument they use, which is this. *That this is a time of war, and we have need to unite against the common enemy.*

We answer, This common enemy had been no enemy, if they had not made him so! He was quiet, in peace, and no way disturbed and encroached upon us; and we know no reason we had to quarrel with him.

But further. We make no question but we are able to deal with this common enemy without their help: but why must we unite with them, because of the enemy? Will they go over to the enemy, if we do not prevent it, by a Union with them? We are very well contented [that] they should! and make no question, we shall be ready to deal with them and the common enemy too; and better without them than with them! Besides, if we have a common enemy, there is the more need to be secure against our private enemies! If there is one common enemy, we have the less need to have an enemy in our bowels!

It was a great argument some people used against suppressing the Old Money, that "it was a time of war, and it was too great a risque [*risk*] for the nation to run! If we should not master it, we should be undone!" And yet the sequel proved the hazard was not so great, but it might be mastered, and the success [*i.e., of the new coinage*] was answerable. The suppressing the Dissenters is not a harder work! nor a work of less necessity to the Public! We can never enjoy a settled uninterrupted union and tranquility in this nation, till the spirit of Whiggism, Faction, and Schism is melted down like the Old Money!

To talk of difficulty is to frighten ourselves with Chimeras and notions of a powerful Party, which are indeed a Party without power. Difficulties often appear greater at a

distance than when they are searched into with judgement, and distinguished from the vapours and shadows that attend them.

We are not to be frightened with it! This Age is wiser than that, by all our own experience, and theirs too! King CHARLES I. had early suppressed this Party, if he had taken more deliberate measures! In short, it is not worth arguing, to talk of their arms. Their MONMOUTHS, and SHAFTESBURYS, and ARGYLES are gone! Their Dutch Sanctury is at an end! Heaven has made way for their destruction! and if we do not close with the Divine occasion, we are to blame ourselves! and may hereafter remember, that we had, once, an opportunity to serve the Church of England, by extirpating her implacable enemies; and having let slip the Minute that Heaven presented, may experimentally complain, *Post est Occasio CALVO*!

Here are some popular Objections in the way.

As First, *The Queen has promised them, to continue them in their tolerated Liberty; and has told us* She will be a religious observer of her word.

What Her Majesty will do, we cannot help! but what, as the Head of the Church, she ought to do, is another case. Her Majesty has promised to protect and defend the Church of England, and if she cannot effectually do that, without the destruction of the Dissenters; she must, of course, dispense with one promise to comply with another!

But to answer this cavil more effectually. Her Majesty did never promise to maintain the Toleration to the destruction of the Church; but it was upon supposition that it may be compatible with the well-being and safety of the Church, which she had declared she would take especial care of. Now if these two Interests clash, it is plain Her Majesty's intentions are to uphold, protect, defend, and establish the Church! and this, we conceive is impossible [*that is, while maintaining the Toleration*].

Perhaps it may be said, *That the Church is in no immediate danger from the Dissenters; and therefore it is time enough.*

But this is a weak answer. For first. If the danger be real, the distance of it is no argument against, but rather a spur to quicken us to Prevention, lest it be too late hereafter,

And secondly. Here is the opportunity, and the only one perhaps, that ever the Church had to secure herself, and destroy her enemies.

The Representatives of the Nation have now an opportunity! The Time is come, which all good men have wished for! that the Gentlemen of England may serve the Church of England, now they are protected and encouraged by a Church of England Queen!

What will you do for your Sister in the day that she shall be spoken for?

If ever you will establish the best Christian Church in the World?

If ever you will suppress the Spirit of Enthusiasm?

If ever you will free the nation from the viperous brood that have so long sucked the blood of their Mother?

If ever you will leave your Posterity free from faction and rebellion? this is the time! This is the time to pull up this heretical Weed of Sedition, that has so long disturbed the Peace of the Church, and poisoned the good corn!

But, says another hot and cold Objector, *This is renewing Fire and Faggot! reviving the* Act, De heretico comburendo! *This will be cruelty in its nature! and barbarous to all the World!*

I answer, It is cruelty to kill a snake or a toad in cold blood, but the poison of their nature makes it a charity to our neighbours, to destroy those creatures! not for any personal injury received, but for prevention; not for the evil they have done, but the evil they may do! Serpents, toads, vipers, &c., are noxious to the body, and poison the sensitive life: these poison the soul! corrupt our posterity! ensnare our children! destroy the vitals of our happiness, our future felicity! and contaminate the whole mass!

Shall any Law be given to such wild creatures! Some beasts are for sport, and the huntsmen give them the advantages of ground: but some are knocked on the head, by all possible ways of violence and surprise!

I do not prescribe Fire and Faggot! but as SCIPIO said of Carthage, *Delenda est Carthago!* They are to be rooted out of this nation, if ever we will live in peace! serve GOD! or enjoy our own! As for the manner, I leave it to those

hands, who have a Right to execute GOD's Justice on the Nation's and the Church's enemies.

But if we must be frighted from this Justice, under the[se] specious pretences, and odious sense of cruelty; nothing will be effected! It will be more barbarous to our own children and dearar posterity, when they shall reproach their fathers, as we ou m, and tell us [!]," You had an Opportunity to root out this kursed race from the World, under the favour and protection of a True Church of England Queen! and out of your foolish pity, you spared them: because, forsooth, you would not be cruel! And now our Church is suppressed and persecuted; our Religion trampled under foot, our estates plundered; our persons imprisoned, and dragged to gaols, gibbets, and scaffolds! Your sparing this Amalekite race is our destruction! Your mercy to them, proves cruelty to your poor posterity!"

How just will such reflections be, when our posterity shall fall under the merciless clutches of this uncharitable Generation! when our Church shall be swallowed up in Schism, Faction, Enthusiasm, and Confusion! when our Government shall be devolved upon Foreigners, and our Monarchy dwindled into a Republic!

It would be more rational for us, if we must spare this Generation, to summon our own to a general massacre: and as we have brought them into the World free, to send them out so; and not betray them to destruction by our supine negligence, and then cry "It is mercy!"

MOSES was a merciful meek man; and yet with what fury did he run through the camp, and cut the throats of three and thirty thousand of his dear Israelites that were fallen into idolatry. What was the reason? It was mercy to the rest, to make these examples! to prevent the destruction of the whole army.

How many millions of future souls, [shall] we save from infection and delusion, if the present race of Poisoned Spirits were purged from the face of the land!

It is vain to trifle in this matter! The light foolish handling of them by mulcts, fines, &c.; 'tis their glory and their advantage! If the Gallows instead of the Counter, and the galleys [*see Vol VI. pp.* 397–422] instead of the fines; were the

reward of going to a conventicle, to preach or hear, there would not be so many sufferers! The spirit of martyrdom is over! They that will go to church to be chosen Sheriffs and Mayors, would go to forty churches, rather than be hanged!

If one severe Law were made, and punctually executed, that *Whoever was found at a Conventicle should be banished the nation, and the Preacher be hanged*; we should soon see an end of the tale! They would all come to church again, and one Age [*generation*] would make us all One again!

To talk of Five Shillings a month for not coming to the Sacrament, and One Shilling per week, for not coming to Church: this is such a way of converting people as was never known! This is selling them a liberty to transgress, for so much money!

If it be not a crime, why don't we give them full license? and if it be, no price ought to compound for the committing of it! for that is selling a liberty to people to sin against GOD and the Government!

If it be a crime of the highest consequence, both against the peace and welfare of the nation, the Glory of GOD, the good of the Church, and the happiness of the soul: let us rank it among capital offences! and let it receive a punishment in proportion to it!

We hang men for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming; but that an offence against GOD and the Church, against the welfare of the World, and the dignity of Religion shall be bought off for FIVE SHILLINGS: this is such a shame to a Christian Government, that it is with regret I transmit it to posterity.

If men sin against GOD, affront His ordinances, rebel against His Church, and disobey the precepts of their superiors; let them suffer, as such capital crimes deserve! so will Religion flourish, and this divided nation be once again united.

And yet the title of *barbarous* and *cruel* will soon be taken off from this Law too. I am not supposing that all the Dissenters in England should be hanged or banished. But as in case of rebellions and insurrections, if a few of the ringleaders suffer, the multitude are dismissed; so a few obstinate people being made examples, there is no doubt but the severity of the Law would find a stop in the compliance of the multitude.

To make the reasonableness of this matter out of question, and more unanswerably plain, let us examine for what it is, that this nation is divided into Parties and factions? and let us see how they can justify a Separation? or we of the Church of England can justify our bearing the insults and inconveniences of the Party.

One of their leading Pastors, and a man of as much learning as most among them, in his *Answer* to a Pamphlet entituled *An Enquiry into the Occasional Conformity*, hath these words, *p.* 27: "Do the Religion of the Church and the Meeting Houses make two religions? Wherein do they differ? The Substance of the same Religion is common to them both, and the Modes and Accidents are the things in which only they differ." *P.* 28: "Thirty-nine *Articles* are given us for the Summary of our Religion: thirty-six contain the Substance of it, wherein we agree; three are additional Appendices, about which we have some differences."

Now, if as, by their own acknowledgement, the Church of England is a true Church; and the difference is only in a few "Modes and Accidents": why should we expect that they will suffer the gallows and galleys, corporal punishment and banishment, for these trifles? There is no question, but they will be wiser! Even their own principles won't bear them out in it!

They will certainly comply with the Laws, and with Reason! And though, at the first, severity may seem hard, the next Age will feel nothing of it! the contagion will be rooted out. The disease being cured, there will be no need of the operation! But if they should venture to transgress, and fall into the pit; all the World must condemn their obstinacy, as being without ground from their own principles.

Thus the pretence of cruelty will be taken off, and the Party actual suppressed; and the disquiets they have so often brought upon the Nation, prevented.

Their numbers and their wealth make them haughty; and that is so far from being an argument to persuade us to forbear them, that it is a warning to us, without any more delay, to reconcile them to the Unity of the Church, or remove them from us.

At present, Heaven be praised! they are not so formidable as they have been, and it is our own fault if ever we suffer them to be so! Providence and the Church of England

seem to join in this particular, that now, the Destroyers of the Nation's Peace may be overturned! and to this end, the present opportunity seems to put into our hands.

To this end, Her present Majesty seems reserved to enjoy the Crown, that the Ecclesiastic as well as Civil Rights of the Nation may be restored by her hand.

To this end, the face of affairs has received such a turn in the process of a few months as never has been before. The leading men of the Nation, the universal cry of the People, the unanimous request of the Clergy agree in this, that the Deliverance of our Church is at hand!

For this end, has Providence given such a Parliament! such a Convocation! such a Gentry! and such a Queen! as we never had before.

And what may be the consequences of a neglect of such opportunities? The Succession of the Crown has but a dark prospect! Another Dutch turn may make the hopes of it ridiculous, and the practice impossible! Be the House of our future Princes ever so well inclined, they will be Foreigners! Many years will be spent in suiting the Genius of Strangers to this Crown, and the Interests of the Nation! and how many Ages it may be, before the English throne be filled with so much zeal and candour, so much tenderness and hearty affection to the Church, as we see it now covered with, who can imagine?

It is high time, then, for the friends of the Church of England to think of building up and establishing her in such a manner, that she may be no more invaded by Foreigners, nor divided by factions, schisms, and error.

If this could be done by gentle and easy methods, I should be glad! but the wound is corroded, the vitals begin to mortify, and nothing but amputation of members can complete the cure! All the ways of tenderness and compassion, all persuasive arguments have been made use of in vain!

The humour of the Dissenters has so increased among the people, that they hold the Church in defiance! and the House of GOD is an abomination among them! Nay, they have brought up their posterity in such prepossessed aversion to our Holy Religion, that the ignorant mob think we are all idolators and worshippers of BAAL! and account

it a sin to come within the walls of our churches! The primitive Christians were not more shy of a heathen temple, or of meat offered to idols; nor the Jews, of swine's flesh, than some of our Dissenters are of the church and the *Divine Service* solemnized therein.

The Obstinacy must be rooted out, with the profession of it! While the Generation are left at liberty daily to affront GOD Almighty, and dishonour His holy worship; we are wanting in our duty to GOD, and to our Mother the Church of England,

How can we answer it to GOD! to the Church! and to our posterity; to leave them entangled with Fanaticism! Error, and Obstinacy, in the bowels of the nation? to leave them an enemy in their streets, that, in time, may involve them in the same crimes, and endanger the utter extirpation of the Religion of the Nation!

What is the difference betwixt this, and being subject to the power of the Church of Rome? from whence we have reformed. If one be an extreme to the one hand, and one on another: it is equally destructive to the Truth to have errors settled among us, let them be of what nature they will! Both are enemies of our Church, and of our peace! and why should it not be as criminal to admit an Enthusiast as a Jesuit? why should the Papist with his Seven Sacraments be worse than the Quaker with no Sacraments at all? Why should Religious Houses be more intolerable than Meeting Houses?

Alas, the Church of England! What with Popery on one hand, and Schismatics on the other, how has She been crucified between two thieves. NOW, LET US CRUCIFY THE THIEVES!

Let her foundations be established upon the destruction of her enemies! The doors of Mercy being always open to the returning part of the deluded people, let the obstinate be ruled with the rod of iron!

Let all true sons of so holy and oppressed a Mother, exasperated by her afflictions, harden their hearts against those who have oppressed her!

And may GOD Almighty put it into the hearts of all the friends of Truth, to lift up a Standard against Pride and ANTICHRIST! *that the Posterity of the Sons of Error may be rooted out from the face of this land, for ever!*

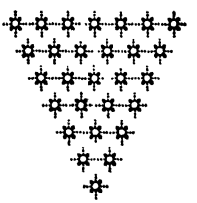
FINIS.

A

HYMN

TO THE

PILLORY



LONDON:

Printed in the Year, MDCCIII.

[*London, July* 31 [1703]. On [Thursday] the 29th instant, DANIEL FOE *alias* DE FOE, stood in the Pillory before the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, as he did yesterday near the Conduit in Cheapside, and this day at Temple Bar; in pursuance of the sentence given against him, at the last Sessions at the Old Bailey, for writing and publishing a seditious libel, intituled *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. By which sentence, he is also fined 200 marks, to find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years, and to remain in prison till all be performed.

• *London Gazette.* No. 3936. August 2nd, 1703.

I had purposed to have given a short history here of the several tracts in this *Collection*, and something of the reason of them: but I find it too long for a *Preface*.

The *Hymn to the Pillory* seems most to require it. The Reader is desired to observe that this Poem was the Author's Declaration, even when in the cruel hands of a merciless as well as unjust Ministry, that the treatment he had from them, was unjust, exorbitant, and consequently Illegal.

As this Satyr or Poem (call it which you will!) was written at the very time he was treated in that manner; it was taken for a Defiance of their Illegal Proceedings! and their not thinking fit to prosecute him for it, was a fair concession of Guilt in their former proceedings; since he was in their power, and, as they thought, not likely to come out of it.

It is true some faint shew of resentment was made, and the Author, though then in prison, never declined the test of it: but they began to see themselves in the wrong from the very first exerting of their Cruelty and Treachery upon this Author; and the Interest of the Party sensibly decayed from that very moment of time.

Multitudes of occasions have, since that, served to convince the World, that every word of the book [*The Shortest Way*] he suffered for, was both literally and interpretively, the Sense of the Party pointed at; true in fact, and true in representation: and therefore he cannot but repeat the conclusion as relating to himself, which he has seen made good, even to public satisfaction.

Tell them, The men that placed him there
Are scandals to the Time,
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crime.

I should enlarge on this subject, but that perhaps the World may, in some proper season, be troubled with a Journal of all the Proceedings, Trials, Treaties, and Debates, upon that head; and the barbarity as well as folly of their conduct be set in a true light to the World.

A true Collection, &c. Vol. II. *Preface.*]

A

HYMN

TO THE

PILLORY.

HAIL! hieroglyphic State Machine,
Contrived to punish Fancy in!
Men, that are men, in thee can feel no pain;
And all thy insignificants disdain!
Contempt, that false new word for Shame,
Is, without crime, an empty name!
A Shadow to amuse mankind;
But never frights the wise or well-fixed mind!
Virtue despises human scorn!
And scandals, Innocence adorn.

Exalted on thy Stool of State,
What prospect do I see of sovereign Fate!
How the inscrutables of Providence,
Differ from our contracted sense!
Here, by the errors of the Town,
The fools look out! the knaves look on!
Persons or Crimes find here the same respect;
And Vice does, Virtue oft correct!
The undistinguished fury of the street,
With mob and malice, mankind greet!
No bias can the rabble draw;
But Dirt throws dirt, without respect to Merit or to Law!

Sometimes, the air of Scandal to maintain,
Villains look from thy lofty Loops in vain!
But who can judge of Crimes, by Punishment?
Where Parties rule, and L[aw] 's subservient.
Justice, with change of Interest learns to bow;
And what was Merit once, is Murder now!
Actions receive their tincture from the Times,
And as they change, are Virtues made, or Crimes.
Thou art the State-Trap of the Law!
But neither canst keep knaves, nor honest men in awe:
These are too hardened in offence,
And those upheld by innocence.

How have thy opening Vacancies received
In every Age, the criminals of State!
And how has Mankind been deceived,
When they distinguish crimes by fate!
Tell us, Great Engine! how to understand
Or reconcile the Justice of the land!
How BASTWICK, PRYNNE, HUNT, HOLLINGSBY, and PYE
(Men of unspotted honesty,
Men that had Learning, Wit, and Sense;
And more than most men have had since)
Could equal title to thee claim,
With OATES and FULLER, men of later fame?
Even the learned SELDEN saw
A prospect of thee, through the law!
He had thy lofty Pinnacles in view;
But so much honour never was thy due!
Had the great SELDEN triumphed on thy stage
(SELDEN, the honour of his Age),
No man would ever shun thee more,
Or grudge to stand where SELDEN stood before.

Thou art no Shame to Truth and Honesty!
Nor is the character of such defaced by thee,
Who suffer by oppressive injury!

Shame, like the exhalations of the sun,
Falls back where first the motion was begun.
And he who, for no crime shall on thy Brows appear,
Bears less reproach than they who placed him there.
But if Contempt is on thy Face entailed,
Disgrace itself shall be ashamed!
Scandal shall blush, that it has not prevailed
To blast the man it has defamed!

Let all that merit equal punishment,
Stand there with him! and we are all content.

There would the famed S[ACHEVERE]LL* stand,
With trumpet of sedition in his hand,
Sounding the first *Crusado* in the land!
He, from of Church of England pulpit first,
All his Dissenting brethren curst!
Doomed them to SATAN for a prey;
And first found out the *Shortest Way*!
With him, the wise Vice-Chancellor of the Press,
Who (though our Printers, licenses defy)
Willing to shew his forwardness,
Bless it with his authority!
He gave the Church's sanction to the Work,
As Popes bless colours for troops which fight the Turk.
Doctors in Scandal, these are grown,
For red-hot Zeal and furious Learning known!
Professors in Reproach! and highly fit
For JUNO's Academy, Billingsgate!
Thou, like a *True Born English* tool,
Hast, from their Composition stole;
And now art like to smart, for being a fool!

* This line shews that the pronunciation, in his own day, of the High Flying Doctor's name was SA-CHEVE-RELL. E. A.

And as of Englishmen, 'twas always meant,
They 're better to improve, than to invent:
Upon their model, thou hast made
A Monster makes the World afraid.

* * *

With them, let all the Statesmen stand,
Who guide us with unsteady hand!
Who armies, fleets, and men betray
And ruin all, the *Shortest Way*!
Let all those soldiers stand in sight,
Who 're willing to be paid, and not to fight!
Agents and Colonels, who false musters bring,
To cheat their country first; and then, their King!
Bring all your coward Captains of the fleet!
Lord! what a crowd will there be, when they meet!

They who let POINTI 'scape to Brest!
Who all the gods of Carthagena blest.
Those who betrayed our Turkey Fleet,
Or injured TALMASH sold at Camaret!
Who missed the squadron from Toulon,
And always came too late, or else too soon!
All these are heroes! whose great actions claim
Immortal honours to their dying fame,
And ought not to have been denied
On thy great Counterscarp! to have their valour tried.

Why have not these, upon thy spreading Stage,
Tasted the keener justice of the Age?
If 'tis because their crimes are too remote,
Whom leaden-footed Justice has forgot;
Let 's view the modern scenes of fame,
If Men and Management are not the same?
When fleets go out with money and with men,
Just time enough to venture home again.

Navies prepared to guard the insulted coast;
And convoys settled, when our ships are lost.
Some heroes lately come from sea,
If they were paid their due, should stand with thee!
Papers too should their deeds relate
To prove the justice of their fate.
Their deeds of war, at Port St. Mary's done;
And set the Trophies by them, which they won!
Let OR[MON]D's *Declaration* there appear!
He 'd certainly be pleased to see them there.
Let some good limner represent
The ravished nuns! the plundered town!
The English honour how misspent!
The shameful Coming Back, and little done!

The Vigo men should next appear
To triumph on thy Theatre!
They who, on board the great Galleons had been,
Who robbed the Spaniards first, and then the Queen!
Set up the praises, to their valour due;
How Eighty Sail had beaten Twenty-two!
Two troopers so, and one dragoon
Conquered a Spanish boy at Pampelune!
Yet let them OR[MON]D's conduct own!
Who beat them first on shore, or little had been done!
What unknown spoils from thence are come!
How much was brought away; how little, home!
If all the thieves should on thy Scaffold stand
Who robbed their masters in Command;
The multitude would soon outdo
The City crowds of Lord Mayor's Show!

Upon thy Penitential Stools,
Some people should be placed, for fools!
As some, for instance, who, while they look on,

See others plunder all, and they get none.
Next the Lieutenant General,
To get the Devil, lost the De'il and all:
And he, some little badge should bear
Who ought, in justice, to have hanged them there!
This had his honour more maintained
Than all the spoils at Vigo joined.

Then clap thy wooden Wings for joy,
And greet the Men of Great Employ!
The authors of the Nation's discontent,
And scandal of a Christian Government!
Jobbers and Brokers of the City *Stocks*,
With forty thousand tallies at their backs,
Who make our Banks and Companies obey,
Or sink them all the *Shortest Way*!
The intrinsic value of our Stocks
Is stated in their calculating books,
The imaginary prizes rise and fall
As they command who toss the ball.
Let them upon thy lofty Turrets stand,
With bear-skins on the back, Debentures in the hand!
And write in capitals upon the post,
That here they should remain
Till this enigma they explain:
How Stocks should fall, when Sales surmount the cost;
And rise again when ships are lost.

Great Monster of the Law, exalt thy head!
Appear no more in masquerade!
In homely phrase, express thy discontent!
And move it in the approaching Parliament!
Tell them, how Paper went, instead of Coin;
With interest Eight per cent., and discount Nine!
Of Irish transport debts unpaid,

Bills false endorsed, and long accounts unmade!
And tell them all the Nation hopes to see,
They 'll send the guilty down to thee!
Rather than those that write their history.

* * *

Then bring those Justices upon thy bench,
Who vilely break the Laws they should defend;
And upon Equity intrench
By punishing the crimes they will not mend.
Set every vicious Magistrate
Upon thy sumptuous Chariot of State!
There, let them all in triumph ride!
Their purple and their scarlet laid aside.
Such who with oaths and drunk'ness sit
And punish far less crimes than they commit:
These, certainly, deserve to stand,
With Trophies of Authority in either hand.

Upon thy Pulpit, set the drunken Priest,
Who turns the Gospel into a jest!
Let the Fraternity degrade him there,
Lest they, like him appear!
These, let him his *memento mori* preach;
And by example, not by doctrine, teach!

If a poor Author has embraced thy Wood,
Only because he was not understood;
They punish Mankind but by halves,
Till they stand there,
Who false to their own principles appear;
And cannot understand themselves!

Those Nimshites, who with furious zeal drive on
And build up Rome to pull down Babylon,
The real Authors of the *Shortest Way*,
Who for destruction, not conversion pray.

There let these Sons of Strife remain,
Till this Church Riddle they explain!
How at Dissenters they can raise a storm,
But would not have them all conform?
For there, their certain ruin would come in;
And Moderation (which they hate!) begin.
Some Churchmen next would grace thy Pews,
Who talk of Loyalty, they never use:
Passive Obedience well becomes thy Stage,
For both have been the Banter of the Age.
Get them but once within thy reach,
Thou 'lt make them practise, what they used to teach!

Next bring some Lawyers to thy Bar!
By innuendo, they might all stand there.
There let them expiate that guilt,
And pay for all that blood their tongues have spilt;
These are the Mountebanks of State.
Why, by the slight of tongue, can crimes create,
And dress up trifles in the robes of Fate
The Mastiffs of a Government
To worry and run down the innocent!
The Engines of infernal Wit
Covered with cunning and deceit!
SATAN's sublimest attribute they use;
For first they tempt, and then accuse!
No vows or promises can bind their hands:
Submissive Law obedient stands!
When Power concurs, and lawless Force stands by;
He 's lunatic that looks for Honesty!

There sat a man of mighty fame,
Whose actions speak him plainer than his name;
In vain he struggled, he harangued in vain
To bring in "Whipping sentences" again!

And to debauch a milder Government
With *abdicated* kinds of punishments!
No wonder he should Law despise,
Who, JESUS CHRIST himself denies!
His actions only now direct
What we, when he is made a J[udg]e expect
Set L[OVE]LL next to this Disgrace
With WHITNEY's horses staring in his face!
There, let his Cup of Penance be kept full!
Till he 's less noisy, insolent, and dull.

When all these heroes have passed o'er thy Stage,
And thou hast been the Satyr of the Age;
Wait then a while, for all those Sons of Fame
Whom Present Power has made too great to name!
Fenced from thy Hands, they Keep our Verse in awe;
Too great for Satyr! too great for Law!
As they, their Commands lay down;
They A L L shall pay their homage to the Cloudy Throne
And till within thy reach they be,
Exalt them in effigy!

The martyrs of the by-past reign,
For whom new Oaths have been prepared in vain.
SHE[RLOC]K's disciple, first by him trepanned
He for a k[nave], as they for f[ool]s should stand;
Though some affirm he ought to be excused,
Since to this day, he had refused.
And this was all the frailty of his life,
He d——d his conscience, to oblige his wife!
But spare that Priest, whose tottering conscience kne..
That if he took but one, he perjured two;
Bluntly resolved he would not break them both,
And swore, "By God! he'd never take the Oath!"
Hang him! he can't be fit for thee!
For his unusual honesty.

Thou Speaking Trumpet of men's fame,
Enter in every Court, thy claim!
Demand them all (for they are all thy own)
Who swear to three Kings, but are true to none.
Turncoats of all sides, are thy due!
And he who once is false is never true,
To-day can swear, to-morrow can abjure;
For Treachery 's a crime no man can cure.
Such, without scruple, for the Time to come,
May swear to all the Kings in Christendom!
But he 's a mad man will rely
Upon their lost fidelity!

They that, in vast employments rob the State,
Let them in thy Embraces, meet their fate!
Let not the millions, they by fraud obtain
Protect them from the scandal, or the pain!
They who from mean beginnings grow
To vast estates, but God knows how!
Who carry untold sums away
From little Places, with but little pay!
Who costly palaces erect,
The thieves that built them to protect:
The gardens, grottoes, fountains, walks, and groves
Where Vice triumphs in pride and lawless love;
Where mighty luxury and drunk'ness reign,
Profusely spend what they profanely gain!
Tell them, *Mene Tekel* 's on the wall!
Tell them, the nation's money paid for all!

Advance thy double Front, and show,
And let us both the Crimes and Persons know!
Place them aloft upon thy Throne,

Who slight the nation's business for their own!
Neglect their posts, in spite of double pay;
And run us all in debt the *Shortest Way*!

What need of Satyr to reform the Town,
Or Laws to keep our vices down?
Let them to Thee due homage pay,
This will reform us all the *Shortest Way*!
Let them to Thee, bring all the knaves and fools!
Virtue will guide the rest by rules.
They 'll need no treacherous friends, no breach of faith,
No hired evidence with their infecting breath,
No servants masters to betray,
Or Knights of the Post, who swear for pay!
No injured Author 'll on thy Steps appear;
Not such as *won't* be rogues, but such as *are*!

The first Intent of Laws
Was to correct the Effect, and check the Cause;
And all the Ends of Punishment
Were only future mischiefs to prevent.
But Justice is inverted when
Those Engines of the Law,
Instead of pinching vicious men,
Keep honest ones in awe!
Thy business is, as all men know,
To punish villains, *not to make men so*!

Whenever then, thou art prepared
To prompt that vice, thou should'st reward,
And by the terrors of thy grisly Face

Make men turn rogues to shun disgrace;
The End of thy Creation is destroyed;
Justice expires, of course! and Law 's made void!

* * *

What are thy terrors? that, for fear of thee,
Mankind should dare to sink their honesty?
He 's bold to impudence that dares turn knave,
The scandal of thy company to save!
He that will crimes he never knew, confess,
Does, more than if he know those crimes, transgress!
And he that fears thee, more than to be base;
May want a heart, but does not want a face!

Thou, like the Devil dost appear,
Blacker than really thou art, by far!
A wild chimeric notion of Reproach;
Too little for a crime, for none too much.
Let none th'indignity resent;
For Crime is all the shame of Punishment!

Thou Bugbear of the Law! stand up and speak!
Thy long misconstrued silence break!
Tell us, Who 'tis, upon thy Ridge stands there,
So full of fault, and yet so void of fear?
And from the Paper in his hat,
Let all mankind be told for what!

Tell them, It was, because he was too bold!
And told those truths which should not have been told!
Extol the Justice of the land;
Who punish what they will not understand!

Tell them, He stands exalted there
For speaking what we would not hear!
And yet he might have been secure,
Had he said less, or would he have said more!

* * *

Tell them that, This is his reward,
And worse is yet for him prepared;
Because his foolish virtue was so nice,
As not to sell his friends, according to his friends' advice!
And thus he 's an example made,
To make men, of their honesty afraid;
That for the Time to come, they may
More willingly, their friends betray!

Tell them, The m[en] that placed him here,
Are sc[anda]ls to the Times!
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes!

FINIS.

The Prototype and Plan of the Review.

[Supplementary Journal to the *Advice from the Scandal Club* for the month of September, 1704.]

IT HAS been objected to the Author, that this design is not new, and is only a Mimic of HARRY CARE, in his *Weekly Packet of Advice from Rome*, with the [*Popish*] *Courant* at the end of every Paper.

Such gentlemen do not tell us, whether that Work was valuable or not. They neither give their judgement on the design, nor on the performance.

If that was a useful Work, well designed, and more happily performed than this Author will pretend to: then these gentlemen say nothing to our Author's disparagement, since all the Wit of Mankind seems now to be composed but of Imitations, and there "is nothing new under the sun."

If they think that work mean, and the performance dull (which the present scarcity and value of those Collections [*i.e., sets of the* Weekly Packet] plainly contradict); it remains for those gentlemen to tell us where the meannesses are? and where the dulness of that Author appears?

It is true, he had his imperfections: and the fury of the Times, the poverty of circumstances, and the unhappy love of his bottle, reduced him too low, for a man of his capacity. But as in all parts of his design, and the length of his happy performance; he discovered such a spirit, such learning, such strength of reason, and such a sublime fancy; as in which the Author of this cannot esteem himself worthy to carry his books after him: so he shall always value this Undertaking so much the more as it resembles his; and wishes, for the sake of the reader as well as himself, he could come near him in the performance.

Some, we know, have no relish for History, and value therefore only the Entertaining Part of the *Review*: and by such, we have been often solicited to leave off troubling ourselves with the grave puzzling part of the Paper, telling a long story of the Swedes, Hungarians, and the Lord knows what! and bring our Paper to all mirth, pleasantry, and

delight. And they promise to furnish us with matter enough.

Others, and as many in number as the former, frequently press us "to leave off jesting and bantering," as they call it; and to pursue the vast work which the title leads to, and which the first sheets promised, viz., *A Review of the Affairs of France.* A subject, say they, truly fruitful, of a vast variety, and suited to an undertaking of the greatest magnitude: and it is a pity it should be clogged with the impertinence and nonsense of the *Scandalous Club.*

And thus we are brought before our own Society both ways.

Now, gentlemen, as this design was not at first undertaken without a full prospect of all this variety of judgements and censures: so in all this, there seems nothing material enough to turn the Author from pursuing his first design—which is, the middle between those two extremities.

It is true, the *History of the Affairs of France,* in all the vast and unobserved parts of its growth and increase, is the *main* and *original* thought: and, if the Author lives to carry it on, it shall be brought, in its due time, to the full period, where Providence shall place it, at the very end of this Work.

But as all men are not Historians, and even many of those that are care but for a little reading at a time; this design was laid to bring such people to read the Story; which, if it had been always serious, and had proceeded too fast, had been too voluminous, too tedious, either for their leisure or inclination. And thus we *wheedle them in* (if it may be allowed that expression) to the Knowledge of the World; who, rather than take more pains, would be content with their ignorance, and search into nothing.

To carry on this honest cheat, and bring people to read with delight; the latter part of this Paper was contrived: every jot as useful in its kind; and, if we may be allowed to judge, by common acceptation, as pleasing.

It cannot but be pleasing to the Author, to find both parts of his design so well approved. And therefore to those, who are not equally pleased with both; he says, "He desires those who like but one Part, to bear with the other; for the sake of those whose judgements approve of what they do not!" Those that like both Parts, need nothing farther to be said to them, than that "He is glad, he is able to please them!" And those who like neither Part, are welcome to let it alone.

DEFOE'S intention to stop the Review *with No.* 100; *and how it came to be continued.*

[*Review*, No. 98, Vol. I. *p.* 408. Saturday, 10 February, 1705.]

THE Author of the *Review* having received a letter, signed F. L. containing Proposals for continuing this Work, but hearing no more of it, supposed it a banter. But having since received a letter, signed L. A.; several others signed G. M., O. K., and T. W., containing very kind and honourable Offers for the encouragement of the Work: he thinks himself obliged to the Gentlemen, whether it comes to anything or not; and gives them for answer:

> He has, gratis, without reward, profit, or promise of any advantage, freely written this Paper a whole year. His encouragement has been, to see wise men approve it, and accept it. But as neither can his affairs permit him to spare so much time as is now required, more than at first; nor can the sale of so small a Paper make the Publisher able to allow [*i.e., to him*] what may be encouraging and suitable to the trouble: he therefore concluded to lay it down.

But if those Gentlemen (who are pleased so much to value his performance above its merit, as to press him to the continuing it, and have made these Offers) are in earnest, and will either send him their designed Proposal to Mr. MATTHEWS [*the Publisher*], or give him a meeting: he professes himself willing to oblige them: and will convince them, that he is far from being selfish or unreasonable; and humbly desires their answer before the end of next week.

[*Review*, No. 100, Vol. I. *p.* 413. Saturday 17 February, 1705.]

This being the last *Review* of this Volume, and designed to be so, of this Work; the Author cannot close it without

paying the just debt of duty and acknowledgement to those Gentlemen, who, beyond his merit and expectation, have been pleased to receive it with the same candour and on the same foot[ing] on which it was originally designed, Public Usefulness, Entertainment, and Instruction.

For all his errors, meannesses, and mistakes; for all his digressions, comments, and needless remarks; for all his incorrect, rash, and (unhappily!) too plain expression; for his too freely, too frequently, too positively giving his opinion; for all the sallies out of his province, and invasions of the talent of the Learned, either as Divines or Philosophers; for all his really, or supposed wrong notions of things, places, or persons; for all his unpoliteness of style, improprieties and deformities of every sort, whether in diction or conception; for errors of the Press, errors of the pen, or errors of opinion: he humbly asks his readers' pardon, desires they will place them, *with the addition of their charity*, to the account of haste, human frailty, and such other incidents of common infirmity as, he presumes, most of his fellow creatures have, more or less, a share of.

To all those Gentlemen of Honour, sense, and reading, who have, *beyond his ambition*, honoured this Work with their generous approbation, have thought it worth their reading, and worth giving the World the trouble they have had with it; the author returns his most humble acknowledgements: assuring them, he esteems it a full recompense to all his labour, *hitherto bestowed gratis upon the World*; and values himself more in the approbation of a few wise men that can judge with candour and impartiality, than upon any presumption of his own, or than on the unpolished praises of a crowd, who, wanting no ignorance, speak what they hear others say, and judge without understanding.

As for the censuring, partial, and prejudiced part of mankind; who dislike the work for its unhappy despicable Author, and its Author because his judgement and theirs may not agree: it is in vain to capitulate [*stipulate*] with them for civility and fair treatment. The rudeness, the heat, the contempt they treat him with, is the less a concern to him, as he sees it plainly produced by their passion, rather than by their judgement.

The nature, usefulness, and advantage of the design, they

have sometimes been forced to acknowledge; and could like the Work, were it performed by anybody but their humble Servant.

And yet, even to these Gentlemen he has to say, he always endeavoured to give them as little offence as possible. He has avoided making it a Party paper: and considering the numerous insults, assaults, and snares he has met with, to bring him into the article of raillery; he thinks he has said less, on all occasions, than any of the Party writers on the other side would have done in the like case.

When he has engaged with such Gentlemen of a contrary opinion to himself, who have been of temper and manners; he has carefully behaved himself, and to their satisfaction. Though he has not agreed with their opinions; he has defended his own, without offence to their persons, or any breach of decency and behaviour.

He heartily wishes all the Gentlemen on the other side would give him equal occasion to honour them for their charity, temper, and gentlemanlike dealing, as for their learning and virtue; and that when we cannot agree like Brethren, we might fall out like Gentlemen. And he would willingly capitulate with them, and enter into a treaty or Cartel for Exchange of Good Language with them: and to let all our debates be carried by strength of reasoning and argument, solid proofs, matter of fact, and demonstrations; and not by dint of Billingsgate storms of raillery, and showers of ill words, that Frenzy of the Tongue! and Shame of a good Cause!

Among the various questions, the Author has had sent him to answer (a thing altogether foreign to his first design), he had one lately, in the following terms, which he purposely reserved to be answered in this place.

Thus—

Gentlemen,

You have given your opinions freely about several sorts of Religions. Pray what religion is your Society [i.e., Scandalous Club] *of?*

Yours.

The truth is, the Author little thought to make a Public Confession of Faith in his Paper; and though he ought

always to be ready to do it, whenever *legally* required; yet he shall take the freedom to reply to this Querist, not so much in the *literal sense* of the words, as in the sense which he presumes the inquirer *would be answered in.*

As to the *literal sense*, of Religion generally understood, he answers directly, *Catholic Christians*!

As to the *meaning* of it, which he understands to be, "What Party do you belong to?" he freely again answers for himself, that which he presumes to be his meaning, *A Protestant Dissenter.*

And to them that like him the worse for it, he desires their patience to read the account he gave of himself, in a letter to a Divine of the C[hurch] of E[ngland] in some debates between them, on a question published in the last *Supplement*, page 2; and he freely appeals to the Gentleman himself, who is absolutely a stranger to him, for the justness of the quotation.

> *I never miss expressing on all occasions, my hearty wishes that there was no such thing as Faction or Party in the nation.*
>
> *I own I dissent in some matters from the Established Church. Will you hear my opinion with charity? I am sure you cannot despise such a Dissenter, and I heartily wish there no other.*
>
> *I dissent from the National Church in nothing doctrinal or essential to salvation. I entertain a sincere universal charity for the Church, and all her Christian members.*
>
> *I earnestly wish and desire I could conform in all things the Law requires.*
>
> *I freely and heartily acquiesce in the Government being always in the hands of the Church* [i.e., that all Ministers of State should always be Members of the Church of England]: *and if it were entirely in my choice or disposal, would place it there, rather than in any sort of, or in the hands of* all *the Dissenters together.*
>
> *I can never be guilty of undermining the Church, or fomenting any faction or rebellion against her: for I would have her hold the reins of Government.*
>
> *I confess I would have the Church extend her charity and*

tenderness to us that cannot conform; not treat us as enemies, condemn us unheard, and punish us not being guilty.

As to those Warm Gentlemen, whom no argument will reach, no courtesy oblige, who will damn the Author and his Work in spite of argument, sense, or manners; let my Lord ROCHESTER answer for us, when, writing of his Poetry, he says,

I slight the rabble! 'Tis enough for me,
If SACKVILLE, SAVILLE, BOYLE, and WYCHERLEY,
Great B——, and S——, and C——, and BUCKINGHAM,
And some few more whom I omit to name,
Approve my verse,
I count your censure, fame!

The Author thinks it convenient to inform the world that this Paper not being able to contain all he thinks needful to say, at the dismiss of this work; there will be two more papers published in course, as the conclusion of the whole.

Also that a Preface and Index shall be prepared to be bound up with the volume; which all those Gentlemen who have made collections [*sets*] of the Paper, will find necessary to have to complete the book.

How the Review *came to be continued.*

[*Review*, No. 101, Vol. I. *p.* 420. Tuesday, 20 Feb., 1705.]

The author of this, having received a very obliging letter, signed, P. G., D. H., L. M., J. B., V. R., B. B., &c., concerning the promoting, supporting, and continuing this Work; the Author, acknowledging the courtesy and kindness of the Gentlemen, desires they will please to give him leave, and direct him where to send them an answer in writing, before he publishes their generous offer.

[See *pp.* 635, 644.]

A

REVIEW

OF THE

Affairs of FRANCE:

AND OF ALL

EUROPE,

As Influenc'd by that NATION:

BEING

Historical Observations on the Public Transactions of the WORLD; Purged from the Errors and Partiality of News-Writers, and Petty Statesmen of all Sides:

WITH AN

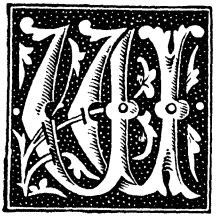
Entertaining Part in every Sheet,

BEING

ADVICE from the Scandal[ous] Club,
To the Curious Enquirers; in Answer to Letters sent them for that Purpose.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCV.

Preface to the First Volume of the Review.



HEN Authors present their Works to the world; like a thief at the gallows, they make a speech to the people.

The Author, indeed, has something like this to say too, "Good people all, take warning by me!" I have studied to inform and to direct the World, and what have I had for my labour?

Profit, the Press would not allow; and therein I am not deceived, for I expected none! But Good Manners and Good Language, I thought I might expect; because I gave no other: and it were but just to treat mankind, as we would be treated by them. But neither has this been paid me, in debt to custom and civility.

How often have my ears, my hands, and my head been to be pulled off! Impotent bullies! that attacked by Truth, and their vices stormed, fill the air with rhodomontades and indecencies; but never shew their faces to the *resentment* Truth had a just cause to entertain for them.

I have passed through clouds of clamour, cavil, ralliery, and objection; and have this satisfaction, that Truth being the design, *Finis coronat*!

I am never forward to value my own performances. "Let another man's mouth praise thee!" said the Wise Man: but I cannot but own myself infinitely pleased, and more than satisfied, that wise men read this Paper with pleasure, own the just observations in it, and have voted it useful.

The first design [*the Review of the Affairs of France, &c.*] I allow is not *yet* pursued, and indeed I must own the field is so large, the design so vast, and the necessary preliminaries so many; that though I cannot yet pass for an old man, I must be so, if I live to go through with it.

This Volume has passed through my descriptions of the French Grandeur, with its influence on the Affairs of Poland, Sweden, and Hungary. What assaults have I met with, from the impatience of the readers; what uneasiness of friends, lest I was turned about to the enemy: I leave to their reading the sheets to discover!

How is this Age unqualified to bear feeling [the] Truth! how unwilling to hear what we do not like, though ever so necessary to know!

And yet if this French Monarchy were not very powerful, vastly strong, its power terrible, its increasing encroaching measures formidable; why do we (and justly too) applaud, extol, congratulate, and dignify the victorious Duke of MARLBOROUGH at such a rate? If it had been a mean and contemptible enemy, how shall we justify the English Army's march [*i.e., to Blenheim*] through so many hazards! the nation's vast charge! the daily just concern in every article of this War! and (as I have frequently hinted) *Why not beat them*, all this while?

They who have made, or may make, an ill use of the true Plan of French Greatness, which I have laid down; must place it to the account of their own corrupted prejudiced thoughts. My design is plain. To tell you the strength of your enemy, that you may fortify yourselves in due proportion; and not go out with your ten thousands against his twenty thousands.

In like manner, I think myself very oddly handled, in the case of the Swedes and the Hungarians. How many complaints of Ambassadors for the one, and of fellow Protestants for the other! And yet, after the whole Story is finished, I have this felicity (than which no author can desire a greater) viz., not one thing I ever affirmed, but was exactly true! not one conjecture have I made, but has appeared to be rational! not one inference drawn, but the consequences [*the events*] have proved [to be] just! and not one thing guessed at, but what has come to pass!

I am now come home to England, and entered a little into our own Affairs. Indeed, I have advanced some things as to Trade, Navies, Seamen, &c., which some may think a little arrogant, because perfectly new. But as I have offered nothing but what I am always ready to make appear practicable, I finish my Apology by saying to the World, "Bring me to the test! and the rest, I leave to time."

In the bringing the Story of France down to the matter of Trade; I confess myself surprisingly drawn into a vast wilderness of a subject; so large, that I know not where it will end. The misfortune of which is, that thinking to have finished it with this Volume, I found myself strangely deceived,

and indeed amazed, when I found the Story of it intended to be the end of this Volume; and hardly enough of it entered upon, to say *it is begun*.

However, the Volume being of necessity to be closed, I am obliged to content myself with taking what is here as an Introduction to the next Volume; and to give this notice, that the matter of our English Trade appears to be a thing of such consequence to be treated of, so much pretended to, and so little understood, that nothing could be more profitable to the readers, more advantageous to the public Interest of this nation, or more suitable to the greatness of *this* undertaking, than to make an Essay at the Evils, Causes, and Remedies of our general Negoce.

I have been confirmed in my opinion of the consequences and benefit of this Undertaking, by a crowd of entreaties from persons of the best judgement, and some of extraordinary genius in these affairs: whose letters are my authority for this clause, and whose arguments are too forcible for me to resist.

And this is to me, a sufficient Apology for a vast digression from the Affairs of France, which were really in my first design; and to which, my title at first too straightly bound me.

Whoever shall live to see this Undertaking finished, if the Author (or some better pen after him) shall bring 20 or 30 Volumes of this Work on the Stage, it will not look so preposterous, as it seems now, to have one whole Volume to be employed on the most delightful as well as profitable subject of the English Trade.

Things at short distance, look large! and public patience is generally very short: but when remote, the case alters, and people see the reason of things in themselves. It is this remote prospect of affairs which I have before me. And this makes me not so much regard the uneasiness people shew at the Story being frequently broken abruptly, and running great lengths before it revolves upon itself again: but as Time and the Course of Things will bring all about again, and make the whole to be of a piece with itself; I am content to wait the approbation of the readers, till such time as the thing itself forces it from the at present impatient readers.

Readers are *strange* judges when they see but *part* of the design. It is a new thing for an Author to lay down his

thoughts piece-meal. Importunate cavils assault him every day. They claim to be answered *to-day*! before to-morrow! and are so far from staying till the Story is finished, that they can hardly stay till their letters come to hand; but follow the first with a second! *that* with clamour! and *this* sometimes with threatening scoffs, banters, and raillery!

Thus I am letter-baited by Querists; and I think my trouble in writing civil private answers to teasing and querulous epistles, has been equal to, if not more troublesome than, all the rest of this Work.

Through these difficulties I steer with as much temper and steadiness as I can. I still hope to give satisfaction in the *Conclusion*; and it is this alone, that makes the continuing of the Work tolerable to me. If I cannot, I have made my Essay.

If those that know these things better than I, would bless the World with further instructions, I shall be glad to see them; and very far from interrupting or discouraging them, as these do me.

Let not those Gentlemen who are critics in style, in method, or manner, be angry, that I have never pulled off my cap to them, in humble excuse for my loose way of treating the World as to Language, Expression, and Politeness of Phrase. Matters of this nature differ from most things a man can write. When I am busied writing Essays and Matters of Science, I shall address them for their aid; and take as much care to avoid their displeasure as becomes me: but when I am upon the subject of Trade and the Variety of Casual Story, I think myself a little loose from the Bonds of Cadence and Perfections of Style; and satisfy myself in my study to be explicit, easy, free, and very plain. And for all the rest, *Nec Careo! Nec Curo!*

I had a design to say something on the Entertaining Part of this Paper: but I have so often explained myself on that head, that I shall not trouble the World much about it.

When I first found the Design of this Paper (which had its birth in *tenebris*): I considered it would be a thing very historical, very long; and [even] though it could be much better performed than ever I was likely to do it, this Age had such a natural aversion to a solemn and tedious affair, that however profitable, it would never be diverting, and the World would never read it.

To get over this difficulty, the Secret Hand (I make no doubt) that directed this birth into the World, dictated to make some sort of entertainment or amusement at the end of every Paper, *upon the immediate subject, then on the tongues of the Town*; which innocent diversion would hand on the more weighty and serious part of the Design into the heads and thoughts of those to whom it might be useful.

I take this opportunity to assure the World, that receiving or answering letters of doubts, difficulties, cases, and questions; as it is a work I think myself very meanly qualified for, so it was the remotest thing from my first Design of anything in the World: and I could be heartily glad, if the readers of this Paper would excuse me from it yet. But I see it cannot be, and the World will have it done. I have therefore done my best to oblige them; but as I have not one word to say for my performance that way, so I leave it where I found it, a mere circumstance casually and undesignedly annexed to the Work, and a curiosity; though honestly endeavoured to be complied with.

If the method I have taken in answering Questions has pleased some wiser men more than I expected it would; I confess it is one of the chief reasons why I was induced to continue it.

I have constantly adhered to this rule in all my Answers; and I refer my reader to his observation for the proof, that from the loosest and lightest questions, I endeavour to draw some useful inferences, and, if possible, to introduce something solid, and something solemn in applying it.

The custom of the ancients in writing fables is my very laudable pattern for this: and my firm resolution, in all I write, to exalt Virtue, expose Vice, promote Truth, and help men to Serious Reflection, is my first moving Cause, and last directed End.

If any shall make ill use of, wrest, wrongly interpret, wilfully or otherwise mistake the honest Design of this Work; let such wait for the end! when I doubt not, the Author will be cleared by their own vote; their want of charity will appear, and they be self-condemned till they come to acknowledge their error, and openly to justify

Their humble servant, D. F.

D. F. [*i.e.*, DANIEL FOE. Notice the change of the name into DEFOE, at the end of the next *Preface*, at *p.* 635.]

Preface to the Second Volume of the Review.

THIS Volume of the *Reviews* requires but a short *Preface*: and yet it requires a *Preface* perhaps more than the former [one]; the frequent turning of the Author's design demanding something to be said for it.

In pursuing the subject of Trade, with which this Part began, I really thought to have taken up this whole Volume; and I know a great many people impatiently bear the delay, having great expectations of something very useful as well as diverting on the subject of Trade. I wish their dependence upon me in that case, may be answered to their content.

I have indeed laid a vast Scheme of Trade to discourse upon, and shall, in the next Volume, endeavour to finish it to the best of my capacity: but a word or two to this Volume, by the way.

While I was pursuing the subject of Trade, I received a powerful diversion, from our own Public Affairs. The dissolution of the late Parliament, with some particular transactions of their last session, known by the title of Dangerous Experiments, Tackings, and the like, made a more than usual fermentation in this Kingdom.

I saw with concern, the mighty juncture of a new Election for Members approach. The variety of wheels and engines set on work in the nation, and the furious methods to form Interests on either hand, had put the tempers of men on all sides into an unusual motion, and things seemed acted with so much animosity and Party fury that I confess it gave me terrible apprehensions of the consequences.

I am sorry to say, that the methods on both sides, seemed to me very scandalous; and the low steps our Gentlemen sometimes take to be chosen, merit some Satyr; and perhaps in time may have it! But the inveteracy in the tempers of people at this time, seemed to have something fatal in it; something that deserved not a Satyr, but a sad and serious Application.

Each side strove, with indefatigable pains and exceeding virulence, to set up their own Party. All the slanders, re-

proaches, and villifying terms possible filled the mouths of one Party against another. If I should say that, in many places, most horrid and villainous practices were set on foot to supplant one another, that the Parties stooped to vile and unbecoming meannesses, and that infinite briberies, forgeries, perjuries, and all manner of debaucheries of the principles and manners of the Electors were attempted; I am told I should say nothing but what might easily be made to appear.

That all sorts of violence, tumults, riots, and breaches of the peace neighbourhood and good manners have been made use of to support Interests, and carry on Elections; the black history of the Election of C[oven]try preparing for the public view, will, I dare say, defend me in advancing.

That this sad scene of affairs, I confess, gave a melancholy view; and I thought I saw this nation running directly upon the steep precipice of General Confusion. In the serious reflecting on this, and how I might, if possible, contribute to the good of my native country, as I thought every honest man was bound to do; I bestow some thoughts on the serious inquiry, "What was to be done?"

In the short search into the state of the nation, it presently appeared to me that all our pretensions, on either side, were frivolous, but that the breach lay deeper than appeared; that the designs lay in a few, though the whole nation was involved; that King JAMES, the French Power, and a general Turn of Affairs was at the bottom; and the quarrels betwixt Church and Dissenters were only a politic noose, they had hooked the Parties on both sides into, which they diligently carried on to such height as they hoped it would end in a rupture, and then they should open a gap to come in and destroy both.

It presently occurred to my mind, how easily all this might be remedied! how easily this enemy might be disappointed! and that here wants but one thing to heal all this mischief. But one slight matter would make all whole again: and this is included in this one word PARTY-PEACE.

Full satisfied of the certainty of my opinion, I immediately set myself in the *Review* No 19 [of Vol. II. of 17th April, 1705], to exhort, persuade, entreat, and in the most moving terms I was capable of, to prevail on all people in general, to STUDY PEACE.

I thought to have written but that one Paper on this subject, persuading myself the plainness of the argument must be of such force that men's eyes would be opened, and take the useful hint; and there would be no more need to talk about it: and accordingly went on with the old subject of Trade.

But as all my friends, and generally all the men of peace (for, I thank GOD! none but such are my friends!) saw the necessity and usefulness of the subject; they came about me with incessant importunities to go on with it.

I have not vanity enough to own the success of these Papers in this undertaking, not to say what some are pleased to say of it. It is my satisfaction that wise men have owned them useful; and a greater honour I cannot desire.

I have, with an impartial warmth, addressed myself to all sorts of people, on the behalf of Peace: and if I am proud of anything in it, it is that Providence has been pleased to direct things so, that the Public Measures have, in many cases, come up to what I foresaw, was the *only means* of our safety.

If I have said the same thing with our late *Votes*, *Speeches*, and *Proclamations*, in my Observations on the pretended danger of the Church: it is not only an honour to me, that Her Majesty and the Parliament repeat almost my very words; but it is a glorious testimony to the Truth, that it leads all persons that sincerely follow it, to the same conclusions, and often the same expression. And I glory that I have such a voucher to what I said, viz., "That the false clamours of plots against the Church appear to be formed on purpose to conceal real plots against the Church of England." *Review* No. 86. *p.* 341 [of Vol. II. of the 20th September, 1705].

Let none of the well-wishers to Peace be angry that I saw this before them. It is their happiness they see it now! Envy no man!

But I have a most undeniable testimony of the success of this Paper in the great work of National Peace, in the implacable rage and malice of the Hot Party: in which, they witness to the hurt this Paper hath done to their cause; and they have my humble acknowledgement that they can do me and this Labour no greater honour.

It would be endless to me, and tiresome to the Reader, to repeat the threatening letters, the speeches, the opprobrious

terms, the Bear-Garden insulting language I have, daily, thrown upon me, in all parts, for persuading men to Peace. If I had been assassinated as often as I have been threatened with pistols, daggers, and swords; I had long ago paid dear for this Undertaking!

But I go naked [*without arms*] and unguarded. These Gentlemen are harmless enemies. They are like Colonel L[ ]'s Sergeant at S[ ]ld; that, while I was there, said not a word to me; but as soon as I was gone, was for doing terrible things to me, when he could find me! Or like Justice S[ ]D of Devonshire, that issued his *Warrant* for me, and caused all the houses in the town to be searched except that he knew I lodged in; and sent to every part of the country [*county*] for me, but that to which he knew I was gone.

I remark nothing, from these passages, so much as the weak grounds these people know they have, for their resentment. Is it possible a man can merit so much ill will for persuading men to Peace? Were it not that their designs being from another place, and of another kind; the heavenly glorious spirit of Peace is particularly hateful and unpleasant to them.

Well, Gentlemen, so the Peace be wrought; let what will become of me, I am unsolicitous! and, blessed be GOD! it *is effectually wrought*! The victory is gained, the battle is over, and I have done!

Why did I solicit to have all cavilling Papers suppressed? Not that we have not the better of the argument in every case; for really the adverse Party have nothing to say! And as I had not begun this Paper but with a prospect of a justifiable necessity; so the work being over, the necessity ceases; and, lo, I return to the matter I was on before; and the writing of and persuading to Peace ends with the Volume, because the thing is obtained. The nation embraces Peace with a universal joy, and there remains now no more occasion to persuade.

How easy, how satisfied, how pleased does all the nation appear! Peace and joy sit on the faces of our people. Not one man that has any regard for, or sense of the Public Good but rejoices at it! How people congratulate one another! and bless the Time! the Queen! the Government! and every instrument of this extraordinary Turn of Affairs!

What glory has this happy conjunction brought to Her Majesty's reign! From this time, the nation will take the date of her new prosperity! and the reign of this Queen, like that of Queen ELIZABETH, will be ranked in history, among those of the most fortunate of the nation! Nor can Posterity do Her Majesty justice, if they do not own that this universal happiness has had its rise in the Court. The Queen has not only the honour, but Her Majesty has been really the Instrument of this peace! and would our wiser Hot Party have given due regard to Her Majesty's exhortations, this peace had been brought to pass a great while sooner.

We have had formerly, a great struggle between Court Party and Country Party; and always saw cause to suspect the former of encroaching on our liberties: but the case is quite contrary here. Her Majesty so espouses the real Interest of her people, and obliges all that depend on her service to do so; that Patriots are our Courtiers, the Prince's favourites are the People's favourites, and our safety is now found in them we used always to be afraid of. Such effects have wise Princes upon their affairs, that *regis ad exemplum*, the Crown shall be the People's Saviour, and the Men of Rights and Privileges become the Men of Oppression and Confusions.

May our sense of this Peace, and of Her Majesty's care of the privileges and properties of subjects continually increase! that the Obligation [*see p.* 475] to such a Princess may sink deep in the minds of these people, and they may follow those exhortations to Union and Peace, which Her Majesty exhorts to encourage, and has had such success in attempting.

This Volume is now ended. Those Gentlemen that think this Work useful enough to deserve binding it, have herewith an Index of the particulars for their convenience.

I shall be very glad our Peace may be so settled that, in future Ages, there may be no occasion to make these Papers further useful. *DE FOE.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Gentlemen who were pleased to be Subscribers for the encouragement of this Work, in spite of all the banters and reproaches of the Town; *if they please to send to Mr. MATTHEWS, may have the Volume of this past year delivered them* gratis, *printed upon the fine paper.*

Preface to the Third Volume of the Review.

[1706.]



T HAS been the misfortune of this Paper, among all the other rubs it has had in its way, that the Volumes have been a little too much depending upon one another.

Such has been the Course of the Subject, the length of the Circumstance then on foot, or the absence of the Author, that the Story and the Book have not brought their periods to jump exactly. Thus it was in the last Volume, which broke off in the middle of the great Undertaking which the Author, at the utmost hazard, went through, in pressing this nation to Peace, and warning them against a sort of people, then known by the names of Tackers and Tories.

And thus it is now, when pursuing the same general good of his native country, the Author has embarked in the great affair of the Union of Britain.

I must confess I have sometimes thought it very hard, that having voluntarily, without the least direction, resistance, or encouragement (in spite of all that has been suggested), taken upon me the most necessary work of removing national prejudices against the two most capital blessings of the World, Peace and Union; I should have the disaster to have the nations receive the Doctrine, and damn the Teacher. That even those that have owned the truth of what has been said, and even the seasonableness of saying it, have nevertheless flown in the face of the Instrument: endeavouring to break the poor earthen vessel, by which the rich treasure (viz. the Knowledge of their own Happiness) has been conveyed.

Indeed, I cannot but complain! and should I descend to particulars, it would hardly appear credible that in a Christian, a Protestant, Reformed nation, any man could receive such treatment, as I have done, from even those very people whose consciences and judgements have stooped to the venerable Truth; and owned it has been useful, serviceable, and seasonable.

It would make this *Preface* a History, to relate the

reproaches, the insults, the contempt with which these Papers have been treated, in discourse, writing, and print; even by those that say they are embarked in the same Cause, and pretend to write for the same Public Good.

The charge made against me, of partiality, of bribery, of pensions and payments: a thing, the circumstances, family, and fortunes of a man devoted to his country's peace, clears me of.

If paid, Gentlemen! for writing, if hired, if employed; why still harassed with merciless and malicious men? why pursued to all extremities by Law for old accounts, which you clear other men of, every day? why oppressed, distressed, and driven from his family; and from all his prospects of delivering them or himself? Is this the fate of men employed and hired? Is this the figure, the agents of Courts and Princes make?

Certainly, had I been hired or employed, those people that own the service [*employed me*] would, by this time, have set their servant free from the little and implacable malice of litigious prosecutions, murdering *Warrants*, and men whose mouths are to be stopped by trifles.

Let this suffice, then, to clear me of all the little and scandalous charge, of being hired and employed.

I come next to examine what testimonies I have of this Work being my proper employ. For some of our good friends, whose Censure runs before their Charity, attack me with this. "*Ay, it is true! These things are so: but what has he to do to meddle with it? What has he to do, to examine the conduct of Parliament men, or exhort the People to this or that?*"

Wise Gentlemen, in truth, pray go on with it! "*Sirs, ay, it is true, he did happen to see a house just on fire: but what had he to do to make a noise, wake all the neighbourhood, fright*[en] *their children, and like a busy fellow, cry* "Fire!" *in the night! It was none of his neighbourhood! He had ne'er a house there! What business had he to meddle?*"

Or to put it another way. "*Ay, indeed, he did happen to see a parcel of rogues breaking up a Gentleman's house in the night; but what business had he to go and raise the country* [county] *upon them! cry* "*Thieves!*" *and* "*Murder!*" *and I know not what! and so bring a parcel of poor fellows to the gallows! What business had he with it? It was none of his house!*"

Truly, Gentlemen, this is just the case. I saw a parcel of people caballing together to ruin Property, corrupt the Laws, invade the Government, debauch the People; and in short, enslave and embroil the Nation: and I cried "Fire!" or rather, I cried "Water!" for the fire was begun already. I saw all the nation running into confusions, and directly flying in the face of one another, and cried out "Peace!" I called upon all sorts of people that had any senses, to collect them together and judge for themselves, what they were going to do; and excited them to lay hold of the madmen, and take from them the wicked weapon, the knife; with which they were going to destroy their mother! rip up the bowels of their country! and at last effectually ruin themselves!

And what had I to do with this? Why, yes, Gentlemen, I had the same right as every man that has a footing in his country, or that has a posterity to possess Liberty and claim Right, must have: viz., as far as possible to preserve the Laws, Liberty, and Government of that country to which he belongs. And he that charges me with meddling in what does not concern me, meddles himself with what, it is plain he does not understand.

Well, through all the maltreatment of both friends and enemies, I have hitherto, undiscouraged by the worst circumstances, unrewarded and unsupported, pursued the first design of pressing all people that have any regard for the Interest of Religion, the honour of their country, and the good of posterity, to come to a Temper about Party strifes! to shorten their disputes! encourage calmness! and revive the old Christian principle of *Love to one another.*

I shall not boast here of my success. Let the rage and implacable hatred against me, conceived by the enemies of this healing principle; let the confessions of those who reap the benefit and own the service, though they abandon and despise the Instrument; let these be my witnesses! and these shall testify for me, that I have not been an unprofitable servant to anybody but myself! and of that, I am entirely regardless in this case.

From the same zeal with which I first pursued this blessed subject of Peace, I found myself embarked in the farther

extent of it, I mean, THE UNION. If I thought myself obliged, in duty to the Public Interest, to use my utmost endeavour to quiet the minds of enraged Parties; I found myself under a stronger necessity to embark in the same design, between too much enraged Nations.

As to the principle, from which I have acted, I shall leave to the issues of Time, to determine whether it has been sincere or not? Hypocrites only make use of masks and false lights to conceal present reserved designs: Truth and Sincerity only dare appeal to Time and Consequences.

I covet no better testimony of the well-laid design of these Sheets, than that evidence Time and farther light into Truth shall discover!

I saw the Union of the two Kingdoms begun. I saw the principle, on which both sides seemed to act, look with a different face, from what was ever made use of before. All the former treaties looked like Politic Shams, mere Amusements and frauds to draw in and deceive the people: while Commissioners met, little qualified and less inclined to the General Good of the whole.

But now I thought I foresaw the success of the Treaty in the temper, sincerity, and inclinations of the Treaters on both sides. They came together furnished for the work, convinced fully of the advantages on both sides of it, and blessed with sincere intentions to bring it to pass.

When I saw this, I thought it my duty to do my part without doors. And I know no part I could act, in my sphere, so natural, so useful, and so proper to the work, as to attempt to remove the National Prejudices, which both peoples, by the casualty of time, and the errors, industry, and malice of Parties, had too eagerly taken up, and were too tenacious of, one against another.

To this purpose, I wrote two Essays against national prejudices in England [*An Essay at removing National Prejudices against a Union with Scotland.* Part I. published on 4th May, and Part II. on 28th May, 1706], while the Treaty was in agitation there: and four more in Scotland, while it was debating in Scotland by the Parliament there: the contents of all which are repeated in this Paper.

Nor did I think my time or labour ill bestowed to take a long, tedious, and hazardous journey thither; or to expose

myself to a thousand insults, scoffs, rabbles, and tumults; to all manner of despiteful and injurious treatment; if possible, to bring the people there to their senses, and free them from the unreasonable prejudices they had entertained against the prosperity of their country.

And having seen the Treaty happily ratified there, with some few amendments, which I hope are not considerable; I thought this a proper period to close this Volume, which had already run beyond its usual bounds: and the next Volume will begin at the Parliament of England entering upon the Treaty; where I hope, it shall meet with better treatment than it has met with in Scotland, and a better reception with the people.

If it shall be my lot to live to see this Treaty finished, I think to venture one Essay at the General and Reciprocal Duties of the two Nations, one to another. In which, I shall endeavour to move England, to engage Scotland with all the acts of kindness and all the advantages which can be desired in reason, in order to plant and cultivate the new relation of the two kingdoms: and on the other hand, to move Scotland to entertain no jealousies, nor be anxious about anything, without great reason and good ground, as the only way to bring about the general peace of both Kingdoms, and settle the doubtful minds of the people on both sides.

This I hope I shall pursue with an equality of arguments on both sides, without partiality or affection to one more than another: and in *that*, shew that the original of my concerning myself in this matter, was merely to be serviceable, if possible, to both Kingdoms, and to the united body in general.

I doubt not, however, but I shall give offence in this too! For there are a people in the world who are not to be pleased with anything! But I shall content myself, in pursuing what is the true end of Union, the flourishing of Peace, and the equalities on every hand, in matters of Advantage, Liberty, Religion, and Trade.

I am very sensible all coalitions without this, will render the Union still imperfect and ineffectual. The Union will never have its full perfection of extent, nor will either nation reap the benefit of it, till it becomes a Union of Affection and a Union of Interest.

This is my business: and let the enemies of GOD and the Nation's Peace be as angry as they please, this is what I shall pursue to the uttermost! This Volume ends with it! the next will begin with it! and those that cry, "It is too long, and it is nothing but what has been heard before!" must bear with the prolixity of the Author, till they please to shorten the occasion.

Whenever they please to lay aside their spirit of division, anger, malice, wrath, strife, &c.; when they leave off raising unnecessary heats about scruples and trifles, merely to divide, not to inform; when National Prejudices on either side cease, and I can see the least prospect of a Calm among the men of cavil and continual objection: I shall be the first that shall cease calling upon them to Peace. But till then, the tautology is in the Crime, not in the Reprover: and I shall not fail to alarm them on all occasions.

Preface to the Fourth Volume of the Review.

[1708.]



HAVE been so loth to interrupt the discourse of Public Things, that I have run this Volume to an unusual length: but there is a necessity of ending it here.

I shall make no scruple to tell you, I think this Volume the best qualified to inform the readers of the Affair on the north side of Britain; of anything at least that I have written. I was not unsensible, when I entered on the particulars of the Union, that it would cloy the wandering humour of this Age; who hate to dwell upon a thing, though of never so great moment: nay, so eager are they to see novelty, that when they are best pleased with a subject in its beginning, yet they will never have patience to hear it out.

However, I was content to hear the readers of this Paper cry, "It was dull!"; see them throw it by, without reading; and hear them say, "He preaches so long on the Union, because he has nothing else to say." And, in short, all

manner of contempt has been thrown upon it, not because the Affair of the Union was not worth recording; nor was it, in itself, useless: but Union! Union! nothing but Union! for four months together, glutted their fancy, and palled the modishness of the Town's humour. And so the poor *Review* lost its faculty of pleasing you.

And now I am to tell you, that I value this Volume for that very thing, for which it lost so much of the common opinion. Nor is this value I put upon it, merely my own. I have the approbation of that valuable Few, whose judgement I have reason to esteem, and with which I am abundantly contented.

The former Volumes pleased the Readers of the Day better than this; and this will please the Readers of Futurity better than they: and thus what I lost in the Shire, I shall find in the Hundred; and I am very well contented.

I am not going about to panegyric upon my own Work in this: but to answer some of the innumerable cavils, which generally attack me in every thing I do. And this is one.

"What does this fellow pretend to!" says a Warm Gentleman, with a band on, at a public coffee-house not far from Newgate street; "he has been in Scotland this twelvemonth, and he pretends to write a Paper in London! What can he say to anything, either in its time, or to any purpose?"

Really, Gentlemen, I was under the inconvenience of distance of place; and suffered some reproach which could not be avoided: particularly when a *Review* was published making some conjectures about the Siege of Toulon; and, in spite of a person's care who pretended to revise it, that very Paper was printed the next post after the news arrived that the siege was raised. But though, by the negligence of the person I depended upon to repair that defect which my distance occasioned, I fell into that misfortune: yet, Gentlemen, the guesses at, and inferences from the affair of Toulon which I, too unhappily, appeared right in, might very well atone for that slip; and does do so, in the eyes of all friendly remarkers.

How I was treated in the affair of that siege; how insulted by *Observators* and *Rehearsers*, for my suggesting you would be balked in that design; how charged with directing the enemy, for telling you what they would do, though some of it was after it was done: I need not remind you of. I reflect on it with this satisfaction, that when the Town saw

I had but made too right a judgement, and their wagers of 70 guineas to receive 100, gave me an opportunity to upbraid their blind conclusions in my turn, and use them as they deserved: I yet forbore it, and shewed them I knew how to receive ill usage without returning it.

And after all this, I must tell you, it is none of the easiest things in the World, to write a Paper to come out three times a week among you; and perhaps be liable to more censure and ill usage also, than other Papers are, and yet, at the same time, reside for sixteen months together, at almost four hundred miles distance from London, and sometimes at more.

The Volume is now ended, and the next begins with a new scene of Affairs. This tells you much of your behaviour to your brethren of North Britain, upon your uniting with them: the next will tell you something of their usage of you, after this Union.

The French have made an Attempt on them [*the attempted invasion of Scotland, by a fleet from Dunkirk, under* FOURBIN, *in March*, 1708]; and we are yet in suspense concerning the issue of that affair. I must own, considering the circumstances of that part of Britain, I have often wondered they had not done it sooner: and had they made but the like shew of an invasion, whether they completed it or not, in the time of the Treaty and Parliament, the last year [1707]; I think I may safely tell you, either the Union had been made with more unanimity, or never made at all.

After all, I am free to say, if the French are disappointed in the present Attempt they are making on that country, the benefit to Scotland will be worth all the fright, expense, and fatigue it has put us to: for it has made a great progress in discovering faces, and turning some people inside out. You have now an opportunity to separate sheep and goats; and to distinguish between dissatisfied Presbyterians and dissatisfied Episcopal Dissenters. How one, though discontented at circumstances, is hearty and stedfast to the Foundation; the other, though openly quiet and seemingly passive, yet is apparently hatching destruction to the Establishment, both Civil and Sacred.

I have given you no *Index* to this Volume, as a thing which the subject of it does not so naturally require.

In my next. I have begun, to make one part of the Work

to contain a kind of History of Fact; I mean as far as relates to the present Affair in Scotland: and though it may look as if I invaded the News-Writer's province, yet I believe the issue will prove it otherwise. Most of what I shall communicate to you, being by Hands they cannot converse with, and on a subject which they cannot acquaint you of.

I should make some apology for the length of this Volume, which I know is some charge to the Collectors of it, but I know no better excuse to make for it, than by assuring you, if I live to finish any more, they shall be of a shorter extent: and to Amend an error, is Confession and Reformation best put together. Your humble servant, *D. F.*

Volumes of this Work on the fine paper, will be ready next Week, to be delivered to those Gentlemen, gratis, *who were pleased to be Subscribers to the Author at his first undertaking* [*it*].

J. MATTHEWS.

Preface to the Fifth Volume of the Review.

[1709.]

THE Fifth Volume having now run a full year, two reasons oblige me to put an end to it.

1. The usual bulk of the book requiring it, and
2. The request of some Gentlemen in Scotland: who have, by their own voluntary subscription encouraged the reprinting it at Edinburgh; and being to begin at this Quarter, have desired that the Volume and their subscription may go on together.

It has been customary to add a *Preface* to every Volume; which, though placed at the beginning, is written, as this is, at the end of the Work.

The great variety, this Work has gone through, gives indeed room for a large *Preface*: but I shall reduce it to a shorter compass than usual.

The Author having been in Scotland, at the time of finishing the Union there [1706—1707]; the last Volume and this are taken up, in many parts of them, with that Affair.

At first, the novelty of the Union took up everybody's thoughts, and the Town was delighted to hear the disputed points, as they went on: but Novelty, this Age's whore, debauching their taste, as soon as they had fed on the Shell of the Union, they were satisfied; and the *Review* entering into the Substance of it—they grew palled and tired.

Like an honest Country Gentleman, who hearing his Minister preach most excellently on the subject of Eternal Blessedness, applauded him up to the skies, for his first sermon. The good man thinking it was useful as well as acceptable, or indeed thinking it would be useful because it was acceptable, went on with the subject. But the Gentleman was observed to sleep all the while.

It happened that a stranger coming to his house, and going to Church with him, was exceedingly taken with the admirable Discourse of the Minister: and praising him to the Gentleman, asked him with freedom, "How he could sleep, while he was upon such a sublime subject, and handled it so admirably well?"

"Why, truly," says he, "I was mightily pleased with it, for the first sermon or two. But I hate a story that is long a telling!"

And indeed, Gentlemen, it is too true in practice. One reason why your Ministers are no more acceptable, and their Preaching no more minded, is this very thing. This *Story of Heaven is so long a telling*, you hate to hear of it! But that by the by.

And just thus it was with the *Review*. The people would take up the Paper, and read two or three lines in it, and find it related to Scotland and the Union, and throw it away. "Union! Union! this fellow can talk of nothing but Union! I think he will never have done with this Union! He is grown mighty dull, of late!"

And yet, Gentlemen, give me leave to tell you, you have hardly learnt to understand the Union all this while. The truth of the case is this. *The story is good*, but *it is too long a telling*. You hate a long story! The palate is glutted. Novelty is the food you lust after: and if the story were of Heaven, you will be cloyed with the length of it.

Now, Gentlemen, the Author takes the liberty to tell you, he knew (though distant) the general dislike, and he knew the disease of your reading appetite. And though, at other

times, he has laboured to please you by variety, and diverting subjects: yet he found this Affair so necessary, so useful, and (with some few good judgements) so desirable, that he chose to be called "dull" and "exhausted," he ventured the general censure of the Town Critics, to pursue the subject. And ventures to tell you, that, among those people whose opinion is past any man's contempt, these Two Volumes pass for the most useful of the Five: and I cannot but join my assent to it. The Bookseller [*publisher*] also gives a testimony to the truth of this, by an observation particular to the trade, viz., that of these Two Volumes fewer have been sold in single sheets, but twice the number in Volumes of any of the former.

Nor has it been without its testimony abroad, since the application of the Author, in this volume especially, to the real work of Uniting the Hearts of these two Nations, who have so lately joined Hands, has been received by our brethren of North Britain, as so profitable, so honest, and so needful a Work, that they have desired the reprinting it at Edinburgh, in order to its being seen throughout Scotland, and have voluntarily subscribed a sufficient sum for the expense of it.

Unhappy to you in England, is the inference I draw from hence, viz.:

That it seems, you Gentlemen in England were more solicitous to bring the Scots into a Union, than you are to pursue the vital principles of that Union, now it is made. I mean Union of Affection, and Union of Interests; in which alone, the happiness of both Kingdoms consists.

I must confess, and I speak it to your reproach! the temper you shewed of Uniting, when first you put the wheels to work to form the Union, seemed to me quite different from what you shew, now it is done. As if, your politic ends being answered, you were diligent to *discover* that you did not unite from any true design of General Good, but for your Private Advantage only. Thus you seem now united to Scotland, but not one jot more united to the Scots nation.

And do not call this a slander, Gentlemen! For I can give you but too many instances of it, though I spare you for the present: my desire being to heal, not exasperate.

But this I cannot omit. How have you permitted insolent scribblers to abuse, reproach, and insult the Established

Church of Scotland! slander the very nation! and insult her Judicatories in print! even while the very Parliament of Britain is sitting. And yet the Laws have not been executed in that behalf, nor the Legislative Authority been pleased to give that discouragement to it, that, in case of the Established Church of England being so treated, has frequently been done; and, I believe, would have been done.

I speak not to prompt any private man's persecution. My design is not to punish persons, but to prevent the practice.

But, with all humble deference to the Parliament of Britain now sitting, and whose care and concern the Church of Scotland is, and ought to be, equally with the Church of England; I crave their leave to ask this question.

If the Government and Discipline, if the Doctrine and Worship, if the Judicatories and Authority of the Church of Scotland (which, by the Union, are legally established; and are the care of the whole nation to support) shall be trampled under foot, reproached, slandered and insulted, be libelled and falsely accused in public and in print; without due resentment and legal prosecution: and, at the same, the same liberty with the Church of England is not taken; or if taken, is not allowed, but censured and prosecuted—HOW THEN do the subjects of both Kingdoms enjoy equal privileges? And if you do not permit the subjects of both Kingdoms to enjoy equal privileges; how then is the Union made more and more effectual? as has been frequently proposed to be done in our British Parliament.

I hope there is nothing bolder in this, than may consist with Reason, with Truth, with Justice, and with due Respect.

I may seem by some to reflect in this, on the Parliament's treating a late Paper concerning the *Sacramental Test*: but I have not my eye that way. I doubt not, but when GOD's time is come, when Dissenters are less easy in Compliance, and the Church of England's charity less straitened in Imposition; I doubt not, I say, but even the Church herself will take that yoke from the necks of her brethren, and cast it away, as too unchristian! too near akin to persecution! and too much a prostituting the Sacred to the Profane, to consist either with her reputation, her Interest, or her principles!

We have a great cry here, in matters of Trade, of late, against Monopolies and Exclusive Companies. I wish these

Gentlemen, who are making an Exclusive Company of the Church, and a Monopoly of Religion, would remember that these things are what they themselves will, one day, cast off as a deformity in practice, and a deviation from the great Rule of original Charity. But of this hereafter.

I shall end this *Preface* with this short remark on the Work in general. The title is, *A Review of the State of the British Nation.* I cannot pursue this Title, and make the outside and inside agree, unless I always plainly animadvert upon everything, on either side, which appears inconsistent with you all, as a British Nation: that is, as an united Nation.

I have been a witness to the great Transaction of the Union. I know the warmth with which England pursued it. I know the difficulty with which Scotland complied with it. I acknowledge, it lies upon England, to convince the Scots that when they opposed it, they stood in their own light, and opposed their own Wealth, Freedom, Safety and Prosperity: and this can only be done by endeavouring to assist them in Trade, encouraging them in Improvements, supporting them in their just Liberties, and taking off their ancient chains of bondage.

And if this be omitted, you must expect to be told of it, by this Author, as long as he has a tongue to speak or a hand to write, whether it shall please you, or provoke you.

D. F.

The Preface to the Sixth Volume of the Review.

[1710.]



AM now come to the conclusion of the Sixth Volume of this Work: though like a teeming woman, I have thought every Volume should be the last. Where it will end now, and when; God only knows! and time only will discover. As for me, I know nothing of it!

This particular Paper, though written at the end of the Work, carries the title of the *Preface*, more because it is placed by the bookseller at the frontispiece, than that is anything of an Introduction to the

Volume: for it is really written at the close of the whole, and its subject is very particular.

We have had a most distracting turbulent time for the last two months of this year, occasioned by the Prosecution and Defence of a High Flying Clergyman [*Doctor SACHEVERELL*] who has undertaken, in the teeth of the very Parliament, as well as of the Nation, to justify and defend the exploded ridiculous doctrine of Non-Resistance.

This Defence has been carried on with all possible heat, fury, and violence among the Party, and a strong conjunction of Papist, Jacobite, and High-Church madmen has appeared in it, which has made them seem very formidable to the World. Rabbles, tumults, plundering houses, destroying Meeting-houses; insulting Gentlemen in the streets, and honest men in their dwellings, have been the necessary appendices of this Affair.

And, after all, I must own, though the man has been condemned, his Principles censured, and his *Sermon* burnt; yet it has not been without most fatal consequences over the whole nation: as it has revived the heats, feuds, and animosities which were among us, and which, by the blessed example and exhortation of Her Majesty, began to be laid asleep in the nation.

I have been endeavouring to shew you the mischief of these tumults, the bloody designs of the persons that have raised them, and how they have differed from all that went before them. I have given you instances of their most villanous designs, such as rifling the Bank, demolishing the Meeting-houses, and murdering the [Dissenting] Ministers: all which they openly professed to be their design. GOD deliver this Nation from the pernicious effect of the present fermentation, which we are now generally in on all sides!

I have, however, faithfully discharged, what I thought myself obliged to, as a debt to Peace and in duty to the present Constitution, *to speak plainly* in these cases, whatever risk I ran, and at whatever hazard these Truths are to be told. I have not been afraid "to bear my testimony" as some call it, to the Liberties of Britain, against the reviving mischiefs of tyranny: and have, in the midst of all your mobs and rabbles, openly declared Non-Resistance to be damned by Parliament; and English (now British) Liberty

to be built upon the Foundation of the *Claim of* RIGHT, and of the Revolution; of which the Protestant Succession, *which sets by, the more immediate heirs,* is the great exemplication. The great King WILLIAM was the Re-edifier of the Building, the collective Body of the People were the great and happy Original, and the Union is the Topstone.

I am none of those that boast of their adventures, and love to tell long stories of the dangers they run. I am not always to be frighted with threatening letters and shams of assassinations. I ever thought those people that talk so much of killing folks, never do it! Though I am none of those you call Fighting Fellows: yet I am none of those that are afraid to see themselves die! and I may, I hope, without being taxed with vanity, profess not to practise Non-Resistance.

I have by me, about fifteen letters, from Gentlemen of more anger than honour, who have faithfully promised me to come and kill me by such and such a day: nay, and some have descended to tell me the very manner. Yet not one of them has been so good as his word.

Once I had the misfortune to come into a room, where five Gentlemen had been killing me a quarter of an hour *in their way*! and yet, to the reproach of their villanous design, as well as of their courage, durst not, all together, own it to a poor naked [*unarmed*] single man that gave them opportunity enough, and whom they had too much in their power. In short, I here give my testimony from my own experience, and I note it for the instruction of the five assassins above, that their Cause is villanous! and that makes the Party cowardly. A man, that has any honour in him, is really put to more difficulty how to speak, than how to act! In the case of murders and assassinations, he is straitened between the extremes of shewing too much courage, or too much fear.

Should I tell the World the repeated cautions given me by friends, not to appear! not to walk the streets! not to shew myself! letters sent me, to bid me remember Sir EDMUNDBURY GODFREY, JOHN TUTCHIN, and the like; I must talk myself up for a mad man that dares go abroad! Should I let you know, how I have been three times beset, and waylaid for the mischief designed, but that still I live; you would wonder what I mean!

For my part, I firmly believe, the villains that insulted

honest SUTHERLAND's house, robbed and frighted his wife, and with naked swords bullied the poor woman, threatening that they would murder her husband whenever they met him! knew well enough he was not at home, and never will meet him when he is.

Wherefore, my brief resolution is this. I, while I live, they may be assured, I shall never desist doing my duty, in exposing the doctrines that oppose GOD and the Revolution; such as Passive Submission to tyrants, and Non-Resistance in cases of oppression; if the gentlemen, being at a loss for arguments, are resolved to better their cause by violence and blood, I leave the issue to GOD's Providence! and must do as well with them as I can.

As to defence, I have had some thoughts to stay at home in the night, and by day to wear a piece of armour on my back. The first, because I am persuaded, these murderers will not do their work by daylight; and the second, because I firmly believe, they will never attempt it so fairly, to my face, as to give occasion of armour anywhere else.

I confess, there may be some reasons for me to apprehend this Wicked Party, and therefore, as, I thank GOD! I am without a disturbing fear, so I am not perfectly secure, or without caution. The reasons are such as these:

That truly assassination and murder is something more suitable to the High-Flying Cause, and has been more in use among their Party, than in other cases, and with other people. It is the Cause of Tyranny, and Tyranny always leads to Blood! Oppression goes hand-in-hand with Violence; and he that would invade my Liberty, will invade my Life, as he has opportunity! And had their rabble got a little more head, we might have come again into the laudable practice of cutting of throats, and cold blood murders—and by the same rule, their downfall being so apparent, this desperate cure may be thought needful to their desperate cause.

But I cannot see, why they should be so exasperated at the poor *Review*, "a sorry despised Author," to use the words of one of their Party, whom nobody gives heed to.

Well, Gentlemen, then let your anger be pointed at some more significant animal, that is more capable to wound you! And do not own this author to be so considerable as to

engage your resentment, lest you prove the unanswerable force of what he says, by the concern you are at to suppress him. What will the World say to this way of dealing? You should first answer the argument! that is the best way of murdering the author! To kill him first, is to own you could not answer him. If your doctrine of Non-Resistance will subsist, if it will uphold itself! You have advantage enough; writing against it will be of no force! even the House of Commons must fall before it! for Truth will prevail. But if not, if this Author, and all that open their mouths against it, were to be sacrificed by your impious hands, Truth would never want champions to defend it against this absurd error. And killing the *Review* would be like cutting off the monster's head, when a hundred rise up in the room of it.

Upon these accounts, I go on perfectly easy, as to the present threats I daily meet with from this cowardly and abominable Party. If I am attacked by multitude, I must fall; as ABNER fell, before wicked men. If I am fairly and honourably attacked, I hope I shall fairly resist; for I shall never practise the notion I condemn, and every honest man ought to go prepared for a villain.

This, though it is irksome to me to say, and no man that fights loves to talk of it; yet I thought it proper for me to let you all see, that I have my share of this High-Church Mob. And that whatever may happen to me, the World may know whence it comes.

I might, and ought indeed to speak a word or two to three Gentlemen, besides those mentioned before, who have been pleased personally to threaten my life—with abundance of preambles and justification of themselves about it. What I shall say to them is, I shall demonstrate my being perfectly unconcerned at the matter, by refusing the advice given me, even by their own friends, of binding them to the peace. It seems a little unnatural to me, and what I shall never practise, to go to law with a man for beating me, much less for threatening me: and least of all, when the persons are such harmless creatures as these! Wherefore, all the Answer I shall give them is this, with the utmost contempt of their folly, *The cur that barks is not the cur that bites!*

These things regard particular men, and I know, the

persons will understand me when they read it. I assure you, it is in courtesy to them, that I bury their folly, by concealing their names.

Upon the whole, as I am going on in what I esteem my duty, and for the Public Good, I firmly believe, it will not please GOD to deliver me up to this bloody and ungodly Party; and therefore I go on freely in what is before me, and shall still go on to detect and expose a vicious Clergy, and a bigoted race of the people, in order to reclaim and reform them, or to open the eyes of the good People of Britain, that they may not be imposed upon by them: and whether in this work I meet with Punishment or Praise, Safety or Hazard, Life or Death, *Te Deum Laudamus.*

Your humble servant, D. F.

Preface to the Seventh Volume of A Review *&c.*

[1711.]

CONTRARY to many people's hopes, and some expectations; this Work has happily arrived at the end of the Seventh Volume.

When Posterity shall revise the several sheets, and see what Turn of Times have happened! what Parties! what fury! what passions have reigned! how the Author of this Paper has treated them all! and they, him! it may add something to their wonder, how either this Writing has been supported, or the Author left alive to shew his face in the world.

I have sometimes thought it hard, that while I endeavour so manifestly to steer the Middle Channel between all Parties; and press either side to pursue, at least preferably to their private prospects, the Public Interest: I should be maltreated by any! much more, that I should be so, by both Sides!

But so shall it fare with any man that will not run into the same excess of riot with any People. For my part, I have always thought the only true Fundamental Maxim of Politics that will ever make this nation happy is this, *That the Government ought to be of no Party at all.* Would this Ministry [*Lord* OXFORD's], or any Ministry that shall succeed them, pursue this principle; they would make themselves immortal! and without it, they will be mere annuals, that die with the return of the season, and must be planted anew. Had the Ministries of the last twenty, nay, I may say of the last fifty years [1661–1711], practised this; we had had no

Revolution! no invasions of Liberty! no abdications! no turnings in and turnings out, at least not, in general, once in an Age.

Statesmen are the nation's Guardians. Their business is not to make Sides, divide the nation into Parties, and draw the factions into battle array against one another. Their work ought to be to scatter and disperse Parties, as they would Tumults; and to keep a balance among the interfering Interests of the nation, with the same care as they would the civil Peace.

But Interest and ambition are to a Court, what fevers are to the body. They give a nation no rest, while Putting Out or Putting In is the word. Faction, like the wind and the tide, when they run counter, will ever be heaving and setting, now this way, now that way: and that people or that Government which are subjected to the power of that Motion, shall be sure to have just as much rest as the sea, and no more!

This makes Government change hands, Favourites rise and fall, Favour shift sides, and Parties take their turns in the State as the sailors at the helm, spell and spell. This makes the Ministry and Council, ay, and Parliaments too! to be to-day of one side, and to-morrow of another! and the poor distracted people turn their tails and their coats, and their faces, and their religion so often, that no man knows his neighbour any longer than this or that Party which is uppermost, discovers him.

Nay, such is the influence, or contagion rather, of this mischief, that *all* things partake of the Division of the State. It reaches even to our eating and drinking. This is called "loyal," that "fanatic" liquor; this "Popish," that "Protestant" cheer; this "High Church" ale, that "Low Church" ale. And you shall not meet with a pack of hounds now, after a hare, but you may hear the huntsmen cry, "Hark, Tory!" to him, "High Church" to another, "Pox of that Whig! He is a mere cur! He always cries it false! He'll ne'er be a staunch hound!"

I remember my grandfather had a huntsman that used the same familiarity with his dogs: and he had his "Round Head" and his "Cavalier," his "Goring" and his "Waller." All the Generals of both armies were hounds in his pack. Till the times turning, the old gentleman was fain to scatter the pack; and make them up of more dog-like surnames.

And where shall we say this will end? Or when shall we have a Ministry with eyes in their heads? I thought long ago, the Variety of Parties that we have seen in this nation had exhausted the Fund of Faction: but hell is deep, and the supply as bottomless as the Pit they flow from. And as long as faction feeds the flame, we shall never want Billingsgate to revile one another with.

In such an Age as this, has the Author of this Paper wrote, for now seven years together. He has cried "Peace!" "Peace!"; but it will not be, till that great Voice that said to the ocean, *Peace, be still!* shall speak to the Parties here, with the same commanding voice. That Voice, to whom to command is to cause himself to be obeyed; and to say and to do are the same thing.

It is in vain to oppose the Stream of Parties! when they turn like the first shot of the ebb, they run sharp, and they bear down all before them. An instance of this, we have had in the late elections [*Autumn of* 1710]; the tumults and riots of which were indeed unsufferable. And how strange

What was the language of the day? "A
arliament!" "Down with the Whigs!"
out what then? "Down with the Dissenters!"
ians!" "Confound the Low Church!" "Make
" and so on, even to bringing in the Pretender. And
fo. ell them of Moderate Measures, of Peace, of Temper, and
of ion, had been to raise the mob about one's ears.

Often, this Paper took the freedom to tell them, they would be soberer in time! that when they came to Parliament and Cabinets, and to handle the Management, they would talk another language! that Money was a Low Churchman; Credit, born of Whig parents, and learned to dance at a Whig dancing school; that Government was the Firstborn of Moderation, and took such a fright at the late Civil Wars [1640–1660], that she always fell into fits upon the least fermentation of her blood. I told them, they would all turn Whigs, when they came to *act*.

Well, they laughed at me! scolded at me! cursed me! and *both* Sides used me according to their custom of treating those that dare speak Truth to them.

Yet it was not a month after this, but the Parliament came together [25 *Nov.* 1710], and what then?

Why, then it was, "We will maintain the peace and quiet of the nation, by discouraging tumults and rabbles! We will support the Queen against all her enemies. We will carry on the war against France! We will pay the public debts! We will uphold the Credit! and for our fellow Christians, and fellow subjects, the Dissenters; we will," &c.

"D——n them all!" said a High Flyer, that looked for other things, when he read the Commons' *Address*, "is it all come to this? Why then, we are but where we were before!"

"Why, where would you be?" said I again. "Did I not tell you this, before?"

And now, Gentlemen, what is the consequence. Why the Hot Men, that being akin to old JEHU were for driving the Government off the wheels, found themselves out of breath; and that Government which keeps its due bounds, had made a full stop at her due place, Moderation, and would go no further: immediately, they turn malecontent, drink "October" for a month [*referring to the October Club*], tainted with mob fury—And they set up for themselves!

Now, say I, is a time for the Ministry, if their eyes are open, to fix themselves for ever! if they can but find out the just Proportion, and set upon the exact Medium between all these extremes.

Indeed the Ministry may more properly say, just now, that they are of no Party, than ever they could, or any Ministry before them could do. For no Party likes them: yet no Party finds fault with them, *October* excepted; and *their* complaints will increase the honour of the Ministry, because the substance of them is ridiculous.

If they will exist, let them stand fast *between* the Parties. If they waver, and think by embracing one Party to crush the other, they are gone! I would not give two years' purchase for their *Commissions*! Ministry should be of the Nation's Party! The Ministry, the Government, is a Party by itself; and ought in matters of Parties, to be inde-

pendent. When they cease to be so, th.
they set the nation with the bottom upward .
ridden till they cease to be a Party at all, but .
they espouse, and fall under the Party they oppc
has ruined all the Ministries that have been these
[1691–1711]. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

This *Review* has subsisted in the Administration of four . .es, and has, all along, endeavoured to speak plain. Whether it does so now or not, I leave any to judge!

I am now to suppose it drawing towards a period, and the Party that have so long regretted that old branch of English liberty, *Freedom of Speech*, please themselves, with stopping the mouths of the Whigs, by laying a tax upon Public Papers [*the Stamp Act*].

If such a design goes on, it will soon appear, whether it be a proposal to raise money, or a design to crush and suppress the Papers themselves. If it be the first, it may readily answer the end. There being as I have calculated it, above 200,000 single Papers published every week in this nation, a light tax would raise a considerable sum, and yet not check the thing. But if it be a design to suppress these Papers, it will be seen by their laying on such a rate as will disable the printing of them.

For my part, I am perfectly easy. Whatever ends I may be supposed to write for, none will suggest I do it for my private gain; and I shall as readily therefore be silent as any man that writes. Though I prophesy this to the Party, that it will not answer their end! For the stopping of the Press will be the opening of the Mouth; and the diminution of Printing will be the increase of Writing, in which the liberty is tenfold, because no authors can be found out, or punished if they are.

And this made King CHARLES II. (and he understood these things very well) say that the Licenser of the Press did more harm than good; and that if every one was left to print what he would, there would be less treason spread about, and fewer Pasquinades.

And I take upon me to say, that let them stop the Press when they will! what is wanting in Pamphlet, will be made up in Lampoon!

As to this Work, let it fall when it will! this shall be said of it by friend and foe. It has spoken boldly and plainly to them both; and so it shall continue to do, while it speaks at all! And whether it shall go on, or be put down is of so equal a weight to me, as to my Particular [*private interests*], that no man is less concerned to inquire about it, than myself.

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1.

JOHN MILTON.

Areopagitica.

1644.

(*a*) AREOPAGITICA: *A Speech of Mr.* JOHN MILTON *For the Liberty of Vnlicenc'd Printing, To the Parliament of England.*

(*b*) A Decree of Starre-Chamber, concerning Printing, made the eleuenth of July last past, 1637.

(*c*) An Order of the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament for the Regulating of Printing, &c. 1643.

LORD MACAULAY. He attacked the licensing system in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand, and as frontlets between his eyes. —*Edinburgh Review, p.* 344, *August* 1825.

H. HALLAM. Many passages in this famous tract are admirably eloquent: an intense love of liberty and truth flows through it: the majestic soul of MILTON breathes such high thoughts as had not been uttered before.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, iii. 660. *Ed.* 1839.

W. H. PRESCOTT. The most splendid argument, perhaps, the world had then witnessed on behalf of intellectual liberty.—*History of FERDINAND and ISABELLA*, iii. 391. *Ed.* 1845.

2.

HUGH LATIMER.

Ex-Bishop of Worcester.

The Ploughers.

1549.

A notable Sermon of ye reuerende father Master HUGHE LATIMER, *whiche he preached in ye Shrouds at paules churche in London on the xviii daye of Januarye.*

SIR R. MORISON. Did there ever any one (I say not in England only, but among other nations) flourish since the time of the Apostles; who preached the gospel more sincerely, purely, and honestly, than HUGH LATIMER, Bishop of *Worcester.* — *Apomaxis Calumniarum . . quibus* JOANNES COCLEUS *&c.*, f. 78. *Ed.* 1537.

It was in this Sermon, that LATIMER (himself an ex-Bishop) astonished his generation, by saying that the Devil was the most diligent Prelate and Preacher in all England. "Ye shal neuer fynde him idle I warraunte you."

3.

STEPHEN GOSSON

Stud. Oxon.

The School of Abuse.

1579.

(*a*) *The Schoole of Abuse. Conteining a pleasaunt inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Common wealth; Setting vp the Flagge of Defiance to their mischieuous exercise, and ouerthrowing their Bulwarkes, by Prophane Writers, Naturall reason and common experience.*

1579.

(*b*) *An Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse, against Poets, Pipers, Players, and their Excusers.* [*Dec.*]

1579.

∴ This attack is thought to have occasioned Sir PHILIP SIDNEY's writing of the following *Apologie for Poesie.*

GOSSON was, in succession, Poet, Actor, Dramatist, Satirist, and a Puritan Clergyman.

4.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

An Apology for Poetry.

[? 1580.]

An Apologie for Poetrie. Written by the right noble, vertuous, and learned Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, *Knight.* 1595.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. The defence of Poetry is a work of rare merit. It is a golden little volume, which the scholar may lay beneath his pillow, as CHRYSOSTOM did the works of ARISTOPHANES. — *North American Review, p.* 57. *January* 1832.

The Work thus divides itself:

The Etymology of Poetry.
The Anatomy of the Effects of Poetry.
The Anatomy of the Parts of Poetry.
Objections to Poetry answered.
Criticism of the existing English Poetry.

5.

EDWARD WEBBE.

A Chief Master Gunner.

Travels.

1590.

The rare and most vvonderful thinges which EDWARD WEBBE *an Englishman borne, hath seene and passed in his troublesome trauailes, in the Cities of Ierusalem, Damasko, Bethelem and Galely: and in all the landes of Iewrie, Egipt, Grecia, Russia, and in the Land of Prester John. Wherein is set foorth his extreame slauerie sustained many yeres togither, in the Gallies and wars of the great Turk against the Landes of Persia, Tartaria, Spaine, and Portugall, with the manner of his releasement and coming to England.* [1590.]

6.

JOHN SELDEN.

Table Talk.

[1634-1654.]

Table Talk: being the Discourses of JOHN SELDEN, *Esq.; or his Sence of various Matters of weight and high consequence, relating especially to Religion and State.* 1689.

S. T. COLERIDGE. There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer. . . . O! to have been with SELDEN over his glass of wine, making every accident an outlet and a vehicle of wisdom.—*Literary Remains*, iii. 361-2. *Ed.* 1836.

H. HALLAM. This very short and small volume gives, perhaps, a more exalted notion of SELDEN'S natural talents than any of his learned writings. — *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, iii. 347. *Ed.* 1836.

Above all things, Liberty!

7.

ROGER ASCHAM.

Toxophilus.

1544.

Toxophilus, the Schole of Shootinge, conteyned in two bookes.

To all Gentlemen and yomen of Englande, pleasaunte for theyr pastime to rede, and profitable for theyr use to follow both in war and peace.

In a dialogue between *TOXOPHILUS* and *PHILOLOGUS*, ASCHAM not only gives us one of the very best books on Archery in our language; but as he tells King Henry VIII., in his Dedication, "this litle treatise was purposed, begon, and ended of me, onelie for this intent, that Labour, Honest pastime, and Vertu might recouer againe that place and right, that Idlenesse, Unthriftie Gaming, and Vice hath put them fro."

8.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Criticism on *Paradise Lost.*

1711-1712.

From the *Spectator*, being its Saturday issues between 31 December, 1711, and 3 May 1712. In these papers, which constitute a Primer to *Paradise Lost*, ADDISON first made known and interpreted, to the general English public, the great Epic poem, which had then been published nearly half-a-century.

After a general discussion of the *Fable*, the *Characters*, the *Sentiments*, the *Language*, and the *Defects* of MILTON'S Great Poem; the Critic devotes a Paper to the consideration of the *Beauties* of each of its Twelve Books.

9.

JOHN LYLY,

Novelist, Wit, Poet, and Dramatist.

Euphues.

1579-1580.

EUPHVES, *the Anatomy of Wit. Very pleasant for all Gentlemen to reade, and most necessary to remember.*

VVherein are conteined the delights that Wit followeth in his youth, by the pleasantnesse of loue, and the happinesse he reapeth in age by the perfectnesse of Wisedome.

1579.

EUPHUES *and his England. Containing his voyage and aduentures, myxed with sundry pretie discourses of honest Loue, the description of the countrey, the Court, and the manners of that Isle.*

1580.

Of great importance in our Literary History.

10.

GEORGE VILLIERS,

Second Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

The Rehearsal.

1671.

The Rehearsal, as it was Acted at the Theatre Royal.

Many of the passages of anterior plays that were parodied in this famous Dramatic Satire on DRYDEN in the character of *BAYES*, are placed on opposite pages to the text. BRIAN FAIRFAX's remarkable life of this Duke of BUCKINGHAM is also prefixed to the play.

The Heroic Plays, first introduced by Sir W. D'AVENANT, and afterwards greatly developed by DRYDEN, are the object of this laughable attack. LACY, who acted the part of *BAYES*, imitated the dress and gesticulation of DRYDEN.

The Poet repaid this compliment to the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, in 1681, by introducing him in the character of *ZIMRI* in his *ABSOLOM and ACHITOPHEL*.

11.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE,

Soldier and Poet.

The Steel Glass, &c.

1576.

(*a*) *A Remembraunce of the wel imployed life, and godly end, of* GEORGE GASKOIGNE, *Esquire, who deceassed at Stalmford in Lincoln shire, the 7 of October,* 1577. *The reporte of* GEOR. WHETSTONS, *Gent.* [1577.]

There is only one copy of this metrical Life. It is in the Bodleian Library.

(*b*) *Certayne notes of instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English.* 1575.

This is our First printed piece of Poetical Criticism.

(*c*) *The Steele Glas.* Written in Blank Verse.

Probably the fourth printed English Satire: those by BARCLAY, ROY, and Sir T. WYATT being the three earlier ones.

(*d*) *The Complaynt of* PHILOMENE. *An Elegie.* 1576.

12.

JOHN EARLE,

Afterwards Bishop of SALISBURY.

Microcosmographie.

1628.

Micro-cosmographie, or a Peece of the World discovered; in Essays and Characters.

This celebrated book of Characters is graphically descriptive of the English social life of the time, as it presented itself to a young Fellow of Merton College, Oxford; including *A She precise Hypocrite, A Scoptic in Religion, A good old man*, &c.

This Work is a notable specimen of a considerable class of books in our Literature, full of interest; and which help Posterity much better to understand the Times in which they were written.

13.

HUGH LATIMER,

Ex-Bishop of WORCESTER.

Seven Sermons before Edward VI.

1549.

The fyrste [*—seuenth*] *Sermon of Mayster* HUGHE LATIMER, *whiche he preached before the Kynges Maiestie wythin his graces palayce at Westminster on each Friday in Lent.*

1549.

Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH. LATIMER, . . brave, sincere, honest, inflexible, not distinguished as a writer or a scholar, but exercising his power over men's minds by a fervid eloquence flowing from the deep conviction which animated his plain, pithy, and free-spoken Sermons.—*History of England*, ii. 291. *Ed.* 1831.

14.

Sir THOMAS MORE.

Translation of

Utopia.

1516-1557.

A frutefull and pleasaunt worke of the best state of a publique weale, and of the new yle called Utopia: VVritten in Latine by Sir THOMAS MORE *Knyght, and translated into Englyshe by* RALPH ROBYNSON.

Lord CAMPBELL. Since the time of PLATO, there had been no composition given to the world which, for imagination, for philosophical discrimination, for a familiarity with the principles of government, for a knowledge of the springs of human action, for a keen observation of men and manners, and for felicity of expression, could be compared to the *Utopia*.—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors* (*Life of Sir T. More*) i. 583, *Ed.* 1845.

In the imaginary country of Utopia, MORE endeavours to sketch out a State based upon two principles—(1) community of goods, no private property; and consequently (2) no use for money.

15.

GEORGE PUTTENHAM,

A Gentleman Pensioner to Queen ELIZABETH.

The Art of English Poesy.

1589.

The Arte of English Poesie. Contriued into three Bookes: The first of POETS *and* POESIE, *the second of* PROPORTION, *the third of* ORNAMENT.

W. OLDYS. It contains many pretty observations, examples, characters, and fragments of poetry for those times, now nowhere else to be met with.—*Sir WALTER RALEIGH*, liv. *Ed.* 1736.

O. GILCHRIST. On many accounts one of the most curious and entertaining, and intrinsically one of the most valuable, books of the age of QUEEN ELIZABETH. The copious intermixture of contemporary anecdote, tradition, manners, opinions, and the numerous specimens of coeval poetry nowhere else preserved, contribute to form a volume of infinite amusement, curiosity, and value.—*Censura Literaria*, i. 339. *Ed.* 1805.

This is still also an important book on Rhetoric and the Figures of Speech.

16.

JAMES HOWELL,

Clerk of the Council to CHARLES I.; afterwards Historiographer to CHARLES II.

Instructions for Foreign Travel.

1642.

Instructions for forreine travell. Shewing by what cours, and in what compasse of time, one may take an exact Survey of the Kingdomes and States of Christendome, and arrive to the practicall knowledge of the Languages, to good purpose.

The *MURRAY, BÆDEKER,* and *Practical Guide* to the Grand Tour of Europe, which, at that time, was considered the finishing touch to the complete education of an English Gentleman.

The route sketched out by this delightfully quaint Writer, is France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, and Holland. The time allowed is 3 years and 4 months: the months to be spent in travelling, the years in residence at the different cities.

17.

NICHOLAS UDALL,

Master, first of Eton College, then of Westminster School.

Roister Doister.

[1553-1566.]

This is believed to be the first true English Comedy that ever came to the press.

From the unique copy, which wants a title-page, now at Eton College; and which is thought to have been printed in 1566.

Dramatis Personæ.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.
MATTHEW MERRYGREEK.
GAWIN GOODLUCK, *affianced to Dame* CUSTANCE.
TRISTRAM TRUSTY, *his friend.*
DOBINET DOUGHTY, "*boy*" *to* ROISTER DOISTER.
TOM TRUEPENNY, *servant to Dame* CUSTANCE.
SIM SURESBY, *servant to* GOODLUCK.
Scrivener.
Harpax.

Dame CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE, *a widow.*
MARGERY MUMBLECRUST, *her nurse.*
TIBET TALKAPACE } *her*
ANNOT ALYFACE } *maidens*

18.

A Monk of Evesham.

The Revelation, &c.

1186[-1410]. 1485.

¶ *Here begynnyth a maruelous reuelacion that was schewyd of almighty god by sent Nycholas to a monke of Euyshamme yn the days of Kynge Richard the fyrst. And the yere of owre lord. M. C. Lxxxxvi.*

One of the rarest of English books printed by one of the earliest of English printers, WILLIAM DE MACLINIA; who printed this text about 1485, *in the lifetime of CAXTON.*

The essence of the story is as old as it professes to be; but contains later additions, the orthography being of about 1410. It is very devoutly written, and contains a curious Vision of Purgatory.

The Writer is a prototype of BUNYAN; and his description of the Gate in the Crystal Wall of Heaven, and of the solemn and marvellously sweet Peal of the Bells of Heaven that came to him through it, is very beautiful.

19.

JAMES I.

A Counterblast to Tobacco.

1604.

(*a*) *The Essayes of a Prentise, in the Diuine Arte of Poesie.*

Printed while JAMES VI. of Scotland, at Edinburgh in 1585; and includes *Ane Schort treatise, conteining some Reulis and Cautelis to be obseruit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie*, which is another very early piece of printed Poetical Criticism.

(*b*) *A Counterblaste to Tobacco.* 1604.

To this text has been added a full account of *the Introduction and Early use of Tobacco in England.* The herb first came into use in Europe as a medicinal leaf for poultices: smoking it was afterwards learnt from the American Indians.

Our Royal Author thus sums up his opinion:

"A custome lothsome to the eye, hatefull to the nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse."

20.

Sir ROBERT NAUNTON,

Master of the Court of Wards.

* * *

Fragmenta Regalia.

1653.

Fragmenta Regalia: or Observations on the late Queen ELIZABETH, *her Times and Favourites.* [1630.]

Naunton writes:

"And thus I have delivered up this my poor Essay; a little Draught of this great Princess, and her Times, with the Servants of her State and favour."

21.

THOMAS WATSON,

Londoner, Student-at-Law.

Poems.

1582-1593.

(*a*) *The* Ἑκατομπαθια *or Passionate Centurie of Loue. Diuided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth the Authours sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie.* 1582.

(*b*) MELIBŒUS, *Siue Ecloga in obitum Honoratissimi Viri Domini* FRANCISCI WALSINGHAMI. 1590.

(*c*) *The same translated into English, by the Author.* 1590.

(*d*) *The Tears of Fancie, or Loue disdained.* 1593.

From the *unique* copy, wanting *Sonnets* 9-16, in the possession of S. CHRISTIE MILLER, Esq., of Britwell.

22.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

Castara.

1640.

CASTARA. *The third Edition. Corrected and augmented.*

CASTARA was Lady LUCY HERBERT, the youngest child of the first Lord POWIS; and these Poems were chiefly marks of affection during a pure courtship followed by a happy marriage. With these, are also Songs of Friendship, especially those referring to the Hon. GEORGE TALBOT.

In addition to these Poems, there are four prose Characters; on *A Mistress A Wife, A Friend*, and *The Holy Man.*

23.

ROGER ASCHAM.

* * *

The Schoolmaster.

1570.

The Scholemaster, or plaine and perfite way of teachyng children, to vnderstand, write, and speake, in 'Latin tong, but specially purposed for the priuate brynging vp of youth in Ientlemen and Noble mens houses, &c.

This celebrated Work contains the story of Lady JANE GREY'S delight in reading *PLATO*, an attack on the *Italianated* Englishman of the time, and much other information not specified in the above title.

In it, ASCHAM gives us very fully his plan of studying Languages, which may be described as *the double translation of a model book.*

24.

HENRY HOWARD, *Earl of SURREY.*
Sir THOMAS WYATT.
NICHOLAS GRIMALD.
Lord VAUX.

Tottel's Miscellany.

5 June, 1557.

Songes and Sonettes, vvritten by the right honorable Lorde HENRY HOWARD *late Earle of* SURREY, *and other.*

With 39 additional Poems from the second edition by the same printer, RICHARD TOTTEL, of 31 July, 1557.

This celebrated Collection is the First of our Poetical Miscellanies, and also the first appearance in print of any considerable number of English Sonnets.

TOTTEL in his *Address to the Reader*, says:

"That to haue wel written in verse. yea and in small parcelles, deserueth great praise, the workes of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue sufficiently. That our tong is able in that kynde to do as praiseworthely as ye rest, the honorable stile of the noble earle of Surrey, and the weightinesse of the depewitted Sir Thomas Wyat the elders verse, with seuerall graces in sondry good Englishe writers, doe show abundantly."

25.

Rev. THOMAS LEVER,

Fellow and Preacher of St John's College, Cambridge.

Sermons.

1550.

(*a*) *A fruitfull Sermon in Paules church at London in the Shroudes.*

(*b*) *A Sermon preached the fourth Sunday in Lent before the Kynges Maiestie, and his honorable Counsell.*

(*c*) *A Sermon preached at Pauls Crosse.*

1550.

These Sermons are reprinted from the original editions, which are of *extreme* rarity. They throw much light on the communistic theories of the Norfolk rebels; and the one at Paul's Cross contains a curious account of Cambridge University life in the reign of EDWARD VI.

26.

WILLIAM WEBBE,

Graduate.

A Discourse of English Poetry.

1586.

A Discourse of English Poetrie. Together with the Authors iudgement, touching the reformation of our English Verse.

Another of the early pieces of Poetical Criticism, written in the year in which SHAKESPEARE is supposed to have left Stratford for London.

Only two copies of this Work are known, one of these was sold for £64

This Work should be read with STANYHURST'S *Translation of Æneid, I.-IV.*, 1582, see p. 64. WEBBE was an advocate of English Hexameters; and here translates VIRGIL'S first two Eglogues into them. He also translates into Sapphics COLIN'S Song in the Fourth Eglogue of SPENSER'S *Shepharde's Calendar.*

27.

FRANCIS BACON,

afterwards Lord VERULAM Viscount ST. ALBANS.

A Harmony of the *Essays*, &c.

1597-1626.

And after my manner, I alter ever, when I add. So that nothing is finished, till all be finished.—Sir FRANCIS BACON, 27 Feb. 1610-[11.]

(*a*) *Essayes, Religious Meditations, and Places of perswasion and disswasion.* 1597.

(*b*) *The Writings of Sir* FFRANCIS BACON *Knight the Kinges Sollicitor Generall in Moralitie, Policie, Historie.*

(*c*) *The Essaies of Sir* FRANCIS BACON *Knight, the Kings Solliciter Generall.*

1612.

(*d*) *The Essayes or Counsells, Civill and Morall of* FRANCIS *Lord* VERULAM, *Viscount* ST. ALBAN. 1625.

28.

WILLIAM ROY.
JEROME BARLOW.

Franciscan Friars.

Read me, and be not wroth!

[1528].

(*a*) *Rede me and be nott wrothe,*
For I saye no thynge but trothe.
I will ascende makynge my state so hye,
That my pompous honoure shall never dye.
O Caytyfe when thou thynkest least of all,
With confusion thou shalt have a fall.

This is the famous satire on Cardinal WOLSEY, and is the First English *Protestant* book ever printed, not being a portion of Holy Scripture. See *p.* 22 for the Fifth such book.

The next two pieces form one book, printed by HANS LUFT, at Marburg, in 1530.

(*b*) *A proper dyaloge, betwene a Gentillman and a husbandman, eche complaynynge to other their miserable calamite, through the ambicion of the clergye.*

(*c*) *A compendious old treatyse, shewynge, how that we ought to haue the scripture in Englysshe.*

29.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH.
GERVASE MARKHAM.
J. H. VAN LINSCHOTEN.

The Last Fight of the "Revenge."

1591.

(*a*) *A Report of the trvth of the fight about the Iles of Acores, this last la Sommer. Betwixt the* REVENGE, *one of her Maiesties Shippes, and an* ARMADA *of the King of Spaine.*

[By Sir W. RALEIGH.]

(*b*) *The most honorable Tragedie of Sir* RICHARD GRINUILE, *Knight.* 1595.

[By GERVASE MARKHAM.]

(*c*) [*The Fight and Cyclone at the Azores.*

By JAN HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN.]

Several accounts are here given of one of the most extraordinary Sea fights in our Naval History.

30.

BARNABE GOOGE.

Eglogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets.

1563.

Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes Newly written by BARNABE GOOGE.

Three copies only known. Reprinted from the *Huth* copy.

In the prefatory *Notes of the Life and Writings of B. GOOGE*, will be found an account of the trouble he had in winning MARY DARELL for his wife.

A new Literature generally begins with imitations and translations. When this book first appeared, Translations were all the rage among the "young England" of the day. This Collection of *original* Occasional Verse is therefore the more noticeable. The Introduction gives a glimpse of the principal Writers of the time, such as the Authors of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the Translators of SENECA'S *Tragedies*, &c., and including such names as BALDWIN, BAVANDE, BLUNDESTON, NEVILLE, NORTH, NORTON, SACKVILLE, and YELVERTON.

The English Scholar's Library.

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1.

William Caxton,

our first Printer.

Translation of REYNARD THE FOX.

1481.

[COLOPHON.] *I haue not added ne mynusshed but haue folowed as nyghe as I can my copye which was in dutche / and by me* WILLIAM CAXTON *translated in to this rude and symple englyssh in th*[*e*] *abbey of westmestre.*

Interesting for its own sake; but especially as being translated as well as printed by CAXTON, who finished the printing on 6 June 1481.

The Story is the History of the Three fraudulent Escapes of the Fox from punishment, the record of the Defeat of Justice by flattering lips and dishonourable deeds. It also shows the struggle between the power of Words and the power of Blows, a conflict between Mind and Matter. It was necessary for the physically weak to have Eloquence: the blame of REYNARD is in the frightful misuse he makes of it.

The author says, "There is in the world much seed left of the Fox, which now over all groweth and cometh sore up, though they have no red beards."

2.

John Knox,

the Scotch Reformer.

THE FIRST BLAST OF THE TRUMPET, &c.

1558.

(*a*) *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women.*

(*b*) *The Propositions to be entreated in the Second* BLAST.

This work was wrung out of the heart of JOHN KNOX, while, at Dieppe, he heard of the martyr fires of England, and was anguished thereby. At that moment, the liberties of Great Britain, and therein the hopes of the whole World, lay in the laps of four women —MARY of Loraine, the Regent of Scotland; her daughter MARY (the Queen of Scots); Queen MARY TUDOR; and the Princess ELIZABETH.

The Volume was printed at Geneva.

(*c*) KNOX'S *apologetical Defence of his* FIRST BLAST, &C. *to Queen* ELIZABETH.

1559.

3.

Clement Robinson,

and divers others.

A HANDFUL OF PLEASANT DELIGHTS.

1584.

A Handefull of pleasant delites, Containing sundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories, in diuers kindes of Meeter. Newly deuised to the newest tunes that are now in use, to be sung: euerie Sonet orderly pointed to his proper Tune. With new additions of certain Songs, to verie late deuised Notes, not commonly knowen, nor vsed heretofore.

OPHELIA quotes from *A Nosegaie &c.* in this Poetical Miscellany: of which only one copy is now known.

It also contains the earliest text extant of the *Ladie Greensleeues*, which first appeared four years previously.

This is the Third printed Poetical Miscellany in our language.

4.

[Simon Fish,

of Gray's Inn.]

A SUPPLICATION FOR THE BEGGARS.

[? 1529.]

A Supplicacyon for the Beggars.

Stated by J. Fox to have been distributed in the streets of London on Candlemas Day [2 Feb. 1529].

This is the Fifth Protestant book (not being a portion of Holy Scripture) that was printed in the English Language.

The authorship of this anonymous tract, is fixed by a passage in Sir T. MORE's *Apology*, of 1533, quoted in the Introduction.

5.

[Rev. John Udall,

Minister at Kingston on Thams.]

DIOTREPHES.

[1588.]

The state of the Church of Englande, laid open in a conference betweene DIOTREPHES *a Byshopp,* TERTULLUS *a Papiste,* DEMETRIUS *an vsurer,* PANDOCHUS *an Innekeeper, and* PAULE *a preacher of the word of God.*

This is the forerunning tract of the *MARTIN MARPRELATE Controversy*. For the production of it, ROBERT WALDEGRAVE, the printer, was ruined; and so became available for the printing of the Martinist invectives.

The scene of the Dialogue is in PANDOCHUS's Inn, which is in a posting-town on the high road from London to Edinburgh.

6.

[?]

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS.

[Acted 1602.] 1606.

The Returne from Pernassus: or The Scourge of Simony. Publiquely acted by the Students in Saint Iohns Colledge in Cambridge.

This play, written by a University man in December 1601, brings WILLIAM KEMP and RICHARD BURBAGE on to the Stage, and makes them speak thus:

"KEMP. Few of the vniuersity pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer *Ouid* and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of *Proserpina* and *Iuppiter*. Why heres our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I [*ay*] and *Ben Ionson* too. O that *Ben Ionson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought vp *Horace* giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit:

"BURBAGE. It's a shrewd fellow indeed:"

What this controversy between SHAKESPEARE and JONSON was, has not yet been cleared up. It was evidently recent, when (in Dec. 1601) this play was written.

7.

Thomas Decker,

the Dramatist.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF LONDON, &c.

1606.

The Seuen deadly Sinnes of London: drawn in seuen seuerall Coaches, through the seuen severall Gates of the Citie, bringing the Plague with them.

A prose allegorical Satire, giving a most vivid picture of London life, in October 1606.

The Seven Sins are—
- FRAUDULENT BANKRUPTCY.
- LYING.
- CANDLELIGHT (*Deeds of Darkness*).
- SLOTH.
- APISHNESS (*Changes of Fashion*)
- SHAVING (*Cheating*), and
- CRUELTY.

Their chariots, drivers, pages, attendants, and followers are all allegorically described.

8.

The Editor.

AN INTRODUCTORY SKETCH TO THE MARTIN MARPRELATE CONTROVERSY.

1588-1590.

(*a*) *The general Episcopal Administration, Censorship, &c.*
(*b*) *The Origin of the Controversy.*
(*c*) *Depositions and Examinations.*
(*d*) *State Documents.*
(*e*) *The Brief held by Sir* JOHN PUCKERING, *against the Martinists.*

The Rev. J. UDALL (who was however *not* a Martinist); Mrs. CRANE, of Molesey; Rev. J. PENRY; Sir R. KNIGHTLEY, of Fawsley, near Northampton; HUMFREY NEWMAN, the London cobler; JOHN HALES, Esq. of Coventry; Mr. and Mrs. WEEKSTON, of Wolston; JOB THROCKMORTON, Esq.; HENRY SHARPE, bookbinder of Northampton, and the four printers.

(*f*) *Miscellaneous Information.*
(*g*) *Who were the Writers who wrote under the name of* MARTIN MARPRELATE?

9.

[Rev John Udall,

Minister at Kingston on Thames.]

A DEMONSTRATION OF DISCIPLINE.

1588.

A Demonstration of the trueth of that discipline which CHRISTE *hath prescribed in his worde for the gouernement of his Church, in all times and places, vntill the ende of the worlde.*

Printed with the secret Martinist press, at East Molesey, near Hampton Court, in July 1588; and secretly distributed with the *Epitome* in the following November.

For this Work, UDALL lingered to death in prison.

It is perhaps the most complete argument, in our language, for Presbyterian Puritanism, as it was then understood. Its author asserted for it, the infallibility of a Divine Logic; but two generations had not passed away, before (under the teachings of Experience) much of this Church Polity had been discarded.

10.

Richard Stanyhurst,

the Irish Historian.

Translation of

ÆNEID I-IV.

1582.

Thee first fovre Bookes of VIRGIL *his* Æneis *translated intoo English heroical* [*i.e.*, hexameter] *verse by* RICHARD STANYHURST, *wyth oother Poëtical diuises theretoo annexed. Imprinted at Leiden in Holland by* IOHN PATES, *Anno M. D. LXXXII.*

This is one of the oddest and most grotesque books in the English language, and having been printed in Flanders, the original Edition is of *extreme* rarity.

The present text is, by the kindness of Lord ASHBURNHAM and S. CHRISTIE-MILLER, Esq., reprinted from the only two copies known, neither of which is quite perfect.

GABRIEL HARVEY desired to be epitaphed, *The Inventor of the English Hexameter*; and STANYHURST, in imitating him, went further than anyone else in maltreating English words to suit the exigencies of Classical feet.

11.

Martin Marprelate.

THE EPISTLE.

1588.

Oh read ouer D. JOHN BRIDGES, *for it is a worthy worke: Or an epitome of the fyrste Booke of that right worshipfull volume, written against the Puritanes, in the defence of the noble cleargie, by as worshipfull a prieste,* JOHN BRIDGES, *Presbyter, Priest or Elder, doctor of Diuillitie, and Deane of Sarum.*

The Epitome [*p.* 26] *is not yet published, but it shall be, when the Byshops are at conuenient leysure to view the same. In the meane time, let them be content with this learned Epistle.*

Printed oversea, in Europe, within two furlongs of a Bounsing Priest, at the cost and charges of M. MARPRELATE, *gentleman.*

12.

Robert Greene, M.A.

MENAPHON.

1589.

MENAPHON. CAMILLAS *alarum to slumbering* EUPHUES, *in his melancholie Cell at Silexedra. VVherein are deciphered the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Loue, the triumphes of inconstant Time. Displaying in sundrie conceipted passions (figured in a continuate Historie) the Trophees that Vertue carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of Enuie, or the resolution of Fortune.*

One of GREENE'S novels, with TOM NASH'S Preface, so important in reference to the earlier *HAMLET*, before SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy.

GREENE'S "love pamphlets" were the most popular Works of Fiction in England, up to the appearance of SIR P. SIDNEY'S *Arcadia* in 1590.

13.

George Joy,

an early Protestant Reformer.

AN APOLOGY TO TINDALE.

1535.

An Apologye made by GEORGE JOYE *to satisfye (if it may be)* W. TINDALE: *to pourge and defende himself ageinst so many sclaunderouse lyes fayned vpon him in* TINDALS *vncharitable and vnsober* Pystle *so well worthye to be prefixed* for the Reader *to induce him into the vnderstanding of hys* new Testament, diligently corrected and printed in the yeare of our Lorde 1534, in Nouember

[Antwerp, 27 Feb. 1535.]

This almost lost book is our only authority in respect to the surreptitious editions of the English *New Testament*, which were printed for the English market with very many errors, by Antwerp printers who knew not English, in the interval between TINDALE'S first editions in 1526, and his revised Text (above referred to) in 1534.

14.

Richard Barnfield,

of Darlaston, Staffordshire.

POEMS.

1594-1598.

The affectionate Shepheard. Containing the Complaint of DAPHNIS *for the Loue of* GANYMEDE.

In the following Work, BARNFIELD states that this is "an imitation of *Virgill*, in the second Eglogue of *Alexis*."

CYNTHIA. *With Certaine Sonnets, and the Legend of* CASSANDRA. 1595.

The Author thus concludes his Preface: "Thus, hoping you will beare with my rude conceit of *Cynthia* (if for no other cause, yet, for that it is the First Imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet, Maister *Spencer*, in his *Fayrie Queene*), I leaue you to the reading of that, which I so much desire may breed your Delight."

The Encomion of Lady PECUNIA: *or, The praise of Money.*

1598.

Two of the Poems in this Text have been wrongly attributed to SHAKESPEARE. The disproof is given in the Introduction.

15.

T[homas] C[ooper].

[*Bishop of* WINCHESTER.]

ADMONITION TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

[1589.]

An admonition to the people of England: VVherein are answered, not onely the slaunderous vntruethes, reprochfully vttered by MARTIN *the Libeller, but also many other Crimes by some of his broode, objected generally against all Bishops, and the chiefe of the Cleargie, purposely to deface and discredite the present state of the Church.*

[*Jan.* 1589.]

This is the official reply on the part of the Hierarchy, to *MARTIN MARPRELATE'S Epistle of* [Nov.] 1508: see No. 11 on *p.* 24.

It was published between the appearance of the *Epistle* and that of the *Epitome*.

16.

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A virulent enemy of the Reformation, COCHLÆUS, at that time an exile in Cologne; learnt, through giving wine to the printer's men, that P. QUENTAL the printer had in hand a secret edition of three thousand copies of the English New Testament. In great alarm, he informed HERMAN RINCK, a Senator of the city, who moved the Senate to stop the printing; but COCHLÆUS could neither obtain a sight of the Translators, nor a sheet of the impression.

TINDALE and ROY fled with the printed sheets up the Rhine to Worms; and there completing this edition, produced also another in 8vo, *without glosses*. Both editions were probably in England by March 1526.

Of the six thousand copies of which they together were composed, there remain but this fragment of the First commenced edition, in 4to; and of the Second Edition, in 8vo, one complete copy in the Library of the Baptist College at Bristol, and an imperfect one in that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

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II. The Printing at Cologne.
III. The Printing at Worms.
IV. WILLIAM ROY'S connection with these Editions.
V. The landing and distribution in England.
VI. The persecution in England.

Typographical and Literary Evidence connected with the present Fragment—

I. It was printed for TINDALE by PETER QUENTAL at Cologne, before 1526.
II. It is not a portion of the separate Gospel of *Matthew* printed previous to that year.
III. It is therefore certainly a fragment of the Quarto.

Is the Quarto a translation of LUTHER'S *German Version?*

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*** For a continuation of this Story see G. JOY'S *Apology*, at *p.* 25.

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